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BY MEAD AND STREAM

A STORY.

BY CHARLES GIBBON,

Author of 'Robin Gray,' 'Queen of the Meadow,' 'The Golden Shaft,' etc.

CHAPTER I.—THE OVERTURE: 'MUCH VIRTUE IN IF.'

The sun still bright on the hilltop; figures rising to its crest, and there halting, with hands shading their eyes, to take a glad or sad look backward. Then, impelled by the master Time, they move downward through deepening shades to join the great crowd in the bosky glen at the foot of the mountain. Mingling in the crowd, they become themselves shadows, making strange shapes in the beautiful garden ground where they find rest.

But in that pause on the bright hilltop, in that look back along the slope which has been climbed, there falls a mist from the eyes. There is the straight easy road up to the height which we might have taken, and there are the devious paths like the mazy involutions of the lines on a railway map, which we have taken, and which have made the journey appear so wearisome to many, so short to the happy few.

But all see what a much pleasanter road they could travel if they might only start afresh with this new vision.

Old friends meet and exchange compliments about birthdays—some accepting them contentedly, others regarding them as grim jokes which would be honoured in the omission. But gay or sad, every one has in the heart a plaintive note which sounds that monosyllable 'IF!'

'If I had only been advised at the right moment, how different it would be with me now,' sighs the pallid invalid, closing his eyes in vain and trying to forget.

Then the sad-faced maiden:

'If he had only trusted me a little more—if I had only doubted him a little less, how sweet it would have been to have gone down this hillside hand in hand together.'

'If I could only have persuaded him not to make that last journey,' murmurs the widow.

'If my son had been spared,' moans the childless.

'If I had known his falsehood,' bitterly exclaims the betrayed.

'I wish the guv'nor's cash had not gone so fast,' mutters the spendthrift, 'and it might have lasted long enough to have made this an easy slide, if I had only thought about it. Now I suppose it will be a regular plunge.'

'If I had only left off play before my luck turned,' growls the gambler.

'If I had left those shares alone I would have been all right,' says the bankrupt.

'Looking back, sir, is seldom pleasant,' says the successful man with a complacent smile and with a wave of his hand patronising the whole past, 'but to me it is agreeable enough. The struggle was hard, sir, hard; and if it had not been for untiring energy on my part—well, I should not be where I am. But if I had it all to do over again, why, I could double my fortune.'

But he is content enough to go gently down the slope in his carriage, whilst others are tumbling or creeping down the same course bearing that burden 'If.' The miserable ones know that their state would have been more gracious if they could have seen the way more clearly; but they have no wish to go back; they crawl voiceless over the hilltop, in haste to reach the end of the journey.

'Cheated of my due,' the man of ambition cries; 'but if there had been a fair field for me I would have accomplished all my aims, and the world would have been the gainer.'

'Let us walk steadily on,' says the philosopher gently, 'and our memories of the sunlit streaks on the other side will cheer us on our way downward. There is no life that has not some pleasant memory that will bring a sense of happiness to the most desolate—if it be not thrust aside by vain repining. All men and women may be happy, if'——

Oh, that infinite 'If!'

CHAPTER II.—WHAT MIGHT BE.

The place was the garden of Willowmere. The time was the middle of August, when trees and fields and bracken were faltering into that full ripeness which bodes decay. At that period, note the gradation of hues in the forest land—from deep watery green to pale, sensitive yellow, every leaf trembling in the sunlight with ever-changing shades. In the garden the forward apples were showing ruddy cheeks, and the late pear presented a sullen gray green.

The persons were Madge Heathcote, niece of Richard Crawshay, the sturdy yeoman farmer of Willowmere, and Philip Hadleigh, son of the master of Ringsford Manor.

She was somewhat pale and anxious: he was inclined to hustle her anxiety aside with the blissful hopefulness of youth and indifference to consequences.

'I am going to give you very bad advice, Madge; will you listen to it?'

'Is it very bad?' she asked, lifting her eyes, in which there was an expression curiously compounded of pathos and coquetry.

'Very bad indeed,' he responded cheerfully, 'for I am going to tell you that you are not to mind your uncle at all, but be guided by me now, as you will be, I hope, at no very distant date.'

'But you know he always liked you, Philip, and you must have done something—something awfully bad to have made him turn so suddenly against you.'

But although she tried to make him believe that she was quite sure he had done something very wicked, she somehow failed to impress the youth with any deep sense of her indignation.

'I cannot measure the degree of my iniquity until you give me some hint as to what it is.'

'Don't you know?'

'On my honour I do not. My conscience is as clear of it as your own. Now speak—tell me my crime.'

'If you don't know what it is,' she said slowly, whilst she studied intently a weed that had grown in the path and which now sprouted at her restless foot. 'If you really don't know what it is—I think we had better say nothing about it.'

'Very well and with all my heart. Still I can't help thinking that your uncle might have come to me, or allowed me to go to him, before he made up his mind that we should never pull together.'

'He did not say that exactly'——

'Would you have believed him if he had?' he interrupted, with an under-current of laughter in his voice and yet with a shade of curiosity in his expression.

She looked at him. That was enough. The pale blue eyes, which seemed in extreme lights quite gray, had that wistful, trustful expression of a dog when being chidden by a loved master for some offence of which it is innocent. But presently the expression changed to one of thoughtfulness, the flush faded from her cheek, and she again sought inspiration from the weed at her foot.

'How can I tell you what I might believe about the future? All that I know is—I trust you, and am content'——

'That's my Madge,' he said in a low glad tone, as he clasped her hand.

'At the same time,' she went on gravely, 'you must remember that Uncle Dick has not only been good and kind to me; but he has, besides, shown himself wise in the advice he has given to others, and it would be very wrong of me not to think seriously over anything he may counsel about my future.'

'Now you are playing Miss Prim, and I don't admire you in that character. I like your uncle and respect his judgment—except of course in the present instance'—— Then, suddenly checking himself: 'But what *did* he say?'

'Not very much, but he was in earnest. He told me that if I cared for myself or cared for him, I was to have nothing more to do with any of the Ringsford Manor people.'

'That was when he came home from the market yesterday?'

'Yes—but you must not think'——

'No, no—I was not suspecting him of having stayed too long at the *King's Head*, although I daresay he might not be so cool as when he started in the morning. I know that he would be out of humour with our people, for he had some dispute with my father, old Cone tells me. Whether it was about the price of corn, or a pig, or the points of a horse, is known only to themselves, but they parted in a bad temper. You will see that your uncle will not bear me malice on that account. Did he say anything else?'

'Yes.' Her lips trembled a little and she did not seem disposed to continue.

'Well, out with it,' he exclaimed cheerfully.

'He said—that—he wished he saw you fairly off on your wildgoose chase.'

Philip understood now why the lips had trembled and why the words came from her lips with so much effort.

'Poor Madge,' he said gently as he drew her arm under his own and patted the hand which rested on his wrist.

Then they walked together in silence.

He was a broad-shouldered, stalwart fellow, with short, curly, brown hair, a moustache of darker hue; chin and cheeks bare. His was a frank, sanguine face—Hope flashing from the clear eyes and brightening all the features. The square brow, the well-defined lines of nose and jaws, were suggestive of firmness; the soft curves of mouth and chin dispelled all hints of hardness in the character. A resolute but not an obdurate man, one might say.

She was tall and graceful, age between twenty-three and twenty-five, but in certain moods she appeared to be much older; and in others no one would have thought that she was quite out of her teens. Long regular features; silken hair that had once been very fair but had darkened as she grew in years; a quiet, self-possessed manner which made all comers easy in her presence, instantly inspiring confidence and respect. Some people said she had more influence over the labourers in the parish than the parson himself. The parson's wife—although a kindly woman in her way—never had anything like the success of 'Missie' Heathcote, as she was affectionately called by the working-folk, in persuading Hodge to give up his extra pot of a Saturday and inducing Hodge's 'old woman' to keep her cottage and her children neat.

To Philip Hadleigh in his calmest ravings about her she was the most beautiful creature in all woman-nature. He had learned Wordsworth's lines about the 'noble woman nobly planned' who was yet 'not too bright or good for human nature's daily food,' and he was never tired of repeating them to himself. They presented a perfect portrait of Madge. She, too, was beautiful in mind and body—true, earnest, devoted. She would die for the man she loved; she could never be false to him. And he had won that love! He did not know how, or why or when. He was dazed by his great fortune. He could not realise it; so he shut his eyes and was happy.

But 'Missie' Heathcote herself knew that she was capable of saying and doing very foolish things. She feared that she was capable of Hate as passionate and fierce as her Love.

So far all had gone smoothly with them. True, their engagement was between themselves; there had been no formal asking of the sanction of her uncle and guardian's leave, or of his father's approval. But everybody knew what had been going on and no objection had been raised. In his easy way Philip took for granted that those who had any right to their confidence understood everything and did not require him to go through the conventional explanations. She had not considered explanations necessary until they should come to the arrangements for the wedding-day.

Their elders did understand: Mr Hadleigh of Ringsford was indifferent or too proud to proffer even to his son advice which was not asked: Crawshay of Willowmere was content to let Madge please herself. He thought her choice a good one, for he liked Philip and believed in him. Of course in the way of money and position she might have done better. (Was there ever a parent or guardian of a girl who did not think that 'she might have done better?') Hadleigh was a wealthy man, but his ownership of Ringsford was of recent date, and although he was doing everything in his power to secure recognition as one of the county families, all his riches could not place him on a level with Dick Crawshay, whose ancestors had been masters of Willowmere from a period before the arrival of the Conqueror—going back to the time of the Romans, as was sometimes asserted.

Crawshay was not a man of prejudice when he considered things calmly. So, in this matter of his niece's choice of a partner, he was content since she was satisfied.

In this way it happened that the heads of the houses had given no formal consent to the proposed marriage; and now that a quarrel had arisen, each felt free to approve or disapprove of it in accordance with his own humour.

Madge regarded the quarrel—as she was inclined to regard most matters—with serious eyes. Philip was convinced that it was nothing more than a petty squabble—a few angry words spoken in a moment of temper, which both men were no doubt ashamed of and would be glad to have forgotten. He was not disturbed about that unpleasant little event.

What elicited that sympathetic whisper 'Poor Madge'—and what had kept them silent so long as they passed down by the dense old hawthorn hedge to the orchard, was a matter of much more importance than the falling-out of their elders. At length, he continued:

'Would you like me to give up this business of mine altogether? . . . We can do without it.'

'No; I should not like that at all,' she answered with prompt decision. 'You believe the result will be of great advantage to your father's firm and to yourself; the experience will certainly be valuable to you; and when you come home again!'——

'Ah, when I come home again—that will be a glad day,' he said with subdued enthusiasm. 'Let me take up the picture where you laid down the brush. . . . When I come home again there will be a little conversation with the vicar. Then two young people—just like you and me, Madge—will march into the church on a week-day. The parson will be there and a few friends will be there, and we shall all be very merry. Next will come a sweet month when these selfish young people will hide themselves away from all the world in some out-of-the-way nook, where they will make a joyful world of their own in being together, knowing that only death is to part them now. Won't that be good fun? Do you think you will like it?'

'I think so,' she answered, smiling at his fancy and blushing a little at the happy prospect.

'Next they return to their cottage by the wood; and the lady is busy with her housekeeping, and the man is busy admiring her more and more every day, finding new beauty in her face, new love in her heart as the years go on. They will not be always alone, perhaps; and when they are old she will be a sweet-faced dame with beautiful white hair, and there will be strong young arms for her to lean upon as she goes to church on Sunday. The old man will totter by her side, resting on his staff, and still her lover—her lover till death do them part. . . . What do you say to that fine forecast?'

'Ay—if it might be, Philip,' she said with a bright smile—a hint of tears in its brightness, for she had followed his vision of the future with tender sympathy throughout.

'Will you try to make it what I have so often dreamed it may be, should be—must be?'

'I will try.'

His arm was round her waist: they were sheltered by the apple-trees and the great hedge: he kissed her.

'Then that's all right,' was his glad comment; 'and now I am going to hunt for Uncle Dick,

and have it out with him for playing such a wicked joke upon us. I won't say good-bye, for I shall be coming back with him. I don't think I shall say good-bye until—— Why are you so troubled about this trip, Madge? It is really nothing more than a trip, and there is still time enough to give it up altogether.'

'You are not to speak of that again,' she replied with playful reproach. 'It was your mother's wish.'

'So be it. But here's a new idea!'

'Are you sure it is new?'

'Quite. Suppose we pay that visit to the church before I start, and then we could travel together? That would be capital.'

She shook her head.

'You know it would never do. You would either neglect the purpose of your journey, or neglect *me*—and that would be a terrible crime!'

'I am not likely to commit it, and if I did you would forgive me.'

They had reached the stile at the end of the orchard, and he vaulted over it. His foot slipped as he descended, but he saved himself from falling by clutching the top bar of the stile.

'That is not a good omen,' said Madge, laughing gently; 'you ought to have been content to clamber over like other people.'

MONASTIC ENGLAND.

A TRAVELLER, visiting any of the monastic ruins which adorn the loveliest of our valleys, cannot but be impressed by the changes time works on institutions and systems. These piles, stately in their desolation, remain as landmarks of a system, which, after holding sway for centuries, was suddenly swept away. Like all social institutions, the monastic orders supplied a public want, and when it was no longer needed, the system disappeared. Many institutions, after having fulfilled their purpose, develop into abuses, and so to some extent counteract the good effect they had formerly produced, and this doubtless applies to the case of the monasteries. The noble architecture and great extent of these ruins show us the skill and enthusiasm displayed by the early workers of these orders; their utter ruin, while it has made the whole appear more picturesque, shows the inevitable end of institutions which outlive their usefulness.

As long ago as the fifth century, it was the custom for devout men to form themselves into societies, apart from the world, that their lives might be untainted by its evil influences. The leader in this movement was St Benedict, an Italian monk, whose followers, naming themselves after him, gave to their order the name of Benedictines. These men, spreading themselves over France and England, were the pioneers of the later monastic orders. They lived in the most extreme poverty, choosing the most forsaken and barren regions for their homes. Thus, we find them in the days of the Saxon, founding in a marsh beside the Thames the abbey of Westminster; in the district of the Fens the abbey of Crowland; in the swamps of the west the abbey of Glastonbury; whilst farther north, on wild headlands overlooking the North Sea, rose the abbeys of Whitby and Lindisfarne. But our knowledge of the life passed by the inmates of these sanctuaries is extremely scanty. The times were too turbulent to allow the monks much time for study, and although Cædmon and Bede have left glimpses of this age in which they lived, their scanty records are only as flashes in the darkness. The Danes harassed the land incessantly; and the monasteries, as representing a religion they hated, were with them especial objects of attack. Crowland Abbey was given to the flames, and the abbeys of Whitby, Lindisfarne, and Tynemouth were sacked and destroyed.

After the Conquest, the Norman abbots gave a new energy to a system which was becoming somewhat stagnant, and by the twelfth century, this new impetus had reached its climax. Then rose the monasteries whose ruins make Yorkshire scenery doubly attractive. The abbeys of Fountains, Bolton, Rievaux, and Kirkstall, were all commenced in this period, amid surroundings far different from those which make these districts so attractive to the modern traveller. One consideration in choosing the site of the abbey is worth notice. It was always near to a running stream, from which the brethren might obtain their supplies of fish. Thus, we never think of Bolton Abbey without the Wharfe, or of Melrose without the Tweed.

In every monastic establishment, the principal feature was the abbey, or chapel, consisting of nave, chancel, and transepts, built on the plan of a cross. Here, the monks assembled for prayers, which seem to have been of such wearisome length that artificial means were invented to counteract their soporific effect. In the chancel of Westminster Abbey may be seen the seats ingeniously contrived to throw on to the floor any monk who allowed himself to be overcome by the monotonous routine of prayers. Adjoining the abbey was the chapter-house, where the abbots from the neighbouring monasteries formed a chapter to discuss matters of church interest, and to sit in judgment on those of their brethren who had transgressed. And although it is well known that the origin of the dispute between Becket and the king was the leniency shown by these chapters to their own priesthood, when the plaintiff was a layman, yet in cases where the interests of the church were at stake, these priestly judges did not hesitate to inflict even death itself on the delinquent. Readers of *Marmion* will be reminded of the fate of Constance; and the discovery within recent times of a skeleton immured in a vault of Coldingham Abbey in Berwickshire, may perhaps serve to suggest that this was not an uncommon method of inflicting death.

The refectory, which in many ruins shows least signs of decay, corresponded to the modern dining-hall, and was often a noble and spacious apartment. But the most important of the abbey buildings, in our eyes, was the Scriptorium—the abbey library and study. Here were preserved and copied the writings of the times, and the greater part of our history, prior to the sixteenth century, is owing to the work of these priestly scribes.

The monks formed independent colonies, asking, and indeed needing, no help from the world around them. At first, their lands in many instances were small in extent, and their poverty was amply sufficient to deter any but devout

men from casting in his lot with them. Poverty and work they considered the two great antidotes against sin. Even in those early times, they were fully acquainted with the adage which connects mischief with idle hands. Their employments were as various as their tastes. The building of the abbey must have furnished employment for several generations of monks. The stained-glass windows and the bells of their churches were their own handiwork. Visitors to the Patent Museum at South Kensington are attracted by the loud ticking of a clock, still said to be a capital timekeeper, although the three centuries of its infancy were passed in measuring time for its makers, the monks of Glastonbury. As further instances of the versatile occupations of the monks, it will be remembered that Roger Bacon, the inventor of the common lens, was a Franciscan. Gardening, too, occupied much of their time, and we even read of Becket and his monks tossing hay in the harvest-field.

But as time went on, the abbey lands became extensive, by the grants of men who thought to compensate for their misdeeds by becoming liberal in their dying hours to mother-church. In the course of time, the abbots had become in reality great landowners, and monks only in name. From a glimpse left us of the state of affairs round the abbey of St Edmonsbury, it is plain that the abbot was held more in awe by the surrounding tenantry than the king himself. The abbot of Furness was virtual lord over the country north of Morecambe Bay from the Duddon to Windermere; and the estate of the abbey of Fountains stretched to the foot of Penygant, a distance of thirty miles.

As numerous instances have shown, wealth is a power, which, if not wisely used, may not only demoralise individuals, but communities and nations. The abbeys, whose walls had been raised to encircle piety and poverty, became in time the abodes of indolence and luxury. Indeed, it is probable that the scanty knowledge we possess of our country's history during the two centuries prior to the destruction of the monasteries, is owing to the fact that the monks, who had formerly been our chief historians, had thrown aside a task which few others were then competent to take up. The new learning, which carried knowledge outside the monasteries, had not yet sprung into being, and the only learned sect in the land had become idle.

The monastic system, had it been allowed to live on, would certainly have met with a severe check, if not destruction, in the religious reforms which took place in the reigns of Edward VI. and Elizabeth. As it was, the end came before its time, and like all premature reforms, the dissolution clashed with the spirit of the age, and was regarded by the common people as an injustice. The monks had never driven hard bargains with their tenants, and their popularity as landlords was great. Even when their dissolution was discussed in parliament, the members showed themselves averse to extreme measures, and compromised the matter by striking at the smaller monasteries only. But the insurrection known as the Pilgrimage of Grace soon gave Henry VIII. a pretext for their total suppression, and in 1539, the work of dissolution was finished in a most ruthless manner. The abbots of Fountains and Jorvaulx were hanged together at Tyburn, and the abbot of Glastonbury shared the same fate. The abbot of Furness, to escape death, was compelled to sign a deed conveying his whole estate to the king.

The abbeys were for the most part despoiled by the people of the district. A stained-glass window of Furness Abbey was carried off to adorn Bowness Church, on the banks of Windermere. An oriel window from Glastonbury Abbey was used in the building of a neighbouring inn; whilst the houses of the village owed great part of their building materials to the destruction of this noble church. In the case of Crowland, the abbey seems to have suffered little until the time of the Civil War, when a band of the Parliament army destroyed it, after using it as a shelter. In those instances where man has not wreaked his vengeance, time and the elements have effected a slow but sure ruin.

Such was the sudden collapse of these powerful and at one time useful institutions. Whatever may have been the faults and drawbacks of their later existence, they were in earlier periods of immense service to the country, as they conserved within them all that was best and highest in literature, arts, and civilisation. They kept the lamp of knowledge burning throughout the dark ages, ready for a time when its light could be more generally diffused among the nations. And one thing they did which ought to be held in grateful remembrance: they were the chief promoters of the abolition of serfdom, and the manumission of the slaves, both in England and Scotland. When giving the rites of the church to the dying landowner, the monks, although anxious for their own share of his property, never forgot to plead for the slaves. And so it came about that, by the close of the fifteenth century, slavery was virtually abolished, not by Act of Parliament, but by the monastic Orders.

TWO DAYS IN A LIFETIME.

A STORY IN EIGHT CHAPTERS.

BY T. W. SPEIGHT.

CHAPTER I.

On a certain sunny morning in the pleasant month of June, in a pleasant room, the French-windows of which opened on to a terraced garden, with the gleaming waters of the Channel heaving and falling no great distance away, sat Mrs Bowood, wife of Captain James Bowood—formerly of the mercantile marine, but now of Rosemount, The Undercliff, Isle of Wight—busily engaged with her correspondence. Mrs Bowood was a pleasant-looking woman of some forty summers, whose brown hair was already tinged with gray. She had never been accounted a beauty, and she made no pretensions to a gift with which nature had failed to endow her. But her dark eyes looked the home of kindliness and good temper, with now and then a glint of merry humour breaking through them; and she possessed the gift—so precious in a woman—of a voice at once soft, clear, and persuasive. The verdict of every one who knew Mrs Bowood was, that the more you saw of her the better you grew to like her.

All women, whether married or single, like to have one particular friend to whom they can open their minds without fearing that their confidence will be betrayed, to whom they can tell things that they will tell to no one else, not even to their husbands. Mrs Bowood's particular friend and confidante was a certain Miss Dorothea Pennell, who, being a lifelong invalid, and consequently debarred from playing any active part on the world's stage, welcomed all the more eagerly every scrap of news which her correspondent could send her, and responded all the more sympathetically, whenever sympathy was looked for at her hands. It was to Miss Pennell that Mrs Bowood was this morning inditing her fortnightly budget of news. As she turns over the first page and begins on the second, let us take the liberty of peeping over her shoulder and of reading what her pen puts down.

'We are rather more than usually lively at Rosemount just now,' she writes; 'in fact, I should be justified in saying that we are decidedly uproarious. You will know, my dear Dolly, what I mean when I tell you that my sister's two youngsters, Freddy and Lucy, are here on a visit. Maria wanted to go to Paris for a few weeks, so I gladly offered to take charge of them. Their sweet childish laughter makes pleasant music in the old house. I know I shall have a good cry to myself when the time comes for them to leave us. They are at once the pride and the torment of their uncle. You know that my dear old Bow-wow has a fine natural irritability of temper, which really means nothing when you come to know him, and is merely a sort of safety-valve which, I verily believe, saves him from many a fit of gout. So, when the youngsters steal his pocket-handkerchief or hide his spectacles, he stamps—not with his gouty foot—and storms, and his red face grows redder—which is quite unnecessary—and he threatens condign punishment. Then the children pretend to be frightened, and hide themselves for a quarter of an hour; after which they go hand in hand and stand a little distance away from him and rub a knuckle in a corner of their eyes. Then of course they are called up, scolded for half a minute, and forgiven. Then come lollipops. But all the time I feel sure that the young monkeys are laughing at him in their sleeves. Dear old Jamie! he is as transparent as a sheet of glass, and the children's sharp eyes read him through and through.

'The other day they found a quantity of coloured paper, which they persuaded Biggles, their nursemaid, to cut up and fashion into so-called "roses." Of these paper flowers they made festoons, with which they decorated themselves; but by-and-by, seeing their uncle's white hat on the table in the hall, the temptation was too much for them, and forthwith the *chapeau* was decorated with a wreath of paper flowers. Then the young imps hid behind the half-open library door, waiting till their uncle should set out for his afternoon stroll, about which he is generally as regular as clockwork. Presently, out he came, humming some old sea-song to himself, and took his cane out of the stand and clapped his hat on his head, never perceiving—you know how short-sighted he is—that there was anything amiss with the latter article, and so went his way; and very comical he must have looked. As soon as he had disappeared, the children came out of their hiding-place and performed a war-dance on the veranda. Meanwhile, my dear old boy marched gaily on his way towards Ventnor. He told me afterwards that he could not make out why people turned and stared so at him. Before long, he had quite a gathering of urchins of both sexes following at his heels—but at a respectful distance, having probably the fear of his cane in their eyes. Then a butcher's boy, as he drove past, called out: "Hi! Bill, here's another guy!" This bewildered the Captain. He turned and glared at his following, and examined his coat-tails, for fear anything might have been pinned surreptitiously behind him; but he never thought of looking at his hat. It was not till he reached the outskirts of the town that some one who knew him stopped him and told him what was the matter. He came back in a great fume, on castigatory thoughts intent; but of course the culprits were not to be found, nor did they venture to put in an appearance till bedtime, when they sneaked up-stairs under the wing of Biggles, without venturing into the drawing-room to bid either their uncle or me their usual "good-night." After this, you will perhaps be surprised to learn that on peeping into the children's room about half-past nine, I found the candles alight, the urchins sitting up in their beds, and their uncle seated on a chair between the two, telling them a sea-yarn and stuffing them with chocolate creams. What is a poor woman to do with such a husband?

'And this reminds me that I have promised my sister to engage a French governess for her while she is away. Maria has a charming knack of throwing on to other people's shoulders any little worry which she does not care to encounter herself. What would seem more natural and proper than that she, whose home is in London, should engage a governess on the spot. But, no; she did not care to face the nuisance of having to pick and select from among a score or two of candidates, and so delegated the labour to me, who live here in this out-of-the-way spot. "You know, dear Caroline, that I lack your firmness in matters of this sort," she wrote in that insinuating way of hers. "I cannot deal with people as you can. I am impulsive; you are just the opposite. I should inevitably engage the first applicant whose appearance pleased me, without reference to her abilities or anything else; while you, dear Caroline"—— And so on. You know Maria's style.

'As a consequence of my advertisement, I have been inundated with letters during the last week—the postman will want an extra half-crown at Christmas—all of which I have had to wade through; the result being that I have selected half-a-dozen of the most likely candidates to see personally. I fervently hope that I shall be able to find one out of the half-dozen that will meet Maria's requirements, and so bring this troublesome business to an end.

'The day after I posted my last letter to you, Elsie Brandon came to us on a visit. You will remember her as being at Rosemount when you were staying with us last summer. She has shot up wonderfully in the interim. She is now seventeen, and is nearly as tall as I am. You

will remember my telling you that she is a ward in Chancery, and that she will come into a considerable fortune when she is of age. Her aunt, Miss Hoskyns, who has charge of her, brought her to Rosemount to stay for a couple of months. She is a bright intelligent girl, full of life and high spirits when away from her severely methodical aunt. Miss Hoskyns—whose dearest wish it is to be looked upon as a *femme savante*, and who has just started for Italy to decipher some Etruscan inscriptions which have lately been unearthed there—would fain train up Elsie to eschew all thoughts of matrimony, and develop gradually into a blue-stocking like herself. The child is learning Latin and mathematics, and is to begin Greek next winter, and by-and-by go to Girton College for a couple of years. But I am afraid that all Miss Hoskyns' well-meant efforts will never make a "girl graduate" of Elsie Brandon. Far dearer to her heart than Latin or mathematics is a game of lawn-tennis on a sunny afternoon; and young as she is—unless an old woman is mistaken—she already knows more of the art of flirtation than she is likely to know of the Greek poets as long as she lives. Meanwhile, a little gentle repression will do her no harm. I equalise matters by insisting that her studies shall not be neglected—the Rev. Septimus Dale comes and coaches her three times a week—but when once her lessons have been mastered, she is at liberty to do as she likes. I need scarcely say that she twists Captain James Bowood round her little finger.

'Now that I have written so much about Elsie, it seems only natural that I should tell you the latest news about the Captain's nephew, Charley Summers, who was such a favourite with you when you were here. You know already how he ran through the small fortune which came to him after his mother's death; and how, subsequent to that, his uncle paid his debts twice over. You know also how, as a last resource, the Captain placed him in a tea-broker's office in the City, and how, after a three months' trial of office-life, he broke away from it, and took to the stage for a living. This was the last straw; and when James heard that his nephew had turned actor, he vowed that he should never darken his doors again, and that he washed his hands of him for ever. My dear husband had certain prejudices instilled into his mind when he was young, and there they live and flourish to the present day. It is his firm belief that in earning his bread as he does at present, Charley has irrevocably disgraced both himself and his family. And yet, for all that, he still holds the boy as the apple of his eye. Love and prejudice have been fighting against each other in his heart, and for the present, prejudice has carried the day; but if I know anything of my husband, the victory is only a temporary one. Love will conquer in the end.

'This preamble brings me to the particular scrap of news anent Charley which I wanted to tell you. On taking up the local paper yesterday morning, I happened to notice the advertisement of a travelling company who are going to play at the Ryde Theatre during the whole of this week. Among the list of names mentioned I found that of Charles Warden—our scapegrace's *nom de théâtre*. This at once set me wondering whether, now that he is so close to us, he would venture to come over to Rosemount, in defiance of his uncle's express prohibition. I confess that I should greatly like to see the boy, and yet it would certainly be better that he should not venture here for a considerable time to come.

'But there is another point in connection with Charley about which I am more curious and anxious. Do you know, Dolly, I almost fancy that there is something going on between him and Elsie? "How absurd!" you will probably say to yourself. "Why, the girl is only seventeen."—True; but girls of seventeen are often engaged nowadays, and married before they are eighteen. We live in a precocious age.

'While Elsie was at Rosemount last year, Charley came down and stayed a fortnight with us; it was his last visit before he got into disgrace. He and Elsie gravitated naturally towards each other, as young people will do. They were out and about a great deal together, and were sometimes missing from breakfast till dinner-time. I thought nothing of it at the time, looking upon Elsie as little more than a child, whereas Charley was already turned twenty-one. But I was certainly a little surprised when, in the course of conversation a few days ago, Elsie let out the fact that Master Charles had visited at her aunt's house several times during the course of the last winter. By what occult means he contrived to insinuate himself into the good graces of that she-dragon, Miss Hoskyns, is more than I can imagine. He must have found out one of her weak points, for she is very vain in many ways, and have played upon it to serve his own ends. I know Charley too well to believe that he would care to visit Miss Hoskyns out of regard for that lady herself. Could it be because he thought there might be a chance of now and then seeing Elsie, that he put himself to so much trouble? That there is some secret understanding between these young people, I am pretty well convinced; and as an additional proof of the fact, I may tell you that when I pointed out Charley's name in the newspaper to Elsie, her eyes flashed out suddenly, while the wild-rose tints in her cheeks grew deeper and richer. I had never seen the child look so pretty before.

'So, then, here is the first chapter of a little romance working itself out. Should the opportunity be given me of watching its progress, you shall hear all about it in due time.'

As already stated, the French-windows of the room in which Mrs Bowood was writing stood wide open this sunny morning. Mrs Bowood had heard no sound, had seen no shadow; but while she was writing the last few words, there suddenly came over her a feeling that she was no longer alone. She looked up, and could not help giving a little start when she saw a tall figure dressed in black standing close to the open window. Next moment, she smiled to herself and gave vent to a little sigh. 'Another applicant for the post of French governess,' she murmured. 'How tiresome to be interrupted in the midst of one's correspondence! I will never undertake another commission for Maria as long as I live.'

Seeing Mrs Bowood looking at her inquiringly,

the woman came a step or two nearer, and then paused, as if in doubt. 'What shall I say?—how introduce myself?' she muttered under her breath.

She was tall, and with a sort of easy gracefulness about her which was evidently not acquired, but natural. It was difficult to guess her age, seeing that her face, nearly down to her mouth, was hidden by a veil, which was drawn tightly back over her bonnet, and tied in a knot behind. But the veil could not quite hide two flashing black eyes. She was dressed entirely in black; not a scrap of any other colour being visible anywhere about her.

'You have come in answer to the advertisement?' queried Mrs Bowood.

'The advertisement, madame?' replied the stranger with evident surprise, as she came a step or two nearer. She spoke with a slight foreign accent, which only served to confirm Mrs Bowood's first impression.

'I mean for the French governess's place,' continued the latter lady.

The stranger looked at Mrs Bowood for a moment without speaking; then she said: 'Ah—oui, madame, as you say.' Then she smiled, showing as she did so a very white and perfect set of teeth.

'I am afraid that I shall not be able to attend to you for about half an hour,' said Mrs Bowood in a tone that was half apologetic. 'Perhaps you won't mind waiting as long as that?'

'I am at madame's convenience. I am in no hurry at all. With madame's permission, I will promenade myself in the garden, and amuse myself with looking at the beautiful flowers.'

'Do so, by all means. I will send a servant to tell you when I am ready to see you.'

'Merci, madame.' The stranger in black bowed gracefully, deferentially even, and smiled again. Then taking up the skirt of her dress with one hand, she passed out through the French-window. She paused for a moment in the veranda to put up her black sunshade, and then she passed slowly out of sight. But as she walked she communed with herself: 'This is fortunate—this will give me time. I must find some of the servants, and ask them to direct me. A great deal may be done in half an hour.'

Left alone, Mrs Bowood took up her pen and dipped it in the inkstand. 'Really, many of these foreigners have very nice manners,' she mused. 'We have much to learn from them—not only in manners, but in the art of dress. That young person's gown is made of quite ordinary material; but the style and fit are enough to make poor Madame Smithson die of despair.' Then she took another dip and addressed herself to the continuation of her letter.

'I have a long budget of news for you this week, my dear Dolly, and as yet, have by no means come to the end of it.

'In our many conversations together, I think you must more than once have heard me mention Laura Dimsdale's name, although you may possibly have forgotten the fact. Well, she has been staying at Rosemount for the last ten days. But in order that you may better understand the position of affairs, I will give you a brief résumé of her history.

'You know, of course, that my father was a country doctor, and that after my mother's death I kept his house for many years. When I first knew Laura Langton—that was her name before her marriage—she was a girl of ten, home for her holidays. Her father was vicar of the parish, and he and my father were well acquainted. Well, years went on, and Laura grew up into a very charming young woman. Although there was quite ten years' difference in our ages, she and I were always the best of friends; and whenever she was at home, I used to have a good deal of her company. But by-and-by her school-days were over; and as she was like me, without a mother, she thought that she could not do better than follow my example, and become her father's housekeeper. Soon after this took place, my father's death sent me abroad into the world, and I left Chilwood for ever. But during the last summer I lived there, a certain Sir Frederick Pinkerton, a man about forty years old, used frequently to ride over to the vicarage—he was on a visit at some country-house in the neighbourhood—and village gossip would have it that he was in love with my pretty Laura. But if such were the case, nothing ever came of the affair. By-and-by, Sir Frederick went his way, and was no more seen in those parts.

'Some two or three years later, I heard that Laura was married, and that her husband was Sir Thomas Dimsdale, a wealthy London merchant, forty years older than herself. I said to myself, when I heard the news, that I never could have believed Laura would have married merely for money or position. Later on, I heard the explanation. It appears that her father had been deluded into mixing himself up with certain speculations which were to make a rich man of him, and enable him to leave his daughter a big fortune; but instead of doing that, they simply ruined him. In this crisis, Sir Thomas came to the help of the ruined man. The vicar was extricated from his difficulties, and his daughter became Lady Dimsdale. Such bargains are by no means uncommon in society.

'Sir Thomas died two years ago; and Laura found herself a widow at thirty-three years of age, with an income of something between three and four thousand pounds a year. So far so good. But note the sequel. Should Laura marry again, her income goes from her, all but about four hundred a year. What a poor contemptible creature this Sir Thomas must have been!

'Whether Laura will ever marry again, is of course more than I can say. I hope with all my heart that she may do, and this time for love. She was a very pretty girl, and she is now a very charming woman, and still very youthful-looking. And then, too, her life is a very lonely one. She has no children; her father died years ago; and she has no near relations left alive. For all she is so rich, she is by no means a happy woman.

'I have made mention of a Sir Frederick Pinkerton. Would it surprise you to hear that the individual in question is a neighbour of ours, and a not unfrequent visitor at Rosemount? He has taken a house at Bonchurch for a year, on the recommendation of his doctor. It seems that he and Captain Bowood met somewhere abroad; and they have now renewed their acquaintance.

Sir Frederick is a bachelor, on the wrong side of fifty, I should imagine, but young-looking for his years. He is said to be very rich; but he has also the reputation of being very stingy. He comes of a very old family, and is a thorough man of the world. Remembering that he had known Lady Dimsdale when she was Laura Langton and a girl of twenty, I told him one day, when we met him out driving, that we were expecting her here on a visit. He coloured up, on hearing the news, like any young man of five-and-twenty, a thing which I should scarcely have believed of an old ex-diplomatist like Sir Frederick, had I not seen it with my own eyes. From that moment, I became suspicious.

'Since Laura's arrival, Sir Frederick's visits to Rosemount have been much more frequent than before. That he admires her greatly, is plainly to be seen; but whether he will propose to her is quite another matter. I hope he will do nothing of the kind; or rather, I hope that if he does, she will refuse him. I feel sure that she does not care a bit for him; and he is not at all the sort of man that would be likely to make her happy. But when a woman is lonely, and feels the need of a home and a settled place in the world for the remainder of her days, one can never tell how she may act. Can either you or I tell how we should act under the same circumstances? At present, however, this is beside the question. Sir Frederick has not yet proposed.

'But during the last few hours, matters here have assumed an altogether different complexion. Last evening, there arrived at Rosemount, on a short visit, a certain Mr Oscar Boyd, a civil-engineer of some eminence, who has been out in South America for several years, engaged in laying down certain new lines of railway in that country. Captain Bowood met Mr Boyd for the first time some two months ago, at his lawyer's office in London. It appears that Mr Boyd is possessed of a small estate, which he is desirous of selling; and as the estate in question adjoins certain property belonging to my husband, it follows as a matter of course that my dear old Bow-wow is desirous of buying it. Some difficulty, however, appears to have arisen with regard to the price, or the conveyance, or something; so, in order to bring the affair to an amicable settlement and, as Jamie said, to save lawyer's expenses, Mr Boyd has been invited down here for a few days. The Captain is persuaded that if he and Mr Boyd can talk over the affair quietly between themselves, they will be able to arrive at some agreement which will be satisfactory to both; and I think it not unlikely that Jamie will prove to be right.

'But mark now what follows. When I introduced Mr Boyd to Lady Dimsdale, soon after his arrival last evening, judge my surprise to see them meet as old friends—that is to say, as friends who had known each other long ago, but who had not met for many years. A few words of explanation elicited the fact that Mr Boyd had made the acquaintance of Laura and her father during the time that he was employed as sub-engineer on the Chilwood branch-line of railway. This, of course, was after I left the neighbourhood. From the conversation that followed, I rather fancy that Mr Boyd must have been a pretty frequent visitor at the vicarage. There's something else, too, I rather fancy—that in those old days there must have been some flirtation or *tendresse*, or something of that kind, between the two young people, the sweet fragrance of which still lingers in the memory of both of them. Of course, I may be mistaken in my idea, but I don't think I am. More than once last evening, I said to myself: "Laura is a widow, Mr Boyd is a widower, why should they not"'——

But at this moment a servant flung open the door and announced: 'Sir Frederick Pinkerton.'

SLEDGE-DOGS.

THE inestimable value of the dog, which, as Sir Charles Lyell informs us, has been the companion of man ever since the Neolithic age, is nowhere more apparent than in the countries encircling the Arctic Ocean. Besides exercising his powers in the chase, and defending his master's person and cabin from the attacks of rapacious animals, he fulfils the laborious duty of a beast of burden, performing the task with an intelligence not displayed by any other draught animal. Attempts were formerly made to utilise dogs in this capacity in various parts of Europe; and it is well known that in London and many of our provincial towns, certain breeds were once harnessed to butchers' carts, costermongers' flats, and other light conveyances, until the cruelty involved in compelling soft-footed quadrupeds to draw laden vehicles along macadamised roads was at length recognised, and the evil suppressed.

The legitimate sphere for the employment of our canine friends for the purposes of draught is undoubtedly to be found over the frozen wastes of northern latitudes, where the summer shows too brief a sun for the growth of much fodder, and the yielding snow is incapable of supporting heavier animals. Endowed with remarkable intelligence, with great powers of endurance, and with the capability of adaptation to extreme conditions of climate and various kinds of food, they seem peculiarly fitted to aid man where his existence is attended by the severest hardship. Dogs will exist and labour where other quadrupeds would perish, and their marvellous instinct often proves the means of saving life amidst the dangers which beset the inhabitants of those inhospitable regions. In Northern Siberia, Kamtchatka, Greenland, and countries of a similarly rigorous climate, they are essential alike for the transport of articles of commerce and for procuring the necessary means of subsistence. As early as 1577, Frobisher recorded the fact that Eskimo sledges were drawn by teams of dogs, and they have repeatedly proved the indispensable reliance of modern explorers.

Both the Eskimo and the Siberian sledge-dogs are large and powerful animals, and, while differing sufficiently to constitute separate varieties, they agree in bearing a close resemblance in their aspect, the tone of their howling, and in other characteristics to the wolves of the arctic circle. They stand from thirty to thirty-one and

a half inches in height at the shoulder, possess a pointed muzzle, sharp and erect ears, and a bushy tail. Their compact and shaggy coat forms an admirable protection against the cold, and is therefore much prized among the Eskimo for clothing. Their colour is variable, the Eskimo dog presenting almost all shades; but the predominating hue of this and also of the Siberian variety is gray or a dingy white.

They subsist principally on fish, walrus-hide, the flesh or the refuse of seal, and all kinds of offal. On the arctic shores of Asia, small fish, cleaned and dried in the open air, are reserved for the dogs, and form an excellent spring diet. During winter journeys, the food is usually served on alternate days, and consists of fresh frozen fish, or about two pounds of seals' flesh, or its equivalent in walrus-hide, which is often frozen like plates of iron, and has to be chopped or sawn to pieces. They are never permitted to eat salt junk, except through dire necessity, and then only sparingly, for a full meal of it would in many cases be fatal. In summer, they are turned loose to shift for themselves, and live partly on field-mice.

Before entering on long expeditions, sledge-dogs require a careful preparation, very similar to that which the plundering Turcomans give their horses. For some time beforehand, their food, exercise, and rest are strictly regulated. In the last fortnight, they are driven from seven to twenty miles daily, halting at stated intervals, until, like the Turcoman steeds, they are capable of running from seventy to a hundred English miles in a day, if the cold be not very intense and the strain of brief duration. Wrangell states that when the dogs are pursuing game, they will cover fifteen versts, and even more, in an hour, a verst equalling two-thirds of an English mile. This is confirmed by the experience of Dr Hayes, who occasionally amused an enforced leisure by taking an excursion with a team of a dozen dogs, which would traverse six miles in twenty-eight to thirty minutes. Their performances over long distances are even more surprising. On one of his return journeys, Wrangell sometimes accomplished a hundred versts per day, and maintained a mean daily speed of thirty-four miles over a distance of two hundred and fifty leagues, despite the fact that the dogs went several days without food, the stone-foxes and wolverines having destroyed the provision depôts. Dr Kane's team, although worn by previous travel, carried him, with a fully burdened sledge, between seven and eight hundred miles in a fortnight, at the astonishing average rate of fifty-seven miles per day!

When subjected to severe and protracted exertion, the dogs are liable to become footsore. They should then be protected by fur-boots, the paws being washed frequently in strong brandy, and if the weather be sufficiently mild, bathed in sea-water. A similar foot-covering is necessary when the snow is frozen into hard crystals, which cut the feet; or when a team is driven rapidly over sea-ice formed at a low temperature, which, besides cutting the paws, occasions acute pain from the brine expressed, sometimes even causing the animals to fall down in fits. When the cold is unusually severe, the dogs require clothing for the body.

Living almost entirely in the open air, these useful assistants give their masters little trouble in the provision of kennels. During summer, they scratch holes in the ground for coolness, or lie in water to escape mosquitoes. In winter, when the thermometer is exceptionally low, they are occasionally sheltered in an outhouse adjoining the cabin; but even then are more frequently tethered outside, and curl themselves up in their burrows in the snow. For the comfort of the dogs attached to the *Fox*, while engaged in the search for Sir John Franklin, some twenty-five holes were excavated in the face of a snow-bank alongside the vessel, and 'in them they spent most of their time. Under the lee of the ship, they could, when their fur was thick, lie out on the snow without apparent inconvenience, although the temperature was minus forty degrees, and the mists gave a raw and keen edge to the cutting blasts.' Dr Kane erected a doghouse on Butler's Island; but the animals would not sleep away from the vessel, preferring the bare snow within sound of human voices to a warm kennel on the rocks. Wrangell says that they relieve their solitary watches and interrupt the arctic silence with periodical howling, which is audible at a long distance, and recurs as a rule at intervals of six or eight hours, but far more frequently when the moon shines.

The *narti* or sledge of Northern Siberia is nearly two yards long, about twenty-one inches broad, and ten high. The best are built of seasoned birchwood, free from knots, except the bed, which is formed of woven shoots of the sand-willow. No iron is used in the construction, all the parts being bound together by thongs cut from the skin of the elk, ox, or walrus, of which a great number are required. Eskimo sledges vary considerably both in form and material, and are from four to fourteen feet in length; an ordinary specimen measures ten or twelve feet, and weighs upwards of two hundred pounds. A large party of Eskimo who once visited Dr Kane arrived in sledges 'made of small fragments of porous bone, very skilfully fastened together by thongs of hide; the runners, which shone like silver, were of highly polished ivory, obtained from the tusks of the walrus.' One of Dr Kane's sledges, named 'Little Willie,' was constructed of American hickory, thoroughly seasoned, and well adapted for strength, lightness, and a minimum amount of friction. Another, styled the 'Faith,' which was built in a stronger fashion, after models furnished by the British Admiralty, measured thirteen feet long, and four broad, and would carry fourteen hundredweight of mixed stores. The natives moisten the soles of the runners with water, often obtained by dissolving snow in the mouth, which insures a thin shield of ice that glides over a frozen surface with incredible ease.

When the sledge is laden, the whole is covered by thin sheets of deerskin, so as to prevent displacement of the load by the rapid speed or the frequent overthrows. Under favourable circumstances, a team will draw from a thousand to twelve hundred and sixty pounds, or from nine to eleven and a quarter hundredweight, in addition to the driver, at the rate of seven or eight miles an hour; but during intense frost, when the snow is rendered granular, and 'almost as gritty as

sand,' the load may have to be limited to three hundred and sixty pounds.

A good team consists of about twelve dogs. Their harness is composed of bearskin, and when tethered, it is by bear or seal skin traces fastened to spears plunged into the ice. The foremost sledge is furnished with an additional dog to act as leader, which receives a careful training, for on him the safety of the whole party frequently depends. If reliable, no difficulty turns him aside, but he selects the track which presents the least danger. On dark nights, or when the wild waste is obscured by a tempest, an impenetrable mist, or a blinding snowstorm, and the sheltering *powarna* is scarcely discoverable by man, a good leader will be sure to find it, if he has ever crossed the plain before, or once rested at the habitation; while, if the hut be buried in snow, he will indicate the spot where his master must dig. When successfully trained, he rarely runs astray on scenting game; and often excites the admiration of travellers by his persistent efforts to keep the rest of the team to their work, barking and wheeling round at intervals, as if he had come upon a new scent, in order to induce them to follow him. If the leader swerves from duty, the driver not unfrequently finds himself powerless on such occasions to prevent them from rushing madly off in pursuit of prey.

At all times, the task of driving these half-tamed wolfish dogs is one of considerable difficulty, requiring both skill and determination. The sleighman seats himself on one side of the sledge, with his feet on the runner, and must be ready to spring off at any moment when his safety may be imperilled, or to dig his heels into the snow, if the fierce and unruly animals refuse to stop when they are required. A long staff, furnished with iron at one end and bells at the other, serves the double purpose of assisting him to maintain his precarious seat on the rocking sledge, and aids his voice in giving animation to the team by the tintinnabulation of the bells. A far more formidable instrument is the driver's whip. The lash measures twenty feet in length, or four feet more than the traces, and is made of raw seal or walrus hide, tipped with a 'cracker' of hard sinew. Attached to a light stock only two and a half feet long, no little practice is necessary to roll such a lash out to its full length, and when blown in all directions by an arctic gale, will tax the powers of the most experienced hand.

But sledge-dogs need no urging with the whip when their instinct informs them that they are on unsafe ice. They flee onwards at the speed which alone can save, and, as was experienced repeatedly by Dr Hayes, instead of keeping the sledges together in a compact body, they diverge and separate, so as to distribute the weight over as large an area as possible. When they begin to find themselves menaced by this danger, and the prospect ahead appears to them unusually threatening, 'they tremble, lie down, and refuse to go further.' Most arctic explorers tell of hairbreadth escapes from treacherous ice, when they have owed their preservation to the sagacity of their dogs. Wrangell relates an incident of this nature: 'Our first care was to examine the possibility of further advance; this, however, could only be done by trusting to the thin ice of the channel, and opinions were divided as to the possibility of its bearing us. I determined to try; and the adventure succeeded better than could have been hoped for, owing to the incredibly swift running of the dogs, to which doubtless we owed our safety. The leading sledge actually broke through in several places; but the dogs, warned, no doubt, of the danger by their natural instinct, and animated by the incessant cries and encouragement of the driver, flew so rapidly over the yielding ice, that we reached the other side without actually sinking through. The other three sledges followed with similar rapidity, each across such part as appeared to be the most promising; and we were now all assembled in safety on the north side of the fissure. It was necessary to halt for a time, to allow the dogs to recover a little from their extraordinary exertions.'

Some authorities, including Dr Hayes, pronounce these dogs to be insensible to kindness; but the assertion has been stoutly disputed. The fact appears to be that sledge-dogs, like all others, bark as they are bred, or, in other words, are what their masters make them. When they receive humane treatment, instead of the systematic and revolting brutality which is too commonly their portion, they rarely fail to evince a warm attachment to those with whom they are associated. 'Daddy,' the Eskimo dog which served for three years in the search for Sir John Franklin, 'won all hearts by his winning manner both afloat and ashore.' A lithograph of this cherished animal is preserved in the British Museum. Similar testimony in proof of the friendly and often affectionate disposition of these dogs, when properly treated, is borne by various explorers.

No greater calamity could befall the inhabitants of such regions than to be deprived of the services of the dog. To avert such a disaster, human mothers will nurse pups with their own offspring, if, through the death of the natural mother, there appear danger of the family being left without the preserving dog. It was once proposed in Northern Siberia to prohibit the keeping of dogs, because their large consumption of food was believed to lessen the quantity available for the inhabitants; but the enforcement of such a prohibition would have robbed the people of one of their chief means of subsistence.

The reindeer may be turned to a greater variety of uses than the dog, but, on the other hand, is more difficult to maintain. Over immense tracts of country, almost all articles of food and of commerce, together with the abundant supplies of fuel and oil necessary to impart warmth, light, and cheerfulness to the hovels in which the inhabitants seek refuge from their inconceivably severe and sunless winters, are obtained by the help of dogs. They convey their masters to and from fishing-grounds more distant than could otherwise be visited. They discover the lurking-places of the wary seal. Harnessed to light sledges, and guided by keenness of scent, or by visible traces on the freshly fallen snow, they fly over hummock and hollow in pursuit of the elk, the reindeer, the fox, sable, squirrel, the wild-sheep, and the bear, thus bringing hunters within reach alike of the fleetest, the craftiest, and the most formidable prey. In a word, the dog is as indispensable to the settled inhabitants

of such climes, as the reindeer is to the nomad tribes, as the horse is in England, the sure-footed mule on the mountain-paths of Spain, the llama on those of South America, or as the camel in the sandy deserts of Africa and Arabia.

A KING OF ACRES.

BY RICHARD JEFFERIES, AUTHOR OF THE 'GAMEKEEPER AT HOME,' ETC.

I.—JAMES THARDOVER.

A WEATHER-BEATEN man stood by a gateway watching some teams at plough. The bleak March wind rushed across the field, reddening his face; rougher than a flesh-brush, it rubbed the skin, and gave it a glow as if each puff were a blow with the 'gloves.' His short brown beard was full of dust blown into it. Between the line of the hat and the exposed part of the forehead, the skin had peeled slightly, literally worn off by the unsparing rudeness of wintry mornings. Like the early field veronica, which flowered at his feet in the short grass under the hedge, his eyes were blue and gray. The petals are partly of either hue, and so his eyes varied according to the light—now somewhat more gray, and now more blue. Tall and upright, he stood straight as a bolt, though both arms were on the gate and his ashen walking-stick swung over it. He wore a gray overcoat, a gray felt hat, gray leggings, and his boots were gray with the dust which had settled on them.

He was thinking: 'Farmer Bartholomew is doing the place better this year; he scarcely hoe'd a weed last season; the stubble was a tangle of weeds; one could hardly walk across it. That second team stops too long at the end of the furrow—idle fellow that. Third team goes too fast; horses will be soon tired. Fourth team—he's getting beyond his work—too old; the stilts nearly threw him over there. This ground has paid for the draining—one, at all events. Never saw land look better. Looks brownish and moist; moist brownish red. Query, what colour is that? Ask Mary—the artist. Never saw it in a picture. Keeps his hedges well; this one is like a board on the top, thornboughs molten together; a hare could run along it (as they will sometimes with harriers behind them, and jump off the other side to baffle scent). Now, why is Bartholomew doing his land better this year? Keen old fellow. Something behind this. Has he got that bit of money that was coming to him? Done something, they said, last Doncaster; no one could get anything out of him. Dark as night. Sold the trainer some oats; that I know; wonder how much the trainer pocketed over that transaction? Expect he did not charge them all. Still, he's a decent fellow. Honesty is uncertain—never met an honest man. Doubt if world could hang together. Bartholomew is honest enough; but either he has won some money, or he really does not want the drawback at audit. Takes care his horses don't look too well. Notice myself that farmers do not let their teams look so glossy as a few years ago. Like them to seem rough and uncared for—can't afford smooth coats, these hard times. Don't look very glossy myself; don't feel very glossy. Hate this wind—hang kings' ransoms. People who like these winds are telling falsehoods. That's broken' (as one of the teams stopped); 'have to send to blacksmith; knock off now; no good your pottering there. Next team stops to go and help potter. Third team stops to help second. Fourth team comes across to help third. All pottering. Wants Bartholomew among them. That's the way to do a morning's work. Did any one ever see such idleness! Group about a broken chain—link snapped. Tie it up with your leathern garter—not he; no resource. What patience a man needs, to have anything to do with land. Four teams idle over a snapped link. Rent!—of course they can't pay rent. Wonder if a gang of American labourers could make anything out of our farms? There they work from sunrise to sunset. Suppose import a gang and try. Did any one ever see such a helpless set as that yonder! Depression—of course. No go-ahead in them.'

'Mind opening the gate, you?' said a voice behind; and turning, the thinker saw a dealer in a trap, who wanted the gate opened, to save him the trouble of getting down to do it himself. The thinker did as he was asked, and held the gate open. The trap went slowly through.

'Will you come on and take a glass?' said the dealer, pointing with the butt-end of his whip. '*Crown.*' This was sententious for the *Crown* in the hamlet; country-folk speak in pieces, putting the principal word in a sentence for the entire paragraph.

The thinker shook his head and shut the gate, carefully hasping it. The dealer drove on.

'Who's that?' thought the gray man, watching the trap jolt down the rough road. 'Wants veal, I suppose; no veal here, no good.—Now, look!'

The group by the broken chain beckoned to the trap; a lad went across to it with the chain, got up, and was driven off, so saving himself half a mile on his road to the forge.

'Anything to save themselves exertion. Nothing will make them move faster—like whipping a carthorse into a gallop; it soon dies away in the old jog-trot. Why—they have actually started again! actually started!'

He watched the teams a little longer, heedless of the wind, which he abused, but which really did not affect him, and then walked along the hedgerow down hill. Two men were sowing a field on the slope, swinging the hand full of grain from the hip regular as time itself, a swing calculated to throw the seed so far, but not too far, and without jerk. The next field had just been manured, and he stopped to glance at the crowds of small birds which were looking over the straw—finches and sparrows, and the bluish gray of pied wagtails. There were hundreds of small birds. While he stood, a hedge-sparrow uttered his thin pleading song on the hedge-top, and a meadow-pipit which had mounted a little way in the air, came down with outspread wings with a short 'Seep, seep,' to the ground. Lark and pipit seem near relations; only the skylark sings rising, descending, anywhere; but the pipits chiefly while slowly descending. There had been a

rough attempt at market-gardening in the field after this, and rows of cabbage gone up to seed stood forlorn and ragged. On the top of one of these, a skylark was perched, calling at intervals; for though classed as a non-percher, perch he does sometimes. Meadows succeeded on the level ground—one had been covered with the scrapings of roads, a whitish, crumbling dirt, dry and falling to pieces in the wind. The grass was pale, its wintry hue not yet gone, and the clods seemed to make it appear paler. Among these clods, four or five thrushes were seeking their food; on a bare oak, a blackbird was perched, his mate no doubt close by in the hedgerow; at the margin of a pond, a black-and-white wagtail waded in the water; a blue tit flew across to the corner. Brown thrushes, dark blackbird, blue tit, and wagtail, gave a little colour to the angle of the meadow. A gleam of passing sunlight brightened it. Two wood-pigeons came to a thick bush growing over a gray wall on the other side; for ivy-berries, probably.

A cart passed at a little distance, laden with red mangolds, fresh from the pit in which they had been stored; the roots had grown out a trifle, and the rootlets were mauve. A goldfinch perched on a dry dead stalk of wild carrot, a stalk that looked too slender to bear the bird. As the weather-beaten man moved, the goldfinch flew, and the golden wings outspread formed a bright contrast with the dull white clods. Crossing the meadow, and startling the wood-pigeons, our friend scaled the gray wall, putting his foot in a hole left for the purpose. Dark moss lined the interstices between the irregular and loosely placed stones. Above, on the bank, and greener than the grass, grew moss at the roots of ash-stoles and wherever there was shelter. Broad rank green arum leaves crowded each other in places. Red stalks of herb-Robert spread open. The weather-beaten man gathered a white wild violet from the shelter of a dead dry oak-leaf, and as he placed it in his button-hole, paused to listen to the baying of hounds. Yowp! yow! The cries echoed from the bank and filled the narrow beechwood within. A shot followed, and then another, and a third after an interval. More yowping. The gray-brown head of a rabbit suddenly appeared over the top of the bank, within three yards of him, and he could see the creature's whiskers nervously working, as its mind estimated its chances of escape. Instead of turning back, the rabbit made a rush to get under an ash-stole where was a burrow. The yowping went slowly away; the beeches rang again as if the beagles were in cry. Two assistant-keepers were working the outskirts, and shooting the rabbits which sat out in the brushwood, and so were not to be captured by nets and ferrets. The ground-game was strictly kept down; the noise was made by half-a-dozen puppies they had with them. Passing through the ash-stoles, and next the narrow beechwood, the gray man walked across the open park, and after awhile came in sight of Thardover House. His steps were directed to the great arched porch, beneath which the village-folk boasted a waggon-load could pass. The inner door swung open as if by instinct at his approach. The man who had so neighbourly opened the gate to the dealer in the trap was James Thardover, the owner of the property. Historic as was his name and residence, he was utterly devoid of affectation; a true man of the land.

II.—NEW TITLE-DEEDS.

Deed, seal, and charter give but a feeble hold compared with that which is afforded by labour. James Thardover held his lands again by right of labour; he had taken possession of them once more with thought, design, and actual work, as his ancestors had with the sword. He had laid hands, as it were, on every acre. Those who work, own. There are many who receive rent who do not own; they are proprietors, not owners; like receiving dividends on stock, which stock is never seen or handled. Their rights are legal only; his right was the right of labour, and it might be added, of forbearance. It is a condition of ownership in the United States that the settler clears so much and brings so many acres into cultivation. It was just this condition which he had practically carried out upon the Thardover estate. He had done so much, and in so varied a manner, that it is difficult to select particular acts for enumeration. All the great agricultural movements of the last thirty years he had energetically supported. There was the draining movement. The undulating contour of the country, deep vales alternating with moderate brows, gave a sufficient supply of water to every farm, and on the lower lands led to flooding and the formation of marshes. Horley Bottom, where the hay used to be frequently carried into the river by a June freshet, was now safe from flood. Flag Marsh had been completely drained, and made some of the best wheat-land in the neighbourhood. Part of a bark canoe was found in it; the remnants were preserved at Thardover House, but gradually fell to pieces.

Longboro' Farm was as dry now as any such soil could be. More or less draining had been carried out on twenty other farms, sometimes entirely at his expense; sometimes the tenant paid a small percentage on the sum expended; generally this percentage fell off in the course of a year or two. The tenant found that he could not pay it. Except on Flag Marsh, the drainage did not pay him fifty pounds. Perhaps it might have done, had the seasons been better; but, as it had actually happened, the rents had decreased instead of increasing. Tile-pipes had not availed against rain and American wheat. So far as income was concerned, he would have been richer had the money so expended been allowed to accumulate at the banker's. The land as land was certainly improved in places, as on Bartholomew's farm. Thardover never cared for the steam-plough; personally, he disliked it. Those who represented agricultural opinion at the farmers' clubs and in the agricultural papers, raised so loud a cry for it, that he went halfway to meet them. One of the large tenants was encouraged to invest in the steam-plough by a drawback on his rent, on condition that it should be hired out to others. The steam-plough, Thardover soon discovered, was not profitable to the landowner. It reduced the fields to a dead level; they had previously been thrown into 'lands,' with a drain-trench on each side. On this dead level, water did not run off quickly, and the growth of weeds increased. Tenants got into a

habit of shirking the extirpation of the weeds. The best farmers on the estate would not use it at all. To very large tenants, and to small tenants who could not keep enough horses, it was profitable at times. It did not appear that a single sack more of wheat was raised, nor a single additional head of stock maintained, since the steam-plough arrived.

Paul of Embersbury, who occupied some of the best meadow and upland country, a man of some character and standing, had taken to the shorthorns before Thardover succeeded to the property. Thardover assisted him in every way, and bought some of the best blood. There was no home-farm; the House was supplied from Bartholomew's dairy, and the Squire did not care to upset the old traditionary arrangements by taking a farm in hand. What he bought went to Embersbury, and Paul did well. As a consequence, there were good cattle all over the estate. The long prices formerly fetched by Paul's method had much fallen off; but substantial sums were still paid. Paul had faced the depression better than most of them. He was bitter, as was only natural, against the reaction in favour of black-cattle. The upland tenants, though, had a good many of the black, despite of Paul's frowns and thunders after the market ordinary at Barnboro' town. He would put down his pipe, bustle upon his feet, lean his somewhat protuberant person on the American leather of the table, and address the dozen or so who stayed for spirits-and-water after dinner, without the pretence of a formal meeting. He spoke in very fair language, short, jerky sentences, but well-chosen words. He who had taken the van in improvements thirty years ago, was the bitterest against any proposed change now. Black-cattle were thoroughly bad.

Another of his topics was the hiring-fair, where servant-girls stood waiting for engagements, and which it was proposed to abolish. Paul considered it was taking the bread-and-cheese out of the poor wenches' mouths. They could stand there and get hired for nothing, instead of having to pay half-a-crown for advertising, and get nothing then. But though the Squire had supported the shorthorns, even the shorthorns had not prevented the downward course things agricultural were following.

Then there was the scientific movement, the cry for science among the farmers. He founded a scholarship, invited the professors to his place, lunched them, let them experiment on little pieces of land, mournful-looking plots. Nothing came of it. He drew a design for a new cottage himself, a practical plain place; the builders told him it was far dearer to put up than ornamental but inconvenient structures. Thardover sunk his money his own way, and very comfortable cottages they were. Ground-game he had kept down for years before the Act. Farm-buildings he had improved freely. The education movement, however, stirred him most. He went into it enthusiastically. Thardover village was one of the first places to become efficient under the new legislation. This was a piece of practical work after his own heart. Generally, legislative measures were so far off from country-people. They affected the condition of large towns, of the Black Country, of the weavers or miners, distant folk. To the villages and hamlets of purely agricultural districts these Acts had no existence. The Education Act was just the reverse. This was a statute which came right down into the hamlets, which was nailed up at the crossroads, and ruled the barn, the plough, and scythe. Something tangible, that could be carried out and made into a fact; something he could do. Thardover did it with the thoroughness of his nature. He found the ground, lent the money, saw to the building, met the government inspectors, and organised the whole. A Committee of the tenants were the ostensible authority, the motive-power was the Squire. He worked at it till it was completely organised, for he felt as if he were helping to mould the future of this great country. Broad-minded himself, he understood the immense value of education, looked at generally; and he thought, too, that by its aid the farmer and the landowner might be enabled to compete with the foreigner, who was driving them from the market. No speeches and no agitation could equal the power concentrated in that plain school-house; there was nothing from which he hoped so much.

Only one held aloof and showed hostility to the movement, or rather to the form it took. His youngest and favourite daughter, Mary, the artist, rebelled against it. Hitherto, she had ruled him as she chose. She had led in every kind act; acts too kind to be called charity; she had been the life of the place. Perhaps it was the strong-minded women whom the cry of education brought to Thardover House, that set ajar some chord in her sensitive mind. Strident voices checked her sympathies, and hard rule-and-line work like this repelled her. Till then, she had been the constant companion of the Squire's walks; but while the school was being organised, she would not go with him. She walked where she could not see the plain angular building; she said it set her teeth on edge.

When the strident voices had departed, when time had made the school-house part and parcel of the place, like the cottages, Mary changed her ways, and occasionally called there. She took a class once a week of the elder girls, and taught them in her own fashion at home—most unorthodox teaching, it was—in which the works of the best poets were the chief subjects, and portfolios of engravings were found on the table. Long since, father and daughter had resumed their walks together.

It was in this way that James Thardover made his estate his own—he held possession by right of labour. He was resident ten months out of twelve; and after all these public and open works, he did far more in private. There was not an acre on the property which he had not personally visited. The farmhouses and farm-buildings were all known to him. He rode from tenancy to tenancy, he visited the men at plough and stood among the reapers. Neither the summer heat nor the winds of March prevented him from seeing with his own eyes. The latest movement was the silo-system, the burying of grass under pressure, instead of making it into hay. By these means, the clouds are to be defied, and a plentiful supply of fodder secured. Time alone can show whether this, the latest invention,

is any more powerful than steam-plough or guano to uphold agriculture against the shocks of fortune. But James Thardover would have tried any plan that had been suggested to him. It was thus that he laid hold on his lands with the strongest of titles, the work of his own hands. Yet still the tenants were unable to pay the former rent; some had failed or left, and their farms were vacant; and nothing could be more discouraging than the condition of affairs upon the property.

AN ORDER OF MERCY.

It has from time to time fallen to our lot to point out efforts, both good and bad, for the relief of suffering; and whilst we never shrink from deprecating the so-called charity which enfeebles and harms its recipients, it is with genuine pleasure that we draw attention to schemes of real utility and helpfulness. Of the last-named order, we can confidently affirm, is the St John Ambulance Association, the working of which it is the object of the present paper to explain. The Association was founded in England in 1877, under the auspices of the Order of St John of Jerusalem, and has for its object the spread of such elementary knowledge as may tend to decrease avoidable suffering in cases of accident or injury. Many have known by sad experience the helplessness of bystanders, say in an ordinary street-accident, and have seen how, with the best will in the world, the power to aid the sufferer was utterly wanting, and he has had to be left to his fate till medical help could be procured. Alas! it not seldom happens that by the time help arrives, there is no longer scope for the doctor's skill, and so many a life has been lost for want of the knowledge of how to administer prompt measures for relief.

As an instance of successful unprofessional help, take the following case of a man who was seen by a policeman to fall against an iron railing with such force as to completely sever an artery. The policeman, a pupil of one of the St John Ambulance classes, so cleverly extemporised a compress and bandages that the bleeding was entirely arrested. On the temporary appliance being removed at one of the London hospitals, the hemorrhage returned with so much violence, that the surgeon in attendance declared that nothing but the prompt aid rendered by the policeman could have averted speedy death.

But even when the accident is not so serious as to involve the question of life or death, much needless suffering is often caused by the roughness or carelessness of unskilled handling, and recovery is in consequence greatly retarded. The following instance, both of this and of the advantages of skilled assistance, is taken from the Register of the Association. It is the case of a carter who had his leg broken by a fall whilst at work and at a distance from medical help. Two successful candidates of an ambulance class extemporised splints, bandages, and a stretcher, and conveyed the wounded man to a doctor's house. As a consequence of the injured limb having been properly supported, the patient was able to get out of bed in three weeks' time, and in less than two months was walking about with ease. Five years previously he had met with a similar accident under corresponding circumstances: but no skilled help being at hand, he was conveyed home somewhat roughly, a proceeding which revenged itself by sixteen weeks of helplessness and suffering.

Such cases are of daily, almost hourly occurrence in our large towns, whilst in mining or manufacturing districts, the risks to life and limb are even more serious and frequent; so that any agency which provides the needed help to such sufferers cannot but be looked upon as a boon to humanity. Now, it is just this first prompt aid that the Association seeks, through its pupils, to place within the reach of all those who are overtaken by sudden accident or injury; and in order to disseminate the necessary knowledge, classes for instruction are held wherever the requisite number—twenty to thirty—of pupils are found willing to prepare themselves to be in readiness to give help in case of need. The course of instruction is limited to a series of five lectures, according to a syllabus drawn up by a Committee of medical men of eminence. It consists of a general slight outline of the structure and functions of the human body, including particular notice of the principal arteries and of the different forms of hemorrhage, with the various extemporary means for its arrest, including the use of bandages. Fractured bones also receive a considerable share of attention. The fourth lecture is devoted to the consideration of insensible patients, the treatment of the apparently drowned, and of the victims to burns, scalds, and various smaller ills. So far, the instruction is the same for male and female pupils; but in the last lecture the lines diverge; and whilst women receive some hints on home-nursing, men are instructed as to the best methods of lifting and carrying the sick and injured, with or without stretchers. The last half-hour of each lesson is devoted to practice by the pupils of such arts as the application of splints and bandages, and the conveying from place to place of patients *pro tem.*

For ladies' classes, a small boy is hired as dummy, and is put through such a series of possible accidents as ought to sober the most reckless of mortals into a cautious habit of life. The sight of a group of eager watchers for a vacant limb is decidedly entertaining; and it is curious to notice the contrast between the utter want of comprehension of some aspirants, and the quickness with which other deft fingers carry out an idea once grasped.

Pupils who pass an examination, partly written and partly practical, which is held at the end of each course of lectures, are presented with certificates of proficiency; and for women only, there is a second course of instruction in the elements of hygiene and home-nursing.

A record, well worth studying, is kept by the Association of cases successfully treated by its pupils; and a list is also kept of those holding certificates who would be willing to join an ambulance train in case of war.

It need scarcely be said that the work of the Association in no sense seeks to supersede or interfere with the doctor's help; and it is pleasing to find that in no case has complaint been made of over-officiousness or presumption on the part of any one pupil. Indeed, the little knowledge so conveyed would be more likely to have a

contrary effect, and to make the amateur pause and consider, before venturing to trifle with such a wonderful and intricate piece of mechanism as the human body. Few of us are without at least one 'friend' who is ready at a moment's notice to prescribe some quack remedy, from the deadly poison of soothing sirup, to the comparatively harmless 'globule' of the homeopathist, and to do so with an air of profound conviction, even in cases where the doctor of learning and experience hesitates to give an opinion.

Now, anything that would tend to foster ignorant presumption is carefully avoided in the ambulance class, the instructor and examiner of which are invariably medical men; and only that amount of knowledge is imparted which will enable pupils to give help of the *right kind*, until the doctor arrives. Pupils in a position to do so, pay a small fee; but as the work of the Association increases rapidly amongst miners, colliers, railway-porters, policemen, and others, who cannot afford to contribute towards the necessary working expenses, whilst they constitute just the class to whom instruction is most valuable, increased support from those who have it in their power to give is very greatly needed; and as the work is undertaken, in great part, as a labour of love, donors may have the satisfaction of feeling that their gifts go directly towards the formation of new centres of usefulness.

In order to complete the work of the Association, a varied stock of *matériel* has been prepared and widely distributed by means of the Store Department. Of the first Handbook prepared for the use of classes, no fewer than fifty thousand copies have been issued, as well as a large number of special Manuals for the advanced or nursing class. It was also found necessary to supply the classes with diagrams for the use of lecturers, and with an assortment of such articles as bandages, splints, &c. The Association has also prepared a small portable hamper in a waterproof case, fitted with those 'First Aid' appliances, the use of which is taught in the classes. Much time and thought has been expended on the production of a stretcher at once light, easily managed, and comfortable; the result has been a small vehicle known as the 'Ashford' litter, consisting of a covered stretcher moving on two wheels, which can in ordinary cases be managed by one person. Such a hamper and litter have, during the past year, been placed in two lodges of Hyde Park; and it needs little prophetic insight to predict that in a short time our public buildings will boast a supply of the wherewithal for dealing with cases of accident or emergency.

The latest idea, which awaits full organisation, is the formation of Ambulance Corps for the transport of sick (non-infectious cases) and injured in large towns, where the distance is of necessity great. In London, there are no proper arrangements for the removal of the infirm, the few vehicles to be had being unsuitable for the purpose and costly to hire; facts which show the need of help, such as an organised Ambulance Corps would be able to give at a moment's notice.

Some idea may be formed of the spread of the Association's work by the fact that during the past year twenty-five thousand men and women have received instruction in London and the provinces. Of these, eight thousand have successfully passed examinations and have received certificates of proficiency. There are at present ten centres of work in London, and about one hundred and forty in the country; and in addition, the idea has taken root and is spreading in the principal countries of Europe and in all our colonies. But cheering as has been the progress, the promoters of this scheme look forward to still better things in the future, and hopefully anticipate the time when avoidable suffering shall be reduced to a minimum, through a widespread knowledge of the elements of helpfulness.

Any further information respecting the working of the Association and the formation of new classes can be obtained on application to the chief secretary, Captain Perrott, St John's Gate, Clerkenwell, London.

TWO SONNETS.

LOVE'S WATCH.

Fair falls the dawn upon thy face, O sea!
And from thy furrows, crested white with foam,
The gray mist brightens, and the hollow dome
Of pearly cloud slow-reddens over thee:
The glee of birds with snowy sun-kissed wings
Cheerily wakes along thy tremulous waves,
And blent with echoes of far distant caves,
Thine own wild voice a deep-toned matin sings.

Eastward, the line of jagged reefs is bright
With sunshine and white dashings of thy spray;
And laughing blithely in the golden light,
The fretted surf runs rippling up the bay;
Westward, from night—O bear it safe, fair sea!—
Slow sails the ship with freighted love to me.

LOVE'S TRANSFIGURATION.

O strange sweet loveliness! O tender grace,
That in the light of passion's day-spring threw
Soft splendour on a fair familiar face,
Changing it, yet unchanged, and old, yet new!
Perfect the portrait in my heart, and true,
Which traced the smile about that flower-like mouth,
And those gray eyes with just a doubt of blue,
Yet darkened with the passion of the South,
And the white arch of thoughtful forehead, crowned
With meeting waves of hair:—but still I found
Some undreamt light of tenderness that fell
From the new dawn, and made more fair to see
What was so fair, that now no song can tell
How lovely seemed thy heart-lit face to me.

George Logan Moore, A.B.

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1*st*. All communications should be addressed to the 'Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.'

2*d*. For its return in case of ineligibility, postage-stamps should accompany every manuscript.

3*d*. Manuscripts should bear the author's full *Christian* name, Surname, and Address, legibly written; and should be written on white (not blue) paper, and on one side of the leaf only.

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WHAT IS A PEER?

Judging from casual remarks often heard in ordinary conversation, it would seem that not a few persons believe every man who is styled 'Lord So-and-so' to be a peer. The notion indicated, though prevalent, is wholly erroneous; and as the peerage of this realm, unlike that of other countries, is a matter of substantial importance, not only in a social but in a constitutional sense, an answer to the question, 'What is a peer?' may not prove uninteresting.

The word 'peer' itself, etymologically, in no way denotes superiority of position; on the contrary, strange to say, it denotes equality, being simply a form of the Latin *par*, equal, and comes to us through the French word *pair*, bearing the same meaning. How comes it, then, that an ennobled person should be designated by a term which signifies 'an equal?'; and of whom is such person an equal? One statement will answer these questions—namely, that every peer of the realm is the equal of every other peer of the realm—that is, of the United Kingdom; just as the members of all other classes of the community are the peers of each other in regard to citizen rights. We say 'peer of the realm,' because all peers are not entitled to be so styled. Thus, a member of only the Irish peerage is not the equal of an English peer or a peer of the realm, for the reason that he is not, by the mere reason of being a peer of Ireland, entitled to a seat in the House of Lords. In other words, he is not a peer or lord of parliament unless he is elected to be such; a remark which requires explanation.

At the time of the union of Ireland with Great Britain, confirmed by the statute 39 and 40 Geo. III. (1801), it was provided in the Act of Parliament that the peers of Ireland should have the power to elect twenty-eight representatives from amongst their own body to sit in the Upper House of the united legislatures for life. Such representative peers are chosen when necessary, and when elected, *are* lords of parliament, and have all the privileges of peers of the United Kingdom. Other Irish peers who are not representative peers are in a very different position. They are not lords of parliament, although they *primâ facie* enjoy all such privileges as appertain to the peerage generally. And this being so, an Irish peer, whether representative or not, cannot be arrested for debt, in which respect he is on an equality with all peers of the realm. An Irish peer may also be elected as a member of the House of Commons for a constituency in England or Scotland (by 39 and 40 Geo. III. c. 67); but by such election he becomes for the time being a commoner, and so *pro tem.* loses the privileges of a peer. It will be remembered that Lord Palmerston, who represented Tiverton in the House of Commons for so many years, was a peer of Ireland; and the present member of parliament for East Suffolk, Lord Rendlesham, is also an Irish peer. His lordship, therefore, though the peer of all other Irish peers—not representative peers—is not a peer of, say, Lord Carlingford and other noblemen who sit in the House of Lords as of right.* Indeed, Lord Rendlesham, so long as he sits in the Lower House of parliament, is of necessity simply a commoner.

As to peers of Scotland only, they also are entitled to elect representatives out of their general body to sit in the House of Lords. The number so elected is sixteen; but, unlike the Irish representative peers, they sit only during the existence of the parliament for which they are elected. On the other hand, a Scotch peer of any grade, unlike an Irish peer, is a peer of Great Britain, and he cannot, therefore, sit in the House of Commons for any constituency whatever. The

* It may be observed with regard to the Irish peerage, that the Crown can create a new peer of Ireland only as often as three peerages existing in 1801 become extinct. But in order to keep the peerage of Ireland up to the number of one hundred, if one of that number becomes extinct, the Crown may then create another. Of course we refer to the Irish peerage pure and simple, and do not include peers who are peers of Ireland as well as of the United Kingdom. As a peerage merely of Ireland or of Scotland confers an empty title and nothing more, such a dignity has ceased to be created.

only difference between a Scotch peer and a peer of the United Kingdom is, that the former cannot as of right—that is, unless elected a representative peer—sit in the House of Lords; in all other respects he is the peer of a peer of the realm.

When once, then, a nobleman—by which is here meant a person ennobled by the Crown—takes his seat in the Upper House of parliament, he becomes a peer of the realm—that is, a lord of parliament; and although the well-known gradations of dukes, marquises, earls, viscounts, and barons exist, yet, so far as parliamentary rights are concerned, all ennobled persons who sit in the House of Lords are the peers or equals of each other. We purposely make use of the word 'nobleman,' because the two archbishops and all the bishops who sit there and vote too are not peers; for although they are spiritual lords of parliament, are styled 'My Lord,' and—with the exception of the Bishop of Sodor and Man, who has a 'place but no voice'—may vote, they are not 'noble,' and their dignity is not hereditary. For this reason, a peer merely for life, in the absence of an Act of Parliament conferring privileges of peerage upon him, would not be a 'noble' person. Accordingly, when Baron Parke in 1856 was raised to the peerage for life as Lord Wensleydale, it was decided by the Lords' Committee of Privileges that his lordship could not sit and vote as a peer. Selden, in his *Titles of Honour*, seems to refer to life peerages as quite ordinary distinctions; but whether they were so or not, it is clear that they were practically unknown, or had fallen into disuse between his time (1584–1654) and that of Lord Wensleydale. However, now, by section six of 39 and 40 Vict. c. 59 (the Appellate Jurisdiction Act, 1876), the Crown may appoint by letters-patent two qualified persons to be Lords of Appeal in Ordinary, with a salary of six thousand pounds per annum each. And these persons shall be entitled for life to rank as Barons, 'by such style as Her Majesty shall be pleased to appoint, and shall during the time that they continue in their office as Lords of Appeal in Ordinary, and no longer, be entitled to a writ of summons to attend, and to sit and vote in the House of Lords.' But 'their dignity as lords of parliament shall not descend to their heirs.' Since this enactment, three Lords of Appeal in Ordinary have been created—namely, Lord Blackburn (formerly Mr Justice Blackburn); Lord Gordon, who is dead; and Lord Watson. The object of appointing these noble and learned persons to life peerages is, 'for the purpose of aiding the House of Lords in the hearing and determination of appeals.'

So much for the term 'peer' as having reference to an ennobled person.* But it is applicable, in fact, to all persons who are not ennobled, for they are the 'peers' of each other. We all know the old maxim that 'every man has a right to be tried by his peers;' in other words, his equals. This is, in fact, one of the most important features in Magna Charta: 'No freeman shall be taken or imprisoned . . . otherwise than by the lawful judgment of his peers, or by the law of the land.' This of course applies as much to noblemen as to commoners, although its application to the former is, as we shall directly see, somewhat modified. If John Smith and Thomas Jones were to enter into a conspiracy to dethrone the sovereign, they would be guilty of treason, and would be tried by their peers—namely, a common jury; but if the Duke of A. and Viscount B., peers of parliament, conspired with a like intent, they also would be entitled to be tried by their peers—who, however, would be members of the House of Lords. Also, if Brown, Jones, or Robinson, either singly or in combination, committed burglary, arson, forgery, robbery, embezzlement, they, or he, would be guilty of felony, and would be tried by their peers. So also would the Duke of A. or the Earl of C., &c., as before. But if a peer of parliament were to obtain money under false pretences, or commit perjury, he would not be entitled to be tried in these cases by his peers, but would be tried by those who are his peers only as members of the community. For although the last-named offences are undoubtedly serious, the law regards them as less so than the others, and styles them misdemeanours.* In all trials for misdemeanours, then, a peer of parliament, when arraigned upon a charge coming within this category, is only regarded as a peer of persons in the lower grades of society. And although members of the House of Lords enjoy immunity from arrest in civil cases—as do also members of the House and barristers too when going to and from a court—yet they are just as liable to arrest in any criminal case as all other subjects are, so that here also they are only the peers of their fellow-men whether noble or simple. As regards the proceedings in courts of law, a peer is liable to be subpœnaed, and must, like a commoner, obey the subpœna. And although, when acting on a jury† for the purpose of deciding the guilt or innocence of a peer arraigned for treason or felony, he is entitled—unlike a common juror—to give his judgment on his honour, yet if he be called as a witness in a court of law, he must, like any other man, be sworn on oath.

A peer when indicted, is bound, like any commoner, to plead to the indictment; and if convicted, is liable to be punished precisely like any other man (4 and 5 Vict. c. 22).

From what has been said, it will be seen that the civil rights of peers are pretty much the same as those of all other subjects. What privileges the most exalted peer possesses are rather of an ornamental than a substantial character. And as every man, however humble may be his origin, has a chance of becoming a peer, the complaints sometimes heard about peers being a privileged class, &c., have, apart from political considerations, but little foundation. Their so-called privileges may thus be enumerated: They are exempt from

* Peers as noblemen have likewise been styled by the Latin and French appellations of Magnates, Les Grandes, Proceres, Domini, Seigneurs, and Pares Regni.

* The distinction between felony and misdemeanour at common law was, that a conviction for the former caused a forfeiture of the offender's goods, &c., to the Crown. The latter did not have this effect. The Act 33 and 34 Vict. c. 23 abolishes forfeiture for treason and felony; but the distinction in other respects between felonies and misdemeanours still exists.

† A jury of peers would be technically described as 'the lords-triers.'

arrest for debt; they have a hereditary place in parliament, and, unlike members of the House of Commons, they may vote by proxy, and may record their 'protest' against proceedings in their own House in its journals; as permanent counsellors of the sovereign, they have an individual right of access to the sovereign's presence and audience while there; they may wear coronets appropriate to their peerage rank, and scarlet cloth robes marked in accordance with their degree; they are entitled to be called 'Your Grace' or 'Most Honourable,' 'Your Lordship' or 'Right Honourable,' according to circumstances. And when addressed by the sovereign, they are styled his or her 'cousin,' with a variety of ceremonious and endearing epithets prefixed to that term, more or less so according to their rank. They may also sit in courts of law with their hats on, if they like, during the proceedings.* And this will explain why a peer is always accommodated with a seat on the bench in court, when plain Mr Smith is either incapable of getting in at all, or if in, is relegated to the gallery or other portion of the court set apart for the public.

A man may be a peer by prescriptive right, by creation, or by hereditary right; and peers are created in two ways, either by the ancient mode of writ of summons, or by letters-patent. At the present day, persons are almost invariably ennobled by the latter process. For if a person summoned by the sovereign to attend parliament as a peer, should die before he can take his seat, the peerage so created would fail, and would, therefore, not descend to his heir. On the other hand, a peerage created by letters-patent descends to the heir of the person so ennobled under any circumstances. The writ of summons, however, is not obsolete, and is used when, for some reason, it is deemed desirable to call the eldest son of a peer to the Upper House of parliament during his father's lifetime. In this case, whether the person summoned does or does not take his seat, is obviously immaterial, so far as the descent of the father's peerage is concerned, because, if the eldest son has a son, the grandfather's title will descend to him, if he outlives his grandfather. When the eldest son of a peer is summoned to the Upper House in his father's lifetime, he sits by the baronial title of the peerage. Thus, the Earl of Albemarle, who is also Viscount Bury and Baron Ashford, being, in 1876, advanced in years, his eldest son, Viscount Bury, was summoned to the House of Lords, not, however, as such, but as Baron or Lord Ashford.

In the creation of a peerage, the limitations—that is to say, the arrangements as to how it shall descend—may be analogous to the limitations of real estate; for a title is just as much a hereditament—which simply means something that can be inherited—as an acre of land, except that the latter is termed in law a corporeal or tangible hereditament, and the former an incorporeal hereditament. Accordingly, a title may be *in fee*, in which case it will descend to the heirs-general of the first holder; *in tail*, male or female, when it descends to the eldest son, &c., or his brothers and their eldest sons, &c.; or it may be, as we have seen, *for life*, when, at the death of the holder, it expires.

Thus, not only may a man be created a peer, but a woman may also be ennobled; and a woman may also occupy the status of a peeress by marriage, whereas a man never can by marriage occupy even the status of a peer. There are several instances of ladies holding peerages, as may be seen by referring to Sir Bernard Burke's magnificent and interesting work; but we have no dukedom, marquisate, or viscounty, in what may be called the female peerage. Peeresses by descent or by creation are the only persons who are legally entitled to be called 'Ladies in their own right,' and their titles descend to their sons and their daughters according to circumstances. Real peeresses, and also those by marriage, have most of the privileges of peers; but of course they cannot sit in parliament and so forth; and if a peeress by marriage, being a widow, remarries with a commoner, all her privileges cease, although she may retain her title conferred by the first marriage. A peeress in her own right, however, who marries a commoner is still a peeress, and does not forfeit any of her privileges as such; but, as before indicated, she cannot ennoble her husband, although she may her son or her daughter—of course, after her own decease—by transmitting her title to him or her.

Daughters of dukes, marquises, and earls, are usually designated by the title of 'Lady,' their Christian names being used before their patronymic; and we often hear that Lady Matilda So-and-so is a lady in her own right. Such, however, is not a correct statement; for the title in such case is held by no absolute right, but only by a custom, itself founded on what is called 'the courtesy of the realm'—*curialitas regni*.

And this brings us to an examination of the opening statement in our paper—namely, that many people appear to think that every man styled Lord So-and-so is necessarily a peer.

Now we have shown what a peer *is;* and it may be safely asserted, that every person in this kingdom, be he whom he may, if not entitled to the description we have given of a peer, his status, and his privileges, is, to all intents and purposes, a commoner, just as much as though he were a costermonger. But we have marquises, earls, viscounts, and lords, in the House of Commons, and how is it that they sit there bearing their titles? The answer is, that although they bear titles, yet such are not titles of nobility, but are simply designations allowed them by reason of their father's rank; the permission being accorded, as in the case of daughters of dukes, marquises, and earls, by the 'courtesy of the realm.'

Many dukes* have also a marquisate, an earldom, a viscounty, and a barony attached to their dukedom; many marquises are earls, vis-

* One peer, Lord Kingsale, of the Irish peerage, is entitled to be covered even in the sovereign's presence. This singular privilege is of very ancient date. The peerage itself was created in 1181, and the present holder of it is the thirty-first baron.

* We say 'many,' because all dukes, &c., do not hold the successive titles. Thus, the eldest son of the Duke of Richmond and Gordon bears the courtesy title of Earl of March, and by such style sits in the House of Commons as member of parliament for West Sussex.

counts, and barons; in the same way, an earl is generally a viscount and a baron; while a viscount may have a barony attached to his peerage. By the courtesy of England, the eldest son of all the peers above mentioned, except the last, is allowed to assume his father's second title; but in reality such eldest son is in every respect nothing but a commoner, so far as his legal rights are concerned. Thus, the eldest son of the Duke of Bedford is styled Marquis of Tavistock, his father's second title; but as M.P. for Bedfordshire, he was not elected to sit by that title, but as the Honourable So-and-so Russell, or rather, perhaps, as So-and-So Russell, Esquire, commonly called Marquis of Tavistock. And a similar rule prevails as to all other similar cases, including instances where any son, not the eldest of a duke or marquis, sits in the Lower House, which persons are all styled 'Lord,' with their Christian and family surnames affixed. Thus, 'Lord' Randolph Churchill, who is in law, Randolph Churchill, Esquire, commonly called Lord Randolph Churchill, sits as member of parliament for Woodstock. But neither he nor any other person bearing a mere courtesy title is really a 'nobleman,' still less is he a peer of parliament, but in legal contemplation a peer only of his own peers—that is to say, of every commoner of the realm, and has no inherent rights or privileges which they do not possess.

The eldest son of the sovereign is born a peer as Duke of Cornwall, and as such, at twenty-one, is entitled to sit and vote in the House of Lords. The other sons of the sovereign are not born peers, although they are Princes, but they may be created peers; and to enable his or her sons to sit in parliament, the sovereign usually confers peerages on his or her younger sons. Hence, Prince Alfred became Duke of Edinburgh; Prince Arthur, Duke of Connaught; and Prince Leopold, Duke of Albany. As Princes, they could not sit in parliament; but having been created peers, they can sit and vote and exercise all the other rights of peers.

It does not follow that a peer of a certain grade in the Scottish or Irish peerage, although entitled a peer of parliament, necessarily sits and votes in the Upper House by the title which he ordinarily bears. Thus, the Duke of Argyll as a lord of parliament is not really a duke, but only a baron; and in the division lists of the House of Lords he is always mentioned among the barons as Lord Sundridge. Again, the Duke of Leinster, who, as regards the Irish peerage, is premier duke, marquis, and earl, is nevertheless only Viscount Leinster so far as the House of Lords is concerned, and by such title he sits and votes. As a matter of politeness, however, both of the two distinguished persons just mentioned are severally referred to by their more exalted titles when spoken of in the House, or when their speeches are reported. Again, locality does not necessarily indicate the status of a nobleman. Thus, Lord Rendlesham, an Irish peer, takes his title from a Suffolk village; and Lord Emly—formerly the Right Honourable W. Monsell—who takes his title from a place in Ireland, is a peer of the United Kingdom. So also of the Earls of Erroll and Enniskillen, who have respectively Scotch and Irish titles, but are yet English peers—though the English peerage is technically held in each case under a different title from that by which these peers are generally known.

Lastly, although the grades of the peerage are dukes, marquises, earls, viscounts, and barons, yet of these, earl is the oldest title so far as regards the British peerage. The first earldom extant, though not the first created, is that of Arundel, created by King Stephen in 1139. Next come barons, of whom, however, we read long before the Conquest. The first barony in the peerage is that of Kingsale (1181), already alluded to. Dukes follow the barons, the first of them having been the Duke of Cornwall, son of Edward III., created in 1377; then marquises, the first of whom was De Vere, Marquis of Dublin, in the reign of Richard II. (1377–1399). Not until the reign of Henry VI. (1422–1461) do we hear of viscounts, and the title of the first viscounty—namely, that of Viscount Beaumont, created in 1440—no longer exists.

We have thus endeavoured to answer the question, 'What is a Peer?' and we trust that the foregoing statements have assisted any reader who may have previously entertained confused notions concerning the subject dealt with.

BY MEAD AND STREAM.

CHAPTER III.—WHAT IS TO BE.

THE master of Willowmere, Dick Crawshay, was recognised throughout the county as a perfect specimen of the good old style of yeoman farmer. He was proud of the distinction, and proud of upholding all the traditions of his rapidly diminishing class. It was not so much owing to eccentricity or vanity, as to simple faith in what he believed to be due to his position, that his dress invariably combined the characteristics of the past and the present. His top-boots and breeches were like those worn by his father; his long waistcoat was after the pattern of his grandfather's; whilst his short coat and billy-cock hat belonged in some degree to his own day.

Rough and ready, outspoken in friendship or enmity, quick-tempered, but never bearing malice, his whole creed was that a man should mean what he says and say what he means. He was huge in person, height and breadth, and many people had good reason to know that he was equally huge in kindliness of heart.

Legends of his feats of strength in wrestling, boxing, horse-training and riding, were often recounted by the old men of the district as worthy examples of skill and prowess for their grandchildren to emulate, or to amuse their cronies in the taproom of the *Cherry Tree*.

'Ah, when I thinks on that day of the Hunt Cup Steeplechase, thirty year ago!' old Jerry Mogridge used to mumble over his jug of foaming ale. 'The young Maister—he were the young Maister Dick in them days—entered his 'oss against some o' the best blood out o' Yorkshire, not to mention what our own county turned out, and we had some rare uns. We don't have no such riding nor no such 'osses, I do believe, nowadays.'

Then Jerry would pause to reflect over departed glories, press down the ashes of his long clay-pipe carefully with his third finger and draw a long breath.

'You was there, Jerry,' his neighbour observed.

'There I was, for sure. And there was Maister Dick with his horse Goggles that he was ready to back agin anything on four legs. It were a sight, I tell you. Nine on 'em started, and Goggles took the lead right away'—here old Jerry, with the stem of his pipe serving as a pencil, began to trace on the table the imaginary lines of the course—'he cleared the water-jump pretty, and maybe half a dozen came after. On the flat they was nigh equal, but—Lor' bless you—Goggles was only laughin' at 'em. *He* knowed as he could get away as soon as the Maister pleased to give him head. They was a'most abreast when they came near the ugly fence down by Farmer Tubbs's land. Then Goggles got his way. He were as brave as a lion—or a unicorn, for the matter o' that—and he took the fence at the nighest but the worst part. We see him rise in the air as it might be, and dip again. Then—well, then, if he didn't roll right over, and Maister Dick turned a somersault into the ditch.'

There Jerry would stop again in order that his listeners might realise the full horror of the position, emitting half-a-dozen deliberate puffs of smoke from his mouth, and proceed with the pride of a bearer of good news.

'But the Maister was on his feet again afore you could count your fingers. So was Goggles. The Maister give him a pat on the neck and, says he: "If you can do it Goggles, I'm game." With that he jumps into the saddle and went tearin' after them as was proud to think that he was out o' the chase, and he caught 'em up, and when they were about a quarter of a mile from home, Goggles put on an extra spurt and came in first by a neck. But that weren't the end on it, for while everybody was a-crowdin' round about him, Dr Mauldon says:

'"What's the matter with your right arm, Dick, that it's hangin' so limp-like at your side?"

'"Dunno what it may be," says Dick; "but it's been no use to me since we tumbled over the fence."

'"Broken, sure-ly," says the doctor angry-like, "and you went on riding the race—you're a fool."

'"But I won it," says Dick, "and I'm main proud on it, for there's summat more nor the cup hanging on to Goggles this blessed day."

'Six months after that steeplechase, he married Hesba Loughton,' the old man concluded with subdued but suggestive emphasis.

From that day the homestead of Willowmere had been a merry one, notwithstanding the dark shadows which had from time to time crossed it. Three children had been born, but one by one had passed away, leaving a blank in the lives of mother and father which nothing could fill. But it made them the more ready to welcome the child of Mrs Crawshay's sister when misfortune fell upon her. Madge had been at once taken into their hearts as their own child, and had grown up with as much love and respect for them as she could have given to her parents proper.

On their part Mr and Mrs Crawshay were devoted to the girl, and allowed her from the first to be mistress of the whole house. She wanted books, they were at once obtained: she wanted a piano, and her wish was gratified. In her education, they spared neither care nor money, but Crawshay would never consent to her being banished to a boarding-school.

So she had grown up quite a home-bird, as her uncle used to say; being endowed with mental capacity, however, she had made the most of every opportunity for reading and learning. And through it all she took her share in the household work, and her guardians had reason to be proud of her.

Until the present occasion her uncle had never hinted that he expected to be consulted in her choice of a husband. Even now he only warned her that he would not approve of any of the Ringsford family. But the warning came late, and surprised her the more as no distinct reason was advanced for it. Although there had been no formal announcement that she and Philip had come to the conclusion that they had been born for each other and were dutifully ready to accept their fate, he had for some time been regarded as her chosen suitor.

Their wooing had been free from petty concealments, and there had not been much formal discussion on the subject between themselves. Unconsciously they realised the fact that man or woman can no more be in love and not know it than have the toothache and not feel it. They may coquette with fancy but not with love. They may in modesty try to hide it, but they know it is there. So there had been no 'set scene' of asking and granting. A flash of the eyes—a touch of the hand—a quick, joyful little cry—a kiss and all was known. They loved: they knew it; and were happy in their hope of the future that lay before them.

This sudden change of her uncle's mind in regard to Philip—for of course he could refer only to him when he spoke of the Ringsford people—presented a problem with which she had never expected to be tried. Suppose her guardians should forbid her to marry Philip, would she be able to obey them? Ought she to obey them?

There was no present answer for the questions, and yet they could not be dismissed from the mind. She was glad to find that Philip was innocent of any conscious cause of offence, and pleased that he should go at once to seek an explanation.

The stables, the barn, with their red-tile roofs washed with varying shades of green, the cow-house and piggeries with a white row of labourers' cottages, formed a cosy group of buildings by the side of the green lane which led from Willowmere to the main road between the village of Kingshope and the little town of Dunthorpe.

Crawshay was standing in the gateway with a tall gentleman whose features were almost entirely concealed by thick black beard, whiskers, and moustache. By way of contrast perhaps, he wore a white hat. His dark-blue frock-coat was buttoned tightly; in his claret-coloured scarf was a horseshoe pin studded with diamonds; his boots were covered by yellow gaiters. A smart man, evidently of some importance. He was discussing with Crawshay the merits of a

horse which was being trotted up and down the lane for their inspection.

'You won't find anywhere a better bit of horse-flesh for your purpose,' Crawshay was saying whilst he held the stem of an acorn-cup in the side of his mouth like a pipe.

'When you say that, Crawshay, I am satisfied, and he would be a fool who was not. We'll consider it a bargain.'

'Give her another turn, Jerry.—There's action for you!' he added with enthusiasm as the animal was trotted up and down the lane again. 'There's form!—proper, ain't it? Seems to me that I can't part with her.'

'You cannot help it now: we have struck the bargain,' rejoined the purchaser, grinning. He was aware that the farmer's exclamation was in no degree akin to any of the horse-dealer's tricks to enhance the animal's value.

'Well, you are a neighbour, Mr Wrentham, and that is always a sort of comfort.'

'I'll be good to her, never fear. Now, I'm off.—Hullo, Hadleigh, how are you? I am just bolting to catch my train. Good-bye.'

Mr Wrentham walked smartly into the stable-yard, got into his gig and drove off, waving his hand to his two friends as he passed through the gateway.

Philip, who just then had entered the gateway, was glad to see him go: first, because he did not like the man, although frequently forced into contact with him; and, second, because he wanted to be alone with Crawshay.

The latter had not displayed any coldness and had given him the customary greeting. He was patting the mare he had just sold and passing his hand affectionately over her flanks whilst he repeated various expressions of admiration, the burden of them all being:

'He's got a rare bargain, but he's a smart fellow and he'll be good to you, old girl.'

'I have been hunting for you everywhere,' said Philip with his frank smile and without any fear of the explanation which was about to take place. 'Are you going up to the house just now?'

'No; I was meaning to go down to see how the lads are getting on with the wheat. Am I wanted at the house?'

'Not particularly; but I want to have a chat with you.'

'Come along then. There'll be time enough for chatting as we cross the Merefield. What is it?'

'That is exactly what I have got to ask you. What have I been doing that you have been upsetting Madge by telling her that she is to have nothing more to do with me?'

They were in the field—an extensive plain which had been once a morass. Drainage and cultivation had converted it into valuable meadow-land. The hedges which bounded it were studded with willows, and three trees of the same kind formed a group in the centre. These trees and the nature of the ground had doubtless suggested the name of the farm. In wet seasons the Merefield justified its title by presenting a sheet of water sometimes more than a foot deep, in spite of drains and embankment to keep the river out.

'That's right, Philip, lad—straight from the shoulder; and I'll make answer likewise. I never told Madge that she was to have nought more ado with you.'

'I was sure of it,' exclaimed the lover in cheerful confidence; 'and now I may call you Uncle Dick again. But you have given her a scare—you know how seriously she takes things, and you will have to tell her yourself that it was only your fun.'

Crawshay's face had at first assumed an expression of internal chuckling at some joke which amused and yet did not altogether please him. Now, however, his brows contracted slightly, and he spoke gravely.

'Ah, but it weren't all fun neither.'

'Then what in the name of goodness was it? I know that you had some disagreement with my guv'nor the other day; but you are not going to make us miserable on that score.'

'I don't want to put you out on any score: but your father may.'

'My father!—nonsense. What could make you fancy that he would interfere with me in this matter?'

Crawshay halted, close by the three willows, clasped his hands behind him and looked straight at his young friend.

'I am not going to tell you ought about what passed atween your father and me,' he said resolutely. 'You can ask him if you like; but if you'll take a word of counsel from me, you won't do it. You can understand this much, however; I am not going to stand in your way with Madge; but I am not going to let you stand in Madge's way, neither.'

'I do not see how that can be,' answered Philip, perplexed by Crawshay's words and manner, 'since we two have only one way before us.'

'That is to say you think so now'——

'And shall always.'

'Ay, ay; we understand all that,' said the elder, nodding with the regretful scepticism of experience; 'but there never was any harm done by making sure of every foothold when passing through a bog. See if we can't clear things up a bit. When are you going away on this grand journey that's to make your fortune?'

'In about a fortnight.'

'And you'll be away how long?'

'Perhaps a year.'

'Maybe two—maybe three.'

'O no; there is no probability of that.'

'There's no saying. But what I want to be at now—and mind you, I'm not doubting you, and I'm not like to doubt Madge—what I want to be at is that while you are away in foreign parts you may change your mind—hold hard a minute—Madge may change hers. Heaps of things may happen. So that all I meant by what I said to her the other night is that you should both be welcome to change if you think it best for yourselves. So there are to be no bindings and pledges atween you. If you come back and are of the same mind and she is content, I will not be against you. Is it a bargain? It is a fair one, though you mayn't think it now; but you are not the lad I take you for if you don't own it to be common-sense and agree to it.'

'I cannot see anything in it to disturb us,' said Philip, 'since you leave us free to please ourselves.'

'Ay, but you understand that when I say *free*, I mean it. If you are going back to the house, you can tell Madge everything I 've said.'

'We could not desire any other arrangement. I am content, and she will be. Whatever your tiff with my father may be about, it will not bother us.'

'Ah, you had better wait till you hear what he has to say,' observed the yeoman, with a droll shadow of a grin, as if he again recalled that joke which amused but did not please him.

A ROMANCE OF ALMANACS.

If any book deserves the name of 'irrepressible,' it is the almanac. Notwithstanding its great antiquity, it is still important; and though we grow old, it renews its youth every year, and greets us regularly with a kind of good-natured, 'Here I am again!' The oldest almanac in existence is an Egyptian one, and may be seen in the British Museum. Buried nearly three thousand years ago with some human contemporary of Rameses the Great, it has been brought to light again, and copied in fac-simile. Twenty-five columns are wholly or partially preserved. The fortunate days are marked in black ink, and the unfortunate in red—a curious instance of a superstition which European nations have reversed. It contains observations about religious ceremonies, cautions against unlucky times, and predictions as to the fate of children born on certain days. But apart from this immense antiquity, we find almanacs early occupying an important part in the Christian economics. Indeed, to churchmen and to church-goers, they soon became indispensable; the more so, as fast days, feast days, and saints' days increased in number.

Written almanacs of later date have not been traced farther back than the second century; but from the eighth to the fifteenth there are many beautiful specimens in existence. For every Missal, Psalter, Breviary, &c., had a calendar in the beginning, pointing out to the faithful the Church's fasts and feasts; and King Athelstan's Psalter, 703 A.D., also exhibits lunar tables.

In Saxon almanacs, the signs of the zodiac do not appear; each month is typified by some domestic or agricultural symbol—thus, ploughing represents February; apple-gathering, September; the Christmas feast, December. The illustrations of French almanacs of the same period distinctly mark the nationality; while those of Flemish and Italian origin are remarkable for their delicate fancies and marvellous beauty of colouring. The French had also rhymes, preserving, in short, satirical remarks, national peculiarities and prejudices.

After the tenth century, the almanacs were the great repositories of astrology, medicine, proverbial wisdom, and popular superstitions. All of them had lists of the lucky and unlucky days; but as yet there were no predictions. Learned churchmen stealthily cultivated astrology and astronomy; but the vulgar were left in ignorance as to whether doleful Saturn was diffusing his baleful influence, or fiery Mars bringing war and bloodshed. Each month in the year had at least two unfortunate days, except April, which had only one; but that was the terrible Walpurgis Night, specially given up to demons and witches. However, as the English list differed from the French, and the French from the Italian, a man by having the whole three could cheat fate and defy misfortune. Friday has always been a black day; and there are even yet people who have a mysterious dislike to it, who never heard of the thirteen reasons duly set forth in these old almanacs, such as the killing of Abel, the slaughter of the Innocents, the beheading of John the Baptist, &c.

No part of these old almanacs is more positive and more unpleasant than the medical department. Bleeding and herb-teas are specifics for every malady. Each month had its particular herb, and nearly every month its libation of human blood. September had two—the 'liver vein' is said to be then 'full of venom;' and bleeding at the beginning and end of the mouth, 'most needful and comforting.'

From the homely character of the information in these early almanacs, it is evident that they were intended for general use, and it is probable every burgher possessed one; for we are apt to underrate the extent of manuscript literature, and to overrate its price. That the number of copyists was very great, is evident from the complaints following the invention of printing, which, it was said, 'deprived hundreds of bread.' Of these manuscript almanacs, three famous ones remain—that in Lambeth Palace, bearing the date of 1460; that of John Somers, written in Oxford, five hundred years ago; and the Oxford almanac of 1386. The last was printed as a curiosity at the beginning of the present century; and it may be noted, that in early days, Oxford was the centre of almanac manufacture, astronomy and surgery being mixed with religion and history.

The first printed almanac was published in Buda-Pesth in 1475. Twenty years after it, the first printed English almanac appeared. It contained much miscellaneous information; but the compiler was consistently and gloriously mysterious. Others rapidly followed. Twenty-five years ago, an almanac of that period (1495) was found in an old chest in Edinburgh, and placed in the Bodleian Library, where it may now be seen. It has on its title-page, 'Flete Strete, by Wynkin de Worde;' and it consists of fifteen leaves, each leaf two inches square.

A French almanac which began to appear about this time, is still published. It is called *Le Grand Compost et Calendrier des Bergers*, and it claims to be four hundred years old. *A Prognostication of Righte Goode Effecte*, was set forth by Leonard Digges in London, 1553. It contains some queer astronomical and astrological observations. In it we are told that the moon is fifteen thousand seven hundred and fifty miles from the earth, and Mercury only twelve thousand eight hundred and twelve; that Saturn's conjunction with the moon caused unlucky days; but the moon with Jupiter, fortunate ones. Venus gave luck to woo and marry, and make pleasant pastimes, and, strangely enough, 'bloodletting' is included among the latter. Mercury was

good to buy and sell under, and to send children to school.

Dr Dee's almanac followed in 1571. This is a regular almanac, having a list of days down one side of the page, and the other left blank for memoranda. In this almanac we find among the rhymes that useful one beginning, 'Thirty days hath September,' &c. Dr Dee's almanac did not make any prophecies, except against the Turk and the Pope, the downfall of both of whom was constantly foretold. Before the end of Elizabeth's reign, almanacs had become a popular necessity. Many of them had shrewd touches at the times—at the pride of the nobles, at the tricks of the lawyers; and Pond in 1611 includes all the three 'learned professions' in his evil list.

The importance of the almanac from a commercial point of view originally occurred to James I. He granted a monopoly of these publications to the Stationers' Company and the two universities, and so filled his exchequer. We have a volume before us containing sixteen almanacs for the year 1615. One of the chief things to be noted in this collection is the list of historical events which at that date were thought worth remembering. They are—the invention of printing, the capture of Boulogne, the sweating sickness, the great plague, the great frost of 1564, a blazing star in 1572, a deep snow in 1581, the camp at Tilbury in 1588, the taking of Cadiz in 1596. Bretnor, a famous almanac-maker of James's reign, has the good and evil days in tables, with warnings in such droll phrases, that they are worth a short quotation. Thus the month of January shows that

4, 8. All that you can.	1, 2, 7. Lost labour.
9. What you desire.	3, 5, 6. On the losing side.
13, 14. Both heart and hand.	10, 11, 12. All for your harm.
17, 18. A fast friend.	15, 16. Nothing to your purpose.
21, 22, 23. Well ventured.	19, 20. But hard hap.
28, 29. Through the briers.	24, 25, 26, 27. Unfit for thy purpose.
30, 31. Past hope of recovery.	

Early in the reign of Charles I., the first commercial almanac was published. It may be called the first *Poor Richard*. It contained tables of interest, necessary tables of expenses, pithy proverbs inculcating frugality and industry, and the usual melange of astrology and medicine. About the same time the religious almanac appeared. A rigid Puritan called Ranger was its editor. It is a gloomy production.

In Cromwell's time, the almanacs are of a religious character; all receipts and directions end 'sermonwise.' The famous William Lilly was at this time the prince of astrologists and almanac-makers. At first, he prophesied for the king. But he was shrewd enough to see, without casting any horoscope, whose star was in the ascendant; and very soon all the stars in their courses fought against Charles.

As a matter of statecraft, James did a wise thing when he legalised astrology. Almanacs have always had a great influence with the mass; and it was a subtle device to give the liberty of prophesying after that legitimate fashion which should gloss with superstition 'the divine right of kings.' But the universities finally grew ashamed of their connection with the almanac, and sold their rights to the Stationers' Company. This Company was always on the side of the ruling power. It had prophesied for Charles, and it had prophesied for Cromwell. It sang Te Deum for the Restoration, as it had done for the Protectorate. It dated its little books from the year 'of our deliverance by King William from popery and arbitrary government;' and it invoked the blessing of the planets on the last of the Stuarts.

When Lilly died, the Company employed his pupil Gadbury; and when Gadbury died, his relative, Job Gadbury, prophesied through another generation of credulous dupes. Then came the infamous John Partridge, who was pilloried by Swift's wicked wit in 1709. But at that time he had been prophesying for the Stationers' Company forty years. After Swift's attack, he refused to predict, and the Company, who did not like to be laughed out of the profits of his reputation, published an almanac which had Partridge's name to it, but which Partridge never wrote. This almanac was still dragging on an existence in 1828, with the sins of a century and a half on its head. Francis Moore began his career of imposture in 1698, and *Poor Robin*, the ribald hoary jester of the Company, about the same time. A dozen years after the Restoration, it also published a *Yea and Nay Almanac for the People called by the men of the world, Quakers.* A more atrocious libel on their faith and morals it is impossible to imagine.

In 1775, an enterprising bookseller called Carnan became possessed with the idea that this corporation had no legal right to its monopoly in almanacs, and he published one of his own. The Company sent him to prison as regularly as he sold his annual commodities; but Carnan was not a man to be put down. It is said he always kept a clean shirt in his pocket, ready for a decent appearance before the magistrates; and at length the Common Pleas decided in his favour. Then the Stationers' Company appealed to Lord North; and as that minister wanted prophecies to make the war against the American colonies popular, he brought in a bill to the House of Commons re-investing the Company with the monopoly which had been declared illegal. The two universities also—which had an annuity from the Company—used all their influence against the solitary bookseller. But he had a good cause, and he had Erskine to plead it; and he triumphed.

When the French Revolution came, Moore was more terrific in his prophecies and more awful in his hieroglyphics than ever. The people wondered and trembled, and the sale of this almanac reached a point without parallel in the annals of imposture. But the continent of Europe had a rival even to Moore in the famous almanac of Liége. A tradition ascribes it first to a canon who lived in 1590. Its early numbers are published 'with the permission of the superior powers;' the later ones are content with 'the favour of His Highness.' It is full of political predictions. In 1700, a French almanac called the *Almanach Royal* started a new idea, the one which has since made the *Almanach de Gotha* so famous—it gave the names and birthdays of all the princes and princesses in Europe, lists of clergy, bar, army, and diplomatic corps. The

latter almanac has been brought to a high pitch of perfection, and contains a vast amount of valuable and well-assorted information.

Shortly after these French almanacs, there appeared a famous American one—the *Poor Richard* of Dr Franklin. He did not care to put his name upon the title-page, and therefore it was duly credited to Richard Saunders. It was published from 1733 to 1757, and was a great financial success. It is now a rare book; a correspondent in *Notes and Queries* mentions one sold in Philadelphia for fifty-two dollars.

In 1828, the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge took the almanac in hand. Then the Stationers' Company, perceiving that the day of ignorance was dying and that decency would pay, issued a really excellent one, called *The Englishman*. Yet superstition dies hard. Only sixty years ago, the popular feeling was tested by leaving out of Moore's almanac that mysterious column showing the influence of the moon on the different parts of the body. But the editors, being prudent men, only issued one hundred thousand copies of this emendation, and the result showed their wisdom. The omission was at once detected and resented; nearly the whole issue was returned to the publishers, and they were compelled to reprint the column, in order to retain their popularity.

On the Repeal of the Stamp Act in 1834, almanacs started on their course unfettered. One of the few that now deal in prognostications of a political kind is Zadkiel's. The comic almanac is a purely modern feature of the little book—the pleasant wrinkle added by the nineteenth century. Cruikshank, and those witty clever souls who were the original staff of *Punch*, began the laugh, which America in several publications of this kind has re-echoed. And it is hard to say where this pushing, progressive, irresistible little book will not go. The divine, the lawyer, the physician, the merchant, have all their special almanacs. There are nautical, military, and literary almanacs. We cannot buy a box of note-paper but we find one in it; our perfumer sends it to us scented; our newspaper gives us one illustrated. With such a cosmopolitan temper, and such a universal adaptability, it may yet become the year-book of all nations, and the annual balance-sheet of the world's progress.

TWO DAYS IN A LIFETIME.

A STORY IN EIGHT CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER II.

Sir Frederick came forward with his set artificial smile, and shook hands with Mrs Bowood with much apparent cordiality. He was a slightly built man, rather under than over the ordinary height. As Mrs Bowood had remarked, he did not look nearly so old as his years; but he had taken great care of himself all his life, and he was now reaping his reward. He was as upright as a dart, and there was something of military precision in his carriage and bearing, although he had never been in the army. His once coal-black hair was now streaked with gray, but judiciously so, as though he were making a graceful concession to the remorseless advance of time. How much of its tint was due to nature and how much to art was a secret best known to himself and his valet. His face was close shaven, except for a small imperial, which was jet black. He had clear-cut aquiline features, and when younger, would doubtless have been considered by most people as a very handsome man. But his eyes were small, and their general expression was one of cold suspicion; they lent a touch of meanness to his face, which it would not otherwise have possessed. Sir Frederick was carefully dressed in the height of the prevalent fashion, but with the more prominent 'points' artistically toned down to harmonise with the obligations of advancing years.

'Good-morning, Mrs Bowood,' he said. 'Is the Captain at home?'

'Good-morning, Sir Frederick. You are quite a stranger.'—He had not been to Rosemount for five days.—'Charles is somewhere about the grounds. I will send a servant to look for him.'

'No, no, my dear Mrs Bowood; nothing of the kind, I beg. I will go in search of him myself presently. I have driven over to see him about that bay mare which I am told he wants to get rid of.'

Mrs Bowood smiled to herself. The excuse was too transparent. 'Charles is one of those men who are never happy unless they have something to sell,' she said.

'Whereas your sex, if I may venture to say so'——

'Are never happy unless there is something that we want to buy. How thoroughly you understand us, Sir Frederick!'

'Consider for how many years I have made you my study.'

'What a pity you did not make better use of your time!'

'Where could I have found another study half so charming?'

'You would graduate with honours, I do not doubt.'

'If you were one of the examining Dons, that might be possible.'—There was a brief pause, then the Baronet said: 'I trust that Lady Dimsdale is quite well?'

'Quite well, I believe. She, too, is somewhere about the grounds. This lovely morning seems to have tempted every one out of doors.—You will stay luncheon of course, Sir Frederick?'

'You are too good. A rusk and a glass of claret are all that I take in the middle of the day.'

It was one of the Baronet's little weaknesses to like to be regarded as a semi-invalid, especially by the ladies.

'Captain Bowood must add his entreaties to mine, and persuade you to stay.—By-the-bye, I had almost forgotten to ask after your nephew. Have you heard from him lately?'

Sir Frederick became animated in a moment. 'I had a letter from the dear boy by last mail. He wrote in excellent spirits. I expect him over on leave in the course of the autumn, when I shall take the liberty of introducing him to my friends at Rosemount.'

'I shall not fail to hold you to your promise.'

'And now to find the Captain.'

'The sun is rather oppressive. Had I not better send a servant?'

'Thanks; no. I shall have no difficulty in

finding him. *Au revoir.*' And with a smile and a bow, the Baronet made his exit. On reaching the veranda, he paused to put up his umbrella, as a protection from the sun, and then went gingerly on his way.

'It is not Charles, but Laura, whom he has come to see,' mused Mrs Bowood as her eyes followed the Baronet. 'There's something in his manner which makes me feel almost sure that he will propose before the day is over; but now that Mr Boyd has put in an appearance, I am afraid Sir Frederick's chance is a very poor one.—By-the-bye, why did Laura wear those jewels last night, which, as I have heard her say more than once, she has never worn since before her marriage? Well, well; I suppose that neither sentiment nor romance is quite dead, even when people can look back upon their thirtieth birthday.'

Mrs Bowood took up her pen again; but at that moment a servant entered the room. 'Beg pardon, ma'am, but here's a man come to mend the drawing-room lamp; and the fishmonger is waiting to see you; and there's a young gent with spectacles and long hair come to tune the pianos.'

'Dear, dear! I shall have to finish my letter after luncheon, I suppose.—I will come at once, Sparks. But I gave no instructions to any one about tuning the pianos.'

'Perhaps the Captain may have sent the young man, ma'am.'

'Perhaps so; but he doesn't generally interfere in such matters.'

Sparks left the room, and Mrs Bowood put away her unfinished letter in the davenport. 'What can have become of Mr Boyd?' she said to herself. 'I have seen nothing of him since breakfast. Probably, he and Laura are somewhere in the grounds together; if so, poor Sir Frederick will have to find another opportunity.'

As the Baronet, holding his umbrella over his head, paced slowly down one of the winding sunny walks that led from the house, he kept a careful watch on other walks to right and left of him. He was evidently looking out for some one in particular. 'Why delay longer? Why not do it to-day and at once?' he was asking himself as he walked along. 'I have purposely kept away from her for five days, only to find that her image dwells more persistently in my thoughts than ever. It is true that she rejected me once; but that was many years ago, when I was a poor man, and it is no reason why she should reject me a second time. She was a romantic school-girl then; she is a woman of the world now. Yes; the match is a desirable one in every way for both of us. She has money, and I have position. As the wife of Sir Frederick Pinkerton, she would be a very different personage from the widow of a City drysalter; and then her income added to mine would make a very comfortable thing.' The Baronet would seem to have been unaware of that particular clause in the late Sir Thomas's will by which his widow would be deprived of nearly the whole of her fortune in case she should marry again. It is possible that his ardour might have cooled down in some measure, had he been made aware of that important fact.

Presently he saw the object of his thoughts turn a corner of the path a little distance away. Her eyes were bent on the ground, and she did not see him. He stood still for a moment or two, watching her with a critical air. He flattered himself that he had a fastidious taste in most things that a gentleman should be fastidious about, and in women most of all. 'She will do—she will do!' he muttered to himself with an air of complacency. 'She is really charming. She shall be Lady Pinkerton before she is three months older.'

Lady Dimsdale happened to look up at this moment. She could not repress a little start at the sight of Sir Frederick.

The Baronet pulled up his collar the eighth of an inch, squared his shoulders, and went slowly forward.

Laura Dimsdale was a tall, graceful-looking woman. She was fair, with a lovely clear complexion, which, especially when she became at all animated, had not yet lost all the tints of girlhood. She had large hazel eyes, instinct with sweetness and candour, delicately arched eyebrows, and a mass of brown silky hair. If the usual expression of her face when alone, or when not engaged in conversation, was not exactly one of melancholy, it was at least that of a woman who has lived and suffered, and to whom the world has taught more than one bitter lesson. And yet in the old days at the vicarage, which now seemed so far away, there had been no merrier-hearted girl than Laura Langton; and even now, after all these years, the boundary that divided her tears from her smiles was a very narrow one. She was gifted with a keen sense of humour, and it did not take much to cause her eyes to fill with laughter and her mobile lips to curve into a merry mocking smile.

Sir Frederick lifted his hat, and twisted his mouth into a smile that was a capital advertisement for his dentist. 'This is indeed an agreeable surprise, Lady Dimsdale. I came in search of Captain Bowood, and I find—you!'

'How cleverly you hide your disappointment, Sir Frederick!' She gave him her fingers for a moment as she spoke. 'As I have not seen the Captain since breakfast, I cannot tell you where to look for him. But you have been quite a truant during the last few days. We have all missed you.' There was a mischievous twinkle in her eyes as she said these words.

'Hum, hum. You flatter me, Lady Dimsdale. Business of importance took me to town for a few days.' He had turned with her, and was now pacing slowly by her side. 'Do you know, Lady Dimsdale, he went on presently, 'that I never see a garden nowadays which seems half so charming to me as that dear, delightful wilderness of old-fashioned flowers behind your father's vicarage?'

'It was certainly a wilderness, and very old-fashioned into the bargain; but the flowers that grew there were very sweet.'

'I spent many happy hours among its winding walks.'

'And a few uncomfortable ones, I'm afraid. Have you forgotten that afternoon when, as you sat eating strawberries and cream in the summer-house, a caterpillar crawled down your neck?

You made such extraordinary faces, that for a minute or two I felt quite frightened.'

'Hum. I had certainly forgotten the caterpillar,' answered the Baronet, not without a shade of annoyance.

'And then I used to fancy that you were never quite easy in your mind as we sat together in the garden. There were certainly a great many frogs, and I think you never liked frogs.'

'Not unless they were fricasséed. Trifling annoyances there might be, Lady Dimsdale; but when the presiding divinity was so fair'——

'The presiding divinity, Sir Frederick? A painted divinity! We gave her a fresh coat of paint every spring. Poor old Aphrodite with her shell—she used to stand in the middle of the fishpond. But you forget, Sir Frederick, that she had lost her nose, and even a divinity hardly looks so charming without a nose as with one.'

Sir Frederick gave a sniff, and replied in his loftiest manner: 'When I made use of the term "presiding divinity," I need hardly say that I was referring to yourself, Lady Dimsdale.'

'I really beg your pardon, Sir Frederick, but no one ever called me a divinity before. Do you know I rather like it.' She led the way, as if unconsciously, to a wide-spreading yew, round the bole of which a low seat had been fixed. Here, in the grateful amplitude of shade, she sat down, and the Baronet seated himself a little distance away. It may be that she had some suspicion with regard to Sir Frederick's errand this morning, and had made up her mind to get it over and have done with it at once and for ever.

'Now for the plunge!' said the Baronet to himself as he sat down. The plumage of his self-conceit had been somewhat ruffled both by her words and manner; but whatever temporary annoyance he might feel, it would never do to betray it at such an all-important crisis.

'You are still the same Laura Langton that you were during those sunny days at the vicarage,' he began in what he considered his most insinuating manner. 'The same charm, the same power of fascination exist still. A happy time—at least for one of those two. But the ending was not a happy one—no, anything rather than that.'

'For which of the two people concerned was the ending not a happy one, Sir Frederick?'

Her coldly contemptuous tone touched him to the quick. A deep flush mounted to his face; for a moment or two he could not trust himself to answer her. 'I thank you, Lady Dimsdale,' he said at last. 'The reproof implied by your words is a just one. To her, no doubt, the end was seen from the beginning—a dramatic effect to be worked up to from the opening of the comedy. To him it came as a thunder-clap, as a stab from a hand that a moment before had been pressed to his lips. Day after day he had been led on by eyes that seemed ever to brighten at his coming; by smiles that seemed ever to be those of welcome; by low-voiced replies; by a hundred pleasant lures, till at length the moment came when his silence found itself a tongue. A few burning words, and everything was told. The answer?—A mocking laugh, a scornful dismissal. His paradise had been the paradise of a fool. He had helped a pretty girl to pass away a few weeks in a dull country-house—and that was all!' Sir Frederick spoke in low, almost impassioned accents. Any third person who might have chanced to overhear him would have been justified in assuming that he had been cruelly jilted.

But not a muscle of Lady Dimsdale's face moved, and her answer came in tones as clear and incisive as those of a bell. 'Were he here now of whom you speak, I would say to him: "You have an excellent memory for many things; is it possible that you can have forgotten Marietta Gray?"'

Sir Frederick started as if he had been stung. His face blanched suddenly. 'Marietta Gray!' he stammered out. 'What do you, Lady Dimsdale, know of her?'

'She was only a fisherman's daughter, it is true,' continued Lady Dimsdale in her clear cold accents. 'A pretty toy for a fine gentleman to amuse himself with, and then to cast aside. I knew something of her, and I heard her story. When, a little later, one of the strange chances of life brought within my influence the man who had first won the affections of that poor girl and then basely deserted her, I resolved as far as lay in my power to avenge the cruel wrong. You have just told me, Sir Frederick, how well I succeeded in my object. I am happy to think that the lesson has lingered so long in your memory.'

Sir Frederick rose and took one or two turns under the shade of the branching yew. Not for years had the still waters of his life been so deeply stirred. He took out his delicately perfumed handkerchief and wiped his forehead with it. His hands trembled a little—a thing that had rarely happened to him before. But through all his agitation and surprise, he felt that he had learned to care more for Laura Dimsdale during the last few minutes than he had ever cared for her before. If it were possible for him ever to really love a woman, here was that one woman. Even after all that had passed between them, he would ask her to become his wife. She was a generous, large-hearted creature, he felt sure; and now that she had stabbed him so cruelly, she would be the first to stoop and bind up his wounds. 'It's the way of her sex,' he said to himself. Another reflection did not fail to impress itself upon him: Not to every one is given the chance of marrying a Baronet with six thousand a year. Women can forgive much under such circumstances.

Lady Dimsdale rose. 'I must leave you now, Sir Frederick,' she said.

'One moment, if you please—just one moment,' he urged.

She hesitated a little, and then sat down again. He spoke, standing in front of her. 'The words you said to me just now, Lady Dimsdale, were very severe, but not more severe, perhaps, than the case warranted. *I* can only cry *mea culpa*, and throw myself on your mercy. I have not a word to urge in self-defence. But the past is the past; however much we may regret it, we cannot alter or amend it. The passion I felt for Laura Langton was sincere. There is proof of it in the fact that it exists undiminished to the present day. The flame is still alight—the ashes still glow with the fire that was first kindled

fifteen years ago. Lady Dimsdale, here and to-day, I repeat the offer I made you once before—here and to-day I ask you once more to become my wife.' His manner was dignified, his words impressive.

The answer came without a moment's hesitation: 'Lady Dimsdale is infinitely obliged to Sir Frederick Pinkerton. She will not answer him to-day after the fashion she answered him years ago. She will simply say to him as editors say of rejected contributions, "Declined with thanks."'

Sir Frederick changed colour. He had not expected so decided a rebuff. He bowed gravely. 'May I be permitted to hope that your decision is not irrevocable—that it is open to reconsideration?'

'Being a woman, I change my mind about many things; but I shall never change it about this.'

At this moment a childish voice was heard calling: 'Aunty Laura—Aunty Laura, where are you? How tiresome of you to run away!'

Lady Dimsdale rose. 'One of my tyrants is calling me, and I must obey. You will excuse me, Sir Frederick, I am sure.'

Again came the voice: 'Aunty Laura, where are you?'

Lady Dimsdale drew a child's trumpet from her pocket and blew a few notes on it. A moment later, Sir Frederick found himself alone.

'Hum, hum. Rejected—and for the second time,' he muttered to himself. He was excessively chagrined. After the fashion of other men, having failed to obtain the object of his desires, he appraised it at a higher value than he had ever done before. 'There must be another man in the case. She would never have refused Sir Frederick Pinkerton and six thousand a year, unless there were another man in the case. Who can he be?'

He strolled slowly in the direction of the house. He would have a word with Captain Bowood, and then he would take his leave. He entered through the open French-windows, but the room was empty. A moment later the door was opened noisily, and Miss Elsie Brandon burst into the room.

She was a tall slim girl, with very bright eyes, and features that were instinct with vivacity. She gave the promise of considerable beauty in time to come. Her hair, cut nearly as short as a boy's, was a mass of tiny yellow curls. She wore a pinafore, and a frock that scarcely reached to her ankles—her aunt, Miss Hoskyns, had worn a pinafore and a short frock at her age; consequently, they were the proper things for young ladies to wear nowadays.

'Oh, I beg your pardon, Sir Frederick, but I thought that perhaps Charley might be here.'

'Good-morning, Miss Brandon,' said Sir Frederick as he held out his hand.—'And pray, who is Charley?'

'Charley Summers, of course—Captain Bowood's nephew.'

'But I was under the impression that Captain Bowood had discarded his nephew?'

'So he has. Cut off his allowance, and forbade him the house eight months ago.'

'And yet you expect to see him here to-day?' The Baronet was always interested in the affairs of his neighbours, especially when those neighbours happened to be people of property.

'I don't mind telling you, but I had a note from Charley this morning—on the sly, you know.'

'Pardon me, but young ladies in society don't generally say "on the sly."'

'Charley says it, and he was educated at Harrow. Anyhow, I had a note from him, in which he said that he should certainly contrive to see me to-day. It's a great risk for him to run, of course; but that won't deter him in the least.'

'You appear to be greatly interested in the young gentleman.'

'Don't call him a young gentleman, please—it sounds so awfully formal. Didn't I tell you that we are in love? No; I don't think I did. Well, we are. It's a secret at present, and there are all sorts of dreadful obstacles in the way. But we have made up our minds to get married by-and-by, or else we shall commit suicide and die together.' As Miss Brandon spoke thus, she flung into the air the Latin grammar she had been carrying and caught it deftly as it fell.

'That would indeed be a terrible fate,' said the Baronet with a smile.

'By Jove, though, Sir Frederick, but we are serious!'

'Young ladies in society don't generally say "by Jove."'

'Charley does, and he was educated at Harrow.' From a pocket in her dress she drew a box of bon-bons, opened it and popped one between her teeth. Then she proffered the box to Sir Frederick. 'Have one?' she said with all the nonchalance imaginable.—The Baronet smiled, and shook his head.—'You need not notice my fingers, please,' continued Miss Brandon. 'I've inked them. Somehow, I always do ink them when I've an extra hard lesson to learn.—But I say, Sir Frederick, isn't it a jolly shame that a great girl like me should still be learning lessons? I'm seventeen years two months and four days old.'

'Young ladies'——

'I know what you are going to say. I learned the word from Charley, so it must be right. Well, it *is* a shame. I've a great mind to run away. I've five pounds saved up.'

'Perhaps Charley, as you call him, might not like you to do that.'

'No; I suppose not; and I must study him, poor boy. It's an awful responsibility—sometimes my brain reels under it.' Again the Latin grammar was flung high into the air and caught as it fell.

'Is that the way you always learn your lessons, Miss Brandon?'

'Not always. But, I say—I *do* hate Latin. I shall never learn it; and if I were to learn it, it would never be of any use to me.'

'Young ladies in society don't generally bite the corners of their pinafores.'

'Charley does, and—— No; that's nonsense. Young ladies in society don't wear pinafores, so of course they have none to bite.'

At this moment, Captain Bowood entered the room, followed by a foreign-looking young man, who was dressed in a shabby frock-coat buttoned close up to the throat, and a pair of shoes very

much down at heel. In one hand he carried a hat that was considerably the worse for wear. His long hair, parted down the middle, fell over his coat collar, and he wore blue spectacles.

'There you are, young man,' said the Captain as he pointed to the piano. 'And the sooner you are done and off the premises, the better.'

'Very good, sare. Much oblige,' answered the stranger.

At the sound of his voice, Miss Brandon started and gazed earnestly at the young man in the blue spectacles.

'Good gracious! Why, it must *be*—it *is* Charley!' she muttered under her breath. 'My poor dear boy! But what a fright he has made of himself!'

A KING OF ACRES.

III.—A RINGFENCE: CONCLUSION.

THERE were great elms in the Out-park, whose limbs or boughs, as large as the trunk itself, came down almost to the ground. They touched the tops of the white wild parsley; and when sheep were lying beneath, the jackdaws stepped from the sheep's back to the bough and returned again. The jackdaws had their nests in the hollow places of these elms; for the elm as it ages becomes full of cavities. These great trees often divided into two main boughs, rising side by side, and afar off visible as two dark streaks among the green. For many years no cattle had been permitted in the park, and the boughs of the trees had grown in a drooping form, as they naturally do unless eaten, or broken by animals pushing against them. But since the times of agricultural pressure, a large part of the domain had been fenced off, and was now partly grazed and partly mown, being called the Out-park. There were copses at the farther side, where in spring the May flowered, the purple orchis was drawn up high by the trees and bushes—twice as high as its fellows in the mead, where a stray spindle-tree grew; and from these copses the cuckoos flew round the park.

But the thinnest hedge about the wheat-fields was as interesting as the park or the covers; and this is the remarkable feature of English scenery, that its perfection, its beauty, and its interest are not confined to any masterpiece here and there, walled in or inclosed, or at least difficult of access and isolated, but it extends to the smallest portion of the country. Wheat-field hedges are the thinnest of hedges, kept so that the birds may find no shelter, and that the numerous caterpillars may not breed in them more than can be helped. Such a hedge is so low it can be leaped over, and so narrow that it is a mere screen of twisted hawthorn branches which can be seen through, like screens of twisted stone in ancient chapels. But the sparrows come to it, and the finches, the mice, and weasels, and now and then a crow, who searches along, and goes in and out and quests like a spaniel. It is so tough this twisted screen of branches that a charge of shot would be stopped by it; if a pellet or two slid through an interstice, the majority would be held as if by a shield of wicker-work. Old Bartholomew, the farmer, sent his men once or twice along with reaping-hooks to clear away the weeds that grew up here under such slight shelter; but other farmers were not so careful. Then convolvulus grew over the thin screen, a corncockle stood up taller than the hedge itself; in time of harvest, yellow St John's wort flowered beside it, and later on, bunches of yellow-weed.

A lark rose on the other side, and so caused the glance to be lifted and to look farther, and away yonder was a farmhouse at the foot of a hill. Pale yellow stubble covered the hill, rising like a background to the red-tile roof, and to the elms beside the house, among whose branches there were pale yellow spots. Round wheat-ricks stood in a double row on the left hand; count them, and you counted the coin of the land—bank-notes in straw—and on the right and in front were green meads, and horses feeding, horses who had done good work in plough-time and harvest-time, and would soon be at plough again. There were green meads, because some green meads are a necessity of an English farm-house, and there are few without them, even when in the midst of corn. Meads in which the horses feed, a pony for the children and for the pony-cart, turkeys, two or three cows; all the large and small creatures that live about the place. When the land was torn up and ploughed for corn of old time, these green inclosures were left to stay on, till now it seems as if pressure of low prices for wheat would cause the cornland to again become pasture. Of old time, golden wheat conquered and held possession, and now the grass threatens to oust the conqueror.

Had any one studied either of these three, the great elms in the Out-park, or the thin twisted screen of hedge, or the red-tile roof, and the yellow stubble behind it on the hill, he might have found material for a picture in each. There was, in truth, in each far more than any one could put into a picture, or than any one could put into a book; for the painter can but give one aspect of one day, and the writer a mere catalogue of things; but nature refreshes the reality every day with different tints, and as it were new ideas, so that, although it is always there, it is never twice the same. Over that stubble on the hill there were other hills, and among these a coombe or valley, in which stood just such another farmhouse, but so differently placed, with few trees, and those low, somewhat bare in its immediate surroundings, but above, on each side, close at hand, sloping ramparts of green turf rising high, till the larks that sang above seemed to sing in another land, like that found by Jack when he clomb the beanstalk. Along this coombe was a cover of gorse, and in spring there was a mile of golden bloom, richer than gold in colour, leading like a broad highway of gold down to the house. From those ramparts in high summer—which is when the corn is ripe and the reapers in it—there could be seen a slope divided into squares of varied grain. This on the left of the fertile undulation was a maize colour, which, when the sunlight touched it, seemed to have a fleeting hue of purple somewhere within. There is no purple in ripe wheat visible to direct and considering vision; look for it

specially, and it will not be seen. Purple forms no part of any separate wheatear or straw; brown and yellow in the ear, yellow in the upper part of the straw, and still green towards the earth. But when the distant beams of sunlight travelling over the hill swept through the rich ripe grain, for a moment there was a sense of purple on the retina. Beyond this square was a pale gold piece, and then one where the reapers had worked hard, and the shocks stood in diagonal rows; this was a bronze, or brown and bronze, and beside it was a green of clover.

Farther on, the different green of the hill turf, and white sheep, feeding in an extended crescent, the bow of the crescent gradually descending the sward. The hills of themselves beautiful, and possessing views which are their property and belong to them; a twofold value. The woods on the lower slopes full of tall brake fern, and holding in their shadowy depths the spirit of old time. In the woods it is still the past, and the noisy mechanic present of this manufacturing century has no place. Enter in among the round-boled beeches which the squirrels rush up, twining round like ivy in ascent, where they nibble the beech-nuts forty feet aloft, and let the husks drop to your feet, where the wood-pigeon sits and does not move, safe in the height and thickness of the spray. There are jew-berries or dew-berries on a bramble-bush, which grows where the sunlight and rain fall direct to the ground, unchecked by boughs. They are full of the juice of autumn, black, rich, vine-like, taken fresh from the prickly bough. Low down in the hollow is a marshy spot, sedge-grown, and in the sedge lie yellow leaves of willow already fallen. Here in the later months will come a woodcock or two, with feathers so brown and leaf-like of hue, and markings, that the plumage might have been printed in colours from brown leaves of beech. No springes are set for the woodcocks now, but the markings are the same on the feathers as centuries since; the brown beech-leaves lie in the dry hollows the year through just as they did then; the large dew-berries are as rich; and the nuts as sweet. It is the past in the wood, and Time here never grows any older. Could you bring back the red stag —as you may easily in fancy—and place him among the tall brake, and under the beeches, he should not know that a day had gone by since the stern Roundheads shot down the last of his race hereabouts in Charles I.'s days. For the leaves are turning as they turned then to the altered colour of the sun's rays as he declines in his noonday arch, lower and lower every day; his rays are somewhat yellower than in dry hot June; a little of the tint of the ripe wheat floats in the sunshine. To this the woods turn. First, the nut-tree leaves drop, and the green brake is quickly yellow; the slender birch becomes lemon on its upper branches; the beech reddens; by-and-by the first ripe acorn falls, and there's as much cawing of the rooks in the oaks at acorn-time as at their nests in the elms in March.

All these things happened in the old old time before the red stags were shot down; the leaves changed as the sunbeams became less brilliantly white, the woodcocks arrived, the mice had the last of the acorns which had fallen, and which the rooks and jays and squirrels had spared for them after feasting to the full of their greediness. This ancient oak, whose thick bark, like cast-iron for ruggedness at the base, has grown on steadily ever since the last deer bounded beneath it, utterly heedless of the noisy rattle of machinery in the northern cities, unmoved by any shriek of engine, or hum, or flapping of loose belting, or any volume of smoke drifting into the air—I wish that the men now serving the great polished wheels, and works in iron and steel and brass, could somehow be spared an hour to sit under this ancient oak in Thardover South Wood, and come to know from actual touch of its rugged bark that the past is living now, that Time is no older, that nature still exists as full as ever, and to see that all the factories of the world have made no difference, and therefore not to pin their faith to any theory born and sprung up among the crush and pale-faced life of modern time; but to look for themselves at the rugged oak-bark, and up to the sky above the highest branches, and to take an acorn and consider its story and possibilities, and to watch the sly squirrel coming down, as they sit quietly, to play almost at their feet. That they might gather to themselves some of the leaves—mental and spiritual leaves—of the ancient forest, feeling nearer to the truth and soul, as it were, that lives on in it. They would feel as if they had got back to their original existence, and had become themselves, as they ought to be, could they live such life, untouched by artificial care. Then, how hurt they would be if any proposed to cut down that oak; if any proposed the felling of the forest; and the death of its meaning. It would be like a blow aimed at themselves. No picture that could be bought at a thousand guineas could come near that ancient oak; but you can carry away the memory of it, the picture and thought in your mind for nothing. If the oak were cut down, it would be like thrusting a stick through some valuable painting on your walls at home.

The common below the South Wood, even James Thardover with all his desire for improvement could not do much good with; the soil, and the impossibility of getting a fall for draining, all checked effort there. A wild, rugged waste, you say, at first, glancing at the rushes, and the gaunt signpost standing up among them, the anthills, and thistles. Thistles have colour in their bloom, and the prickly leaves are finely cut; rushes—green rushes—are notes of the season, and with their slender tips point to the days in the book of the year; they are brown now at the tip, and some bent downwards in an angle. The brown will descend the stalk till the snipes come with gray-grass colours in their wings. But all the beatings of the rain will not cast the rushes utterly down; they will send up fresh green successors for the spring, for the cuckoo to float along over on his way to the signpost, where he will perch a few minutes, and call in the midst of the wilderness. There, too, the lapwings leave their eggs on the ground among the rushes, and rise, and complainingly call. The warm showers of June call up the iris in the corner where the streamlet widens, and under the willows appear large yellow flowers above the flags. Pink and

white blossom of the rest-harrow comes on bushy plants where the common is dry, and there is heath, and heather, and fern. The waste has its treasures too—as the song-thrush has his in the hawthorn bush—its treasures of flowers, as the wood its beauties of tree and leaf, and the hills their wheat.

The ringfence goes farther than this; it incloses the living creatures, yet without confining them. The wing of the wood-pigeon as the bird perches, forms a defined curve against its body. The forward edge of the wing—its thickest part—as it is pressed to its side, draws a line sweeping round; a painter's line. How many wood-pigeons are there in the South Wood alone, besides the copses and the fir-plantations? How many turtle-doves in spring in the hedges and outlying thickets, in summer among the shocks of corn? And all these are his—the Squire's—not in the sense of possession, for no true wild creature was ever any one's yet; it would die first; but still within his ringfence, and their destinies affected by his will, since he can cut down their favourite ash and hawthorn, or thin them with shot. Neither of which he does. The robin, methinks, sings sweetest of autumn-tide in the deep woods, when no other birds speak or trill, unexpectedly giving forth his plaintive note, complaining that the summer is going, and the time of love, and the sweet cares of the nest; telling you that the berries are brown, the dew-berries over-ripe, and dropping of over-ripeness like dew as the morning wind shakes the branch; that the wheat is going to the stack, and that the rusty plough will soon be bright once more by the attrition of the earth.

Many of them sing thus in the South Wood, yet scarce any two within sound of each other, for the robin is jealous, and likes to have you all to himself as he tells his tale. Song-thrushes—what ranks of them in April; larks, what hundreds and hundreds of them on the hills above the green wheat; finches of varied species; blackbirds; nightingales; crakes in the meadows; partridges; a whole page might be filled merely with their names.

These, too, are in the ringfence with the hills and woods, the yellow iris of the common, and the red-roofed farmhouses. Besides which, there are beings infinitely higher, something of whom has been said in a previous chapter—namely, men and women in village and hamlet, and more precious still, those little children with hobnail boots and clean jackets and pinafores, who go a-blackberrying on their way to school. All these are in the ringfence. Upon their physical destinies, the Squire can exercise a powerful influence, and has done so, as the school itself testifies.

Now, is not a large estate a living picture? Or rather, is it not formed of a hundred living pictures? So beautiful it looks, its hills, its ripe wheat, its red-roofed farmhouses, and acres upon acres of oaks; so beautiful, it must be valuable; most valuable; it is visible, tangible wealth. It is difficult to disabuse any one's mind of that idea; yet, as we have seen, with all the skill, science, and expenditure Thardover could bring to bear upon it, all his personal effort was in vain. It was a possession, not a profit. Had not James Thardover's ancestors invested their wealth in building streets of villas in the outskirts of a great city, he could not have done one-fifth what he had. Men who had made their fortunes in factories—the noisy factories of the present century—paid him high rents for these residences; and thus it was that the labour and time of the many-handed operatives in mill, factory, and workshop really went to aid in maintaining these living pictures. Without that outside income the Squire could not have reduced the rents of his tenants so that they could push through the depression; without that outside income he could not have drained the lands; put up those good buildings; assisted the school, and in a hundred ways helped the people. Those who watched the polished machinery under the revolving shaft, and tended the loom, really helped to keep the beauties of South Wood, the grain-grown hills, the flower-strewn meadows. These were so beautiful, it seemed as if they must represent money—riches; but they did not. They had a value much higher than that. As the spring rises in the valley at the foot of the hills and slowly increases till it forms a river, to which ships resort, so these fields and woods, meads and brooks, were the source from which the city was derived. If the operative in the factory, or tending the loom, had traced his descent, he would have found that his grandfather, or some scarcely more remote ancestor, was a man of the land. He followed the plough, or tended the cattle, and his children went forth to earn higher wages in the town. For the hamlet and the outlying cottage are the springs whence the sinew and muscle of populous cities are derived. The land is the fountainhead from which the spring of life flows, widening into a river. The river at its broad mouth disdains the spring; the city in its immensity disdains the hamlet and the ploughman. Yet if the spring ceased, the ships could not frequent the river; if the hamlet and the ploughman were wiped out by degrees, the city must run dry of life. Therefore the South Wood and the park, the hamlet and the fields, had a value no one can tell how many times above the actual money rental, and the money earned by the operatives in factory and workshop could not have been better expended than in supporting it.

But it had another value still—which they too helped to sustain—the value of beauty. Parliament has several times intervened to save the Lake district from the desecrating intrusion of useless railways. So too, the beauty of these woods, and grain-grown hills, of the very common, is worth preservation at the hands and votes of the operatives in factory and mill. If a man loves the brick walls of his narrow dwelling in a close-built city, and the flowers which he has trained with care in the window; how much more would he love the hundred living pictures like those round about Thardover House. After any artificer had once seen such an oak and rested under it, if any threatened to cut it down, he would feel as if a blow had been delivered at his heart. His efforts, therefore, should be not to destroy these pictures but to preserve them. All the help that they can give is needed to assist a King of Acres in his struggle, and the struggle of the farmers and labourers—equally involved—against the adverse influences which press so heavily on English agriculture.

MRS SHAW: THE LATE PRINCE IMPERIAL'S NURSE.

Visitors to Paris during the meretricious glories of the Second Empire may possibly recall to mind that amidst the glare and glitter of that feverish epoch, one wholesome and interesting sight was constantly to be seen in the Tuileries gardens when the court was in residence at the palace—a bright-looking child playing with his English nurse; and the spectators were particularly attracted by the devoted attachment that appeared to exist between them. The child was the Prince Imperial of France; and his attendant, the pleasant-looking Yorkshire woman, was known in Paris as Mrs Shaw. A curious history is connected with her entrance into the imperial household, the story of which the writer obtained from what she believes to be a well-authenticated source.

Mrs Shaw was a valued nurse in a family where she had lived for some time, when one morning she startled her mistress with the announcement that she had dreamt she was destined to have the charge of the future Prince Imperial of France, and must leave her place at once. Although the expected event was causing the greatest excitement in Paris, it seems unlikely that it should have created much interest in a quiet English establishment, and naturally enough, her inspiration was treated as an unreasonable and inconvenient delusion. But no persuasions or arguments could induce her to remain, or remove what appeared to be an aberration of mind. Off she set, back to her Yorkshire village, and sought an interview with the clergyman of the parish, who appears to have been one of those worthy souls to whom his parishioners could resort as to a father-confessor; and struck with her determination and energy, he promised, after some expostulation, to assist her to the best of his power, though holding out no hope of success. He happened to have a slight acquaintance with the eminent London physician who had been honoured by Her Imperial Majesty with instructions to select a certain number of nurses, from whom she herself would choose the one that seemed most fitting for the post. Although besieged with applications, he consented to place Mrs Shaw on his list of candidates, and to grant her an interview, which resulted in his sending her with five others to Paris for the Empress's approval, who at once chose her; and her dream was fulfilled!

The strength of character that had carried her to this triumphant issue, by no means deserted her in this new position. Amusing anecdotes reached us from time to time of the way in which the sensible, homely Yorkshire woman carried all before her in the imperial nurseries; would have no foreign ways or interference from court dames or lady-superintendents, or allow her small charge to be harassed with tedious toilets and fatiguing ceremonials; and finally gained her point, after personally appealing to the Emperor, who was only too glad to have the child brought up in the healthy English fashion; and fully appreciating her fidelity, gave orders that she was to rule alone, without let or hindrance; and always treated her with the greatest kindness and consideration.

And is it not possible that the true and perfect knight the Prince in after-years became, may have been owing in some measure to this early training in English ways and English thoughts, which made us look upon him as the child of our adoption when in exile among us, and take a mournful pride in his heroic martyrdom?

At the end of seven years, rumours of another tug of war reached us from the nursery domain. Mrs Shaw was to retire with a pension, and the Prince transferred to tutors and governors, as befitted his exalted prospects. But she absolutely refused to go and break her heart and the child's too; and again gaining her point, was transformed into a sort of Madame la Gouvernante, and allowed to retain her apartments in the Tuileries; and a pleasant retreat they must have been for the poor Prince, when bored and wearied with lessons and precepts and all the miseries attendant upon high education, which seem to be inflicted in a more burdensome form upon royal pupils than on their subjects, perhaps because it is conducted on the solitary confinement fashion, without the competition and other natural excitements of a public school. The writer believes she afterwards married an officer in the Imperial Guard, so that her fortunes were still more closely bound up with those whom she loved and served so well; and we often wondered what became of her in the dark days of Sedan and the downfall of their race, and whether she lived to join them in exile, and share the last crushing sorrow with the beloved and bereaved Empress.

A YEAR'S WOOING.

'Twas autumn when first they stood on the bridge;
Ripe pears on the pear-tree, ripe corn on the ridge;
The swallows flew swiftly far up in the blue,
And speeding still southward, were lost to the view.
Said he: 'Can you love me, as I can love you?'
She said, quite demurely: 'Already I do!'

'Twas winter when next they met on the bridge;
The pear-trees were brown, and white was the ridge;
The swallows were feathering their nests in Algiers.
She looked in his face, and she burst into tears!
His nose it was pinched, and his lips they were blue.
Said she: 'I can't love you!' Said he: 'Nor I you!'

'Twas spring-time when next they stood on the bridge,
And white was the pear-tree, and green was the ridge;
The swallows had thoughts of a speedy return;
And the midges were dancing a-down the brown burn.
He said: 'Pretty maiden, let by-gones go by—
Can you love me again?' She said: 'I can try.'

'Twas summer when next they stood on the bridge;
There were pears on the pear-tree, tall corn on the ridge;
The swallows wheeled round them, far up in the blue,
Then swooped down and snapped up a midgelet or two.
Said he: 'Lest some trifle should come in the way,
And part us again, will you mention the day?'
She stood, looking down on the fast-flowing rill,
Then answered, demurely: 'As soon as you will!'

H. L. R.

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GIRLS, WIVES, AND MOTHERS.

A WORD TO THE MIDDLE CLASSES.

There may be theoretically much to sympathise with in the cry for the yet higher culture of the women of our middle classes, but at the same time not a little to find fault with in practice. While it is difficult to believe that there can be such a thing as over-education of the human subject, male or female, there may yet be false lines of training, which lead to a dainty misplaced refinement, quite incompatible with the social position the woman may be called to fill in after-life, and which too often presupposes, what even education has a difficulty in supplying—a subsistence in life. Where we equip, we too frequently impede. In the hurry to be intelligent and accomplished, the glitter of drawing-room graces is an object of greater desire than the more homely but not less estimable virtues identified with the kitchen. Our young housewives are imbued with far too much of the æsthete at the expense of the cook; too much of the stage, and too little of the home. In abandoning the equally mistaken views of our grandfathers on women's up-bringing, we have gone to the opposite extreme, to the exclusion of anything like a means to an end; and in the blindest disregard of the recipients' circumstances in life, present and prospective.

In considering what the aim of female education ought to be, it is surely not too much to expect that of all things it should mentally and physically fit our women for the battle of life. Its application and utility should not have to end where they practically do at present—at the altar. While it is necessary to provide a common armour for purposes of general defence, there certainly ought to be a special strengthening of the harness where most blows are to be anticipated; and if not to all, certainly to middle-class women, the years of battle come *after*, not before marriage. Every one of them, then, ought to be trained in conformity with the supreme law of her being, to prove a real helpmate to the man that takes her to wife. Make sure that she is first of all thoroughly qualified for a mother's part, in what may be called a working sphere of life; then add whatever graces may be desirable as a sweetening, according to taste, means, and opportunity. It is in this happy blending of abstract knowledge with the economy of a home, that true success in the education of middle-class women must be sought.

In the training of our boys, utility in after-life is seldom lost sight of. Why should it be too often the reverse in the education of our girls, whose great vocation in life, as wives and mothers, is a birthright they cannot renounce, which no lord of creation can deprive them of, and which no sticklers for what they are pleased to call the rights of women can logically disown? No doubt, among the last-named there are extreme people, who cannot, from the very nature of their own individual circumstances, see anything in wifely cares save the shackles of an old-world civilisation. In their eyes, motherhood is a tax upon pleasure, and an abasement of the sex. With them, there need be no parley. There is no pursuit under the sun that a woman will not freely forsake—often at a sacrifice—for the wifely cares that supervene on marriage; and therein, few will deny, lies her great and natural sphere in life. Than it, there is no nobler. In it, she can encounter no rival; and any attempt to divest herself of nature's charge can have but one ending. The blandishments of a cold æstheticism can never soothe, animate, and brighten the human soul, like the warm, suffusive joys which cluster round the married state.

Here we may briefly digress to remark, that in our opinion, no valid objections can be urged against women entering professional life, *provided they stick to it.* They already teach, and that is neither the lightest nor least important of masculine pursuits. Why should they not prescribe for body and soul? why not turn their proverbial gifts of speech to a golden account at the bar? It would be in quitting any of these

professions, and taking up the *rôle* of wife and mother, which they would have to learn at the expense of their own and others' happiness, that the real mischief of the liberty would lie. In nine cases out of ten, their failure in the second choice would be assured, thereby poisoning all social well-being at its very source.

The woman not over- but mis-educated is becoming an alarmingly fruitful cause of the downward tendencies of much of our middle-class society. She herself is less to blame for this, than the short-sighted, though possibly well-meant policy of her parents and guardians, who, in the worst spirit of the age, veneer their own flesh and blood, as they do their furniture, for appearance' sake. Let us glance at the educational equipment they provide their girls with, always premising that our remarks are to be held as strictly applicable only to the middle ranks of our complex society.

Our typical young woman receives a large amount of miscellaneous education, extending far through her teens, and amounting to a very fair mastery of the *R*s. If she limp in any of these, it will be in the admittedly vexatious processes of arithmetic. She will have a pretty ready command of the grammatical and idiomatic uses of her mother-tongue; a fairly firm hold of the geography of this planet, and an intelligent conception of the extra-terrestrial system. She will have plodded through piles of French and German courses, learning many things from them but the language. She will have a fair if not profound knowledge of history. She can, in all likelihood, draw a little, and even paint; but of all her accomplishments, what she must imperatively excel in is music. From tender years, she will have diligently laboured at all the musical profundities; and her chances in the matrimonial market of the future are probably regarded as being in proportion to her proficient manipulation of the keyboard. If she can sing, well and good; play on the piano she must. If, as a girl, she has no taste for instrumental music, and no ear to guide her flights in harmony, the more reason why she should, with the perseverance of despair, thump away on the irresponsive ivories, in defiance of every instinct in her being. The result at twenty *may* be something tangible in some cases, but extremely unsatisfactory at the price.

During all these years, she has been systematically kept ignorant of almost every domestic care. Of the commonplaces of cookery she has not the remotest idea. A great educationist, whose statement we have good reason to indorse, asserts that there are thousands of our young housewives that do not know how to cook a potato. This may seem satire. It is, we fear, in too many cases, true, and we quote it with a view to correct rather than chastise.

The misapplications of young miss's upbringing do not end here. She cannot sew to any purpose. If she deign to use a needle at all, it is to embroider a smoking-cap for a lover or a pair of slippers for papa. To sew on a button, or cut out and unite the plainest piece of male or female clothing, is not always within her powers, or at least her inclinations. Prosaic vulgar work, fit only for dressmakers and milliners! She will spend weeks and months over eighteen inches of what she is pleased to call lace, while the neighbouring seamstress is making up all her underclothing, to pay for which, papa has not too much money; but then it is genteel.

She cannot knit. A pair of worsted cuffs or a lanky cravat is something great to attain to; while a stocking, even were the charwomen less easily paid, is sure to come off the needles right-lined as any of Euclid's parallelograms—all leg and no ankle—a suspicion of foot, but never a vestige of heel. To darn the hole that so soon appears in the loosely knitted fabric, would be a servile, reproachful task, quite staggering to the sentimental aspirations of our engaged Angelina. Yet darning and the divine art of mending will one day be to her a veritable philosopher's stone, whose magic influences will shed beams of happiness over her household, and fortunate will she be if she have not to seek it with tears.

By the sick-bed, where she ought to be supreme, she is often worse than useless. The pillows that harden on the couch of convalescence, too rarely know her softening touch. She may be all kindness and attention—for the natural currents of her being are full to repletion of sweetness and sympathy—yet as incapable of really skilled service as an artist's lay-figure. And, as a last touch to the sorry picture, instead of being in any way a source of comfort to the bread-winners of her family, or a lessening of the strain on their purse-strings, she is a continual cause of extra work to servants, of anxiety to her parents, of *ennui* to herself.

Apparently, the chief mission of the young lady to whom we address ourselves, is to entice some eligible young man into the responsibilities of wedlock. He, poor fellow, succumbs not so much to intrinsic merits, as to fine lady-like airs. He sees the polish on the surface, and takes for granted that there is good solid wear underneath. Our young miss has conquered, and quits the family roof-tree, sweetly conscious of her orange wreath of victory; but alas!—we are sorry to say it—do not her conquests too often end at the altar, unless she resolutely set herself to learn the exacting mysteries of her new sphere, and, what is far more difficult, to unlearn much that she has acquired? That she often does at this stage make a bold and firm departure from the toyish fancies of her training, and makes, from the sheer plasticity and devotion of her character, wonderful strides in the housewife's craft, we cheerfully confess. Were it otherwise, the domestic framework of society would be in a far more disorganised condition than it happily is. But why handicap her for the most important, most arduous portion of her race in life? Why train her to be the vapid fine lady, with almost the certainty that, by so doing, you are taking the surest means of rendering her an insufficient wife and mother? And, unfortunately, not always, in fact but seldom, is she able, when she crosses her husband's threshold, to tear herself away from her omnivorous novel-reading, piano-playing, and all the other alleviations of confirmed idleness.

The sweets of the honeymoon and an undefined vacation beyond make no great calls on her as a helpmate and wife. If her husband's means permit of a servant or two, the smoother the water and the plainer the sailing for the nonce; although

these keen-scented critics in the kitchen will, in a very short time, detect and take the grossest advantage of their mistress's inexperience. Besides, if we reflect that among our middle classes more marry on an income of two hundred pounds than on a higher, it becomes painfully apparent that two or three servants are the one thing our young housewife needs, but cannot possibly afford.

She is now, however, only about to begin her life-work, and if there is such a thing clearly marked out for a being on this globe, it is for woman. By birthright, she is the mother of the human race. Could she have a greater, grander field for enterprise? How admirably has nature fitted her for performing the functions of the mother and adorning the province of the wife! Hence, there devolves upon her a responsibility which no extraneous labour in more inviting fields can excuse. No philosophy, no tinkering of the constitution, no success in the misnamed higher walks of life and knowledge, will atone for the failure of the mother. Let her shine a social star of the first magnitude, let her be supreme in every intellectual circle, and then marry, as she is ever prone to do, in spite of all theories; and if she fail as a mother, she fails as a woman and as a human being. She becomes a mere rag, a tatter of nature's cast-off clothing, spiritless, aimless, a failure in this great world of work.

As her family increases, the household shadows deepen, where all should be purity, sweetness, and light. The domestic ship may even founder through the downright, culpable incapacity of her that takes the helm. Her children never have the air of comfort and cleanliness. In their clothes, the stitch is never in time. The wilful neglect, and consequent waste, in this one matter of half-worn clothing is almost incredible. A slatternly atmosphere pervades her entire home. With the lapse of time our young wife becomes gradually untidy, dishevelled, and even dirty, in her own person; and at last sits down for good, disconsolate and overwhelmed by her unseen foe. Her husband can find no pleasure in the 'hugger-mugger,' as Carlyle phrases it, of his home; there is no brightness in it to cheer his hours of rest. He returns from his daily labours to a chaos, which he shuns by going elsewhere; and so the sequel of misery and neglect takes form.

As a first precaution against such a calamity, let us strip our home-life of every taint of quackery. Let us regard women's education, like that of men, as a means to a lifelong end, never forgetting that if we unfit it for everyday practice, we render it a mere useless gem, valuable in a sense, but unset. Middle-class women will be the better educated, in every sense, the more skilled they are in the functions of the mother and the duties of the wife. Give them every chance of proving thrifty wives and good mothers, in addition to, or, where that is impossible, to the exclusion of accomplished brides. Let some part of their training as presently constituted, such as the rigours of music, and the fritterings of embroidery, give way, in part, to the essential acquirements which every woman, every mother should possess, and which no gold can buy. Give us a woman, then, natural in her studies, her training, her vocations, and her dress, and in the words of the wisest of men, who certainly had a varied experience of womankind, we shall have something 'far more precious than rubies. She will not be afraid of the snow for her household; strength and honour will be her clothing; her husband shall have no need of spoil; he shall be known in the gates, when he sitteth among the elders; he shall praise her; and her children shall call her blessed.'

BY MEAD AND STREAM.

CHAPTER IV.—IN THE OAK PARLOUR.

And so, it had been only a bit of Uncle Dick's kindly forethought and common-sense which had prompted the alarming words he had spoken to Madge. How she and Philip laughed at the chimerical idea that there could be any possible combination of circumstances in time or space which could alter their thoughts regarding each other! The birds in the orchard, in the intervals of pecking the fruit, seemed to sing a joyous laughing chorus at the absurdity of it—notwithstanding that the admission of it might be prudent.

But when they came down to the point of vague admission that in the abstract and in relation to other couples—of course it could not apply to their own case—Uncle Dick's counsel was such as prudent young people about to separate should keep in mind, an expression of perplexity flitted across Madge's face. She looked at him with those tenderly wistful serious eyes, half doubting whether or not to utter the thought which had come to her.

'But what I cannot understand,' she said slowly, 'is why Uncle Dick should have been in such a temper. You know that although he may fly into a passion at anything that seems to him wrong, he never keeps it up. Now he had all the time riding home from Kingshope to cool, and yet when he spoke to me he seemed to be as angry as if he had just come out of the room where the quarrel took place.'

'What can it matter to us?' was the blithe response. 'He is not angry with me or with you, and so long as that is the case we need not mind if he should quarrel with all creation.'

'I'll tell you what we will do,' she said, and the disappearance of all perplexity from her face showed that she was quite of his opinion, although she wanted to have it supported by another authority.

'What is that?'

'We will go in and ask Aunt Hessy what she thinks about it. . . . Are you aware, sir' (this with a pretty assumption of severity), 'that you have not seen aunty to-day, and that you have not even inquired about her?'

'That *is* bad,' he muttered; but it was evident that the badness which he felt was the interruption of the happy wandering through the orchard by this summary recall to duty.

In his remorse, however, he was ready to sacrifice his present pleasure; for Aunt Hessy was a stanch friend of theirs, and it might be that her cheery way of looking at things would dispel the last lingering cloud of doubt from Madge's mind regarding the misunderstanding between his father and Uncle Dick.

'Then we had better go in at once; we shall find her in the dairy.'

Mrs Crawshay was superintending the operations of three buxom maidens who were scalding the large cans in which the milk was conveyed every morning to the metropolis. Her ruddy face with the quiet, kindly gray eyes was that of a woman in her prime, and even her perfectly white hair did not detract from the sense of youth which was expressed in her appearance: it was an additional charm. She was nearly sixty. Her age was a standing joke of Uncle Dick's. He had made the discovery that she was a month older than himself, and he magnified it into a year.

'Can't you see?' he would say, 'if you are born in December and I am born in January, that makes exactly a year's difference?'

Then there would be a loud guffaw, and Uncle Dick would feel that he had completely overcome the Missus. The words and the guffaw were as a rule simultaneous, and if nobody happened to be present, it usually ended in Uncle Dick putting his arm round her neck and saying with a lump in his throat: 'My old lass—young always to me.'

He had not the slightest notion of the poetry that was in his soul whilst he spoke.

Mrs Crawshay believed in young love. She had been very happy in hers. She had been brought up on a farm. Lads had come about her of course, and she had put them aside with a—'Nay, lad, I'm not for thee,' and had thought no more about them. Then Dick Crawshay had come, and—she did not know why—she had said: 'Yes, thou art my lad.'

They had been very happy notwithstanding their losses—indeed the losses seemed to have drawn them closer together.

'It's only you and me, my old lass,' he would say in their privacy.

'Only you and me, Dick,' she would say as her gray head rested on his breast with all the emotion of youth in her heart.

'Go into the oak parlour,' said Mrs Crawshay cheerily to the young folks, when she understood their mission; 'and I'll be with you in a minute.'

The oak parlour was the stateroom of the house. It was long and high; the oak of the panels and beams which supported the pointed roof were of that dark hue which only time can impart. The three narrow windows had been lengthened by Dick's father, and when the moon shone through them they were like three white ghosts looking in upon the dark chamber. But the moon did not often get a chance of doing this, for there was only a brief period of the year during which there was not a huge fire blazing in the great old-fashioned ingle. There were four portraits of former Crawshays and three of famous horses; with these exceptions the walls were bare, for none of the family had ever been endowed with much love of art.

There were some legends still current about the mysteries hidden behind the sombre panels. One of the panels was specially honoured because it was reputed to have a recess behind it in which the king had found shelter for a time during his flight from the Roundheads. But owing to the indifference or carelessness of successive generations, nobody was now quite sure to which of the panels this honour properly belonged. There had been occasional attempts made to discover the royal hiding-place, but they had hitherto failed.

The furniture was plain and substantial, displaying the styles of several periods of manufacture. In spite of the stiff straight lines of most of the things in the room, the red curtains, the red table-cover, the odd variety of the chairs gave the place a homely and, when the fire was ablaze, a cosy expression. This stateroom was correctly called 'parlour,' and it had been the scene of many a revel.

As Philip and Madge were on their way to the oak parlour, a servant presented a card to the latter.

'He asked for you, miss,' said the girl, and passed on to the kitchen.

Madge looked at the card, and instantly held it out to Philip.

'Hullo!—my father,' ejaculated he, adding with a laugh: 'Now you can see that this mountain of yours is not even a molehill.'

'How can you tell that?'

'Because my father is the reverse of Uncle Dick. He never forgets—I doubt if he ever forgives—an unpleasant word. And yet here he is. Come along at once—but we had better say nothing to him about the affair unless he speaks of it himself.'

They entered the room together, smiling hopefully.

Mr Lloyd Hadleigh was standing at a window, hat in one hand, slim umbrella in the other, and staring hard at the shrubs. He had a way of staring hard at everything, and yet the way was so calm and thoughtful that he did not appear to see anything or anybody, and thus the stare was not offensive.

'The guv'nor always seems to be dreaming about you when he looks at you, and you never know when he's going to speak—that's awk'ard,' was the description of his expression given by Caleb Kersey, one of the occasional labourers on Ringsford.

He was a man of average height, firmly built; square face; thick black moustache; close cropped black hair, with only an indication of thinning on the top and showing few streaks of white. His age was not more than fifty, and he had attained the full vigour of life.

'People talk about the fire and "go" of thirty,' he would say in his dry way. 'It is nonsense. At that age a man is either going downhill or going up it, and in either case he is too much occupied and worried to have time to be happy. That was the most miserable period of my life.'

Coldness was the first impression of his outward character. No one had ever seen him in a passion. Successful in business, he had provided well for the five children of a very early marriage. He never referred to that event, and had been long a widower without showing the slightest inclination to establish a new mistress at Ringsford.

He turned on the entrance of Madge and Philip, saluting the former with grave politeness; then to the latter: 'There are some letters for you at home, Philip.'

'Thank you, sir; but I have no doubt they can wait. I am to stay for dinner here.'

'From the postmarks I judge they are of importance.'

'Ah—then I know who they are from, and in that case there is no hurry at all, for the mail does not leave until Monday.'

Mr Hadleigh addressed himself to Madge—no sign of annoyance in voice or manner.

'May I be permitted to have a few minutes' conversation with you in private, Miss Heathcote?'

'I beg your pardon, sir,' broke in Philip hastily; 'I did not understand you to mean that you found me in the way.—If your aunt should ask for me, Miss Heathcote, I shall be in the garden.'

With a good-natured inclination of the head, he went out. And as he walked down the garden path filling his pipe, he muttered to himself thoughtfully: 'Seems to me he grows queerer and queerer every day. What *can* be the matter with him? If anybody else had asked for a private interview so solemnly, I should have taken it for granted that he was going to propose. . . . Daresay he wants to give some explanation of that confounded row, and make his apologies through Madge. I should like him to do that.'

But Mr Hadleigh was neither going to propose nor to make apologies. He smiled, a curious sort of half-sad, half-amused smile, and there was really something interesting in the expression of his eyes at the moment.

'The truth is, Miss Heathcote, that I cannot acknowledge weakness before Philip. He is such a reckless fellow about money, that he would tell me I ought to give in at once to the labourers.'

'I am sure he would not, Mr Hadleigh, if he thought you were in the right.'

'I am not one likely to hold out if convinced that I am in the wrong.'

'Few men do under these conditions, Mr Hadleigh,' said Madge, smiling.

'Well, at anyrate, I want your assistance very much; will you give it?'

'With great pleasure, if it is worth anything to you.'

'It is worth everything; for what harvest I might have on the home-farm—and I understand it promises to be a good one—is likely to be lost unless you help me.'

'How can that be, Mr Hadleigh?'

'Through beer. This is how the matter stands. You know the dispute about the wages, and I am willing to give in to that. But on this question of beer in the field I am firm. The men and women shall have the price of it; but I will neither give beer on the field nor permit them to bring it there. A great reform is to be worked in this matter, and I mean to do what little I can to advance it. I am sure, Miss Heathcote, you must acknowledge that I am right in adhering to this resolution.'

'I have been brought up in some very old-fashioned notions, Mr Hadleigh,' she answered with pretty evasiveness.

'There is a high principle at stake in it, my dear Miss Heathcote, and it is worth fighting for.'

'But I do not yet see how my services are to be of use to you,' she said, anxious to avoid this debatable subject. It was one on which her uncle had quite different views from those of Mr Hadleigh. And, therefore, she could not altogether sympathise with the latter's enthusiasm, eager as she was to see the people steady and sober, for she remembered at the moment that he had made a considerable portion of his fortune out of a brewery.

'That was exactly what I was about to explain,' he replied. 'I came to beg you to speak to Caleb Kersey.'

'Caleb!—why, he never touches anything stronger than tea.'

'That may be; but he believes that other people have a right to do so if they like. He has persuaded every man and woman who comes to me or my bailiff to put the question: "Is there to be beer?" When they are answered: "No; but the money," they turn on their heels and march off, so that at this moment we have only two men. Now, my dear Miss Heathcote, will you persuade Kersey to stop his interference?'

'I do not see that he is interfering; but I will speak to him.'

'Thanks, thanks. If you were with me I should have no difficulty.'

'You would find me a very bad second,' she answered, laughing, 'for I should say—submit to old customs until persuasion alters them, since force never can.'

Two things struck Madge during this interview and the commonplaces about nothing which followed it: The first, how much more frank and at ease he seemed to be with her than with any one else; and the second was, how loath he seemed to go.

The owner of Ringsford said to himself as he was driven away: 'I shall be glad when she is Philip's wife.'

CHAPTER V.—A NEW EDEN.

She was still standing at the door to which she had accompanied Mr Hadleigh, and was looking after him, when a kindly voice behind her said: 'He does look a woeful man. I wonder if he has any real friends.'

Madge turned. Aunt Hessy was standing there, a pitying expression on her comely face, and she was wiping her hands in her apron. There was nothing in Mrs Crawshay's manner or appearance to indicate her Quaker antecedents, except the frequent use of thee and thou—she did not always use that form of speech—and the quiet tone of all the colours of her dress. Yet, until her marriage she had been, like her father, a good Wesleyan; after her marriage she accompanied her husband to the church in which his family had kept their place for so many generations. To her simple faith it was the same whether she worshipped in church or chapel.

'Why do you say that, aunt?'

'Because he seems to be so much alone.'

'Mr Hadleigh alone! What about all the people who visit the manor?'

'Ay, they visit the manor,' answered Aunt Hessy, with a slight shake of the head and a quiet smile.

That set Madge thinking. He did impress her as a solitary man, notwithstanding his family,

his many visitors, his school treats, his flower-shows, and other signs of a busy and what ought to be a happy life. Then there was the strange thing that he should come to ask her assistance to enable him to come to terms with the harvesters.

'I believe you are right, aunt. He is very much alone, and I suppose that was why he came to me to-day.'

'What did he want?' asked Dame Crawshay, with unusual quickness and an expression of anxiety Madge could not remember ever having seen on her face before. She did not understand it until long afterwards.

Having explained the object of Mr Hadleigh's visit, as she understood it, she was surprised to see how much relieved her aunt looked. Knowing that that good woman had never had a secret in her life, and never made the least mystery about anything, she put the question direct: 'Did you expect him to say anything else?'

'I don't know, Madge. He is a queer man, Mr Hadleigh, in a-many ways. He spoke to your uncle about this, and he would have nothing to do with it.'

'And that is why they fell out at the market, I suppose.'

'Where is Philip? He must take after his mother, for he is straightforward in everything.'

'He is out in the garden. Shall I go for him?'

'Nay. I want more peas, so we can find him on our way for them.'

Philip had not gone far. He had walked down to the duck-pond; but after that distant excursion, he kept near the little gate beside the dairy, glancing frequently at the house-door. He was dallying with the last hours of the bright morning of his love, and he grudged every moment that Madge was away from him. A few days hence he would be looking back to this one with longing eyes. How miserable he would be on board that ship! How he would hate the sound of the machinery, knowing that every stroke of the piston was taking him so much farther away from her. And then, as the waters widened and stretched into the sky, would not his heart sink, and would he not wish that he had never started on this weary journey?

In response to that lover-like question, he heard the echo of Madge's voice in his brain: 'It was your mother's wish.'

This simple reminder was enough, for he cherished the sad memory of that sweet pale face, which smiled upon him hopefully a moment before it became calm in death.

He sprang away from these sorrowful reflections. Yes; he would look back longingly to this day when sea and sky shut out Willowmere and Madge from sight. But they would both be palpable to his mental vision; and he would look forward to that still brighter day of his return, his mission fulfilled, and nothing to do but marry Madge and live happy ever after. Ay, that should comfort him and make the present parting bearable.

Besides, who could say with what fortune he might come back? The uncle to whom he was going was rumoured to be the possessor of fabulous wealth, and although married he was childless. True, also, he was reported to be so eccentric that nobody could understand him, or form the slightest conception of how he would act under any given circumstances. But it was known that before he went abroad, his sister—Philip's mother—had been the one creature in whom all his affection seemed to be concentrated. An inexplicable coldness appeared in his conduct towards her after her marriage. The reason had never been explained.

Shortly before her death, however, there had come a letter from him, which made her very happy. But she had burned the letter, by his instructions, without showing it to any one or revealing its contents. Evidently it was this letter which induced her to lay upon her son the charge of going to her brother Austin Shield, whenever he should be summoned. But the uncle held no correspondence with any one at Ringsford. That he was still alive, could be only surmised from vague reports and the fact that on every anniversary of Mrs Hadleigh's birthday, with one exception, a fresh wreath of flowers was found on her grave—placed there, it was believed, by his orders. Then a few months ago, a letter had come to Philip, containing an invitation from his uncle, suggesting possible advantages, and inclosing a draft for expenses. So, being summoned, he was going; and whether the result should be good or ill fortune, his mother's last command would be obeyed, and he would return with a clear conscience to marry Madge.

That thought kept him in good-humour throughout the weary ages which seemed to elapse before he saw Madge and her aunt approaching. He ran to meet them.

'I thought you were never coming,' was his exclamation.

'Thou 'lt be able to do without her for a longer time than this without troubling thyself, by-and-by,' said Dame Crawshay with one of her pleasant smiles.

'When that day comes, I will say you are a prophetess of evil,' he retorted, laughing, but with an air of affectionate respect. That was the feeling with which she inspired everybody.

'Nay, lad; but it need not be evil, for you may be apart, surely, doing good for each other.'

'Yes; but not without wishing we were together.'

'Wilt ever be wishing that?'

'For ever and ever.'

He answered with burlesque solemnity outwardly; but Madge knew that he spoke from his heart, and in the full faith of his words. She gave him a quiet glance with those soft wistful eyes, and he was very happy.

They had reached a tall row of peas, at which Dame Crawshay had been already busy that morning, as a wooden chair placed beside it indicated. Here she seated herself, and began to pluck the peas, shelling them as she plucked; then dropping the pods into her lap and the peas into a basin. She performed the operation with mechanical regularity, which did not in any way interfere with conversation.

Madge, kneeling beside her, helped with nimble fingers; and Philip, hands clasped behind him, stood looking on admiringly. The sun was shining upon them; and, darting shafts of light through the surrounding trees, made bright spots

amidst the moving shadows underneath. Everything seemed to be still and sleepy. The breeze was so light that there was only a gentle rustle of leaves, and through it was heard the occasional thud of an over-ripe apple or pear as it fell, and the drowsy hum of the bees.

Light, warmth, peace. 'Ah,' thought Philip, 'if we could only go on this way always! If we could fix ourselves thus as in a photograph, what a blessed Eden this would be!'

'Thou'dst find it dull soon, Philip, standing there looking at us shelling peas, if thou wert forced to do it,' said Dame Crawshay, looking up at him with a curious smile.

'That shows you cannot guess my thoughts. They were of quite a different nature, for I was wishing that there had been some fixing process in nature, so that there might never be any change in our present positions.'

Madge looked as if she had been thinking something very similar; but she went on silently shelling peas; and a sunbeam shooting through a gap in the green pea hedge, made a golden radiance on her face.

'Eh, deary me, what love will do!' exclaimed the dame, laughing, but shaking her head regretfully, as if sorry that she could not look at things in the same hopeful humour. 'Other people have talked like that in the heyday of life. Some have found a little of their hope fulfilled; many have found none of it: all have found that they had to give up the thought of a great deal of what they expected. Some take their disappointment with wise content and make the best of things as they find them. They jog along as happily as mortals may, like Dick and me; a-many kick against the pricks and suffer sorely for it; but all have to give in sooner or later, and own that the world could not get along if everybody could arrange it to suit his own pleasure.'

How gently this good-natured philosopher brought them down from the clouds to what foolish enthusiasts call contemptuously 'the common earth.' Sensible people use the same phrase, but they use it respectfully, knowing that this 'common earth' may be made beautiful or ugly as their own actions instruct their vision.

To Philip it was quite true that most people sought something they could never attain; that many people fancied they had found the something they wanted, and discovered afterwards, to their sorrow, that they had not found the thing at all. But then, you see, it was an entirely different condition of affairs in his case. He had found what he wanted, and knew that there could be no mistake about it.

To Madge, her aunt's wisdom appeared to be very cold and even wrong in some respects, considering the placid and happy experiences of her own life. She had her great faith in Philip—her dream of a life which should be made up of devotion to him under any circumstances of joy or sorrow, and she could not believe that it was possible that their experience should be as full of crosses as that of others. And yet there was a strange faintness at her heart, as if she were vaguely conscious that there were possibilities which neither she nor Philip could foresee or understand.

'We shall be amongst the wise folk,' said Philip confidently, 'and take things as they come, contentedly. We shall be easily contented, so long as we are true to each other—and I don't think you imagine there is any chance of a mistake in that respect.'

Aunt Hessy went on shelling peas for a time in silence. There was a thoughtful expression on her kindly face, and there was even a suggestion of sadness in it. Here were two young people—so young, so happy, so full of faith in each other—just starting on that troublous journey called Life, and she had to speak those words of warning which always seem so harsh to the pupils, until, after bitter experience, they look back and say: 'If I had only taken the warning in time, what might have been?'

By-and-by she spoke very softly: 'Thou art thinking, Madge, that I am croaking; and thou, Philip, are thinking the same. . . . Nay, there is no need to deny it. But I do not mean to dishearten thee. All I want is to make thee understand that there are many things we reckon as certain in the heyday of life, that never come to us.'

'I daresay,' said Philip, plucking a pea-pod and chewing it savagely; 'but don't you think, Mrs Crawshay, that this is very like throwing cold-water on us, and that throwing cold-water is very apt to produce the misadventure which you think possible?—that is, that something might happen to alter our plans?'

'I am sorry for that, lad; I do not mean to throw cold-water on thee; but rather to help thee and to help Madge to look at things in a sensible way. Listen. I had a friend once who was like Madge; and she had a friend who was, as it might be, like you, Philip. He went away, as you are going, to seek his fortune in foreign parts. There was a blunder between them, and she got wedded to another man. Her first lad came back, and finding how things were, he went away again and never spoke more to her.'

'They must have been miserable.'

'For a while they were miserable enough; but they got over it.'

'I'll be bound the man never married.'

'There thou'dst be bound wrong. He did marry, and is now wealthy and prosperous, though she was taken away in a fever long ago.'

'Ay, but is he happy?'

'That is only known to himself and Him that knows us all.'

'Well, for our future I will trust Madge,' said Philip, taking her hand, 'in spite of all your forebodings; and she will trust me.'

Dame Crawshay had filled her basin with peas, and she rose.

'God bless thee, Philip, wherever thou goest, and make thy hopes realities,' she said with what seemed to the lovers unnecessary solemnity.

The dame went into the house. Madge and Philip went down the meadow, and under the willows by the merry river, forgot that there was any parting before them or any danger that their fortunes might be crossed.

Those bright days! Can they ever come again, or can any future joy be so full, so perfect? There are no love-speeches—little talk of any kind, and what there is, is commonplace enough. There is no need for speech. There is only—only!—the sense of the dear presence that makes

all the world beautiful, leaving the heart nothing more to desire.

But the dreams in the sunshine there under the willows, with the river murmuring sympathetic harmonies at their feet! The dreams of a future, and yet no future; for it is always to be as now. Can it be possible that this man and woman will ever look coldly on each other—ever speak angry, passionate words? Can it be possible that there will ever flit across their minds one instant's regret that they had come together?

No, no: the dreams are of the future; but the future will be always as now—full of faith and gladness.

THE CLIFF-HOUSES OF CAÑON DE CHELLY.

The fourth and most southerly iron link of railway which will soon stretch across the North American continent from ocean to ocean is rapidly approaching completion along the thirty-fifth parallel; already it has reached the San Francisco mountains in its course to the Pacific. While avoiding the chances of blockade by snow, liable in higher latitudes, it has struck through a little explored region among the vast plains of Arizona and New Mexico. It is not easy at once to realise the extent of table-lands, greater in area than Great Britain and Ireland, upon which no soul has a settled habitation. The sun beats down with terrible force on these dry undulating plains, where at most times nothing relieves the eye, as it wanders away to the dim horizon, save a few cactus and sage-bush plants. But at seasons, heavy rains change dry gulches into roaring torrents, and parched low-lands into broad lakes, covering the country with a fine grass, on which millions of sheep, horses, and cattle are herded by wandering Navajo and Moqui Indians. To the periodical rains, as well as to geological convulsions, are traced the causes of those wondrous chasms, which in places break abruptly the rolling surface of the prairie, and extend in rocky gorges for many miles. They are called cañons. The grandeur of the scenery found in one of them, Cañon de Chelly, can scarcely be overstated.

Cañon de Chelly—pronounced Canyon de Shay—is in the north of Arizona. It takes its name from a Frenchman, who is said to have been the first white man to set foot within its walls; but except the record of a recent visit by the United States Geological Survey, no account of it seems to have hitherto appeared. The picturesque features of this magnificent ravine are unrivalled; and what lends a more fascinating interest, is the existence, among its rocky walls, of dwellings once occupied by a race of men, who, dropping into the ocean of the past with an unwritten history, are only known to us as cave-dwellers.

In October 1882, an exploring party, headed by Professor Stevenson of the Ethnological Bureau, Washington, and escorted by a number of soldiers and Indian guides, set out for this remarkable spot. One of the party, Lieutenant T. V. Keam, has furnished the following details of their investigations. After travelling one hundred and twenty miles out from the nearest military post, Fort Defiance, and crossing a desert some twenty miles broad, the entrance to Cañon de Chelly was reached. The bed of the ravine is entirely composed of sand, which is constantly being blown along it, with pitiless force, by sudden gusts of wind. The walls of the cañon are red sandstone; at first, but some fifty feet high, they increase gradually, until at eighteen miles they reach an elevation of twelve hundred feet, which is about the highest point, and continue without decreasing for at least thirty miles. The first night, Professor Stevenson's party camped three miles from the mouth of the cañon, under a grove of cotton-wood trees, and near a clear flowing stream of water. Here the scene was an impressive one. A side ravine of great magnitude intersected the main cañon, and at the junction there stood out, like a sentinel, far from the rest of the cliff, one solemn brown stone shaft eight hundred feet high. In the morning, continuing the journey through the awful grandeur of the gorge, the walls still increased in height, some having a smooth and beautifully coloured surface reaching to one thousand feet; others, from the action of water, sand storms, and atmospheric effects, cut and broken into grand arches, battlements, and spires of every conceivable shape. At times would be seen an immense opening in the wall, stretching back a quarter of a mile, the sides covered with verdure of different shades, reaching to the summit, where tall firs with giant arms seemed dwarfed to the size of a puny gooseberry bush, and the lordly oak was only distinguished by the beautiful sheen of its leaves.

On the second night the camp was formed at the base of a cliff, in which were descried, planted along a niche at a height of nearly one hundred feet, some cliff-dwellings. Next morning, these were reached after a dangerous climb, by means of a rope thrown across a projecting stick, up the almost perpendicular sides of this stupendous natural fortress. The village was perched on its narrow ledge of rock, facing the south, and was overshadowed by an enormous arch, formed in the solid side of the cañon. Overlapping the ruins for at least fifty feet, at a height above them of sixty feet, it spread its protecting roof five hundred feet from end to end. No moisture ever penetrated beyond the edge of this red shield of nature; and to its shelter, combined with the dryness of the atmosphere and preserving nature of the sand, is to be attributed the remarkable state of preservation, after such a lapse of time, in which the houses of the cliff-dwellers were found. Some of them still stood three stories high, built in compact form, close together within the extremely limited space, the timber used to support the roof being in some cases perfectly sound. The white

stone employed is gypsum, cut with stone implements, but having the outer edges smoothly dressed and evenly laid up; the stones of equal size placed parallel with each other presenting a uniform and pleasing appearance.

No remains of importance were found here, excepting a finely woven sandal, and some pieces of netting made from the fibre of the yucca plant. But on proceeding two miles farther up the cañon, another group of ruins was discovered, which contained relics of a very interesting character. The interior of some of the larger houses was painted with a series of red bands and squares, fresh in colour, and contained fragments of ornamented pottery, besides what appeared to be pieces of blankets made from birds' feathers; these, perhaps, in ages past bedecked the shoulders of some red beauty, when the grim old walls echoed the fierce war-songs of a long-lost nation. But the most fortunate find at this spot, and the first of that description made in the country, was a cyst, constructed of timber smoothly plastered on the inside, containing remains of three of the ancient cliff-dwellers. One was in a sitting posture, the skin of the thighs and legs being in a perfect state of preservation. These ruins, as in the former case, were protected from the weather by an overhanging arch of rock.

At several points on the journey through Cañon de Chelly, hieroglyphics were traced, graven on the cliff wall. Most of the designs were unintelligible; but figures of animals, such as the bear and mountain sheep or goat, were prominent. Another cliff village was observed of a considerable size, but planted three hundred feet above the cañon bed, in such a position that it is likely to remain sacred from the foot of man for still further generations. The same elements which in geologic time fashioned the caves and recesses of the cañon walls, have in later times worn the approaches away, so that to-day they do not even furnish a footing for the bear or coyote. In what remote age and for how many generations the cliff-dwellers lived in these strange fastnesses, will probably never be determined. Faint traces of still older buildings are found here and there in the bed of Cañon de Chelly; and it is conjectured that this region was once densely populated along the watercourses, and that the tribes having been driven from their homes by a powerful foe, the remnant sought refuge in the caves of the cañon walls.

Of the great antiquity of these structures, there is no question. The Indian of to-day knows nothing of their history, has not even traditions concerning them. The Navajo, with a few poles plastered with a heavy deposit of earth, constructs his *hogan* or wigwam, and rarely remains in the same place winter and summer. He has no more idea of constructing a dwelling like those so perfectly preserved in the cliffs, than he has of baking specimens of pottery such as are found in fragments amongst the walls. In the fine quality of paste, in the animal handles—something like old Japanese ware—and in the general ornamentation, these exhibit a high order of excellence. Some specimens of what is called laminated ware are remarkable; threadlike layers of clay are laid one on each other with admirable delicacy and patience. In these fragments may yet be read something of the history of a vanished race. They illuminate a dark corner in the world's history, and seem to indicate a people who once felt civilising influences higher than anything known by those uncouth figures whose campfires now glimmer at night across the silent starlit prairie.

TWO DAYS IN A LIFETIME.

A STORY IN EIGHT CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER III.

Captain Bowood came forward. 'Sir Frederick, your servant; glad to see you,' he said in his hearty sailor-like fashion.

'I am glad to see you, Captain,' responded the Baronet as he proffered his hand. 'How's the gout this morning?'

'So, so. Might be better—might be worse.—You here, Miss Saucebox!' he added, turning to Elsie. 'Why are you not at your lessons—eh, now?'

'As if anybody could learn Latin roots on a sunny morning like this!' Then, clasping one of his arms with both her hands, and looking up coaxingly into his face, she said: 'You might give me a holiday, nunky dear.'

'Why, why? A holiday indeed!—Listen to her, Sir Frederick. The baggage is always begging for holidays.'

'But the baggage doesn't always get them,' was the answer with a pretty pout. Then, after another glance at the long-haired stranger, who was already busy with the piano, she said to herself: 'It is he; I am sure of it. And yet if I had not heard his voice, I should not have known him.'

Captain Bowood at this time had left his sixtieth birthday behind him, but he carried his years lightly. He was a bluff, hearty-looking, loud-voiced man, with a very red face, and very white hair and whiskers. A fever, several years previously, had radically impaired his eyesight, since which time he had taken to wearing gold-rimmed spectacles. He had a choleric temper; but his bursts of petulance were like those summer storms which are over almost as soon as they have broken, and leave not a cloud behind. Throughout the American Civil War, Captain Bowood had been known as one of the most daring and successful blockade-runners, and it was during those days of danger and excitement that he laid the foundation of the fortune on which he had since retired. No man was more completely ruled by his wife than the choleric but generous-hearted Captain, and no man suspected the fact less than he did.

'I drove over this morning,' said Sir Frederick, 'to see you about that bay mare which I hear you are desirous of getting rid of.'

'Yes, yes—just so. We'll go to the stable and have a look at her. By-the-bye, I was talking to Boyd just now, when your name cropped up. It seems he met you when you were both in South America. Oscar Boyd, engineering fellow and all that. You remember him, eh, now?'

'I certainly do remember a Mr Boyd; but it is many years since we met.' Then to himself the Baronet said: 'Can this be the other man? Oh! Lady Dimsdale.'

'A very agreeable fellow,' said the Captain. 'Here on a visit for a couple of days. A little matter of business between him and me to save lawyers' expenses.'

'The other man, without a doubt,' thought the Baronet. 'His wife must be dead.'

Miss Brandon had slipped unobserved out of the room. She was now sitting in the veranda, making-believe to be intent over her Latin verbs, but in reality waiting impatiently till the coast should be clear. She had not long to wait. Presently she heard the Captain say in his cheery loud-voiced way: 'Come along, Sir Frederick; we shall just have time to look at the mare before luncheon;' and a minute later, she heard the shutting of a door.

Then she shut her book, rose from her seat, and crossing on tiptoe to the open French-window, she peeped into the room. 'Is that you, Charley?' she asked in a voice that was little above a whisper.

'Whom else should it be?' answered the young man, looking round from the piano with a smile.

'I was nearly sure of it from the first; but then you look such a guy!'

'She calls me a guy! after all the trouble I have taken to get myself up like a foreign nobleman.' Speaking thus, he took off his spectacles and wig, and stood revealed, as pleasant-looking a young fellow as one would see in a day's march.

Elsie ran forward with a little cry of surprise and delight. 'Now I know you for my own!' she exclaimed; and when he took her in his arms and kissed her—more than once—she offered not the slightest resistance. 'But what a dreadful risk to run!' she went on as soon as she was set at liberty. 'Suppose your uncle—good gracious!'

'My uncle? He can't eat me, that's certain; and he has already cut me off with the proverbial shilling.'

'My poor boy! Fate is very, very hard upon you. We are both down on our luck, Charley; but we can die together, can't we?' As she propounded this question, she held out her box of bon-bons. Charley took one, she took another, and then the box was put away. 'A pan of charcoal'—she went on, giving her sweetmeat a gustatory turn over with her tongue—'door and windows close shut—you go to sleep and forget to wake up. What could be simpler?'

'Hardly anything. But we have not quite come to that yet. Of course, that dreadful Vice-chancellor won't let me marry you for some time to come; but he can't help himself when you are one-and-twenty.'

'That won't be for nearly four years,' answered Elsie with a pout. 'What a long, long time to look forward to!'

'We have only to be true to each other, which I am sure we shall be, and it will pass away far more quickly than you imagine. By that time, I hope to be earning enough money to find you a comfortable home.'

'There's my money, you know, Charley dear.'

'I don't mean to have anything to do with that. If I can't earn enough to keep my wife, I'll never marry.'

'Oh!'

'But I shall do that, dear. Why, I'm getting five guineas a week already; and if I'm not getting three times as much as that by the time you are twenty-one, I'll swallow my wig.'

'Your uncle will never forgive you for going on the stage.'

'O yes, he will, by-and-by, when he sees that I am making a fair living by it and really mean to stick to it—having sown all my wild-oats; and above all, when he finds how well they speak of me in his favourite newspaper. And that reminds me that it was what the *Telephone* said about me that caused old Brooker our manager to raise my screw from four guineas a week to five. I cut the notice out of the paper, you may be sure. Here it is.' Speaking thus, Master Charles produced his pocket-book, and drew from it a printed slip of paper, which he proceeded to read aloud: '"Although we have had occasion more than once to commend the acting of Mr Warden"—that's me—"we were certainly surprised last evening by his very masterly rendering of the part of Captain Cleveland. His byplay was remarkably clever; and his impassioned love-making in the third act, where timidity or hesitation would have been fatal to the piece, brought down the house, and earned him two well-merited recalls. We certainly consider that there is no more promising *jeune premier* than Mr Warden now on the stage." There, my pet, what do you think of that?' asked the young actor as he put back the slip of paper into his pocket-book.

But his pet vouchsafed no answer. Her face was turned from him; a tear fell from her eye. His arms were round her in a moment. 'My darling child, what can be the matter?' he asked.

'I—I wish you had never gone on the stage,' said Elsie, with a sob in her voice. 'I—I wish you were still a tea-broker!'

'Good gracious! what makes you wish anything so absurd?'

'It's not absurd. Doesn't the newspaper speak of your "impassioned love-making?" And then people—lovers, I mean—are always kissing each other on the stage.'

'Just as they do sometimes in real life;' and with that he suited the action to the word.

'Don't, Mr Summers, please.' And she pushed him away, and her eyes flashed through her tears, and she looked very pretty.

Mr Summers sat down on a chair and was unfeeling enough to laugh. 'Why, what a little goose you are!' he said.

'I don't see it at all.' This with a toss of her head. Certainly, it is not pleasant to be called a goose.

'You must know, if you come to think of it, that both love-making and kissing on the stage are only so much make-believe, however real they may seem to the audience. During the last six months, it has been my fate to have to make love to about a dozen different ladies; and during the next six months I shall probably have to do the same thing to as many more; but to imagine on that account that I really

care for any of them, or that they really care for me, would be as absurd as to suppose that because in the piece we shall play to-morrow night I shall hunt Tom Bowles—who is the villain of the drama—through three long acts, and kill him in the fourth, he and I must necessarily hate each other. The fact is that Tom and I are the best of friends, and generally contrive to lodge together when on our travels.'

Elsie was half convinced that she *had* made a goose of herself, but of course was not prepared to admit it. 'I see that Miss Wylie is acting in your company,' she said. 'I saw her in London about a year ago; she is very, very pretty.'

'Miss Wylie is a very charming woman.'

'And you make love to her?'

'Every night of my life—for a little while.'

Elsie felt her unreasonable mood coming back. 'Then why don't you marry her?' she asked with a ring of bitterness in her voice.

Again that callous-hearted young man laughed. 'Considering that she is married already, and the happy mother of two children, I can hardly see the feasibility of your suggestion.'

'Then why does she call herself "Miss Wylie?"'

'It's a way they have in the profession. She goes by her maiden name. In reality, she is Mrs Berrington. Her husband travels with her. He plays "heavy fathers."'

Miss Brandon looked mystified. Her lover saw it.

'You see this suit of clothes,' he said, 'and this wig and these spectacles. They are part of the "make-up" of a certain character I played last week. I was the Count von Rosenthal, in love with the beautiful daughter of a poor music-master. In order to be able to make love to her, and win her for myself, and not for my title and riches, I go in the guise of a student, and take lodgings in the same house where she and her father are living. After many mishaps, all ends as it ought to do. Charlotte and I fall into each other's arms, and her father blesses us both with tears in his eyes. Miss Wylie played the Professor's daughter, and her husband played the father's part, and very well he did it too.'

'Her husband allowed you to make love to his wife?' said Miss Brandon, with wide-open eyes.

'Of course he did; and he was not so foolish as to be jealous, like some people. Why should he be?'

Elsie was fully convinced by this time that she had made a goose of herself. 'You may kiss me, Charley,' she said with much sweetness. 'Dear boy, I forgive you.'

Suddenly the sound of a footstep caused them to start and fly asunder. There, close to the open French-window, stood Captain Bowood, glaring from one to the other of them. Miss Brandon gave vent to a little shriek and fled from the room. The Captain came forward, a fine frenzy in his eye. 'Who the deuce may you be, sir?' he spluttered, although he had recognised Charley at the first glance.

'I have the honour to be your very affectionate and obedient nephew, sir.'

The Captain's reply to this was an inarticulate growl. Next moment, his eye fell on the discarded wig. 'And what the dickens may this be, sir?' he asked as he lifted up the article in question on the end of his cane.

'A trifle of property, sir, belonging to your affectionate and obedient nephew;' and with that he took the wig off the end of the cane and crammed it into his pocket.

'So, so. This is the way, you young jackanapes, that you set my commands at defiance, and steal into my house after being forbidden ever to set foot in it again! You young snake-in-the-grass! You crocodile! It would serve you right to give you in charge to the police. How do I know that you are not after my spoons and forks? Come now.'

'I am glad to find, sir, that your powers of vituperation are in no way impaired since I had the pleasure of seeing you last. Time cannot wither them.—Hem! I believe, sir, that you have had the honour of twice paying my debts, amounting in the aggregate to the trifling sum of five hundred pounds. In this paper, sir, you will find twenty-five sovereigns, being my first dividend of one shilling in the pound. A further dividend will be paid at the earliest possible date.' As Mr Summers spoke thus, he drew from his waistcoat pocket a small sealed packet and placed the same quietly on the table.

The irate Captain glanced at the packet and then at his imperturbable nephew. The cane trembled in his fingers; for a moment or two he could not command his voice. 'What, what!' he cried at last. 'The boy will drive me crazy. What does he mean with his confounded rigmarole? Dividend! Shilling in the pound! Bother me, if I can make head or tail of his foolery!'

'And yet, sir, both my words and my meaning were clear enough, as no doubt you will find when you come to think them over in your calmer moments.—And now I have the honour to wish you a very good-morning; and I hope to afford you the pleasure of seeing me again before long.' Speaking thus, Charles Summers made his uncle a very low bow, took up his hat, and walked out of the room.

'There's insolence! There's audacity!' burst out the Captain as soon as he found himself alone. 'The pleasure of seeing him again—eh? Only let me find him here without my leave—I'll—I'll—— I don't know what I won't do!—And now I come to think of it, it looks very much as if he and Miss Saucebox were making love to each other. How dare they? I'll haul 'em both up before the Vice-chancellor.' Here his eye fell on the packet on the table. He took it up and examined it. 'Twenty-five sovereigns, did he say? As if I was going to take the young idiot's money! I'll keep it for the present, and send it back to him by-and-by. Must teach him a lesson. Do him all the good in the world. False hair and spectacles, eh? Deceived his old uncle finely. Just the sort of trick I should have delighted in when I was a boy. But Master Charley will be clever if he catches the old fox asleep a second time.' He had reached the French-window on his way out, when he came to a sudden stand, and gave vent to a low whistle. 'Ha, ha! Lady Dimsdale and Mr Boyd, and mighty taken up with each other they seem. Well, well. I'm no spoil-sport. I'll not let them know I've seen them. Looks uncommonly as if Dan Cupid had got them by the ears. A widow too! All widows

ought to be labelled "Dangerous."' Smiling and chuckling to himself, the Captain drew back, crossed the room, and went out by the opposite door.

THE COLOUR-SENSE.

THE phenomenon of Colour is one with which all who are not blind must of necessity be familiar. So accustomed, indeed, have we been to it throughout all our lives, that most of us are inclined to take it for granted, and probably trouble ourselves very seldom as to its true cause. A brief discussion, therefore, of the nature of the Colour-sense may, we trust, prove not uninteresting to our readers.

What, then, is colour? It is obvious that it may be considered in two ways; we may either discuss the impression it makes on the mind, or the real external causes to which it is due. Viewed in the first light, colour is as much a sensation as is that of being struck or burnt. Viewed from the latter stand-point, it is merely a property of light; hence, in order correctly to understand its nature, we must first briefly examine the nature of this phenomenon.

According to modern scientific men, light is not a material substance, but consists of a kind of motion or vibration communicated by the luminous body to the surrounding medium, and travelling throughout space with an enormous velocity. The medium, however, through which light-waves travel is not air, nor any of the ordinary forms of matter. Of its real nature nothing is known, and its very existence is only assumed in order to account for the observed phenomena. It must be very subtle and very elastic; but it is a curious fact that the nature of the vibrations in question would seem to preclude the supposition that it is a fluid, these being rather such as would be met with in the case of a solid. To this medium, whatever its true nature may be, the name of *ether* is given.

The sensation, then, which we know by the name of Light is to be regarded as the effect on the retina of the eye of certain very rapid vibrations in the *ether* of the universe. All these waves travel with the same swiftness; but they are not all of the same length, nor of the same frequency; and investigation has shown that it is to this difference of wave-length that difference of colour is due. In other words, the impression to which we give the name of a certain colour is due to the effect on the retina of vibrations of a certain frequency. This conclusion is arrived at by a very simple experiment, in which advantage is taken of the following principle. So long as a ray of light is passing through the same medium, it travels in one straight line; but in passing obliquely from one medium into another of different density, its path is bent through a certain angle, just as a column of soldiers has a tendency to change its direction of march when obliquely entering a wood or other difficult ground. Now, this angle is naturally greatest in the case of the shortest waves, so that when a ray of light is thus bent out of its course—or, as it is called, 'refracted'—the various sets of vibrations of which it is composed all travel in different directions, and may be separately examined. In fact the ray of light is analysed, or broken up into its component parts. The most convenient apparatus to employ for this purpose is a prism of glass. It is found, as is well known, that if a beam of ordinary sun-light be allowed to pass through the prism and be then received on a screen, it is resolved into a band of colours succeeding one another in the order of those of the rainbow. Such a band of colours is called a 'spectrum.'

Now, of the visible portion of the spectrum the red rays are those which undergo the least refraction, while the violet rays are bent through the greatest angle, the other colours in their natural order being intermediate. From what has been said above, it is evident that, this being the case, the portion of the light consisting of waves of greatest length and least frequency is that which produces on the eye the sensation of red, and that each of the other colours is caused by vibrations of a certain definite length. We are speaking now of the visible part of the spectrum. As a matter of fact, the waves of least and greatest frequency make no impression on the eye at all; but the former have the greatest heating power, while the latter are those which chiefly produce chemical effects such as are utilised in photography.

Having now arrived at the nature of colour, we are in a position to apply these facts to the discussion of coloured substances.

When light falls on a body, a portion of it is turned back or, as it is called, 'reflected' from the surface; another part is taken up or 'absorbed' by the substance; while, in the case of a transparent body, a third portion passes on through it, and is said to be 'transmitted.' Most bodies absorb the different parts of the light in different proportions, and hence their various colours are produced. The colour of a transparent substance is that of the light which it transmits; while an opaque body is said to be of the colour of the light which it reflects, or rather of that part of it which is irregularly scattered.

There are three colours in the solar spectrum which are called 'primary,' owing to the fact that they cannot be produced by mixtures. These are red, violet, and deep olive green. The generally-received idea that red, blue, and yellow are primary colours, is by recent scientific authorities not regarded as tenable; it arose from observations on mixtures of pigments rather than of coloured light. For instance, objects seen through two plates of glass, one of which is blue and the other yellow, appear green; but this by no means justifies us in saying that a mixture of blue and yellow light is green. For remembering that the two glasses do not appear coloured by reason of their adding anything to the light, but rather through their stopping the passage of certain rays, we shall see that the green light which is finally transmitted is not a mixture of yellow and blue at all, but is rather that portion of the light which both of the glasses allow to pass. The blue glass will probably stop all rays except blue, violet, and green; the yellow glass, all but green, yellow, and orange. The only light, therefore, which can pass through both glasses is green. The same remark applies to mixtures of pigments, each particle being really transparent, though the whole bulk appears opaque. It is easy, however, to obtain real mixtures of coloured lights by

employing suitable arrangements, of which one of the simplest consists of a disc painted with alternate bands of colours and rapidly rotated. By such means it is found that a mixture of blue and yellow is not green, but white or gray, and that yellow can itself be produced by a mixture of red and green in proper proportions. The late Professor Clerk Maxwell made an interesting series of experiments on colour mixtures by means of an apparatus known as Maxwell's Colour-box, by which any number of colours could be combined in any required proportions.

It would, however, be beyond the scope of the present paper to discuss the many important results which followed from his investigations. Helmholtz believed the three primary colour sensations to be due to the action of three sets of nerves at the back of the retina, each of which is excited only by vibrations within a certain range of frequency; and this theory is now generally held. In the case of some persons, the sensation corresponding to red is wholly absent, and the spectrum appears to consist of two colours with white or gray between. The nature of these colours is, for obvious reasons, difficult to determine; but one doubtless nearly corresponds to our sensation of blue, while the other is a deep colour, probably dark green. Persons thus affected are usually called 'colour-blind;' but this epithet is a misnomer, and the term 'dichroic vision' has been suggested for the phenomenon instead.

We have already remarked that our range of vision is comparatively narrow, the extreme portions of the spectrum making no impression on the retina. But we have no reason to think that these limits have been the same in all ages. The evidence would rather tend to show that the human eye is undergoing a slow and gradual development, which enables it to distinguish between colours which the ancients regarded as identical, and may in future render it able to perceive some portions at least of the parts of the spectrum which are now invisible. The Vedas of India, which are among the most ancient writings known, attest that in the most remote ages only white and black could be distinguished.

It would seem as if the perception of different degrees of intensity of light preceded by a long time the appreciation of various kinds of colours. After weighing the evidence, Magnus has come to the conclusion that red was the first colour to become visible, then yellow and orange; and afterwards, though at a considerable interval, green, blue, and violet in order. Various passages in the Old Testament have been cited as proof that the ancients failed to perceive all the colours seen by us, one of the most remarkable being in Ezekiel i. 27 and 28, where the prophet compares the appearance of the brightness round about the fire to that of the 'bow that is in the cloud in the day of rain'—which passage has been cited by Mr Gladstone in his article in the *Nineteenth Century* for October 1877, as indicating a want of appreciation of distinct colours among the ancients. This is not quite clear, however, as the appearance round about the supernatural fire might have assumed auroral or rainbow tints. But the most important evidence on the apparent want of capacity among the ancients to discriminate between colours is that afforded by the writings of Homer, who, in the opinion of Magnus, could neither have perceived green nor blue. The point has been carefully examined by Mr Gladstone, who comes to the conclusion that this estimate is quite within the mark. Inquiring in detail into each of Homer's colour-epithets, he shows that almost all must be in reality regarded as expressing degrees of intensity rather than of quality, and that the few exceptions are all confined to red and yellow. The brilliant blue sky of the southern climes where Homer lived must have appeared to him as of a neutral gray hue. Of course, the suggestion that the writings usually assigned to Homer were in reality the productions of many authors, does not invalidate the reasoning at all, as we do not attribute any defect in vision to the poet which was not equally manifested by his contemporaries.

It is curious that the distinction between green and blue is not yet perfectly developed in all nations. Travellers tell us that the Burmese often confuse these colours in a remarkable manner. This and other facts suggest that the development of the colour-sense is not yet completed; and that in the future our range of perception may be still further enlarged, so that the now invisible rays may be recognised by the eye as distinct colours.

'SO UNREASONABLE OF STEP-MOTHER!'

A SKETCH FROM LIFE.

Not long before the death of George Eliot, on a return trip to London by the Midland route, I broke my journey at Leicester, to pay a flying visit to Coventry, where the great writer had spent many of her happiest days. There I was privileged by having for escort one of her most valued friends; and many interesting reminiscences were for our benefit called to mind, especially of a visit paid to Edinburgh, 'mine own romantic town,' and of the impression the beauty of its situation had made on her mind. Next morning, every favourite haunt of hers was searched out and commented on, as well as the interesting points of the quaint old city of Coventry; and bidding good-bye to our hospitable friends, I departed alone by the evening mail for Leicester, there to wait for the midnight train to Edinburgh, feeling satisfied that the hours had been well spent. Arrived in Leicester, I was fortunate in finding a fellow-countryman in one of the porters, who at once took me and my belongings under his especial protection, and when he had seen me comfortably 'happit up' on one of the sofas of the luxurious waiting-room, he retired, bidding me take a quiet forty winks, and keep my mind quite easy, for he would give me timely notice of the arrival of the Scotch train. Scarcely had I begun to feel the loneliness of my situation, when the door opened, and a female figure entered, rather unwilling, apparently; nay, seemed to be pushed in, while a deep male voice advised that she should rest by the fire, and not put herself about so. By a succession of jerks, she advanced to the chair by the fire opposite to my

sofa; and finding that I was not asleep, as she had supposed, at once, and without any circumlocution, began to unburden her mind, her words flowing from her mouth at express speed, regardless of comma or full stop.

'Not put myself about! Humph! That's so like men.—Ain't it now, miss? Ah, I dessay you've 'ad your own share of worriting before now, and know 'ow downright masterful and provoking they can be at times. I tell you *w'at*, miss, if you want to be at peace at all, you've got to say black is w'ite, if they 'ave a mind that it should be so.—Not put myself about! I'd like to know 'ow one with a 'eart and a soul in their body could 'elp being put about, as I am.'

I ventured to hope nothing serious had occurred to disturb her composure or to put her about, my voice at once disclosing that I hailed from the North, and also that I was of a sympathetic nature.

'Put about!' she once more exclaimed. 'Why, I *am* put about; yes—no use trying to appear as if I was anything else. Yes; only think, miss! Not 'alf an hour gone, a telegram was brought to our 'ouse by the telegraph-boy. His mother, a widow, keeps a little bit of a shop not many doors from our own. Yes; he 'ands it in saying it was for father. I opened it; and there, staring me right in the eyes were them words: "*Step-mother is lying a-dying.*"—Not put about! I'd just like to know 'ow anybody could 'ave been anything else than put about, after *that*. Now, miss, you must understand that John—that's my 'usband—is a great go-to-meeting-man. Why, at that very moment he might be at the church meeting, or he might 'ave been at the Building meeting, or he might 'ave been at a Masonic meeting, or he might 'ave been at any other meeting under the sun. And w'atever was I to do? for there was the telegraph-boy; there was the telegram, with the words as plain as plain: "Step-mother is lying a-dying." I put on my bonnet and shawl; I 'urried to father's office—he is a master-builder, is father, with sixteen men under him and three apprentices; and John, my son, for partner. I rushed in quite out of breath, not expecting to find any one there at that time of night; but there I found John—that's my son—and says I, without taking time to sit down, though I was like to drop: "John, w'atever is to be done! Here's a telegraph-boy has brought a telegram for father to say, 'step-mother is a-dying.'"

'Now, miss, I just put it to you, if them telegrams, coming so sudden at hours w'en no one expects postmen's knocks, and bringing such news as that, ain't enough to put any one about! Augh! Men are so queer; there's no nerves in their bodies, and can't understand us women. I've no patience with them. There was John—that's my son—w'at did he do? Why, look at me quite composed, as if it weren't no news at all, and says he: "Don't put yourself about, mother. Father has gone off not many minutes ago to the paddock, to give little Bobbie a ride." And with that he takes down a time-table, to look at it for the last train, puts on his hat, calls for a cab, and says quite composed: "Jump in, mother. We'll go in pursuit of father, and then we'll catch the train quite easily." It seemed to me the horse just crept up the 'ill like a snail; only John would 'ave it they were going faster than their usual pace. W'en we came to our door, w'at do you think we saw, now, miss?—No; you'll never guess, I dessay. Why, *father*, to be sure! Yes; there he was; and there was the pony; and there was little Bobbie—all three of 'em just about to start for a long ride into the country. I 'ad carried the telegram in my pocket; and do you know, miss, after all my flurry and worry, w'at did John—that's my 'usband—say, think you?—Augh! Men are so unreasonable, and w'at's more, such cool and 'eartless pieces. Yes; that's w'at *they* are; and I don't care who hears me a-saying it.

'John—that's father—after he had read the telegram, he turns to me, and says he: "Why, mother, 'ave your senses left your 'ead altogether? W'atever made you carry off the telegram! Couldn't you 'ave stayed quietly at 'ome, instead of putting yourself about in this here fashion? If you 'ad, we'd 'ave been at the station without any hurry at all, by this time."

'I felt too angry to speak, I do declare, miss. I think the older men grow, the more aggravating they get to a sensitive nature. So I gathered the things together father said we'd better take with us, into my travelling-basket, without as much as a single word—a stranger coming in would 'ave thought me dumb—while father sent a man back to the paddock with little Bobbie and the pony. We then got into the cab once more; and here we are, with John—that's my son—a-looking after the tickets and the luggage; and father smoking his pipe outside as cool as cool. O dear, if they wouldn't put me out with their "Keep cool, mother; no need to fluster and flurry so, mother"—"Take it easy, good ooman; don't put yourself about"—I'd bear it better, I certainly should.

'Is step-mother nice? you ask. Oh—well—that's just as you take it. Some people say she's nice; some say she's quite the opposite. But'—and here she drew her chair closer to me, and in a more confidential tone, continued: 'I tell you *w'at*, miss—I've said it before, and I say it again—step-mother, in spite of her religious pro-fession and san'timonious ways, is cantankerous. No use a-trying to hide it—step-mother is just w'at I say, *can-tankerous*. I've said it before; I say it again—she'd show her cantankerousness to the very last. And han't my words come true, for here she is lying a-dying, and Mary-Anne's wedding fixed for Friday of this very week!—O my—now that I come to 'ave a quiet moment to think, w'atever am I to do? It's so unreasonable of step-mother! Why, the dressmaker was coming this very evening to fit my dress on for the second time—a new black silk it is—and w'atever will *she* think, w'en she finds I've gone off without as much as a good-bye message? You see, miss, Mary-Anne is going to marry into quite a genteel family. Father, and John—that's my son—he comes to me not many weeks gone, and says he: "Mother, I 'ope you are going to 'ave a nice dress for this wedding. I 'ope it will be a silk or a satin you decide to buy." And says I: "John, you know w'at father is, and 'as been all his life—a just man to all; but a man who looks

upon gay clothes as not necessary. And then, John, you know as well as I do that father is rather close-fisted w'en money has to be paid out—like his own father before him, who was looked upon by all as the most parsimonious man in the town. I don't say father is quite as bad; but close-fisted I *do* say he is, John; and you know it. Were I to say: 'Father, I'd like to 'ave a silk dress for this wedding'—and I don't hide the fact from *you*, John, that I certainly should—he'd just laugh. I know it beforehand. He'd say: 'Why, mother, 'aven't you been content with a good stuff-dress all our married life, and can't you go on to the end so? I've over and over again said my wife looked as well as most women in the town of Leicester.'"

'"But," says John—that's my son—"mother, you owe your duty certainly to father. I'm not going against it; but w'at I says is: You owe your duty to your son also; and w'en I wish *my* mother to look better than she's ever done before, why—to oblige me—you'll go and purchase the best silk-dress in town, 'ave it made fashionable, with frills and all the fal-de-rals and etceteras; send in the account in my name; and if father makes any objections, why, let him settle the matter with *me*."

'You see, miss, John is getting to be so like father—both *firm*, very; and if they take a notion of any kind w'atever into their 'eads, you'd move this station as soon as move them from their purpose; so the dress 'as been bought; and w'at father will say to it—for it's to be made in the height of the fashion—*I* can't say.'

A few judicious questions about the step-mother who was lying a-dying, drew from my companion that the said old lady was rich as well as cantankerous; and that, as there were other relations who might step in to the injury of the worthy builder, who was her only stepson, it was, to say the least, but prudent to be on the spot.

'Ah, yes, miss,' she exclaimed, stretching her hands out to keep the heat of the fire from her face, 'this is a very strange world. Only on Sunday, the vicar was preaching to us against worldly-mindedness, telling us that as we came naked into the world, so we left it, carrying nothing away. But, miss, step-mother ain't like the most of people; and she's going to manage to take with her as much money as she possibly can.—How is she going to do it? Why, miss—she's going to 'ave a coffin!—No need to look surprised, miss. O yes; we all bury our dead in coffins; but w'at kind of a coffin is step-mother going to 'ave, do you think? No; don't try to guess, for you'd be down to Scotland and up again before it would ever come into your 'ead.—No; not a velvet one, nor a satin; but a *hoak* one.—Yes; I thought you would get a scare. A *hoak* coffin is w'at it is to be. And she's going to 'ave bearers—six of 'em. Each bearer is to 'ave 'at-bands and scarfs, and two pounds apiece. And if all that pomp and tomfoolery ain't taking so much money out of the world with her, I don't know wa't *is*. W'en John—that's father—heard of it, says he to me: "Mother, if you survives me, bury me plain, but comf'able;" and says I: "Father, if you survives me, I 'ope you will do the same by me—plain, but comf'able; for I tell you w'at, father, I'd not lie easy under-ground thinking of the waste of good money over such 'umbug."'

Here the waiting-room door opened hurriedly, and the worthy woman bounded to her feet at the one word 'Mother!' pronounced in such a decided tone that I too was standing beside her before I knew what I was doing, with all my wraps tossed higgledy-piggledy on the floor. Advancing with her to the door, she got out of me that my immediate destination was Scotland—a place, to her mind, evidently as remote as the arctic regions; and in her astonishment, she forgot the necessity there was to hurry to get in to her train, now ready to start again. She even seemed to forget that step-mother was lying a-dying, as she insisted upon introducing me to her husband, whose huge body was wrapped in a greatcoat, with tippet after tippet on it up to his neck. 'Only to think, John—this lady is going to Scotland all alone, John! She'll be travelling all night.—O dear, however are you to do it, miss; ain't you afraid?—Yes, John; I'm coming.—Good-bye, miss; we've 'ad quite a pleasant chat, I do assure you; the time seems to 'ave flown.'

I hurried her along the platform, whispering to her as I did so: 'I hope step-mother will rally a bit; that if she must pass away, it may be next week, so that Mary-Anne may get her wedding comfortably over.' At the very door of the carriage she paused, seized my hand, shook it warmly, as she exclaimed: 'Well, now, you 'ave a feeling 'eart; but I don't expect her to be so accommodating. No; I've said it before, and I say it again—step-mother is—*can-ta*—— Why, w'atever is the matter?'

Next thing that happened, the little woman was lifted up bodily in her son's arms—a counterpart of his father—and deposited in the carriage; while her husband, in spite of his lumbering large body, succeeded in jumping in just as the patience of all the railway officials was exhausted, and the signal given to start the train. Before it was lost to view, a white handkerchief fluttered out, by way of good-bye, causing a smile to rise over the calm features of John the younger, who, lifting his hat politely to me, bade me good-evening, adding: 'Mother is no great traveller, so she is easily put about. Dessay if she went often from 'ome, she'd learn to be more composed.'

From that hour I have never ceased to regret that I did not ask the good-natured young builder to forward me a local paper with the account of the death and burial of 'step-mother.' No doubt there would be due notice taken of such an interesting personage, as she lay in state in her 'hoak' coffin, surrounded by her bearers in the flowing scarfs and hat-bands. Sharp as my friends generally give me credit for being, I own I committed a grievous blunder; I am therefore obliged to leave my story without an end, not being able even to add that the fair Mary-Anne's wedding came off on the appointed day, or was postponed till after the complimentary days of mourning were past. I cheer myself with the thought that 'John—that's father'—being a firm man and a sensible, would insist upon the previous arrangements standing good, seeing that the bride-groom—a most important fact I have *omitted* to record—had a fortnight's holiday reluctantly

granted to him by his employers. Why, now that I think of it, my countryman the railway porter would have sent me any number of papers, judging by the kindly interest he took in my behalf, and the determined manner he fought for a particular seat for me in a particular carriage when the time came for my train to start. 'Na, na, mem; nae need for thanks; blood's thicker than water,' he said. 'Never you fear, now that the Scotch guard has ta'en up your cause; you're a' right; he'll see that ye're safely housed.' And safely housed I was, and went steaming out of the station with my worthy friend hanging on by the door, calling to me: 'If you're ever in the town o' Perth, mem, my auld mother would be downright pleased to see you, for my sake. Tell her I'm getting on as weel as can be expeckit, sae far frae hame.'

All night, my disturbed sleep was made doubly so by dreams of old women of every age and style. Now I was hunting for the porter's nameless mother; now I was standing by the bedside of the step-mother who was lying a-dying. Again I was an active assistant at a marriage ceremony, with the fair Mary-Anne, surrounded by her genteel relations, leaning on my shoulder, weeping copiously at the idea of travelling to Scotland. Once more I stood gazing down on the old step-mother; and just as the day dawned, I was fairly roused, in my determination not to be smothered under an oak coffin and a pyramid of scarfs, hat-bands, and bearers, by the tumbling of my own bonnet-box from the luggage-rack above me.

FRENCH DETECTIVES.

'The Secret Police' in France are not only personally unknown to the general public, but, save in exceptional cases, even to each other. It is known where they may be found at a moment's notice when wanted; but, as a rule, they do not frequent the prefecture more than can be helped. They have nothing whatever to do with serving summonses or executing warrants. There are among them men who have lived in almost every class of life, and each of them has what may be called a special line of business of his own. In the course of their duty, some of them mix with the receivers of stolen goods, others with thieves, many with what are called in Paris commercial rascals, and not a few with those whose 'industry' it is to melt silver and other property of a like valuable nature. Forgers, sharpers of all kinds, housebreakers and horse-stealers—a very numerous class in Paris—have each all their special agents of the police, who watch them, and know where to lay hands upon them when they are wanted. A French detective who cannot assume and act up to any character, and who cannot disguise himself in any manner so effectually as not to be recognised even by those who know him best, is not considered fit to hold his appointment. Their ability in this way is marvellous. Some years ago, one of them made a bet that he would in the course of the next few days address a gentleman with whom he was acquainted four times, for at least ten minutes each time, and that he should not know him on any occasion until the detective had discovered himself. As a matter of course, the gentleman was on his guard, and mistrusted every one who came near him. But the man won his bet. It is needless to enter into the particulars. Suffice it to say that in the course of the next four days he presented himself in the character of a bootmaker's assistant, a fiacre-driver, a venerable old gentleman with a great interest in the Bourse, and finally as a waiter in the hotel in which the gentleman was staying.

'NOT LOST, BUT GONE BEFORE.'

My little child, with clustering hair,
Strewn o'er thy dear, dead brow,
Though in the past divinely fair,
More lovely art thou now.
God bade thy gentle soul depart,
On brightly shimmering wings;
Yet near thy clay, thy mother's heart
All weakly, fondly clings.

My beauteous child, with lids of snow
Closed o'er thy dim blue eyes,
Should it not soothe my grief to know
They shine beyond the skies?
Above thy silent cot I kneel,
With heart all crushed and sore,
While through the gloom these sweet words steal:
'Not lost, but gone before.'

My darling child, these flowers I lay
On locks too fair, too bright,
For the damp grave-mist, cold and gray,
To dim their sunny light.
Soft baby tresses bathed in tears,
Your gold was all mine own!
Ah, weary months! ah, weary years!
That I must dwell alone.

My only child, I hold thee still,
Clasped in my fond embrace!
My love, my sweet! how fixed, how chill,
This smile upon thy face!
The grave is cold, my clasp is warm,
Yet give thee up I must;
And birds will sing when thy loved form
Lies mouldering in the dust.

My angel child, thy tiny feet
Dance through my broken dreams;
Ah me, how joyous, quaint, and sweet,
Their baby pattering seems!
I hush my breath, to hear thee speak;
I see thy red lips part;
But wake to feel thy cold, cold cheek,
Close to my breaking heart!

Soon, soon my burning tears shall fall
Upon thy coffin lid;
Nor may those tears thy soul recall
To earth—nay, God forbid!
Be happy in His love, for I
Resigned, though wounded sore,
Can hear His angels whispering nigh:
'Not lost, but gone before.'

FANNY FORRESTER.

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ANOTHER WORD TO LITERARY BEGINNERS.

Within these few years past we have from time to time given a word of warning and of encouragement to Literary Aspirants. We do not use the latter word in any disparaging sense; but simply as the only one which fully embraces the great and constantly increasing class of persons, who, as writers of matter good, bad, and indifferent, are now weekly and daily knocking for admission at the doors of Literature. We have always been favourable to giving encouragement to young writers of ability, and never a year passes but we are able to introduce a few fresh contributors to the world of periodical literature. But this encouragement must necessarily be within certain lines, otherwise evil and not good would accrue to many. We are from time to time reminded by correspondents of what a popular novelist, possibly in a half-jocular mood, advised in this matter. His advice to parents amounted to this, that if they had an educated son or daughter with no particular calling in life, but in need of one, they had only to supply him or her with pens, ink, and paper, and a literary calling might at once be entered upon. We fear too many have laid, and daily lay, this flattering unction to their souls. In the majority of cases, disappointment and heart-sickness can alone be derived from the experiment.

In order to give those outside the circle of editorial cognisance some idea of the amount of literary matter sent in by outsiders, and which falls to be adjudicated upon on its merits, we subjoin an abstract of the number of manuscripts received by us during the twelve months from August 1882 to August 1883. During that period we have had offered to us in all 3225 manuscripts, of which 2065 were contributions in prose, and 1160 in verse. These offerings varied from each other to the utmost extent both as to size and subject, from a few stanzas of verse to the bulk of a three-volume novel, and came to us from all quarters of the English-speaking world, England, Scotland, Ireland, the Continent, America, India, Africa, Australia, New Zealand, and elsewhere. Of the 2065 prose manuscripts, 300 were accepted by us for publication, or fourteen per cent. of the whole. Of the 1160 pieces of verse, only 30 were accepted, or less than three per cent. of the total. Taking the two classes of contributions together, of the 3225 manuscripts received, 330 were accepted—that is, of every hundred manuscripts received, ten were retained by us and ninety returned to their authors. If we estimate this pile of contributions according to its bulk, and allowing a very moderate average length to each manuscript, the whole, if printed, would have filled 9125 pages of this *Journal*, or as much as would have sufficed for eleven of our yearly volumes.

The lesson to be derived from this by literary beginners is, not to be over-sanguine as to the acceptance of any article offered to magazines, knowing the great competition that is constantly going on for a place in their pages. It is true that those who possess the literary faculty in a sufficient degree will, though not perhaps without suffering many rejections and disappointments, ultimately assert their claims and obtain the coveted place; but even in such cases, the early struggle may sometimes be severe and long-continued. Nor must contributors go away under the impression that all rejected offerings are necessarily of an inferior quality. This is far from being the case. Great numbers of the prose articles in the above enumeration of rejected contributions, were articles with which no fault might be found in a literary sense. But it must be borne in mind that a magazine is limited in its space; and that when a definite part of that space has been allotted to articles or tales which have been supplied under previous arrangements made between author and editor, the remaining space may afford but small room for the number of claimants thereto. An article, therefore, which is perfectly equal to the literary standard of a magazine, may have to be returned by the editor on various grounds, such as that the subject of the paper does not come within the scope of his present requirements, or that an

article has already appeared or been accepted on the same subject, or that some one has been already engaged to write upon it; or, in short, a dozen reasons might be found, any one of which would be sufficient to cause the rejection of a given article. But what one magazine rejects another may be in need of; so that a really good article is almost certain of finding its billet somewhere.

In these circumstances, while there is nothing that need eventually discourage a capable or promising writer, there is much to make parents and guardians take warning before they set a young man or woman adrift on the sea of life with only his or her pen as a rudder. Literature, like painting, affords to persons of inferior or only mediocre powers a very precarious means of livelihood. Besides, places are not to be got in the literary any more than in the artistic world without evidence of genuine capacity being given by the claimant. The number of aspirants is no doubt from year to year being winnowed, until the grain shall be finally selected from the chaff; but the process, we admit, is not pleasant to those who do not come within the metaphorical category of grain. Scarcely a week passes but we receive letters requesting us, from the specimens of work inclosed, to say whether the contributor might hope to become a successful writer for magazines, as he or she is presently a clerk or a governess, and would wish to attain a better position, which position, 'kind friends'—often in this same matter, if they knew it, very unkind—think, might be reached through the channel of literature. It is not difficult, as a rule, to advise in such cases. It is, stick to your present occupation, if it is only respectable, and on no account throw it up in the hope of having your name engrossed in the higher rolls of literary achievement. Even in the case of what may be called successful minor contributors to periodical literature, it can hardly be possible, we should think, for them to rely *wholly* upon the results for a livelihood. Nor is it necessary to do so. The kind of literary work to which we allude can, in general, be carried on side by side with the work of an ordinary occupation or profession, as it is rarely that the articles of a writer of this class are in such constant demand as to make it necessary to give his or her whole time to their production. When this combination can be maintained, a useful source of income is added, without in all cases necessarily detracting from one's professional industry otherwise.

What we have said is not with the object of repressing literary ambition, but of preventing literary aspirants from setting out under false ideas, or quitting the successful pursuit of their ordinary occupations in the too frequently unrealised hope of rising to literary distinction. It must not be forgot that the desire to write does not necessarily comprehend the power to write well; or that, even with those who succeed in demonstrating their literary capabilities, such success is obtained without hard work and long practice. As we have said on former occasions, writers must not start, as is too often done, on the assumption that their possession of *genius* is to be taken for granted; genius only comes once in a while—once or twice in a generation perhaps. It is always safer to begin upon the supposition that your faculties are of the kind which, like granite, will only shine by polishing; and if genius should be evoked in the process, the polishing will not harm it. We would not wish to dim the roseate hues which the future has for those who are young; but neither would we wish to be responsible for encouraging within them hopes that are not likely to be realised, or only realised under special powers of application, or by the operation of special natural faculties.

BY MEAD AND STREAM.

CHAPTER VI.—ALONE.

It was a strange life that of Mr Lloyd Hadleigh. A solitary life, notwithstanding the consciousness of success, the possession of a considerable fortune, and the knowledge that it had been earned by his own ability. He was still young enough to have the capacity for enjoyment, if age were numbered by years; still young enough to have been the companion of his children and to have made new friendships. But there was something so cold and reserved in his bearing, that although he had many acquaintances, he had no friends or companions; and the good fortune he possessed made many people resent his ungracious manner.

With everything apparently that man could desire to secure happiness, he lived absolutely alone. His nearest approach to companionship was with his eldest son Coutts Hadleigh. But even with him there was constraint, and their companionship appeared to be due more to their close association in business than to affection.

This Coutts Hadleigh was a tall, wiry man, who entered into the pleasures of the world with discretion, and a cynical smile always on his face, as if he were laughing at the pleasures rather than in them. He was a captain of Volunteers, and as punctual in his attendance upon drill as in attendance at his office. For he was a strict man of business, and was now the practical manager as well as leading partner in the house of Hadleigh and Co., shipbrokers and bankers. He neither laughed at his brother Philip's indifference to the affairs of the office, nor attempted to advise him. Sometimes, however, he would say, with one of his dry, cynical smiles: 'You are doing everything you can, Phil, to keep yourself out of a partnership, and you will be sorry for it some day—especially if you mean to marry that young lady over the way in a hurry. Playing the gentleman at ease is not the way to make sure of the ease. However'—— Then he would shrug his shoulders, as if washing his hands of the whole matter with the mental exclamation: 'But just as you like; there will be the more for me.' Only he never uttered that exclamation aloud.

'All right,' Philip would say with a laugh; 'my time is coming; and I prefer happiness to a banking account.'

There the subject would drop, and Coutts would turn away with a pitying smile.

As for the three daughters, they accepted their position with as much content as is permitted to young ladies who have nothing whatever to do but go through the routine of paying formal

visits in their carriage, attending garden parties in summer and dining out in winter. Miss Hadleigh (Beatrice) had been lately engaged to a thriving young merchant, and in consequence assumed a dignified primness. The other two, Caroline and Bertha, were looking forward to that happy state; and, meanwhile, having just been released from boarding-school, found their chief delights in fiction and lawn-tennis. They had every opportunity to enjoy themselves in their own ways, for their father interfered little with them, whilst he never stinted them in pocket-money.

Ringsford Manor was a large old-fashioned building of red brick, with a wing added by Mr Hadleigh, when he came into possession, for a new dining-room and a billiard-room. The house stood in about twenty acres of ground, on the borders of the Forest. The gardens were under the care of a Scotchman, named Sam Culver, whose pride it was to produce the finest pansies, roses, and geraniums in the neighbourhood or at the local flower-shows. He had also obtained a prize at the Crystal Palace rose-show, which made him more eager than ever to maintain his reputation. The result of this honourable ambition was that the grounds of Ringsford were the admiration of the whole county; and as the proprietor on certain days of the year threw them open to the public and invited bands of school-children to an annual fête, his character as a benefactor spread far and wide.

Much, however, as Sam Culver's skill as a gardener was admired, there were many gallants, old as well as young, who declared that the finest flower he had ever reared was his daughter, Pansy.

As Mr Hadleigh was returning from his visit to Willowmere, he got out of the carriage about half a mile from his own gate and bade the coachman drive home. Then he proceeded to walk slowly into the Forest in the direction of the King's Oak.

The rich foliage, the dense clumps of bracken and furze, with their changing colours and varying lights and shades looking their best in the bright sunshine, did not attract his eyes. His head was bowed and his hands tightly clasped behind him, as if his thoughts were bitter ones and far away from the lovely scene around him. At times he would lift his head with a sudden jerk and look into space, seeing nothing.

But as he approached the broad spreading King's Oak—so called from some legendary association with King Charles—the loud laughter of children roused him from his reverie.

Pansy Culver was seated on the ground, threading necklets and bracelets of buttercups and daisies for a group of little children who were capering and laughing round her. She was herself a child still in thought, but verging on womanhood in years; and the soft, bright features, brown with the sun, and lit by two dark, merry eyes, suggested that her father in his fancy for his favourite flowers had given her an appropriate name.

She rose respectfully as Mr Hadleigh approached; and he halted, looking for an instant as if he ought to know her and did not. Then his eyes took in the whole scene—the bright face, the happy children, and the buttercups and daisies. Something in the appearance of the group brought a curiously sad expression to his face. He was contrasting their condition with his own: the little that made them so joyful, and the much that gave him no content.

'Ah, Pansy,' he said, 'what a fortunate girl you are. I wish I could change places with you—and yet no; that is an evil wish. Do you not think so?'

'I don't know, sir; and I don't know how you should wish to change places with me. I do not think many people like you would want to do it.'

A slow nodding movement of his head expressed his pity for her ignorance of how little is required for real happiness, and how the contented ploughman is richer than he who possesses the mines of Golconda without content. It was that sort of movement which accompanies the low sibilating sound of tst-tst-tst.

'I hope you will never know, child, why a person like me can wish to change places with one like you.'

He passed on slowly, leaving the girl looking after him in wonderment. When she told her father of this singular encounter, he only said: 'I'm doubtin' the poor man has something on his mind. But it's none of our business; and you ken there is only one kind o' riches that brings happiness.'

Mr Hadleigh spent the rest of that day in his library. He was writing, but not letters. At intervals he would rise and pace the floor, as if agitated by what he wrote. Then he seemed to force himself to sit down again at the desk and continue writing, and would presently repeat the former movement.

By the time that Philip returned, several sheets of closely written manuscript had been carefully locked away in a deed-box, and the box was locked away in a safe which stood in the darkest corner of the room.

After dinner he desired Philip to come into the library as soon as he had finished his cigar. Although he did not smoke himself, he did not object to the habit in others.

'Something queer about the governor to-night,' said Coutts, sipping his wine and smoking leisurely. 'I have noticed him several times lately looking as if he had got a fit of the blues or dyspepsia at least, yet I don't know how that can be with a man who is so careful of his digestion. He ought to come into town oftener.'

'Anything wrong in town?' inquired Philip, and in his tone there was a note of consideration for his father: in that of Coutts there was none.

'Things never were better since I have known the business. That is not the cause of his queer humour, whatever it may be. Might be first touch of gout.'

Philip rose and threw away his cigar. He did not like his brother's manner when he spoke in this manner of their parent.

On entering the library, he found it almost in darkness; for the curtains were partly drawn and the lamps were not lit. For a moment he could not see his father; but presently discovered him standing on the hearth, his arms crossed on the broad mantel-shelf, and his brow resting on them. He turned slowly, and his face was in

deep shadow, so that its expression could not be distinguished.

'I told them I did not want lights yet,' he said, and there was a huskiness in his voice which was very unusual, as it was rather metallic in its clearness. 'Will you excuse it, and sit down?'

'Certainly, sir; but I hope there is nothing seriously wrong. I trust you are not unwell?'

There was no answer for a moment, and the dark outline of the figure was like a mysterious silhouette. Then: 'I am not particularly well at present. The matter which I wish to speak to you about is serious; but I believe there is nothing wrong in it, and that we can easily come to an agreement about it. Will you sit down?'

Philip obeyed, marvelling greatly as to what this mysterious business could be which seemed to disturb his father so much, making him speak and act so unlike himself.

(*To be continued.*)

THE FIRE OF FRENDRAUGHT.

About six miles from the thriving market-town of Huntly, in Aberdeenshire, stands the mansion-house of Frendraught, built on the site and incorporating the ruins of the old castle of that name. In the seventeenth century it was the scene of a strange and inexplicable event—an event which, on the supposition that it was not accidental, might well be regarded as tragic.

The lands of Frendraught, towards the beginning of the seventeenth century, were in the possession of James Crichton, a laird or minor baron of the period, sufficiently proud of that designation to slight and reject the title of viscount which his son accepted in his father's lifetime. His wife was Lady Elizabeth Gordon, a woman of a proud and resolute character, daughter of the Earl of Sutherland, and a 'near cousin,' as Spalding expresses it, of the Marquis of Huntly, a connection which should be remembered in the course of the narrative. On the crest of a knoll that overlooks the river Deveron, stood and still stands the Tower of Kinnairdy, another baronial residence of Crichton, at the distance of a few miles from Frendraught. Four miles above Kinnairdy, on the same river, stood Rothiemay, the home of the Gordons of Rothiemay, a sept of that numerous and powerful clan of which the Marquis of Huntly was chief. The lairds of Frendraught and of Rothiemay were thus neighbours, at a period when neighbourhood as surely engendered strife as friction develops heat. It chanced that Gordon of Rothiemay sold a portion of his lands adjoining the Deveron to the laird of Frendraught.

At the present day, there is perhaps no river in Scotland which at certain seasons of the year furnishes better sport to the angler for salmon than the Deveron, and its excellence in this respect must equally have characterised it two centuries ago; for the right to the valuable salmon-fishing appertaining to the land which had been sold became the subject of bitter strife between the two lairds. Frendraught appealed to the law; but while the cause was winding its way slowly through the courts, he managed, by persecution and provocation, to hurry Rothiemay into acts of exasperation and illegality, which made it easy to procure a decree of outlawry against him. After this, as a contemporary historian has it, 'Rothiemay would hearken to no conditions of peace, neither would he follow the advice of his wisest friends.' He made a raid upon the lands of Crichton, who thereupon obtained from the Privy-council a commission to apprehend him.

On the 1st of January 1630, the laird of Frendraught, accompanied by Sir George Ogilvie of Banff, and, among others of less note, by young Leslie of Pitcaple and John Meldrum of Reidhill, set out to seize Rothiemay in his own domain. Rothiemay, having learned their intention, mustered what forces he could, and marched to meet them. A desperate encounter took place. Rothiemay's horse was killed under him. He continued to fight on foot till his followers were driven from the field, leaving his son and himself still maintaining a struggle against outnumbering foes. At length he fell, whereupon young Rothiemay sought safety in flight. His father, covered with wounds, was left for dead on the ground; but having been carried home by his friends, survived for three days. On Frendraught's side, one gentleman was slain, and John Meldrum—of whom more will be heard—was wounded.

The feud between the two houses, rancorous enough before, was prosecuted with the deadliest animosity now that blood had been shed on both sides. Deeds of savage reprisal ensued; and as each party sought to strengthen itself by enlisting new adherents, the area of strife grew wider, and assumed proportions so menacing to the public peace, that the Privy-council made earnest but fruitless endeavours to effect a reconciliation between the hostile houses.

Young Gordon of Rothiemay feeling himself the weaker in the struggle, called to his aid the notorious Highland cateran, James Grant, and his band. It is singular that we have neither ballad nor legend commemorating the career of this person—a career which, in its extraordinary feats of daring insolence, its marvellous escapes, and dark deeds of blood, outrivals all that is recorded of Rob Roy. At this juncture, while Grant and his followers were mustering at Rothiemay House for a raid against Frendraught, and when the Earl of Moray, Lieutenant of the North, had confessed himself utterly unable to suppress the commotion, a commission, sent by the Privy-council, associating itself with the Marquis of Huntly, succeeded in effecting an arrangement between the hostile parties. Grant was dismissed to his mountain fortresses; Crichton and Rothiemay were persuaded to meet at Strathbogie, the residence of the Marquis, where, after much earnest intercession, the commissioners succeeded in settling terms of peace and reconciliation. The deeds of blood were mutually forgiven, and, as a concession to the greatest sufferer, Crichton agreed to pay fifty thousand merks to the widow of the slain laird of Rothiemay. Over this arrangement all parties shook hands in the orchard of Strathbogie.

Little did they suspect, while congratulating themselves on the termination of the quarrel, that one spark had been left smouldering, which was soon to blaze into a more destructive conflagration than that which had just been extinguished. Among those who had fought on Crichton's side against the laird of Rothiemay we have mentioned one John Meldrum as having

been wounded. This Meldrum was one of those ruffianly retainers, half-gentleman half-groom, who hung on the skirts of the more powerful barons, ready for any task assigned them without a question or a scruple. At this time he was an outlaw. Conceiving that Frendraught had too lightly estimated his service and his sufferings, he persecuted the laird with appeals for ampler remuneration, and finding them disregarded, took satisfaction in his own way by stealing two of the laird's best horses from a meadow adjoining the castle.

Crichton at first appealed to the law; but Meldrum failed to appear in answer to the charge, and was outlawed. Crichton therefore received a commission to arrest him; and learning that he had taken refuge with the Leslies of Pitcaple, relatives by marriage, set out with a small party in quest of him; but the encounter only resulted in one of Crichton's friends wounding a son of Pitcaple.

Afraid of the consequences of this new feud, and remembering the good offices of the Marquis of Huntly on a former occasion, Crichton solicited his intercession with the laird of Pitcaple. The Marquis invited both lairds to the Bog of Gicht, now Gordon Castle; but old Leslie remained obdurate, declaring that he would entertain no terms of reconciliation until he saw the issue of his son's wound; and departed with unabated resentment. The Marquis detained Crichton two days longer, having also as his guest young Gordon of Rothiemay; and on Crichton's departure, fearing that he might be attacked by the Leslies, he sent as an escort his second son, Viscount Melgum (who was also frequently called Aboyne), and young Rothiemay, with their attendants. The party reached Frendraught Castle in the evening (October 8, 1630); and the Viscount, with his friend Rothiemay, was induced by the entreaties of Crichton and his lady, to remain for the night.

Thus far the course of events is clear and intelligible; what followed is involved in doubt and obscurity. Spalding, in his *Memorials*, says: 'They [the guests] were well entertained, supped merrily, and to bed went joyfully. The Viscount was laid in a bed in the old tower (going off of the hall), and standing upon a vault, wherein there was a round hole, devised of old just under Aboyne's bed. Robert Gordon, born in Sutherland, his servitor, and English Will, his page, were both laid beside him in the same chamber. The laird of Rothiemay, with some servants beside him, was laid in an upper chamber just above Aboyne's chamber; and in another room above that chamber were laid George Chalmer of Noth, and George Gordon, another of the Viscount's servants, with whom also was laid Captain Rollok, then in Frendraught's own company. Thus all being at rest, about midnight that dolorous tower took fire in so sudden and furious a manner, yea, and in a clap, that this noble Viscount, the laird of Rothiemay, English Will, Colin Eviot, another of Aboyne's servitors, and other two, being six in number, were cruelly burnt and tormented to the death but [without] help or relief; the laird of Frendraught, his lady [both of whom had slept in a separate wing of the building], and his whole household looking on without moving or stirring to deliver them from the fury of this fearful fire, as was reported. Robert Gordon, called Sutherland Gordon, being in the Viscount's chamber, escaped this fire with his life. George Chalmer and Captain Rollok, being in the third room, escaped also this fire; and, as was said, Aboyne might have saved himself also, if he had gone out of doors, which he would not do, but suddenly ran up-stairs to Rothiemay's chamber and wakened him to rise; and as he is wakening him, the timber passage and lofting of the chamber hastily takes fire, so that none of them could win down stairs again; so they turned to a window looking to the close, where they piteously cried Help, help, many times, for God's cause. The laird and the lady, with their servants, all seeing and hearing this woful crying, but made no help nor manner of helping; which they perceiving, they cried oftentimes mercy at God's hand for their sins, then clasped in other's arms, and cheerfully suffered this cruel martyrdom. . . . It is reported that upon the morn after this woful fire, the lady Frendraught, daughter to the Earl of Sutherland, and near cousin to the Marquis, busked in a white plaid, and riding on a small nag, having a boy leading her horse, without any more in her company, in this pitiful manner came weeping and mourning to the Bog [Gordon Castle], desiring entry to speak with my lord; but this was refused; so she returned back to her own house the same gate [way] she came, comfortless.'

It is clear from this extract that Spalding's opinion was that which the Marquis of Huntly adopted after consultation with his friends, namely, that the fire was not accidental, but the result of a plot, in which Frendraught and his lady were accomplices. This belief takes forcible expression in the ballad which was composed on the occasion, and is still popular in the neighbourhood of Frendraught. It is sufficient to cite a few verses:

When steeds were saddled and well bridled,
And ready for to ride,
Then out came her and false Frendraught
Inviting them to bide.

. . . . . .

When they were dressëd in their cloaths,
And ready for to boun,
The doors and windows was all secured,
The roof-tree burning down.

. . . . . .

'O mercy, mercy, Lady Frendraught!
Will ye not sink with sin?
For first your husband killed my father,
And now you burn his son.'

. . . . . .

Oh, then outspoke her Lady Frendraught,
And loudly did she cry—
'It were great pity for good Lord John,
But none for Rothiemay;
But the keys are casten in the deep draw-well;
Ye cannot get away.'

That the laird of Frendraught and his lady either contrived the deed or acquiesced in it, is difficult of belief. The presumptions generally are against such a conclusion. There is no reason for supposing that the laird of Frendraught was not honest in reconciling himself to Rothiemay; but even allowing him to be wicked enough to plan the destruction by fire of the son of the man whom he had slain, while a guest under his roof, how is it possible to believe that he chose a plan which must involve the

death of Viscount Melgum, a son of the Marquis of Huntly, and hitherto his friend?

Crichton was perfectly aware of the popular suspicion; and the fruitless visit of his wife to Gordon Castle sufficiently disclosed the sentiments of the Marquis. Shortly after the fire, therefore, he placed himself under the protection of the Lord Chancellor, offering to undergo any trial, and to assist in every way in discovering the perpetrators of the crime.

The Privy-council made the most strenuous efforts to pierce the mystery. Before the end of the year, John Meldrum and three of his servants, and about thirty of the servants or dependents of Crichton, had been apprehended, and about as many more summoned to Edinburgh to give evidence; but not the slightest clue was obtained as to the origin of the fire.

In the following April, a commission, consisting of the Earl Marischal, the bishops of Aberdeen and Moray, with three others, was sent to investigate the occurrence on the spot. They cautiously reported thus: 'We find by all likelihood that the fire whereby the house was burned was first raised in a vault, wherein we find evidences of fire in three sundry parts; one at the furthest end thereof, another towards the middle, and the third on that gable which is hard by the hole that is under the bed which was in the chamber above. Your good lordships will excuse us if we determine not concerning the fire whether it was accidental or of set purpose by the hand of man; only this much it seemeth probable unto us, after consideration of the frame of the house and other circumstances, that no hand from without could have raised the fire without aid from within.'

For a year the Council did nothing, being utterly at a loss as to what they should do; but public indignation, and the desire to bring home the guilt to the criminals—if guilt there were—had not abated, and, stimulated by a message on the subject from the king, the Council actually resolved to devote one day every week to further investigation. At the same time, John Meldrum was ordered to be tried by torture.

In August 1632, John Tosh, master of the household at Frendraught, was brought to the bar of the Court of Justiciary on the charge of setting fire to the vault from within. It was pleaded for him that, having endured the torture of the 'boots,' and thereafter of the 'pilniewinks' or thumbikins, and having on oath declared his innocence, he could not be put to further trial; and this plea was sustained.

In August 1633—nearly three years after the fire—John Meldrum of Reidhill was put upon his trial, charged with having set fire to the vault from the outside. It was urged against him, that he had associated himself with James Grant, the notorious robber, in order to wreak his vengeance on Frendraught; that he had threatened to do Frendraught an evil turn some day; and being asked how, had said that the laird would be burned; and that he had been seen riding towards Frendraught Castle on the evening before the fire. It was suggested that he had set fire to the vault by throwing combustibles, such as powder, brimstone, and pitch, through the narrow slits that served as windows. On such evidence as was offered against him, no jury at the present day would convict. The assumption that fire had been introduced from the outside was directly against the conclusion of the Council's commission; and Meldrum's counsel insisted on the impossibility of kindling a fire in a vault to which the only access from the outside was by narrow slits piercing a wall ten feet thick. Nevertheless, Meldrum was convicted, and hanged.

The jury seem to have thought some victim should be offered for the public satisfaction, and that no injustice would be done to John Meldrum in assigning him as a sacrifice, seeing that he had done quite enough to deserve hanging, even if he had no hand in the burning of Frendraught Castle. With the execution of Meldrum, all further proceedings in the case ceased; but suspicion and animosity rankled long in the House of Huntly against Frendraught. The origin of the fire still remains a mystery.

TWO DAYS IN A LIFETIME.

A STORY IN EIGHT CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER IV.

Captain Bowood had spoken truly. Lady Dimsdale and Mr Boyd were sauntering slowly in the direction of the house, deep in conversation, and quite unaware that they were being watched from a little distance by the woman in black whom Mrs Bowood had taken to be an applicant for the post of French governess.

Oscar Boyd was a tall, well-built man, verging towards his fortieth year. His complexion was deeply imbrowned by years of tropical sunshine. He had a silky chestnut beard and moustache, and hair of the same colour, which, however, was no longer so plentiful as it once had been. He had clear, frank-looking eyes, a firm-set mouth, and a face which gave you the impression of a man who was at once both thoughtful and shrewd. It was one of those kindly yet resolute faces which seem to invite confidence, but would never betray it.

Lady Dimsdale brought quite a heap of flowers into the room. There was a large shallow vase on the centre table, which it was her intention to fill with her floral spoils. 'You look as cool as if this were December instead of June,' she said.

'I have been used to much hotter suns than that of England.'

'I hardly knew you again at first—not till I heard you speak.'

'Fifteen years are a long time.'

'Yet already it seems to me as if I should have known you anywhere. You are different, and yet the same.'

'When I arrived last evening, I did not know that you were here. I heard your voice before I saw you, and the fifteen years seemed to vanish like a dream.'

'It seems to me like a dream when I go back in memory to those old days at the vicarage, and call to mind all that happened there.'

'Do you ever think of that evening when you and I parted?'

'I have not forgotten it,' answered Lady Dimsdale in a low voice.

'How little we thought that we should not meet again for so long a time!'

'How little we foresaw all that would happen to us in the interval!'

'If that telegram had arrived ten minutes later, how different our lots in life might have been!'

'Life seems made up of Ifs and Buts,' she answered with a little sigh.

'That evening! The scent of new-mown hay was in the air.'

'The clock in the old church tower had just struck seven.'

'Under the hill, a nightingale was singing.'

'Far off, we heard the murmur of the tide.'

'Fido lay basking among fallen rose-leaves on the terrace.'

'Wagging his tail lazily, as if beating time to some tune that was running in his head.'

'We stood by the wicket, watching the last load of hay winding slowly through the lanes. I seized the moment'——

'You seized something else.'

'Your hand. If you had only known how nervous I was! I pressed your fingers to my lips. "Laura, I love you," I stammered out.'

'"Darling Laura," was what he said,' murmured Lady Dimsdale to herself.

'Before I had time for another word, Hannah came hurrying down the steps.'

'Dear old Hannah, with her mob-cap and prim white apron. I seem to see her now.'

'She had an open paper in her hand. Your aunt had been taken ill, and you were instructed to go to her by the first train. You gave me one look—a look that haunted me for years—and went into the house without a word. An hour later, I saw you at the train; but your father was there, and he kept you by his side till the last moment.'

'That miserable journey! For the first twenty miles I was alone; then an old lady got in. "Dear me, how damp this carriage feels," she said. I rather fancy I had been crying.'

'And we never met after that, till last evening.'

'Never!' murmured Lady Dimsdale almost inaudibly.

'Two days after our parting, I was ordered abroad; but I wrote to you, not once or twice only, but many times.'

'Not one line from you did I ever receive.'

'Then my letters must have been intercepted. I addressed them to your aunt's house in Scotland, where you were staying at the time.'

'Aunt Judith had set her heart on my marrying Sir Thomas Dimsdale.'

'And would not let my letters reach you. Week after week and month after month, I waited for an answer, hoping against hope; but none ever came.'

'Week after week and month after month, I waited for a letter from you; but none ever came.'

'And your Aunt Judith—she who intercepted my letters—was accounted a good woman.'

'An excellent woman. Even on wet Sundays, she always went to church twice.'

'So excellent, that at length she persuaded you to marry Sir Thomas.'

'It was not her persuasion that induced me to marry. It was to save my father from ruin.'

'What a sacrifice!'

'You must not say that. How could anything I might do for my father's sake be accounted a sacrifice?'

Oscar Boyd did not answer. Lady Dimsdale's white slender fingers were busy with the arrangement of her flowers, and he seemed absorbed in watching them.

'And you too married?' she said at length in a low voice.

'I did—but not till more than a year after I read the notice of your marriage in the newspapers. Life seemed no longer worth living. I cared not what became of me. I fell into the toils of an adventuress, who after a time inveigled me into marrying her.'

'Your marriage was an unhappy one?'

'Most unhappy. After a few months, we separated, and I never saw my wife again. Her fate was a sad one. A year or two later, a steamer she was on board of was lost at sea; and so far as is known, not a soul survived to tell the tale.'

'A sad fate indeed.'

The subject was a painful one to Oscar Boyd. He crossed to the window, and stood gazing out for a few moments in silence.

Lady Dimsdale's thoughts were busy. 'What is there to hinder him from saying again to-day the words he said to me fifteen years ago?' she asked herself. 'If he only knew!'

'How strange it seems, Laura, to be alone with you again after all these years!' He spoke from the window.

A beautiful flush spread swiftly over Lady Dimsdale's face. Her heart beat quickly. In a moment she had grown fifteen years younger. 'He calls me Laura!' she murmured softly to herself. 'Surely he will say the words now.'

'I could fancy this was the dear never-to-be-forgotten room in the old vicarage—that that was the garden outside. In another moment, Fido will come bounding in. Hannah will open the door and tell us tea is waiting. We shall hear your father whistling softly to himself, while he counts the ripening peaches on the wall.'

'Oscar, don't!' cried Lady Dimsdale in a voice that was broken with emotion.

Oscar Boyd came slowly back from the window, and stood for a few moments watching her in silence. Then he laid a hand gently on one of hers, took possession of it, looked at it for a moment, and then pressed it to his lips. Then with a lingering pressure, he let it drop, and walked away again to the window.

Lady Dimsdale's eyes followed him; she could have laughed or she could have cried; she was on the verge of both. 'Oh, my dear one, if you only knew what stupid creatures you men are!' she said to herself. 'Why isn't this leap-year?'

Presently Mr Boyd paced back again to the table; he seemed possessed by some demon of restlessness. 'With your permission, I will relate a little apologue to you,' he said; and then he drew up a chair near to the table and sat

down. 'I once had a friend who was a poor man, and was in love with a woman who was very rich. He had made up his mind to ask her to be his wife, when one day he chanced to hear himself stigmatised as a fortune-hunter, as an adventurer who sought to marry a rich wife in order that he might live on her money. Then, although he loved this woman very dearly, he went away without saying a word of that which was in his heart.'

'Must not your friend have been a weak-minded man, to let the idle talk of an empty busybody come between himself and happiness? He deserved to lose his prize. But I too have a little apologue to tell to you. Once on a time there was a woman whom circumstances compelled against her wishes to marry a rich old man. When he died, he left her all his wealth, but on one condition—that she should never marry again. Any one taking her for his wife must take her—for herself alone.'

Oscar rose and pushed back his chair. His face flushed; a great flame of love leaped suddenly into his eyes. Lady Dimsdale was bending over her flowers. Neither of them saw the black-robed figure that was standing motionless by the open window.

'Laura!' said Oscar in a voice that was scarcely raised above a whisper.

She turned her head and looked at him. Their eyes met. For a moment each seemed to be gazing into the other's heart. Then Oscar went a step nearer and held out both his hands. An instant later he had his arms round her and his lips were pressed to hers. 'My own at last, after all these weary years!' he murmured.

The figure in black had come a step or two nearer. She flung back her veil with a sudden passionate gesture.

'Oscar Boyd!' The words were spoken with a sort of slow, deliberate emphasis.

The lovers fell apart as though a thunderbolt had dropped between them. Oscar's face changed on the instant to a ghastly pallor. With one hand, he clutched the back of a chair; the other went up to his throat, as though there were something there which stopped his breathing. For the space of a few seconds the ticking of the clock on the chimney-piece was the only sound that broke the silence.

Then came the question: 'Who are you?' breathed rather than spoken.

In clear incisive tones came the answer: 'Your wife!'

The day was three hours older.

The news that Mr Boyd's wife, who was supposed to have been drowned several years before, had unexpectedly proved that she was still in existence, was not long before it reached the ears of everybody at Rosemount, from Captain Bowood himself to the boy in the stables. As soon as he had recovered in some degree from the first shock of surprise, Oscar had gone in search of Mrs Bowood; and having explained to her in as few words as possible what had happened, had asked her to grant him the use of one of her parlours for a few hours. Mrs Bowood, who was the soul of hospitality, would fain have gone on the instant and welcomed Mrs Boyd, as she welcomed all her guests at Rosemount, and it may be with even more *empressement* than usual, considering the remarkable circumstances of the case. Mr Boyd, however, vetoed her proposition in a way which caused her to suspect that there must be something more under the surface than she was aware of; so, with ready tact, she forbore to question him further, and at once placed a sitting-room at his disposal.

In this room the husband and his newly found wife were shut up together. Mr Boyd looked five years older than he had looked a few hours previously. He was very pale. A certain hardness in the lines of his mouth, unnoticed before, now made itself plainly observable. His brows were contracted; all the gladness, all the softness had died out of his dark eyes as completely as if they had never had an existence there. He was sitting at a table, poring over some railway maps and time-tables. On a sofa, separated from him by half the length of the room, sat his wife. She was a tall, dark, shapely woman, who had left her thirtieth birthday behind her some years ago. She had a profusion of black hair, and very bright black eyes, with a certain cold, clear directness of gaze in them, which for some men seemed to have a sort of special charm. Certainly, they looked like eyes that could never melt with sympathy or be softened by tears. She had a long Grecian nose, and full red lips; but her chin was too heavy and rounded for the rest of her face. Her clear youthful complexion owed probably as much to art as it did to nature; but it was art so skilfully applied as sometimes to excite the envy of those of her own sex to whom such secrets were secrets no longer. In any case, most men conceded that she was still a very handsome woman, and it was not likely that she was unaware of the fact.

She sat for a little while tapping impatiently with one foot on the carpet, and glancing furtively at the impassive face bent over its books and maps, which seemed for the time to have forgotten that there was any such person as she in existence. At length she could keep silent no longer. 'You do not seem particularly delighted by the return of your long-lost wife, who was saved from shipwreck by a miracle. Many men would be beside themselves with joy; but you are a philosopher, and know how to hide your feelings. *Eh bien!* if you are not overjoyed to see me, I am overjoyed to see you; and I love you so very dearly, that I will never leave you again.' Only a slight foreign accent betrayed the fact that she was not an Englishwoman.

Oscar Boyd took no more notice of her than if she had been addressing herself to the empty air.

She rose and crossed the room to the fireplace, and glanced at herself in the glass. There was a dangerous light in her eyes. 'If he does not speak to me, I shall strike him!' she said to herself. Then aloud: 'I have travelled six thousand miles in search of you, and now that I have found you, you have not even one kiss to greet me with! What a heart of marble yours must be!'

Still the impassive figure at the table made no more sign than if it had been carved in stone.

There was a pretty Venetian glass ornament on the chimney-piece. Mrs Boyd took it up and dashed it savagely on the hearth, where it was

shattered to a hundred fragments. Then with white face and passion-charged eyes, she turned and faced her husband. 'Oscar Boyd, why don't you speak to your wife?'

'Because I have nothing to say to her.' He spoke as coldly and quietly as he might have spoken to the veriest stranger.

She controlled her passion with an effort. 'Nothing to say to me! You can at least tell me something of your plans. Are we going to remain here, or are we going away, or what are we going to do?'

He began deliberately to fold the map he had been studying. 'We shall start for London by the five o'clock train,' he said. 'At the terminus, we shall separate, to meet again to-morrow at my lawyer's office. It will not take long to draw up a deed of settlement, by which a certain portion of my income will for the future be paid over to you. After that, we shall say farewell, and I shall never see you again.'

She stared at him with bewildered eyes. 'Never see me again!' she gasped out. 'Me—your wife!'

'Estelle—you know the reasons which induced me to vow that I would never regard you as my wife again. Those reasons have the same force now that they had a dozen years ago. We meet, only to part again a few hours hence.'

She had regained some portion of her *sang-froid* by this time. A shrill mocking laugh burst from her lips. It was not a pleasant laugh to hear. 'During my husband's absence, I must try to console myself with my husband's money. You are a rich man, *caro mio;* you have made a large fortune abroad; and I shall demand to be treated as a rich man's wife.'

'You are mistaken,' he answered, without the least trace of emotion in his manner or voice. 'I am a very poor man. Nearly the whole of my fortune was lost by a bank failure a little while ago.'

His words seemed to strike her dumb.

'In three days I start for Chili,' continued Oscar. 'My old appointment has not been filled up; I shall apply to be reinstated.'

'And I have come six thousand miles for this!' muttered Estelle under her breath. She needed a minute or two to recover her equanimity—to decide what her next move should be.

Her husband was jotting down a few notes with a pencil. She turned and faced him suddenly. 'Oscar Boyd, I have a proposition to make to you,' she said. 'If you are as poor a man as you say you are—and I do not choose to doubt your word—I have no desire to be a drag on you for ever. I have come a long way in search of you, and it will be equally far to go back. Listen, then. Give me two thousand pounds—you can easily raise that amount among your fine friends—and I will solemnly promise to put six thousand miles of ocean between us, and never to seek you out or trouble you in any way again.'

For a moment he looked up and gazed steadily into her face. 'Impossible!' he said drily, and with that he resumed his notations.

'Why do you say that? The sum is not a large one. And think! You will get rid of me for ever. What happiness! There will be nothing then to hinder you from marrying that woman whom I saw in your arms. Oh! I am not in the least jealous, although I love you so dearly, and although'—here she glanced at herself in the chimney-glass—'that woman is not half so good-looking as I am. No one in this house but she knows that I am your wife. You have only to swear to her that I am an impostor, and she will believe you—we women are such easy fools where we love!—and will marry you. Que dites vous, cher Oscar?'

'Impossible.'

'*Peste!* I have no patience with you. You will never have such an offer again. Mais je comprends. Although your words are so cruel, you love me too well to let me go. As for that woman whom I saw you kissing, I will think no more of her. You did not know I was so near, and I forgive you.' Here she turned to the glass again, gave the strings of her bonnet a little twist, and smoothed her left eyebrow. 'Make haste, then, my darling husband, and introduce your wife to your fine friends, as a gentleman ought to do. I will ring the bell.'

Mr Boyd rose and pushed back his chair. 'Pardon me—you will do nothing of the kind,' he said, more sternly than he had yet spoken. 'It is not my intention to introduce you to any one in this house. It would be useless. We start for London in a couple of hours. I have some final preparations to make, and will leave you for a few minutes. Meanwhile, I must request that you will not quit this room.'

She clapped her gloved hands together and laughed a shrill discordant laugh. 'And do you really think, Oscar Boyd, that I am the kind of woman to submit to all this? You ought to know me better—far better.' Then with one of those sudden changes of mood which were characteristic of her, she went on: 'And yet, perhaps—as I have heard some people say—a wife's first duty is submission. Perhaps her second is, never to leave her husband. *Eh bien!* You shall have my submission, but—I will never leave you. If you go to Chili, I will follow you there, as I have followed you here. I will follow you to the ends of the earth! Do you hear? I will haunt you wherever you go! I will dog your footsteps day and night! Everywhere I will proclaim myself as your wife!' She nodded her head at him meaningly three times, when she had finished her tirade.

Standing with one hand resting on the back of his chair, while the other toyed with his watch-guard, he listened to her attentively, but without any visible emotion. 'You will be good enough not to leave this room till my return,' he said; and without another word, he went out and shut the door behind him.

Her straight black eyebrows came together, and a volcanic gleam shot from her eyes as she gazed after him. 'Why did he not lock me in?' she said to herself with a sneer. She began to pace the room as a man might have paced it, with her hands behind her back and her fingers tightly interlocked. 'Will nothing move him? Is it for this I have crossed the ocean? Is it for this I have tracked him? His fortune gone! I never dreamt of that—and they told me he was so rich. What an unlucky wretch I am! I should like to stab him—or myself—or some one. If I could

but set fire to the house at midnight, and'—— She was interrupted by the opening of the door and the entrance of Sir Frederick Pinkerton. At the sight of a man who was also a gentleman, her face changed in a moment.

(*To be concluded next month.*)

LONDON BONDED WAREHOUSES.

THE thought occurred to the writer the other day, when seated at his desk, as an examining officer of Customs, in one of the extensive bonded vaults which are within sight of that famous historic pile the Tower, that a brief description of these warehouses—which possess in some respects features that are unique—might prove interesting to general readers. We do not know if any previous attempt has been made in this direction; if so, it has not come within the scope of the writer's observation during an experience in London as a Civil servant of twenty years.

In this brief sketch there are certain reflections that occur which may perhaps be worthy of some consideration. One of these is, that even in the most busy parts of the City there are extremely few persons—though they may have daily passed along the leading thoroughfares for years—who know anything about the interiors of the vast warehouses and immense repositories for merchandise of all sorts, which abound in the business area of London, east of Temple Bar, extending far down both banks of the Thames. We do not refer especially to the great docks, such as the London, St Katharine, East and West India, Royal Albert, Surrey Commercial, and other similar emporiums of commerce, which form so remarkable a feature of the Thames, and are only rivalled by the huge docks on the Mersey. Those establishments, it must be allowed, attract a large number of visitors, although these are chiefly strangers from the country; the strictly commercial classes of the City, unless intimately connected with the shipping interest, but rarely extending their explorations thitherward. Some favoured citizens and 'country cousins,' by the privilege of what is called technically a 'tasting order,' may, however, traverse miles of cellars, filled with the choicest vintages, and in the wine-vaults may behold the most curious fungoid forms, white as snow, pendent from the vaulted roofs. They may survey, as at the London Docks, thirty thousand casks of brandy in a single vault; or traverse the famous 'Spice' warehouse, redolent with the aromatic odours of the East; or if they have a penchant for Jamaica rum, by extending their visit to the West India Dock, they can see the largest collection of rum-casks to be found in any bonded warehouse on the habitable globe. But it is not to these colossal establishments that we wish now to refer, interesting and important as they may be, but rather to the less pretentious and smaller warehouses, forming a group styled officially 'Uptown Warehouses.'

No one passing along Crutched Friars—the very name suggests that strange blending of the past with modern commercial activity, which is observable in London as in other large centres of population—would from external signs surmise for a moment, that under his feet and around him there were acres of vaults containing tens of thousands of casks of port, sherry, and various descriptions of spirit. Yet such is the fact; and as a matter of detail, it may be stated that the stock of *port* wine in one of these vaults comprises the finest brands imported into the metropolis. The firm of B—— is well known throughout the commercial world of London, and is believed to be upwards of a century old. The original founder, who sprang from a very humble stock, died worth, it is said, two million pounds sterling, amassed by the skilful and honourable conduct of a bonding business, which had grown from very modest conditions indeed, to rival the huge proportions of the docks themselves. In fact, the tendency of the last few years has been decidedly to withdraw the bonding trade from these formerly gigantic establishments, and to concentrate it in the Uptown Warehouses. The result of this has been to lower the shares of the Dock Companies to the minimum level compatible with commercial solvency; while, owing to the keen rivalry with the smaller and more progressive bonding warehouses elsewhere, the charges have been reduced to a point that would have surprised merchants of past days. One great reason for the modern change which we have noted, is unquestionably the superior accessibility of the Uptown Warehouses to the City proper, and their comparative nearness to the various railway termini. Time and distance, in these days of excessive speed, are prime factors, and must in the end assert themselves. Besides, it is evident to all thinking men that we have reached a crisis in the transport of merchandise, and that the railway is becoming daily more omnipotent.

Though we have hitherto referred only to the casks of vinous liquors, technically known as 'wet goods,' stored in the vaults, it must not be inferred that they constitute the sole description of merchandise contained within the walls of these warehouses. Tea, inclosed in chests, piled tier upon tier, fills a large space, and yields a very considerable amount of revenue to the Crown. Perhaps of all goods now comprised in the tariff as 'dutiable,' the collection of the tea duty, which is at present assessed at sixpence per pound, is the simplest and least expensive. In B——'s premises, where the stock is comparatively small, the annual yield of duty to the revenue is nearly two hundred thousand pounds. It is, however, far otherwise with the duty paid on 'wet goods,' wine, perhaps, excepted, the rates of which, governed by strength, are, for wines containing less than twenty-six degrees of alcoholic strength—being mainly of French production—at one shilling per gallon; and for those of a greater degree of strength, but below the limit of forty-two degrees—which is the usual standard of Portuguese and Spanish wines—at two shillings and sixpence per gallon. This difference in the assessment of duty on the basis of strength between the vintages of France and Portugal, has been for some years a sore point with the latter government. Various protests have been made against its retention, which it must be admitted seems to press somewhat hardly upon the trade of the Iberian peninsula with this country; but as yet, while we write, no satisfactory solution has been arrived at of what is a real *quæstio vexata*. The collection of the spirit duties involves very considerable nicety and

calculation—whisky perhaps excepted, which is officially known as British Plain Spirits, and the duty on which is assessed at ten shillings per gallon of proof strength. In the case of all other descriptions of spirits, however, the method is rendered more intricate, owing to a recent regulation which requires the determination of the degree of what is styled 'obscuration' by distillation, the duty being charged at a uniform rate of ten shillings and fourpence per proof gallon.

The laboratory tests are in the Customs establishment of a highly scientific character, demanding on the part of the operators considerable skill and knowledge of chemistry. The instruments used in the various processes—of which Sikes's hydrometer and Mr Keen's are best known—are of very ingenious construction, and require nice handling and steadiness of eye.

The gauging of casks, which is performed by a large staff of, generally speaking, skilful and highly meritorious officers, is quite a science in itself, and requires years of constant practice to make the operator thoroughly proficient. But in this, as in other arts, there are of course various degrees of excellence. In the Customs service—and the same thing will doubtless apply to the Excise—there are gaugers who stand head and shoulders above their fellows, and who appear to have the power by merely glancing at a cask, as if by intuition, to tell its 'content,' as its holding capacity is officially styled. Although it has been the usage in certain quarters to speak in contemptuous terms of the functions of this deserving class of public servants, and to apply to them the opprobrious epithet of 'dip-sticks,' we have no sympathy with such detraction, which is quite unmerited.

It would be impossible within the brief limits of this paper to describe minutely the various operations in bond which are daily going on at these stations. Such comprise Vatting, Blending, Mixing, Racking, Reducing, Fortifying, Bottling, Filtering, &c., and would in themselves suffice for a separate article.

Having given a very meagre outline of the multifarious duties and processes carried on at the various bonding vaults in London and elsewhere, we may perhaps fitly conclude with a brief description of certain antiquarian features of special interest, to be met with in Messrs B——'s premises. As previously remarked, the monastic character of one of the leading approaches is conveyed in the title of Crutched Friars. But it is evident from other and various remains that its site includes a most important portion of ancient *Londinum*. A considerable extent of the old Roman wall, upwards of a hundred feet, in an excellent state of preservation, 'the squared stones and bonding tiles' being marvellously well defined, forms the boundary of what is known as the 'South' Vault. On a higher level, styled the Vat Floor, in the medieval portion of the City wall, is to be seen a fine specimen of the Roman casement, which is said to be the only one now remaining in the City. According to the best antiquarian authorities, these remains form a part of the circumvallation of London begun in the reign of Constantine and completed by Theodosius. As is only natural, these relics are highly prized by the Antiquarian Society, which has in no ordinary terms expressed its appreciation of the zealous care bestowed by the proprietors in preserving these unique and priceless treasures of the past.

THE MONTH:

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

Professor Janssen, the well-known astronomer of Meudon Observatory, who has done more than any man living, perhaps, towards wedding the photographic camera with the telescope, has lately published some account of a marvellous picture which he obtained of 'the old moon in the new moon's arms.' At the time that the picture was taken, the moon was only three days old, and an uncovering of the lens for one minute only was sufficient to secure the image. This image is feeble, but is full of detail, plainly showing the general configuration of the lunar surface. Professor Janssen believes that this application of photography points to a means of obtaining more precise measurements of the light, and of studying the phenomena which are produced by the double reflection of the solar light between our earth and its satellite. To the uninitiated, in these days of marvellous instantaneous pictures, an exposure of one minute may seem rather a long period. But let us consider for a moment what a very small proportion of the sun's glory is reflected to us from the moon, even on the finest nights. Professor Sir W. Thomson gives some interesting information on this point. Comparing the full moon to a standard candle, he tells us that the light it affords is equal to that given by such a candle at a distance of seven feet and a half. As in the above-mentioned photograph the light dealt with came from a moon not full, but only three days old, it will be seen that Professor Janssen had a very small amount of illumination for his picture, and the only wonder is that he was able to obtain any result at all.

It will be remembered that in the autumn of 1882, a series of observations were commenced in the polar regions, which had been organised by an International Polar Committee. Fourteen expeditions from various countries took up positions in that inhospitable area, with the intention of carrying out observations for twelve months, from which it was hoped that valuable knowledge would be gained. This programme has been successfully carried out, ten of the expeditions having returned home, many of them laden with rich stores of observations. Three remain to continue their work for another year. As to the return of the remaining band of observers—belonging to the United States—there is as yet no definite information.

On Ailsa Craig, Firth of Clyde, there is being erected, by order of the Commissioners of Northern Lights, a mineral-oil gas-work, to supply gas for the lighthouse in course of construction there, as well as to feed the gas-engines which will be used to drive the fog-signalling apparatus. The works are being erected by the patentee of this gas-system, Mr James Keith, and will cost three thousand pounds. They will be capable of manufacturing two thousand cubic feet of oil-gas per hour, of fifty-candle illuminating standard. It has long been the opinion of many that the

electric light is not the best illuminant for light-house purposes, and this installation at Ailsa Craig, following one on the same principle at the Isle of Man not long ago, would seem to indicate that the authorities think so too.

North-east of Afghanistan there lies a piece of country called Kafiristan, which, until April last, had never been traversed by the foot of a European. In that month, however, Mr W. W. M'Nair, of the Indian medical service, crossed the British frontier, and travelled through the little-known region for two months. An interesting account of his wanderings formed the subject of a paper read by him at a recent meeting of the Royal Geographical Society. The country is inhabited by three main tribes—Ramgals, Vaigals, and Bashgals, answering to the three chief valleys, and each having a distinctive dialect. The men are warlike and brave, but, like many other semi-barbarous peoples, leave the heavy work of agriculture to the women. The Mohammedans hem them in on all sides; but as the tribes are at peace among themselves, they are able to hold their own. Slavery exists to some extent. The people acknowledge one supreme being, Imbra, and worship at temples presided over by priests; but to neither priests nor idols is excessive reverence paid. Bows and arrows form their chief arms; and although a few matchlocks have found their way into the country from Cabul, no attempt has been made to imitate them. Wealth is reckoned by heads of cattle; the staple food is wheat; and the favourite drink pure grape-juice, not rendered intoxicating by fermentation or distillation.

Although there is every reason to believe that cruelty to animals is far less common than it was, still there are many men who are not so merciful to their beasts as they might be. Many of these offend from ignorance, and will leave poor creatures exposed to inclement weather under the belief that they will not suffer. Professor Shelton, of the Kansas State Agricultural College, has lately shown, by careful experiment, that it *pays* to be merciful in the matter of providing shelter for pigs; and we have no doubt that if his researches had been extended to other animals, a similar result would have been obtained. For this experiment, ten pigs, as nearly as possible alike with regard to breed, age, &c., were chosen, five being kept in a barn, and five in the open, but provided with straw to lie upon. These two families were fed twice a day with carefully weighed messes of Indian corn. In the sequel, it was found that each bushel of corn produced in the barn-fed pigs ten and three-tenths pounds of pork, whilst each bushel given to the outsiders formed only nine and seven-tenths. This result of course clearly shows that a large proportion of the food given went to keep the outdoor pigs warm, instead of adding to their flesh. If the bucolic mind will only grasp this fact, we feel sure that more attention will be given to the question of shelter for animals.

Professor Cohn, writing from Breslau to *Nature*, calls attention to the circumstance that just two hundred years ago there was made in the Netherlands a scientific discovery of the greatest importance. In the year 1683, Leeuwenhoek gave notice to our Royal Society that by the aid of his microscope he had detected in the white substance adhering to his teeth 'very little animals moving in a very lively fashion.' 'These,' says Professor Cohn, '*were the first bacteria which the human eye ever saw.*' The descriptions and drawings given by this first observer are so correct, that even in these days, when the Germ theory of disease has brought forward so many workers in the same field, armed with much improved appliances, the organisms drawn by the hand of Leeuwenhoek can be easily recognised and compared with their fellows of to-day. These drawings have indeed never been surpassed till within the last ten years, a fact which speaks volumes for their accuracy and value.

The buildings occupied by the International Fisheries Exhibition at South Kensington are, in 1884, to be devoted to a no less important object, albeit it is not likely to be so popular with the masses. This Exhibition will deal with matters relating to Health and Education. It will include the food-resources of the world; the best means of cooking that food; the costumes of the world, and their bearing upon health; the sanitary construction of dwellings; and many other things that every one ought to know about, but which very few study. With the Prince of Wales as President, assisted by a Council including the names of Sir Cunliffe Owen and Mr Birkbeck, the success of the scheme ought to be assured.

In Cannon Street, London, an experimental section of roadway of a novel kind has lately been laid down. It is the invention of Mr H. F. Williams, an engineer of San Francisco, where the system has been most successfully employed for the past seven years. Indeed, the roads so prepared are said to be as good as when first laid down, allowing for a reasonable amount of wear and tear. The process is as follows. First of all is provided a good dry concrete foundation; upon this are laid blocks of wood, grain-end uppermost, measuring eight inches by four, with a thickness of an inch and a half. Each block, before being placed in position, is dipped half-way into a boiling mixture of asphalt and Trinidad bitumen; this glues the blocks to the foundation and to one another, at the same time leaving a narrow space all round the upper half of each piece of wood. This space is afterwards filled in with boiling asphalt. Above all is spread a half-inch coating of asphalt mixed with coarse grit, the object of which is to prevent that dangerous slipperiness that is common to asphalt roadways in moist states of the atmosphere.

At Brooklyn, the sanitary authorities seem to have a very sensible method of dealing with milk-dealers in the matter of adulteration. They invited the dealers to meet in the Common Council Chamber, when it was explained to them by an expert how they could determine by various tests whether the milk purchased from the farms is of the required standard. At the conclusion of this conference, it was hinted that the licenses of such dealers as were thenceforward detected in selling adulterated milk would be peremptorily revoked.

At the end of December last, the first of four large silos on Lord Tollemache's estate in Cheshire was opened in the presence of a large number of farmers and scientific agriculturists. It had been filled with dry grass, chopped into inch-lengths by a chaff-cutter, and pressed down with a weight

equal to fifty-six pounds on the square foot. The appearance of the ensilage was that of dark-brown moss, having a pleasant aroma; but, as in other experiments of the kind, the top layer was mouldy and spoiled. Lord Tollemache stated that he found that animals did not seem to care for the fodder when first offered them, but that they afterwards ate it with evident relish. Several samples of ensilage were exhibited at the late Cattle-show in London, and it is noteworthy that almost without exception the pampered show-animals, when a handful was offered them by way of experiment, took the food greedily. On Mr C. Mackenzie's farm of Portmore, in Peeblesshire, a silo was opened in December, the contents of which—pressed down while in a moist condition—were found to be excellently suited for feeding purposes.

It is worthy of notice that the past year brought with it the fiftieth anniversary of the lucifer-match, which was first made in this kingdom by John Walker of Stockton-on-Tees in 1833. The same year, a factory was started at Vienna; and very soon works of a similar character sprang up all over the world. In 1847, a most important improvement was made in substituting the red amorphous phosphorus for the more common variety. This modification put an end to that terrible disease, phosphorus necrosis, which attacked the unfortunate matchmakers. The strong agitation which this disease gave rise to against the employment of phosphorus, naturally directed the attention of experimenters to other means of striking a light; and although phosphorus in its harmless amorphous form still holds its own, it is probable that its presence in lucifer-matches will some day be dispensed with. We need hardly remind our readers that the universal adoption of the electric light would greatly curtail the use of matches, for that form of illumination does not require an initial spark to set it aglow.

Some artillery officers in Switzerland have been putting their snow-clad mountain flanks to a curious experimental use, for they have been employing one of them as a gigantic target for their missiles. A space on this snow-covered ground measuring two hundred and thirty feet by ninety-eight feet—which would represent the area occupied by a battalion of infantry in double column—was carefully marked out, its centre being occupied by flags. At a distance of about a mile, the artillery opened fire upon this mapped-out space until they had expended three hundred shots. The ground was then examined; and the pits in the snow when counted showed that seventy-eight per cent. of the shots had entered the inclosure. Had a veritable battalion occupied the ground, there would have been few, if any survivors.

In another experiment, snow was employed as a means of defence against artillery. A wall sixteen and a half feet long, and five feet high, was built of snow having various thicknesses, but backed by half-inch wooden planking. This wall was divided into three sections, having a thickness respectively of four and a half feet, three feet, and twenty inches. Against the thickest section, twelve shots were fired from various distances; but in no case was penetration effected. In the three-foot section, shots pierced the snow as far as the woodwork, where they were stopped. In the twenty-inch section, all the shots fired went completely through the wall. It would seem from these experiments that snow, when available, can be made a valuable means of defence. But, unfortunately, in the published account of the experiments, the calibre of the guns employed is not given; we should, however, assume them to be field-artillery of a very light type.

A new use for the ubiquitous dynamo-electric machine is reported from Saxony, and one which seems to fulfil a most useful purpose—namely, the ventilation of mines. At the Carola pits, Messrs Siemens and Halske, the German electricians, have inaugurated this new system. At the pit bank, a dynamo is stationed, which is coupled up by shafting with the engine. By means of copper conductors, this machine is connected with another dynamo, two thousand five hundred feet away in the depths of the mine. This latter is connected with a powerful centrifugal fan. The cost of working these combined machines is six shillings and threepence per day, which means threepence for every million cubic feet of air delivered.

A new employment for the electric light has been found in Bavaria, where a Committee has reported upon its use as a head-light for locomotive engines. The colour and form of signals can be distinguished by the engine-driver on a cloudy night at a distance of eight hundred feet. The light burns steadily, and is not affected by the motion of the engine; but a special form of arc-lamp is employed, the invention of H. Sedlaczek of Vienna. The lamp is so constructed that it moves automatically when the engine traverses a curve, so as to light the track far in advance. The dynamo is placed just behind the funnel, and is easily connected with the moving parts of the machinery by suitable gearing.

The new patent law which came into operation on the first of January will without doubt give a great impetus to invention in this country, for many a man too poor to think of employing a patent agent, and paying down nearly ten pounds for a few months' protection, as he had to do under the old conditions, can easily afford the one pound which is now the sum fixed for the initial fee. Moreover, a would-be patentee can obtain all necessary forms at the nearest post-office, and can send in his specification through the same medium, without the intervention of the 'middle-man.' Of course the law cannot be perfect enough to please every one, and a few months' practice will probably discover many points in which it can be improved. One curious provision has put certain manufacturers in a quandary, for it rules that no article must bear the word 'patent' unless it is really the subject of a patent specification.

A powerful antiseptic and deodoriser can be made by mixing together carbolic acid and chloride of lime, which, when combined, contains sufficiently active properties to correct fermentation. A weak solution is used as a dressing in some gangrenous affections, as it does not cause irritation. The smell, if objected to, can be disguised by oil of lavender.

Fruit may be preserved in a fresh condition for many months by placing it in very fine sand sufficiently thick to cover it, after it has been

well washed and dried and then moistened with brandy. A wooden box is the best receptacle to use, and it should be kept well covered and in a warm place.

According to some French gardeners, vines and other fruit-trees infested with 'mealy-bug' should have their bark brushed over with oil in November when the leaves are all off, and again in the spring when vegetation commences. This mode of treatment is usually very successful when it is applied to young and vigorous trees.

At a recent meeting of the Edinburgh Field Naturalists' Club, a paper was communicated by Mr John Turnbull, Galashiels, locally known as a clever microscopist, in which he explained a new and simple method of obtaining beautiful impressions of the leaves of plants on paper. The materials necessary to take these impressions cost almost nothing. A piece of carbonised paper plays the principal part in the process; but it is of importance to have the carbonised paper fresh, and it should be kept in a damp place, for when the paper dries, the pictures that may be printed from it are not so effective. The leaf or plant to be copied is first of all carefully spread out over the carbonised paper on a table, or, better still, a blotting-pad. Next take a piece of thin tough paper and lay it on the leaf. Then, with the tips of the fingers, rub over the thin paper so as to get the plant thoroughly inked. This done, place the leaf on the paper on which the impression is to be taken. A smooth printing-paper gives the clearest copy. The thin paper is now laid on the plant as before, and the rubbing continued. Of course, care must be taken to keep the plant in position, for if it moves, the impression will be faulty. However, the matter is so very simple that anybody should succeed. Impressions taken in this way have all the delicacy of steel engravings and the faithfulness of photographs. His discovery is likely to come into favour for decorative purposes. The headings of letters on the margins of books might be very tastefully adorned with truly artistic representations of plants. The wood-engraver also will find it will serve his purpose as well as, if not better than, photography. Specimens that have been copied by Mr Turnbull's system, when examined with the microscope, are found to be perfect, even to the delicate hairs that are scarcely visible on the plant to the naked eye.

BOOK GOSSIP.

History is perhaps one of the most popular of modern studies. It is more definite in its results than Philosophy, and it widens the intellectual horizon more than does the pursuit of particular branches of Science, while it has less tendency than either of these to congeal into dogma. The methods of historians, also, have undergone a signal change within the last fifty years. The historical writers of last century, such as Robertson and Hume, were content to collate the productions of previous authors, to give a new reading here and a fresh deduction there, looking more to literary form than to the production of new facts. Such writers troubled themselves little about the People, but were intensely interested in the movements of kings, and in the sinuosities of statecraft generally. Anything else was beneath 'the dignity of history.' But this 'dignity of history' has long since been pushed from its perch, and nobody now regards it. Carlyle, Freeman, Froude, Macaulay, Green, and Gardiner, have each and all followed the movements of events as they affected the people, and not alone as they affected kings and statesmen. The result has been that history is fuller of teaching than before, is infused with a truer and deeper interest, appeals in stronger terms to our sense of justice, and lays a firmer hold upon our sympathy. It has, in short, become more human.

Mr J. R. Seeley, Professor of Modern History in the University of Cambridge, has just published a series of lectures under the title of *The Expansion of England* (London: Macmillan & Co.), which shows in a striking manner the progress which has been made in our methods of studying history and estimating its events. It has long, he says, been a favourite maxim of his, that history, while it should be scientific in its method, should pursue a practical object. 'That is, it should not merely gratify the reader's curiosity about the past, but modify his view of the present and his forecast of the future.' The first lecture is devoted to an able exposition of this theorem, into which, however, we cannot here follow the author. He then proceeds to a study of England in the eighteenth century, discusses its old colonial system, points out in detail the effect of the New World on the Old, reviews the history of our conquest of India, and the mutual influence of India and England, and ends by an estimate of the internal and external dangers which beset England as the mother of her colonies and the mistress of her numerous conquests. The lecturer now and again drives his theory to a false issue, and in general gives too great weight to logical sequence in historic transactions. History is not dominated by logic, but by events; and although we may see in these events, from our distant and external standpoint, a distinct chain of development and progress, the actors saw no more of the future of them than we do to-day of the events presently transpiring. Apart, however, from this tendency on the part of Professor Seeley, the lectures are full of wise maxims and suggestive thoughts, and cannot fail to interest and instruct the historical student.

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The Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge has added to its series called 'The People's Library' a most instructive little volume entitled *A Chapter of Science; or, What is the Law of Nature?* It consists of six lectures which were delivered to working-men by Mr J. Stuart, Professor of Mechanics, Cambridge. The object of the lecturer was to present an example of inductive reasoning, and to familiarise his hearers to some extent with the principles of scientific inquiry; and he has succeeded in his object in a remarkable degree. We do not know any book of the same extent which so fully places before the unscientific reader, or before the reader who has gathered many facts of science without apprehending their bearing upon each other, the principles which should guide him in the endeavour to estimate and arrange these facts

correctly. He reminds his hearers that what science itself has to teach us consists not so much in facts, as in those lessons and deductions which can be drawn from facts, and which can be justly apprehended only by a knowledge of such facts. 'Those,' he aptly says, 'whose knowledge of science has furnished them with only an encyclopædia of facts, are like men who try to warm themselves before coals which have not yet been lighted. Those who are furnished only with the deductions of science are like men who may have a lighted match, but have not the material to construct a fire. That match soon burns away uselessly.' We cannot conceive of any one reading this book, even with only an average degree of attention and only a trifling modicum of scientific knowledge, and not gleaning from it a clearer apprehension of the facts of science and the inductions to be made from these facts.

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A beautiful volume comes to us from the pen of an occasional contributor to this *Journal*, Dr Gordon Stables. It is entitled *Aileen Aroon* (London: S. W. Partridge & Co.), and consists of tales of faithful friends and favourites among the lower animals. The chief story of the book, and that which gives it its title, is concerning a noble Newfoundland dog called 'Aileen Aroon;' but interwoven with it are numerous stories of all kinds of domestic pets—dogs, monkeys, sheep, squirrels, birds of various kinds, and even that much-abused creature the donkey. Dr Stables, as our readers cannot fail to have observed, possesses a very happy style of narration; and his never-failing sympathy with animal-life gives to his several pictures a depth and truth of colouring such as one but rarely meets with in this department of anecdotal literature. A better present could not be put into the hands of a boy or girl who loves animals, than this handsome volume about *Aileen Aroon* and her many friends.

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London Cries is the title of one of those unique volumes, with beautiful and characteristic illustrations, which from time to time emanate from the publishing-house of Messrs Field and Tuer, London. The text of this volume is written by Mr Andrew W. Tuer, and gives an amusing account of the cries, many and various, which have been heard, or may still be heard, in the streets of London.—Another volume by the same publishers is *Chap-book Chaplets*, containing a number of ballads printed in a comically antique fashion, and illustrated by numerous grotesque imitations of old ballad-woodcuts. These are cleverly drawn by Mr Joseph Crawhall, and are all coloured by hand.—A third volume comes from the same source. It is a large folio, entitled *Bygone Beauties*, being a republication of ten portraits of ladies of rank and fashion, from paintings by John Hoppner, R.A., and engraved by Charles Wilkin.

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Whitaker's Almanac for 1884 exhibits all its former features of excellence as an annual, and any changes which have been made are in the direction of further improvement. Besides the usual information expected in almanacs, *Whitaker's* gives very full astronomical notes, from month to month, as to the position of the planets in the heavens, and other details which must be of interest to many. Its Supplement of scientific and other general information contains much that is curious and worth knowing.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

AMBULANCE SOCIETIES.

We have this month, in the article 'An Order of Mercy' (p. 15), described the operations of the St John Ambulance Association, London, and are pleased to be able to notice that a similar organisation is being set on foot in the Scottish metropolis. The subject was recently brought before the public by Professor Chiene, of the Edinburgh University, in a lecture delivered under the auspices of the Edinburgh Health Society. The lecturer spoke of the importance of speedy aid to those who are hurt, and to those who are taken suddenly ill in our streets. At present, in such cases, he said, such persons came under the care of kindly bystanders or the police, none of whom have received any instruction whatever in what is now commonly known as 'first aid to the sick or wounded.' The person was placed either in a cab or on a police-stretcher, and the lecturer could imagine nothing worse adapted for the conveyance of a patient with a fractured limb than a cab. In the case of the police-stretcher, the only advantage it had was the recumbent posture of the patient; in every other particular it was a most inefficient means of conveyance. He asked if the time had not come when they should try and find some remedy. In London, the St John Ambulance Association had been in existence for seven years; in Glasgow, the St Andrew's Ambulance Association was now in full working order; and surely Edinburgh, with all its charitable organisations, with its important hospitals, with the largest medical school in Great Britain, should not be behind in this important matter. During the last three years an average of seven hundred and twenty cases of accident each year had been treated as in-patients in the Royal Infirmary; many other cases had been taken there, their wounds and injuries dressed, and afterwards sent to their own homes. Many cases of accident were conveyed directly to their own homes; many cases of sudden illness were conveyed either to the hospital or their own homes, and he did not think he was over-estimating it when he said that fifteen hundred cases occurred every year in Edinburgh which would benefit from a speedy and comfortable means of conveyance from the place of accident to the place of treatment. In the formation and working of such a society, he would give all the help he could. Mr Cunningham, the secretary of the Glasgow Association, had the cause at heart; and he was sure Mr Miller, one of the surgeons in the Edinburgh Infirmary, and Dr P. A. Young, both of whom had already given ambulance lectures to Volunteers, would give their hearty help. Many of the junior practitioners and senior students would, he was sure, assist as lecturers; and they would soon have in Edinburgh a ready band of certificated assistants, who would give efficient first aid to any one who was injured, and would assist the police in removing them to the hospital or their own homes.

We are glad to observe that as one result of Professor Chiene's appeal, a Committee of Employers in Edinburgh and Leith is being formed for the purpose of having employees instructed in the manner proposed, so that many of the latter may be able to give practical assistance in the event of accidents happening where they are employed.

THE LAST OF THE OLD WESTMINSTER HOUSES.

All who take any interest in the topographical antiquities of the ancient city of Westminster will learn—not perhaps without some feeling akin to regret—that the last of the old original houses of that old medieval city was taken down during the past summer to make room for more convenient and spacious premises. The house has been thought to be over five hundred years old, having been erected in or about the reign of Edward III. It belonged to the Messrs Dent, well-known provision-dealers, by whose predecessors the business was founded in the year 1750. The shop floor was three steps *below* the level of the pavement outside, and the ceiling of the shop was so low that a small man could touch it easily with his hand. The building contained several large and commodious rooms up-stairs, the first floor projecting, as usual in such houses, beyond the wall about a foot. The beams used throughout were heavy, massive, and very hard old English oak; and the roof was covered with old-fashioned red tiles. The house stood at the western corner of Tothill Street, where that street joins the Broadway. A few years ago, several such houses were to be seen on the north side of Tothill Street, but as nearly the whole of that side was taken by the new Aquarium, the quaint old houses were of course removed. Now that the old one above referred to is down, they are all gone, and nothing is left of old Westminster city but its grand and matchless Abbey; and long may its majestic beauty continue to adorn a spot celebrated for so many deeply historical memories.

THE RECENT MARVELLOUS SUNSETS.

The marvellous sunsets which have lately been common all over the world have led to a mass of correspondence and conjectures upon the part of scientific men. Perhaps the fullest and most interesting contribution to the literature of the subject is the long article contributed to the *Times* by Mr Norman Lockyer, who, with many others, is disposed to attribute the phenomena to the presence in the upper regions of the atmosphere of a vast quantity of volcanic dust, the outcome of the terrible eruption—one of the most terrible ever recorded—which took place at Krakatoa in August last. In corroboration of this hypothesis, another correspondent calls attention to the circumstance that similar phenomena were observed in 1783, and are recorded in White's *Selborne* as follows: 'The sun at noon looked as blank as a clouded moon, and shed a rose-coloured ferruginous light on the ground and floors of rooms, but was particularly lurid and blood-coloured at rising and setting. The country-people began to look with superstitious awe at the red lowering aspect of the sun; and indeed there was reason for the most enlightened person to be apprehensive; for all the while Calabria and part of the isle of Sicily were torn and convulsed with earthquakes, and about that juncture a volcano sprang out of the sea on the coast of Norway.'

NIGHT.

O GENTLE Night! O thought-inspiring Night!
  Humbly I bow before thy sovereign power;
Sadly I own thy all-unequalled might
  To calm weak mortal in his darkest hour:
Spreading thy robe o'er all the mass of care,
Thou bidd'st the sorrowful no more despair.

When high in heaven thou bidd'st thy torches shine,
  Casting on earth a holy, peaceful light,
My heart adores thee in thy calm divine,
  Is soothed by thee, O hope-inspiring Night!
All anxious thoughts, all evil bodings fly;
My soul doth rest, since thou, O Night! art nigh.

When thou hast cast o'er all the sleeping land
  Thy darkened robe, the symbol of thy state,
Alone beneath heaven's mightiness I stand,
  Musing on life, eternity, and fate;
Mayhap with concentrated thought I try
To pierce the cloud of heaven's great mystery.

'Tis then sweet music in the air I hear,
  Like rippling waters falling soft and low;
With soul enraptured do I list, yet fear—
  'Tis not such music as we mortals know;
It wafts the soul from earthly things away,
Leaving behind the senseless frame of clay.

Friends, kindly faces crowd around me there,
  Friends loved the better since they passed away,
Leaving a legacy of wild despair—
  And now I see them as in full orb'd day,
The long-lamented once again descry,
Bask in each smile, gaze in each speaking eye.

O blest reunion, Night's almighty gift,
  Lent for a time unto the thoughtful mind;
When memory can o'er the clouds uplift
  The startled soul away from all mankind,
Throw wide eternity's majestic gate,
And grant a view of the immortal state.

And thou, O Night! who can'st these spirits raise,
  Giv'st immortality to mortal eyes,
To thee I tune mine unadornèd praise,
  And chant thy glories to the list'ning skies:
Waft, O ye winds! the floating notes along;
Ye woods and mountains, echo back the song.

ROBERT A. NEILSON.

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HAMPSTEAD HEATH.

Hampstead Heath! What a world of delight seemed concentrated in that name in the days of childhood, when donkey-riding was not yet too undignified an amusement, and a gallop 'cross country' through the bracken and furze struck terror into the heart of nurse or parent, and covered the rider with glory! Such feats of horsemanship now belong to the irrevocable past; but yet no part of the great 'province of houses' known as London brings such pleasant memories as the quaint old village on its northern outskirts and the wild breezy heath that bounds it. Even now, Hampstead is rather in London than of it, and keeps up customs that have died out elsewhere. There, on the fifth of November, a gallant procession takes its way through its steep winding streets, and the centuries mingle with as little regard to accuracy as they might do in a schoolboy's dream the night before an examination in history. Gallant Crusaders in chain-mail, with the red cross embroidered on their flowing white mantles, jostle very nineteenth-century Guardsmen, who in their turn seem to feel no surprise at seeing Charles I. in velvet doublet and lace collar talking amicably to a motley, spangled harlequin. But were the inhabitants in this their yearly carnival to picture the history of their village and of the notable personages who have lived in it, they might make a pageant as long and varied as any that imagination can invent.

The manor of Hampstead was given by Edward the Confessor to the monks of Westminster; and subsequent monarchs conferred on them the neighbouring manors of Belsize and Hendon. It was at Hendon Manor-house that Cardinal Wolsey made his first halt when journeying from Richmond to York after his disgrace. At that time, however, Hampstead itself had no great claim to notice, its inhabitants being, we are told, chiefly washerwomen, whose services were in great demand among the inhabitants of London. That this peaceful if humble occupation could be carried on, proves at least that the wolves which, according to Dame Juliana Berners's *Boke of St Albans*, abounded among the northern heights of London in the fifteenth century, had been exterminated by the end of the sixteenth. The wild-boar lingered longer; and so late as 1772, we hear of the hunting of a deer in Belsize Park. This, however, can scarcely be regarded as genuine sport, as it is advertised to take place among other amusements intended to allure visitors to Belsize House, which had been opened as a pleasure-house by an energetic individual of the name of Howell. He describes in his advertisement all the attractions of the place, and promises for the protection of visitors that 'twelve stout fellows completely armed will patrol between Belsize and London.'

Early in the eighteenth century chalybeate wells were discovered at Hampstead, and as they were recommended by several physicians, the hitherto quiet village became a fashionable and dissipated watering-place. Idle London flocked there: youths who were delighted to show their finery in a new place; girls who were young enough to delight in the prospect of dancing all night; gamblers of both sexes; wits and fops. They danced, lost their money at cards and dice, talked scandal of each other, and drank of the chalybeate well, which Sam Weller has characterised for all generations as 'water with a taste of warm flat-irons,' till Hampstead lost its novelty, and the company went elsewhere to go through the same programme.

Among the crowd of nonentities that frequent the Hampstead Wells there is one notable figure, that of Richard Steele. In 1712, Steele retired from London to a small house on Haverstock Hill, on the road to Hampstead. Here, doubtless, his friend and fellow-labourer Addison visited him; and the two would find in the humours and follies of the company at the Wells material for the next number of the *Tatler*, the publication of which had now been going on for three years. Let us picture the two friends passing together through the gay company—Steele, radiant, we may be sure,

in gay apparel, seizing at once on the humorous characteristics of the scene; while Addison would tone down his companion's exuberant fancy, and draw his own thoughtful moralisings from the follies he witnessed. On summer evenings they would walk on the Heath, and admire the view across the swelling green slopes to the town of Harrow, where one day was to be educated my Lord Byron, a young gentleman who would win greater fame as a poet than even Addison's acquaintance—a protégé to begin with, an enemy at last—the lame Catholic gentleman, Mr Alexander Pope.

The friendship between Steele and Addison must ever remain a puzzle. They had talent in common, Steele having the more original genius, Addison the more cultivated taste; but otherwise there seems no point of contact between the natures of graceless, impulsive, erring, loving Dick, and his cold, conscientious, methodical comrade. To our century, as to his own, Steele is 'Dicky;' the king made him Sir Richard, and on the strength of his title he took a fine house in Soho Square, and swaggered more than ever, and increased his expenses and his debts, but to all the world he was Dicky Steele still; whereas, had the honour of a baronetcy befallen Mr Secretary Addison, can we doubt that to all posterity he would have been known as 'Sir Joseph?' Yet these two men, unlike each other as they were, united to perform in an unobtrusive fashion a great work; they purified English literature, and did much to reform English manners. In a society which had learned to regard truth, honesty, and virtue as absurd, they showed, not the wickedness of vice—no one would have listened to that—but its folly. When the fops and gamblers found that they, as well as the honest men they sneered at, could be made the subject of satire, they began to doubt if their cherished amusements were such essential characteristics of 'men of spirit' as they had fancied. The gulf that lies between the comedies of Wycherley and those of Sheridan was first opened by the gentle raillery of the *Tatler* and the *Spectator*. The later dramatist had no keener moral sense than the earlier, but he lived in an atmosphere which, though by no means pure, was healthier than that breathed by his predecessor; and in which it was necessary that virtue, however weak, should in the end defeat the vice that tried to trade upon its feebleness.

Of the clear-cut grace of style that distinguished the writing of the *Spectator* there is no need to speak; it still remains the model of English prose, while the tiny, whitish-brown sheet, the perusal of which used to add to the flavour of Belinda's morning chocolate, was the progenitor of the immense mass of periodical literature that surrounds us to-day. But if the two friends had done nothing more than give us—Steele the first sketch, Addison the finished portrait, of old-fashioned, kind, eccentric Sir Roger de Coverley, they would have deserved a high and loving place in our memory.

Thirty years later, the figure of another literary man was to be seen at Hampstead. Not so gorgeous as Dick, not so precise as Addison, is slovenly, tea-drinking, long-worded Samuel Johnson; but he is their legitimate successor, nevertheless. He, too, is a man of letters, living by the produce of his pen, and appealing for support to the public, and not to the kindness or charity of private patrons. Indeed, he scorns such condescending patronage, as a certain stinging letter to Lord Chesterfield remains to testify. In 1748, Mrs Johnson, for the sake of the country air, took lodgings at Hampstead; and there her husband wrote his satire, *The Vanity of Human Wishes*. Johnson did not spend all his time at Hampstead, for he was obliged to return and drudge in smoky London in order to provide for her comfort. Boswell tells us that 'she indulged in country air and good living at an unsuitable expense; and she by no means treated her husband with that complacency which is the most engaging quality in a wife.' Yet Johnson loved faithfully and mourned sincerely the querulous, exacting woman, a quarter of a century older than himself, and cherished an undoubting belief in her beauty; while all save him perceived that if she had ever possessed any—which they doubted—it had long disappeared.

Towards the end of the eighteenth century, Hampstead became the dwelling-place of two famous lawyers, both of them Scotch—Lords Erskine and Mansfield. Thomas Erskine, youngest son of the tenth Earl of Buchan, and 'a penniless lad with a lang pedigree,' began life as a midshipman; but disliking the service, he, after his father's death, invested the whole of his little patrimony in the purchase of an ensigncy in the 1st Foot. When, some years later, he felt his true vocation to be the bar, he was burdened with the responsibility of a wife and children; and it was only by the exercise of economy nearly approaching privation that he succeeded in maintaining himself during the three years' study that must elapse before he was called to the bar. Even when he received his qualification, it seemed that he was to fail through lack of opportunity to display his talents; but opportunity came at last, and his brilliant career led to the Lord Chancellorship of England, a peerage, and the Order of the Thistle. All the power of his oratory and of his ever-increasing influence was devoted to the promotion of freedom, civil and religious. He stood up boldly for the independence of juries against the bullying of judges; he advocated concessions to the Catholics; and carrying his love of mercy and justice beyond the human race, he brought into parliament a bill for the prevention of cruelty to animals. The measure failed; for popular feeling on the subject was then such as is expressed in the famous couplet—

> Things is come to a pretty pass,
> When a man mayn't wollop his own jackass.

But before Erskine died, it had become law.

William Murray, Earl of Mansfield, was the eleventh of the fourteen children of Viscount Stormont, of the castle of Scone, in Perthshire. So poor was his lordship, that, as we are told by Mansfield's biographer, the only fare he could provide for those fourteen mouths—which though high-born, were every whit as hungry as if they had been peasants'—was oatmeal porridge. The family was Jacobite in politics, so its fortunes were little likely to improve; but by the influence of Bishop Atterbury, who was at heart a Jacobite too, little Willie was admitted to Westminster School. He made good use of

his time there; and by listening to the debates in Westminster Hall he became enamoured of the law, and resolved to devote himself to it. Difficulties enough lay before him; but by the aid of an indomitable perseverance, a gentle manner, and a voice so musical that none could listen to it unmoved, he conquered them all. Throughout his legal career he was noted for strict integrity and justice. He advocated free trade and religious toleration, and used every effort in his power to decrease the waste of time and money in the business of law-courts; but his greatest title to honour is that he was the first to decide that no slave could remain a slave on English soil.

Early in this century, the year after Waterloo was fought, Hampstead was familiar with the forms of three men to whom life gave only scorn, insult, and disappointment, yet whose memory lingers about it and makes it hallowed ground. In 1816, Leigh Hunt lived at Hampstead in a part called the Vale of Health; and there Keats, who lodged in the village, and Shelley were his frequent visitors. Each of the three was more or less a martyr. For the crime of describing the Prince Regent—whose memory as George IV. is not highly honoured—as an 'Adonis of fifty,' Hunt was thrown into prison; while the political reviews and journals abused his graceful poems and scholarly essays as if they had been firebrands, to extinguish which every exertion must be made. They succeeded in torturing him, in reducing him to poverty and dependence, but they did not succeed in changing Leigh Hunt's convictions. He would not bow down to the Adonis of fifty.

Shelley was rather a visitor than a resident at Hampstead Heath; but Keats composed not a few of his poems here. The sorrows of his sorrowful life had not yet reached their climax in 1816. Already he was struggling with poverty, disease, and hopeless, passionate love; but he had not yet published those poems which were to rouse such wrath in the bosoms of a few critics, and such delight in thousands of readers. But at Hampstead most of them were written. Here he breathed life into the long dead myth of Endymion, surrounding it with such a wealth of description as seems scarcely possible to a youth of such limited experience. Can commonplace Hampstead Heath, the chosen resort of Bank-holiday excursionists, be the prototype of that Grecian valley where the goddess of night stooped to kiss Endymion! Here were written the sad story of *The Pot of Basil* and the legend of *The Eve of St Agnes;* here, in 1819, was composed that most exquisite *Ode to a Nightingale*, which, even were it his only production, might place Keats among our greater poets.

The memory loves to trace the footsteps of departed greatness; but even did no such recollections as these endear Hampstead Heath, it would still be precious as a spot where half-asphyxiated Londoners may inhale a fresh untainted breeze, and children may romp to their hearts' content. 'I like Hampstead Heath much better than Switzerland,' says a small boy in one of Du Maurier's sketches in *Punch*. 'But you haven't seen Switzerland,' objects his sister, a practical young lady a year or two older. 'O yes; I have seen it on the map,' is his reply. And if he had really visited Switzerland, the little fellow would perhaps still have preferred the broken, sandy soil, the grass and ferns, of Hampstead Heath.

Du Maurier is the Heath's own artist. He lives on its borders, and most of the backgrounds of his out-of-door sketches are borrowed from its scenery. He may daily be seen there—till lately accompanied by his dog Chang, the great St Bernard whose portrait has so often appeared in the pages of *Punch*. But, alas! Chang is no more; he has fallen a victim to consumption and heart-disease, and Hampstead weeps for him. Seldom has any dog been so widely lamented. 'He is mourned by a large circle of friends,' said the *World*, 'and the family of which he was so long a member is inconsolable for his loss.'

BY MEAD AND STREAM.

BY CHARLES GIBBON.

CHAPTER VII.—AN UNLOVED LIFE.

It was a little time before the father spoke again. But without being able to see his face, even without being able to hear him breathe, Philip felt that he was struggling with something in himself. Perhaps it was only a struggle to regain that composure of manner which he had temporarily lost. In this he succeeded. But was that all Mr Hadleigh was struggling with in those few moments of silence? At anyrate, when he spoke, his voice was steadier than before; more like its ordinary tone, but without its hardness.

'Before I proceed, may I ask what was the purport of the two letters you received?'

'The one was simply urging me on no account to fail to start in the *Hertford Castle* as arranged, and assuring me of such welcome as I might desire.'

'That was not much to write about. And the other?'

'The other inclosed a note which I am to deliver personally to a firm of solicitors in the City, and requesting that I should bring with me the packet they would intrust to my care.'

'Is that all?'

'That is all, sir.'

'One question more. Are you *very* anxious to make this journey, which may end in nothing? Is there no one here who could persuade you to give it up altogether?'

Philip was a good deal perplexed as to how he should answer this question. There was Some one who could have persuaded him to stay at home; but the sweet voice of that Some one was again whispering in his ear, 'It was your mother's wish that you should go;' and besides, there was the natural desire of youth to see strange countries and peoples.

'I thought, sir, that this question of my going out to Uncle Shield had been all settled long ago,' he replied awkwardly, for he knew that any reference to the command laid upon him by his mother always disturbed his father.

'That is not an answer to my questions.'

'Well, I consider it my duty to go.'

'And you wish to go?'

'I do—now. Even setting aside the prospects he holds out to me, I feel that I must go.'

The father made a mental note of the fact that his son gave no reply to the second question; but he did not press it farther at this moment. He seemed to draw breath, and then went on in a low voice: 'I think, Philip, you have not found me an exacting parent. Although I have never failed to point out to you the way in which it would please me most to see you walk, I have never insisted upon it. And I will own that on your part your conduct has been up to a certain point satisfactory.'

'Thank you, sir.'

'That certain point is your procrastination in the choice of your future career. You have shown that you do not care about business—and my own conviction is that you are unfitted for it—and you will not decide upon a profession. Although you have dabbled in medicine and law, you have not entered earnestly upon the study of either. I have been patient with this wavering state of mind which you have displayed ever since you left the university. I do not wish to force you into any occupation which you may dislike, and would, therefore, certainly fail in; for then you would console yourself by blaming me for being the cause of your failure.'

'Oh, no, no—do not think me so ungrateful.'

'But I did hope,' continued the father calmly, without heeding the interruption, 'that before you came to think of marriage, you would have settled with yourself upon some definite course of action in the future.'

'Your reproaches are just, sir,' answered Philip earnestly and with some agitation, 'and I deserve them. But this journey will decide what I am to be and do.'

'I did not mean to reproach you,' said the father, and again there was that distant note of sadness which sounded so strangely in his voice; 'but it seemed to me right to remind you of these things before telling you the rest. I reproach myself more than you.'

'I do not understand.'

'Listen. My young life was passed in a home which had been suddenly stricken down from wealth and ease to poverty. On every hand I heard the one explanation given for my father's haggard looks, my mother's wasting illness, for my poor sister's white face and constant drudgery with her needle, and for my own unsatisfied hunger; and that explanation was—the want of money. . . . I resolved that I should conquer this demon that was destroying us all—I resolved that I should have money.'

Here he paused, as if the memory of that time of misery proved too painful for him. Philip's sympathetic nature was drawn closer to his father at that moment than it had ever been before. He rose impulsively and grasped his arm. In the darkness the forms of the two men were indistinguishable to each other; but with that sympathetic touch each saw the other clearly in a new light.

'My poor father,' murmured Philip, clenching his teeth to keep down the sob that was in his throat.

There was silence; and at that moment a pale gleam of moonlight stole across the room. But it seemed only to darken the corner in which the two men stood.

By-and-by Mr Hadleigh gently removed his son's hand.

'Sit down again, Philip, or go over to the window so that I may see you.'

Philip walked quietly to a place opposite the window, and putting his hands behind him, rested them on the ledge of a bookcase, leaning back so that the light fell full upon his frank, handsome face, making it look very pale in his anxiety. He knew that his father was gazing earnestly at him, and as he could not see him, he was glad to hear his voice again, which in some measure took away the uncomfortable feeling produced by the singular position.

'You know that I gained my object,' Mr Hadleigh proceeded, with a mingling of bitterness and regret in his voice; 'but at what a cost! . . . All the lightness of heart which makes the lives of even the poorest children happy at times—all the warmth of hope and enthusiasm which brightens the humblest youth, were gone. It was not hope that led me on: it was determination. All emotion was dead within me: at twenty I was an old man; and in the hard grasping struggle with which I fought against the demon Poverty, and won the favour of the greater demon, Wealth—even love itself was sacrificed.'

He paused again; but this time Philip did not speak or move. There was something so pitiful as well as painful in this confession that he was dumb.

'They—father, mother, sister—all died before I had broken down the first barrier between me and fortune. I shed no tears: each death in poverty hardened me more and more. . . . It was—your mother who enabled me to break down the first barrier'——.

'Ah, I am glad of that,' exclaimed the son with a burst of happy relief.

'Wait. I did not know what love was: I did not love her.' (Philip started, but remained silent.) 'She had money: I married her for it. She did not love me; but she had quarrelled with the man she did love, and accepted me in her mad chagrin. We understood each other, and I was content—she was not. From the day of her marriage to the day of her death, her life was one weary lamentation that in her moment of passion I had crossed her path—a life of self-scourging and regret for the man she loved. I saw it, and knew it; but I did not know what love was, and I could not pity it. I did know something of hate; and I believed she hated me. . . . Had she only cared for me a little, it might have been different,' he added in a lower voice, and as if speaking to himself.

'You wrong her, father, you wrong her,' said Philip in a husky, tremulous voice.

'It may be; but I did not know then, what I understand too well now. A pity, a pity—for it might have been so different! As it was, her brother turned from her too, and would not forgive her. He hated me—he hates me: because the lover she had deserted was his close friend; and whilst I prospered, his friend failed. In a few years the man had lost everything he possessed, and died—some say by his own hand: killed by me, as your mother seemed to believe, and as Austin Shield does believe. I had ruined his life, he said, and I was as much responsible

for his death, as if I had given him poison or shot him. These were the last words Shield ever spoke to me.'

'It must have been in mere passion. He cannot believe that now, or he would not send for me.'

'I do not know. I went on my way, unheeding his words, and would have forgotten him, but for your mother's grief. I had no home-life; but I did my duty, as it seemed to me. The money which had been brought to me was repaid with compound interest: all that money could buy was at your mother's command: all that she could wish for her children was supplied to them, and you all seemed satisfied. But I was not with you—you were hushed and lifeless in my presence, and seemed only happy in my absence. Sitting in this room, I have heard your voices raised in gladness, and if I passed in amongst you, seeking for that strange something which the Demon Wealth with all his gold could not supply, it seemed as if the Demon sat upon my shoulder, frightening you and rendering you speechless. So I lived alone, although so near you, and my Familiar became kinder and kinder to me, until I wearied of him. I sought I did not know what, and could not find it.'

He stopped, breathing heavily, as if suppressing his emotion.

'Oh, if you had only spoken to us as you are speaking to me now, father!' cried Philip, so earnestly that it sounded like a reproach.

'It would have been better,' was the sad reply. 'I tell you these things that you may understand the proposal I am about to make to you. I now know what love is, and as too often happens, the knowledge comes too late. But it will help me in my effort to make two people happy. Can you guess who they are?'

'I am afraid you must inform me.'

'Yourself and Ma—Miss Heathcote. I propose that you should stay at home and marry as soon as may be agreeable to the lady. I shall settle upon you a sufficient fortune to enable you to live comfortably; but I shall expect you to enter some profession. Do you consent?'

Here was a proposal at which Philip's whole nature jumped gleefully. But that voice was in his ears, and he overcame the temptation.

'It was my mother's wish that I should go, if my uncle ever summoned me,' he said in a respectful but decisive voice, 'and I must go.'

'So be it,' rejoined the father, and there was a note of bitterness in his tone; 'I shall not again attempt to alter your plans.'

There was a peculiar emphasis on the 'I.'

CHAPTER VIII.—'WILL YOU SPEAK THAT WORD?'

Madge was singing as she dressed in her pretty little room, filled with the exhilarating breath of the early morning, which the wide open window admitted freely. This was no dainty lady's chamber full of costly nick-knacks. Everything in it was useful, and everything was so bright and simple, that glancing into it on a winter's day, one might have imagined that summer still lingered here.

As she stood at the chintz-draped toilet-table she could see the green glades apparently rising amidst the trees, one glade half in shadow, another with its dewdrops glistening like diamonds in the morning sunshine. Beyond that on the high ground were yellow plains of ripe grain, relieved by black and gray patches, which she knew to be fields of beans and tares. Down below there, at the foot of the meadows, the calmly flowing river sent silver flashes through every space left by the willows and elms. Farther on, she saw the stumpy tower of the old village church struggling to raise its head through a mass of ivy. And to all this her window, with its surrounding network of rose-tree branches, formed a suitable frame.

It was not a blithe song she was singing, and yet the hope that was in her voice and in her eyes took away from it all thought of sadness. It was that now old-fashioned but once popular song of the *Soldier's Tear*, and she dwelt with sympathy on the lines, 'Upon the hill he turned, to take a last fond look.' She repeated them dreamily again and again, and then her face would brighten into smiles when the happier picture presented itself of the time when she should stand on the top of the hill, or at the more probable although more prosaic railway station, welcoming Philip home.

Ah, it was much better to think of that. And then, what was a year, or what were two years, to reckon in their young lives, when all the succeeding years would be theirs to pass together—always together—no matter what Aunt Hessy might say? Besides, there would be his letters! He would speak to her in them every day, and she would speak to him every day. Of course, the ridiculous postal arrangements would not permit them to receive the letters on the day they were written; but when they *were* delivered, they would contain a full record of their daily lives.

Up from the barnyard came the loud voice of one of the labourers, rising above the obstreperous squeaking of the pigs he was feeding, as he drawled out a verse of some rustic ballad—

> Ow Mary Styles, Ow Mary Styles,
> It 's 'long ov yow I 'm dying,
> But if yow won't have me at last,
> Why, then, there 's no use crying.

A delightful combination of sentiment and philosophy, thought Madge, smiling.

Then came the other sounds which intimated that another day's work of the farm had begun. The milk-cans rattled as they were whirled out of the dairy to the waiting carts; merry jests were passed between the men and maids; harness clattered and clanked as the horses were put into the carts or reaping-machine; and there was much horse-language mingling with the confusion of dialects as the harvest hands turned out to the fields. The melancholy 'moo' of the cows rose from the barn as, having been milked, they were driven out to the meadows; the cocks, although they had been crowing since daybreak, crowed with louder defiance than ever, now that their hens were cackling and clucking around them; and the ducks emitted their curious self-satisfied 'quack' as they waggled off to the pond.

All these sounds warned Madge that she was somewhat later than usual in getting downstairs.

She was a little startled when she discovered on the hall table a letter bearing the Ringsford Manor crest; for she knew at once it was not from Philip, and feared that some mishap might have befallen him. She knew it was not from him, because he never used this crest, although all the other members of the family did. It had been the outcome of Miss Hadleigh's vanity, to which the others took kindly, whilst Philip laughed at it.

She learned that the note had been delivered about half an hour ago by young Jerry Mogridge, who left a special message that the 'flunkey' who gave it to him said it was to be given to her the moment she came down. She was surprised to find that it was from Philip's father, and still more surprised by its contents.

My Dear Miss Heathcote—The unusual hour at which this will be delivered will at once apprise you that the motive which prompts it is an important one. I cannot tell you how important it is in my eyes; and I hope and believe that you will not only appreciate the motive, but cordially sympathise with it.

Only a few hours ago I had to ask your assistance in a matter which entirely concerned myself; in the present instance I have to ask your assistance in a matter on which, I believe, your own happiness depends. You shall judge for yourself; and your answer will enable me to decide a question which has of late occupied my mind a great deal.

You have not hitherto heard me raise any objection to the journey Philip is about to make. To-day I decided that he ought not to go away. But after a long and painful conversation with him, I find that no words of mine can move him from his purpose.

Now, my dear Miss Heathcote, will you help me to hold him back from this useless enterprise?

I think you will—unless I am mistaken as to the nature of your feelings in regard to him.

My first and chief reason for desiring to keep him at home is my anxiety to see you and him happy—to see you two united, and him, under your influence, working earnestly in some profession.

I fear there is much danger that this desire of mine will never be realised, if he is permitted to spend a year with one who would delight in thwarting any wish of mine. You know his impulsive and impressionable nature. You are too young for experience to have taught you—and I earnestly trust it may never teach you—that absence, change of scene, and adverse counsels are not the most favourable conditions for keeping the most honest man steadfast.

Pray, do not misunderstand me. I do not doubt Philip. He is honest; but with such a nature as his, I think the trial of his honesty is too severe; and I object to it all the more because it is absolutely unnecessary. My proposal to him is that he should abandon this journey, that he should enter a profession at once, and that you should be married at as early a date as you may be inclined to fix. I need not say that you will be provided with ample means.

In the course of my life, few of the desires springing from my affections have been gratified. I beg of you to gratify this one. Although he resolutely declines to forego his purpose for my sake, I feel assured that you have only to speak one word—'stay'—and he will forego it for yours.

Will you speak that word?

Believe me, your humble servant,

Lloyd Hadleigh.

There was something so pathetic and yet so strange in this appeal of the father that she should keep his son near him, that Madge was pained as well as bewildered. Keep Philip at home!—marry him!—be happy!—help to steady his impulsive nature and influence him in some good work! What else was there that she could desire more? How beautiful the visions were that these suggestions conjured up. Her face brightened as if a blaze of sunshine fell upon it . . . and then it suddenly darkened.

She, too, like Philip remembered the dead mother's wish, and hesitated. But the question presented itself: if his mother had been alive now and had understood all the circumstances, would she have insisted upon this wish—which seemed to cause the father so much anxiety—being carried out?

She read the letter again, and this time her cheeks flushed a little at the doubt of her implied in the words, 'unless I am mistaken as to the nature of your feelings.' The unpleasant sensation was only momentary. How could he—how even could Philip—realise her feelings? But she also became conscious of a certain vagueness in the reasons given for the anxiety expressed by Mr Hadleigh. Were she to grant the appeal, would it not be a proof of her want of faith in Philip? *That* idea was enough to make her answer 'no' at once.

And yet she hesitated. The poor old man was evidently very much in earnest. (She always thought of Mr Hadleigh as an old man, older than Uncle Dick, although he was twenty years younger than the latter.) To say 'no' would cause him much pain: to say 'yes' would afford him much happiness, and at the same time bring about the completion of her own.

There was a yelping of dogs, and above it the stentorian voice of her uncle shouting: 'Down, Dash, down—here, Rover, here—be quiet, Tip, you brute.'

The door opened, dogs rushed in and bounded round Madge in wild delight. They were followed by Uncle Dick, his fresh ruddy face beaming with the happiness of health and content.

'What are you dreaming about, Madge? Breakfast ready? We are as hungry as if we had been starving for a week. Thought I should have met you in the meadow as usual. What's the matter?'

'I am trying to solve a riddle, uncle.'

'What!' he exclaimed with a burst of laughter, 'at this time in the morning. O ho! I see Master Philip was here too long yesterday.'

'Will you try it?'

'Don't be a fool. Call the Missus and let's have breakfast.'

'To please me, uncle,' she said, putting her hand on his arm.

'Well, what is it?'

'Suppose somebody asked you to do something that you wanted to do yourself, what would you say?'

'That's easily answered—yes, of course.'

'But, suppose there were reasons connected with other people on account of which you ought to say "no," what would you do?'

'Please myself.—Now, let's have our victuals, and confound your riddles, or I'll send for the doctor and the parson at once.'

There was not much help to Madge in this easy settlement of the difficulty. But she had a maxim which did help her: whenever you have a doubt as to which of two courses you should take, choose the one which is least agreeable to yourself. She decided to follow it in this instance, as she had done in many others of less importance.

THE MUSE OF PARODY.

READER, are you of those who cannot tolerate their favourite authors or their favourite poems being parodied? A lady-friend of the writer's lately said, in regard to one of the best-known poems of a distinguished poet: 'I admired and liked it once; but I can hardly read it now, since I saw that dreadful parody of it that appeared in *Punch*.' If you are of this sensitive class, we fear this article is not for you. But we feel pretty sure of an audience; for we know that the large majority of readers can relish a clever parody without in the least losing their enjoyment in or respect for the thing parodied. And it is well that it is so; for parody in some shape and to some extent is early as the beginnings of literature itself; and if the fame of poets depended on their immunity from travesty, every poet that has ever won his bays, and whose reputation now rests secure and impregnable, would have been laughed out of court long since.

In speaking of modern English parody, one's thoughts turn first, almost inevitably, to the brothers Horace and James Smith, who, in *Rejected Addresses*, may be regarded as the first to practise parody in a systematised fashion, as a vehicle of fun and humour. The *Rejected Addresses* won high praise from Jeffrey, who pronounced the parody on Crabbe 'an exquisite and masterly imitation;' while the poet himself declared it to be 'admirably done.' We shall give a short extract from it, which we think hits off Crabbe's manner in a way that fully justifies Jeffrey's criticism:

> John Richard William Alexander Dwyer
> Was footman to Justinian Stubbs, Esquire;
> But when John Dwyer listed in the Blues,
> Emanuel Jennings polished Stubbs's shoes.
> Emanuel Jennings brought his youngest boy
> Up as a corn-cutter—a safe employ;
> In Holywell Street, St Pancras, he was bred
> (At number twenty-seven, it is said),
> Facing the pump, and near the Granby's Head.
> He would have bound him to some shop in town,
> But with a premium he could not come down.
> Pat was the urchin's name—a red-haired youth,
> Fonder of purl and skittle-grounds than truth.

In regard to the parody of Sir Walter Scott in *Rejected Addresses*, the poet himself said: 'I must have done it myself, though I forget on what occasion.' Here are a few lines descriptive of the Drury Lane Theatre on fire:

> At length the mist awhile was cleared,
> When lo! amid the wreck upreared,
> Gradual a moving head appeared,
> And Eagle firemen knew
> 'Twas Joseph Muggins, name revered,
> The foreman of their crew.
> Loud shouted all in signs of woe,
> 'A Muggins to the rescue, ho!'
> And poured the hissing tide.

Thackeray was especially happy and especially funny in his Irish burlesques. *Larry O'Toole*, a parody of the rollicking Irish bacchanalian songs with which Charles Lever made us so familiar, admirably hits the medium between close imitation and high burlesque. There is a dash in it both of *Larry O'Hale* and the *Widow Malone*. We quote two of the three verses:

> You've all heard of Larry O'Toole,
> Of the beautiful town of Drumgoole.
> He had but one eye
> To ogle ye by;
> Och, murther, but that was a jew'l!
> A fool
> He made of the girls, this O'Toole.
>
> 'Twas he was the boy didn't fail,
> That tuck down purtaties and mail;
> He never would shrink
> From any sthrong dthrink;
> Was it whisky or Drogheda ale,
> I'm bail
> This Larry would swallow a pail.

Moore's well-known lines—

> I never nursed a young gazelle
> To glad me with its soft dark eye,
> But when it came to know me well,
> And love me, it was sure to die—

have been frequently parodied. Here is one version which, we think, is not very familiar:

> I never had a piece of toast
> Particularly long and wide,
> But fell upon the sanded floor,
> And always on the buttered side.

The following is by Mr H. C. Pennel, author of *Puck on Pegasus*:

> I never roved by Cynthia's beam,
> To gaze upon the starry sky,
> But some old stiff-backed beetle came,
> And charged into my pensive eye.
>
> And oh! I never did the swell
> In Regent Street among the beaus,
> But smuts the most prodigious fell,
> And always settled on my nose!

In those two delightful volumes, *Alice in Wonderland* and *Through the Looking-glass*, 'Lewis Carroll' gives us some capital travesties. Mr Southey's poem beginning '"You are old, Father William," the young man said,' is so familiar, that every reader will appreciate the point of the burlesque, without needing the original before him:

> 'You are old, Father William,' the young man said,
> 'And your hair has become very white;
> And yet you incessantly stand on your head—
> Do you think at your age it is right?'
>
> 'In my youth,' Father William replied to his son,
> 'I thought it might injure the brain;
> But now that I'm perfectly sure I have none,
> Why, I do it again and again.'

The old nursery song, '"Will you walk into my parlour?" said the Spider to the Fly,' the same writer has likewise burlesqued:

'Will you walk a little faster?' said a whiting to a snail;
'There's a porpoise close behind me, and he's treading on my tail.
See how eagerly the lobsters and the turtles all advance!
They are waiting on the shingle—will you come and join the dance?
Will you, won't you, will you, won't you, will you join the dance?
Will you, won't you, will you, won't you, won't you join the dance?'

The late Mr J. R. Planché, whose innumerable fairy extravaganzas were so full of fun and humour, was also an expert in parody. We give the first verse of a burlesque by him of the once popular song, *When other Lips:*

When other lips and other eyes
Their tales of love shall tell—
Which means the usual sort of lies
You've heard from every swell;
When, bored with every sort of bosh,
You'd give the world to see
A friend whose love you know will wash,
Oh, then remember me!

The funniest burlesque of Wordsworth's *We are Seven*, with which we are acquainted, is by Mr H. S. Leigh:

'I thought it would have sent me mad
Last night about eleven.'
Said I: 'What is it makes you bad?
How many apples have you had?'
She answered: 'Only seven.'

'And are you sure you took no more,
My little maid?' quoth I.
'Oh, please, sir, mother gave me four,
But they were in a pie.'

'If that's the case,' I stammered out,
'Of course you've had eleven.'
The maiden answered with a pout:
'I ain't had more nor seven.'

Here are four lines from a travesty of Tennyson's *May Queen*—

'You may lay me in my bed, mother—my head is throbbing sore;
And mother, prithee, let the sheets be duly aired before;
And if you'd do a kindness to your poor desponding child,
Draw me a pot of beer, mother—and, mother, draw it mild.'

It is not necessary to name the original of the following. We quote two of the three verses which compose the whole:

He wore a brace of pistols, the night when first we met;
His deep-lined brow was frowning beneath his wig of jet;
His footsteps had the moodiness, his voice the hollow tone,
Of a bandit chief, who feels remorse, and tears his hair alone.
I saw him but at half-price, but methinks I see him now,
In the tableau of the last act, with the blood upon his brow.

A *private* bandit's belt and boots, when next we met, he wore;
His salary, he told me, was lower than before;
And standing at the O. P. wing, he strove, and not in vain,
To borrow half a sovereign, which he never paid again.
I saw it but a moment—and I wish I saw it now—
As he buttoned up his pocket with a condescending bow.

Tennyson's well-known lyric, *Home they brought her warrior dead*, has been thus amusingly parodied by Mr Sawyer:

Home they brought her sailor son,
Grown a man across the sea,
Tall and broad, and black of beard,
And hoarse of voice as man may be.

Hand to shake, and mouth to kiss,
Both he offered ere he spoke;
But she said: 'What man is this
Comes to play a sorry joke?'

Then they praised him, called him 'smart,'
'Tightest lad that ever stept;'
But her son she did not know,
And she neither smiled nor wept.

Rose, a nurse of ninety years,
Set a pigeon-pie in sight;
She saw him eat: ''Tis he, 'tis he!'
She knew him—by his appetite.

The following clever parody of Wordsworth's *Lucy* is but little known. It was written by Hartley Coleridge, and reappeared some years ago in *Notes and Queries*. We shall quote the first verse of the original:

She dwelt among the untrodden ways,
Beside the banks of Dove;
A maid whom there were none to praise,
And very few to love.

We give two of the three verses composing the parody:

He lived among the untrodden ways,
To Rydal Mount that lead;
A bard whom there were none to praise,
And very few to read.

Unread his works—his *Milk-white Doe*
With dust is dark and dim;
It's still in Longman's shop; and oh!
The difference to him!

From a parody of Tennyson's *Mariana*, which appeared in an Australian paper, we take the concluding verse. The burden of the original ballad, it will be remembered, runs:

She only said: 'My life is dreary;
He cometh not,' she said;
She said: 'I am aweary, aweary—
I would that I were dead!'

They lifted him with kindly care;
They took him by the heels and head;
Across the floor, and up the stair,
They bore him safely to his bed.
They wrapped the blankets warm and tight,
And round about his nose and chin
They drew the sheets, and tucked them in,
And whispered: 'Poor old boy—Good-night!'
He murmured: 'Boys, oh, deary, deary,
That punch *was* strong,' he said;
He said: 'I am aweary, aweary—
Thank heaven, I've got to bed!'

An American magazine published some years ago a series of burlesques of the old nursery rhymes, of which we give specimens:

Little Jack Horner,
Of Latin no scorner,
In the second declension did spy

How of nouns there are some
Which, ending in *um*,
Do *not* make their plural in *i*.

Jack and Jill
Have studied Mill,
And all that sage has taught too;
Now both promote
Jill's claim to vote,
As every good girl ought to.

The case for the evolutionists is thus tersely put by an American poet, parodying *Sing a song of Sixpence*:

Sing a song of phosphates,
Fibrine in a line,
Four-and-twenty follicles
In the van of time.
When the phosphorescence
Evoluted brain,
Superstition ended,
Man began to reign.

Pope's familiar couplet—

Here shall the spring its earliest sweets bestow,
Here the first roses of the year shall blow—

has been thus travestied by Miss Catherine Fanshawe, who accomplishes the step from the sublime to the ridiculous by the change of two words only:

Here shall the spring its earliest coughs bestow,
Here the first noses of the year shall blow.

Among living parodists, few, if any, excel Mr C. S. Calverley, who seems to possess every qualification for success in this sort of work. The reader will at once recognise how happily he has caught Tennyson's method and manner in the following parody of *The Brook*, especially in the blank-verse portion. We quote two verses and the conclusion:

'I loiter down by thorp and town;
For any job I 'm willing;
Take here and there a dusty brown,
And here and there a shilling.

'I steal from th' parson's strawberry plats,
I hide by the Squire's covers;
I teach the sweet young housemaids what 's
The art of trapping lovers.'

Thus on he prattled like a babbling brook.
But I: 'The sun hath slipt behind the hill,
And my Aunt Vivian dines at half-past six.'
So in all love we parted; I to the Hall;
They to the village. It was noised next noon
That chickens had been missed at Syllabub Farm.

We had noted down several other examples of parody by different authors, which might have served further to illustrate our subject. Our selections have necessarily lost something of force and pertinence, from the fragmentary condition in which we have been obliged to present them; but the reader, if he be sufficiently interested in the matter, may easily go to the original sources.

It needs not to be pointed out that there are limits to parody, as to all other forms of light and sportive literature, whose main object is, after all, to divert and amuse. Good taste should guide the course of parody, in fact should never be absent from it. Let the parodist hit as hard as he pleases, but let him deal no foul blow, nor aim his strokes at aught that tradition and the world's verdict have made sacred and to be revered. Parody may be as clever, laughable, and amusing as you can make it; but it should always be good-natured, fair, and gentlemanly.

TWO DAYS IN A LIFETIME.

A STORY IN EIGHT CHAPTERS.

BY T. W. SPEIGHT.

CHAPTER V.

After his rebuff by Lady Dimsdale, the Baronet made up his mind to set off home as soon as possible. He was stung as he had rarely been stung in his life before, and was in no humour for the company of any one. But before he could get away, an almost incredible rumour reached his ears that Mr Boyd's long-lost wife had unexpectedly appeared at Rosemount. This was enough to induce Sir Frederick to change his plans, especially when backed up by the Captain's pressing invitation to stay for dinner, for who could tell what unexpected turn events might now take? So he sent his groom in the dogcart to fetch his dress clothes, and made up his mind to remain where he was till the following morning.

Sir Frederick had easily discovered, by questioning one of the servants, in which particular room Mr Boyd and his wife had located themselves. It was the room next the library. So into the library went Sir Frederick, on the pretext of having some letters to write, and there he sat with the door a little way open—waiting. A certain strange idea was fermenting in his brain, which he could not get rid of till he had satisfied himself whether it had any foundation in fact or otherwise. The moment he saw Boyd pass the library door, he knew that the opportunity for which he had been waiting had come.

Sir Frederick advanced a step or two, and looked round, as if in search of some one. 'Pardon my intrusion,' he said with a bow; 'but—Mr Boyd—is he not here?'

'Mr Boyd has left the room for a few minutes. He will be back presently.'

The Baronet gave a well-simulated start at the first sound of Mrs Boyd's voice. Then he seemed to regard her attentively for a moment or two, with his head a little on one side. 'Pardon me,' he said with a half-smile of inquiry, 'but have I not the honour of addressing Mrs Boyd?'

At this question she seemed to freeze suddenly. Her eyes traversed him from head to foot before she answered him; then in cold clear tones she said: 'I am the wife of Oscar Boyd.'

'I thought I could not be mistaken,' replied the Baronet, with his most insinuating smile.—'I am Sir Frederick Pinkerton. But it is so long since I had the pleasure of seeing you last, that in all probability you have quite forgotten me.'

There was something about him that had evidently aroused her suspicions. She was at a loss to know what ground to take with him. 'Yes—I cannot quite call you to mind,' she said hesitatingly, after a little pause. 'And yet? No. Tell me where I have seen you before.'

'At New Orleans.'

'Ha! I have not been at New Orleans for many years.'

'I met you on two or three occasions in society, a few months after your marriage.'

'Yes—I think I remember you now. But it is a long time ago, monsieur, and I was introduced to so many people about that time.'

'I entertain a very distinct recollection of you, madam.'

'I am indeed flattered, monsieur.' She smiled a little set smile, which came and went as if it were produced by clockwork. She was evidently far from being at her ease.

'Your unexpected appearance must have been a great surprise to Mr Boyd—a surprise and a pleasure in one. The return of a wife whom he believed to have been lost to him for ever several years ago! What a unique experience!'

'An experience, monsieur, which very few husbands, I am afraid, would care to have brought home to themselves. You have an English proverb, "Out of sight, out of mind." That is a very true proverb.'

'Fie, fie! Mrs Boyd. You must not be so severe on us poor men. We are not all alike. Take your own case as an instance. You come back, from the tomb as it were, after I know not how many years, and find your husband still faithful to your memory.—Ah no; you must not malign us all.'

Was he mocking her, or what, this smiling, smooth-faced man? She was becoming more vaguely uneasy every minute, she scarcely knew why.

'The sight of you this morning, Mrs Boyd,' resumed the Baronet, 'brings to my memory a certain little incident which I had all but forgotten. In those days, I was something of a traveller. About a year subsequently to my introduction to you, madam, I found myself in Mexico.'

Mrs Boyd could not repress a start, but she did not speak.

'While there, singular to say, I made the acquaintance of a certain relative of yours, who inquired most particularly concerning your welfare.'

Mrs Boyd's face might have been seen to pale even under its artificial colouring. She steadied her voice by an effort. 'Of a relation of mine, monsieur! May I ask his name?'

'Don Diego Riaz.' He pronounced the name slowly, looking fixedly at her the while.

'Ha!' She fell back a step, as if some one had aimed a blow at her, and then one hand went up quickly to her heart. Both hatred and fear shone out of the eyes with which she stared at him.

'By heavens! I have hit the mark,' said the Baronet to himself.

'Who can this man be? How much does he know?' was her unspoken thought.

'I am afraid you are ill, Mrs Boyd,' remarked the Baronet.

'A spasm; a mere nothing,' she answered.—'To return to what you were saying. I have neither seen nor heard anything of Don Diego Riaz for many years, and I hope neither to see nor hear anything of him in time to come. There was no love lost between him and me.'

'His was a singular character, and strange tales were told of him. For instance, it was whispered that on one occasion when a certain member of his family left home without his knowledge or consent, he'——

'Spare me the recital, I pray of you. The mere mention of that man's name is hateful to me! utterly hateful!' Her voice was charged with passion, her black eyes seemed to strike fire. She walked across to the window and then came back again.

Sir Frederick felt that he had pursued the topic as far as it was safe to do so. ''Tis she; I can no longer doubt,' he murmured to himself. 'I have not forgotten what I was told in Mexico.'

'How much or how little does this man know?' Estelle kept asking herself. She was seriously uneasy.

'Do you purpose making a long stay in England, Mrs Boyd?' asked the Baronet in his most matter-of-fact tone.

'I think not, Sir Frederick. My husband talks about sailing for South America in a few days. He has lost nearly the whole of his fortune. *N'est ce pas?*'

'I believe so. I was prodigiously sorry to hear of it.—Do you accompany your husband abroad, Mrs Boyd?'

'Monsieur! Is it not a wife's duty to accompany her husband anywhere and everywhere? And consider for how many years Oscar and I have been separated! He would not leave me behind him for the world.'

'Yours must be a romantic story, Mrs Boyd. I hope we shall have the pleasure of hearing from your lips some particulars of your marvellous escape.'

At this moment Mrs Bowood entered the room. She could contain herself no longer. What was Mr Boyd about, that he did not at once introduce his wife to herself and the Captain? Then she was dying to apologise for her mistake of the morning; besides which, her sense of hospitality was outraged by the fact that Mrs Boyd had been all this time in the house without having been shown to her rooms or asked to partake of refreshments of any kind. Such a state of affairs must be put an end to forthwith.

Mrs Bowood came forward with her most genial smile. 'I am come to apologise for my absurd mistake of this morning, though it was partly your own fault, my dear Mrs Boyd.' She had hold of both Estelle's hands by this time. 'How do you do? How do you do? Allow me to welcome you to Rosemount.—Ah, Sir Frederick, you here?' This was said with some surprise.

'I had the honour of making Mrs Boyd's acquaintance several years ago.'

'Wonders will never cease.' Then turning to Estelle, she went on: 'Only to think that I mistook you for a French governess! But you ought to have let me know at first who you were, and then matters would have been set right at once.'

'I wanted to surprise my husband,' answered Estelle, with downcast eyes. 'I wanted to see whether he would know me again, after so long a time.'

'As if he could help knowing you and he your husband! I can imagine how overjoyed he must have been to see you again.'

'*Cher* Oscar! He was distracted with joy. He could scarcely speak to me at first for emotion.'

Sir Frederick smiled cynically, but did not speak.

'No chance for Laura now,' said Mrs Bowood to herself. 'How fortunate this woman did not come a day later.'

Mrs Bowood had left the room-door wide open, and at this juncture her eye caught sight of Lady Dimsdale, who was passing along the corridor on her way to the side-door that opened into the grounds. 'Laura, Laura! come here,' she called. 'I want to introduce you to Mrs Boyd.'

'The woman he kissed!' muttered Estelle between her teeth.

'Checkmate for my Lady Disdain,' remarked Sir Frederick to himself with a shrug.

Lady Dimsdale hearing herself called by name turned back, and entered the room. She looked a little paler than ordinary, but was perfectly composed. Going straight up to Estelle, she held out her hand. 'Mrs Boyd and I have met already,' she said in her most matter-of-fact tone.

'Ah, *oui*,' answered Estelle with a shrug, as she took the proffered hand for a moment and then let it drop.

'Met before!' exclaimed Mrs Bowood in amazement.

'A couple of hours ago,' said Lady Dimsdale.

'For one minute only,' explained Estelle.

'Then I must introduce you.—This is Lady Dimsdale, one of my dearest friends.—Laura—Mrs Boyd.'

'I am enchanted to make the acquaintance of Lady Dimsdale.'

''Tis a pity Lady D. cannot return the compliment,' muttered Sir Frederick to himself.

Mrs Bowood turned to him. 'By-the-bye, Sir Frederick, have you seen the Captain since luncheon?' With that the two crossed over to the window and began to talk together.

'Mrs Boyd, I feel that some explanation is due to you,' said Lady Dimsdale in a low voice to the other.

'I have not asked for any explanation, Lady Dimsdale.'

'I repeat that one is due to you.'

'As you please,' answered the other, with a little lifting of her shoulders; and with that she sat down and yawned unmistakably behind her handkerchief.

'Mr Boyd and I were acquainted many years ago, before he went abroad,' began Lady Dimsdale. 'He was a frequent visitor at my father's vicarage. After he went away, I never saw him again till yesterday. This morning, fully believing that you had been dead for many years, he asked me to become his wife.'

'You did not say No,' sneered Estelle.

'At that moment you entered the room.'

'It was very bad taste on my part, I confess. Had I known how you were engaged, I would have waited five minutes longer.'

'With all my heart, I wish that you had come an hour sooner!'

'I told you that I did not require any explanation. Now that you have chosen to press one on me, what is the value of it? *Absolument rien!* The world is wide, and one kiss more or less is of little consequence.' She rose, and crossed to the table and opened a book of photographs.

'And that woman is Oscar Boyd's wife!' said Lady Dimsdale to herself as she looked after her. Her heart was very, very bitter.

Mrs Bowood turned as Estelle crossed to the table. 'I am afraid you will think us all very inhospitable, Mrs Boyd,' she said; 'but it is your husband's fault that you did not come in to luncheon. However, a tray will be ready for you in a few minutes. By-the-bye, has any one shown you your rooms?'

'My rooms, madame! We—that is, my husband and I—are going to London by the next train. At least, that is what Oscar says.'

'Going away by the next train! Mr Boyd had promised to stay a week, and why need he go away because you have arrived?'

'I only know, madame, that he told me he was going away.'

'That will never do. I must talk to him; and Captain Bowood must talk to him; and you, Lady Dimsdale, and you, Sir Frederick, must add your persuasions to ours to induce Mr Boyd not to run away from us in this sudden fashion. Next week we have two picnics and an archery meeting—and Mrs Boyd has been so long away from England!'

'I am sure Mr Boyd can't be hard-hearted enough to resist all our entreaties,' said the Baronet. 'The influence of Lady Dimsdale alone might'——

'You rate my influence too highly, Sir Frederick,' interrupted Laura hastily, while a warm flush mounted to her cheek. 'In a matter like this, Mr Boyd probably knows his own business better than any one.'

The Baronet, in nowise disconcerted, turned to Estelle: 'To run away from us so soon would be cruel indeed.' Then to Mrs Bowood: 'I am sure we are all anxious for the pleasure of Mrs Boyd's further acquaintance. We want to know her better—we want to hear the story of her adventures, of her wonderful escape from shipwreck.'

'A dangerous man this—I hate him!' muttered Estelle between her teeth.

'Yes—of course—the story of the shipwreck,' cried impulsive Mrs Bowood. 'I had forgotten that for the moment. We are all dying to hear it.'

Estelle's eyes were on Lady Dimsdale. 'The woman he kissed says nothing,' was her unspoken comment. Then turning to Mrs Bowood, she said: 'The shipwreck? O yes, I will tell you all about the shipwreck—but not to-day. I am a little tired.'

'I am sure you must be, and hungry too. We have all been very remiss,' replied the mistress of Rosemount. Then putting her arm into that of Estelle, she added: 'But your tray will be ready by this time, and Mr Boyd must join you when he comes down. Meanwhile, I want to introduce you to Captain Bowood.—Laura, dear, you are coming?'

'I will join you in a few minutes,' was Lady Dimsdale's reply. She wanted to be alone.

Mrs Bowood and Estelle quitted the room together. Sir Frederick lingered behind for a moment.

'What a happy man our friend Boyd must be to-day.—Don't you think so, dear Lady Dimsdale?' he said with a smirk.

'Very happy, Sir Frederick,' answered Laura, looking him steadily in the eyes. 'Who can doubt it?'

'Lucky dog! lucky dog!' ejaculated the Baronet as he followed the other ladies from the room.

Lady Dimsdale sank into an easy-chair. 'His wife! His wife!' How the words kept ringing in her brain. 'Thank heaven she came at the moment she did, and not five minutes later! And yet if she had come an hour sooner, that would have been better still. Would it? I don't know. I cannot tell. His words were so sweet to me! Did I answer him? No. He looked into my eyes and read his answer there. And now I must never see him or think of him more! Oh, my darling—the love of my girlhood—the only love of my life—it is hard to bear, hard to bear!' She felt as if her heart were surcharged with tears; they glistened in her eyes.

At this moment Oscar Boyd entered the room. He gave a little start when he saw who was in it. He had not expected to find her there. From the head of the staircase, just as he was on the point of coming down, he had seen his wife and Mrs Bowood enter the dining-room, and he guessed what had happened during his absence. The hard set look on his pale face softened inexpressibly as his eyes rested on Lady Dimsdale. 'Laura!' he said, pausing for an instant with the handle of the door in his hand.

She neither looked up nor answered him; for a moment or two she was afraid to trust either her eyes or her voice.

He shut the door, and went forward and took one of her hands. 'Laura!' he said again, and there was a world of tenderness in the way he pronounced that one little word.

Then she looked up, and he saw the tears shining in her eyes. 'Oscar!—I may call you so for the last time—we ought to have parted without another word.'

'I could not have gone away without seeing you again, if only for a few minutes.'

'You *are* going away?'

'By the next train.'

'It is better so.'

'Laura! when I spoke to you this morning, it was in the full belief that I was a free man—that no tie existed on earth to debar me from saying the words I said then.'

'I know it—I know it.'

'The woman—my wife—whom I had every reason to believe had died long ago, will accompany me when I leave this place. But to-morrow she and I will part for ever. Her future will be duly cared for, and after that I shall never see her again. Laura! you and I may never meet again after to-day. Think of me sometimes when I am far away.'

'Always—always.'

'O heavens, when I think how happy we might have been! And now!' Strong man though he was, it was all he could do to keep himself from breaking down. He was possessed by an almost irresistible impulse to fling his arms round her and press her passionately to his heart.

Love's fine instinct told Laura something of what was passing in his breast. She stood up and laid one hand softly on his arm. 'You had better go now,' she said very gently. 'No more words are needed between you and me. We know what we know, and no one can deprive us of that knowledge.'

He felt the wisdom of her words. To delay that which was inevitable was merely to prolong her misery and his own. Besides, his wife might enter the room at any moment. And yet—and yet it was so hard to have his treasure torn from him at the very moment he had made it his own!

Laura had a rose in the bosom of her dress. She took it out and fixed it in his button-hole. 'Now go. Not another word,' she whispered.

'I shall write to you once before I sail,' he said.

'No—no; better not.'

He did not dispute the point, but took each of her hands in one of his. For the space of a few seconds they stood heart to heart, as it were, gazing into each other's eyes. Then Oscar lifted first one hand and then the other, and pressed them to his lips with a sort of reverent passionate tenderness. 'Farewell, my darling, farewell!'

The words struck a chill to her heart. They were the last anguished cry of love and happiness lost for ever.

GLIMPSES OF THE SCOT ABROAD.

A FEW years ago, I was what is called a 'globe-trotter,' by which title, as the reader knows, is meant that distinctively modern personage—the world-tourist. He is the creation of the steamboat and the rail, and of all the Ariel-like capabilities due to recent discoveries and improvements in locomotion by land and sea. The term globe-trotter is suggestive. One conjures up a traveller, knapsack on back, poking his nose into the Himalayas, sauntering across Sahara, brushing past the Pyramids, leaving his card at Calcutta, scampering over the American prairie, lunching at Rome, and dropping in to see the Seven Churches of Asia. The voyager of to-day can buttonhole Old Father Time, and be on familiar terms with his primal relative Space. It was thus that in the course of two or three years I was fortunate enough to visit most of the embryo kingdoms which make up our colonial empire, as well as Britain's great dependency in the East. As need scarcely be said, I boasted a note-book, for what traveller of this era is without one, wherewith on his return to publish Passages, Reminiscences, Fly-leaves, or Jottings of his unique wanderings? From the memoranda made during this tour round the world, I have compiled several incidents connected with the Scot abroad. These pretend to be nothing more than ripples on the current of colonial life, giving slight hints as to moods and bearing of the Scot abroad, in the varying scenes of his exile.

It is a truism to say that Scotsmen are to be found in every corner of the habitable globe. As I once heard a Melbourne Englishman remark: 'If there were no Scotchmen, what would the world do for bank-managers?' They have been noted as enterprising emigrants, and, in a large number of cases, successful colonists. I met with few instances of Scotchmen complaining in respect of their material welfare. One man in Queensland had a somewhat unique grievance, which, however, he set forth with a twinkle in the eye: 'There's the government spendin' pounds upon pounds in bringin' oot folk to this country, while here's me wi' fifteen bairns, maistly a' born here, an' I've never got a penny for ony o' them!'

Otago is perhaps the most Scottish of any portion of the colonial empire, though Ontario runs it very close. Dunedin is almost undiluted in its Scottish nationality, and is a city of considerable stir. Sabbatarian questions, as well as the question of instrumental music in the church, are warmly discussed in Otago. At a certain gathering of Presbyterian clergymen, one of them urged that organs should be introduced in order to draw more young people to the church; upon which an old minister remarked that this was acting on the principle of 'O whistle, an' I 'll come to ye, my lad!' The Scot abroad has a great love for the institutions of his native country, and endeavours to transplant as many of them as circumstances will allow. Even the winter weather of Scotland induces kindly recollections in the breasts of old settlers. I remember, after a phenomenal fall of snow in Dunedin, the like of which had not been seen for twenty years, an elder of the kirk exclaiming, as he rubbed his hands: 'Sic glorious snaw-ba' fechts we had—it mindit me o' langsyne! Man, I was sorry when the thaw cam' on.' Caledonian Societies flourish all over New Zealand as much as does the thistle itself. On the Thames gold-field, in the province of Auckland, there was a corps of Highland Volunteers. Whenever they marched through the town, they were invariably followed by numbers of Maories, who tied blankets round their waists, like kilts, and no doubt imagined themselves sufficiently Celtic.

The national dishes are much in vogue in New Zealand. An English lady in Wellington, the capital of that colony, on one occasion detailed how she had tried to make a haggis in order to please her husband, who hailed from north of the Tweed. With the help of a cookery-book, the numerous ingredients were collected and prepared, and at last inserted in a big pot. Alas! the haggis would not sink, despite renewed efforts. The lady, in despair, called in an experienced neighbour, who pierced the haggis with a fork, and successfully 'scuttled' it. I am sorry to add that after all the wife's trouble and anxiety, the dish proved a total failure. It is to be hoped that her husband was not so difficult to please as the well-to-do tradesman in Auckland, who grumbled sorely as to New Zealand 'not being fit for a Scotsman to live in.' 'How's that?' 'Weel, the fact is I—I—canna get my parritch made to please me!' Talking of porridge, the dish was a favourite in the Christchurch Hotel, province of Canterbury, where it was cooked by a Frenchman who now and again actually spoke broken Scotch with a Parisian accent; while at Wanganui, in the North Island, the 'parritch' was prepared by a Chinese cook.

To say that Scotsmen abroad are still fond of their national music is simply to say that they do not cease to be Scotsmen. If anything, the fondness becomes intensified. I once heard an enthusiast in South Africa observe: '*My Ain Fireside—Ye Banks and Braes—The Land o' the Leal*—eh! a body could be fit to gang to heaven hearing thae sangs sung!' At a mission-school connected with the Scotch Church in Cape Town I once listened to *Weel may the Boatie row*, sung as a duet by a Dutch girl and a Malay, a result attained by the enthusiasm of the Scottish schoolmaster. It seemed to me as incongruous as hearing the Old Hundred in the 'Scots Kirk' of Calcutta, unwittingly accompanied by the tom-toms of a Hindu festival transpiring in the street. Now that I have taken the reader so far as India, let me note also that in the Church of Scotland College at Calcutta I saw an advanced class of Bengali youths reading Scott's *Lady of the Lake* and making marginal notes. Returning to Australia, a pleasant memory is that of an afternoon spent in a school at Sandhurst, the aforetime 'Bendigo.' Here, after the ordinary class-duties had been performed, the scholars were initiated into the mysteries of Highland reels and strathspeys, under the tutorship of an Aberdonian dame, the Aberdonian schoolmaster accompanying on the fiddle. I recollect, too, how an Irish grocer in Adelaide, South Australia, was moved to stand outside his door in the bright moonlight evenings and play *Monymusk* on a tin whistle. A vision of Canada now rises before me, with its host of local bards, each with his wallet of poems on his back, trudging from village to village—the troubadours of the backwoods. Their warblings were not of the snow-laden forest, the subdued glory of the Indian summer, the autumn-gilded maple, or the swift, miraculous dawn of the Columbian spring. Their strains were those of exile; strains of Scotia, of 'hame,' of rippling burnies, of the purple heather, of the thousand-and-one historic and sympathetic memories of the dear old land. But hark! what sounds do we hear echoing from a Sabbath school in Sacramento, California? Scottish tunes, but linked to religious words, the children singing a hymn of the church militant to the melody of *Scots wha hae;* while *Ye Banks and Braes* served as the tender medium for stanzas of a more devotional character.

The farmer is a notable figure in one's Canadian remembrances, the agricultural class comprising about half the population. In Ontario you will find many old Scotch settlers, and much could be written upon their present and past experiences. The times are considerably altered from the days when the rough pioneering work had to be done. I once met two aged farmers, one of whom had seen eighty-three winters, who had emigrated to Canada together about forty years ago, and might have been taken for typical old settlers. In telling their primitive toils and privations, their weather-beaten faces were lit up with an animation that was almost joyous in its character. One related, as if it were some rare humour, that his first log-hut in the backwoods was at many places open to the heavens, and that frequently he had to dust the snow off his blankets before he went to bed. The wintry theme suggests the story of a Scottish Canadian who, on a voyage to the mother-country, was one day found sleeping on deck, when the captain roused him with a natural caution against sunstroke. 'Sunstroke!' scornfully replied the awakened one. 'It wad tak' a' the sun atween here an' Greenock to thaw the Canada frost oot o' my head.'

In Salt Lake City there are not a few Scottish Mormons. I chanced to have a brief conversation there with a middle-aged Scotchwoman, who was a follower of Brigham Young, and who did not hesitate to magnify the virtues of polygamy. It turned out, however, that her zeal was largely of a theoretical nature, as the good lady did not seem

to believe in the system so far as it might entail any discomfort upon herself. At Omaha I was acquainted with a Highlander who in the first days of Mormonism became converted to polygamy, but who ultimately abjured the faith. Many a time and oft, in Celtic daring, had he stood on the banks of the Missouri River, lifting up his voice in the wilderness like the Baptist of old, denouncing Mormonism to the bands of converts as they passed over the stream to the ostensible Land of Canaan. His life was in daily peril, but he escaped scathless from his self-imposed mission. In San Francisco I saw Elder Stenhouse, who had been until lately a chief among the Utah Saints. He and his wife, both Scotch people, had dedicated themselves honestly to the new faith, but finding out its hollowness, they shook off the dust of the desert—there is plenty of it—from their shoes, and took farewell of Salt Lake.

In travelling about from place to place you make acquaintance with a most interesting type of character—that of the veteran Scotchman. In Christchurch, New Zealand, I met a Waterloo veteran, eighty-four years of age, yet with erect, military carriage. With vivacious garrulity he told that he was born in Fife; that he had lodged at the house of Mrs Grant of Laggan; that he knew 'Jamie Hogg' and Nathaniel Gow; that he had been all through the Peninsular War, had fought at Waterloo, and had been on half-pay since 1817. A companion-figure was that of the venerable Highlander of King William's Town, Cape Colony—a genial-hearted man, of stern brow and with war-worn features—whose talk was a strange blending of pleasant Scottish reminiscence and weird stories of Kaffir campaigns in which he had taken part. Again, while sailing up the Suez Canal, on the voyage home from India, one of my fellow-passengers was an old Scotsman who had fought at Waterloo, and was then engaged making a tour of the world. As he said, with pleasant pathos: 'I want to see all that's to be seen before I'm happit up in the mools'—a phrase that can only be inadequately rendered in English as 'lying snug beneath the sod.' He left the steamer at Port Saïd, as he was bound on an excursion to the Holy Land, and as the quarter-master offered to carry his portmanteau, the old fellow elbowed him aside, exclaiming: 'Pooh, pooh; I'm a young man yet!' Last and not least notable of this class was an old and well-preserved gentleman I met at Wellington, New Zealand. He was an Edinburgh man, and had been educated at the university there. He had been acquainted with friends of Burns, had known the poet's 'Chloris' and 'Clarinda,' and in speaking of the Potterrow always seemed to regard it as still a fashionable street. To gossip with him was like shaking hands with the past.

In going round the world, one is sure to find relatives and souvenirs of famous men and women. At Hobart-Town, Tasmania, there resided, when I visited the town, the granddaughter of Neil Gow and daughter of Nathaniel Gow, the composer of *Caller Herrin'*. In the Waikato district of the North Island of New Zealand, about a hundred miles from the city of Auckland, lives, I still trust, old Mrs Nicol, mother of the late Robert Nicol, the celebrated Perthshire poet. During a stormy passage in a small steamer on the New Zealand coast, I had some interesting chats with an Irish gentleman who had met and talked with Sir Walter Scott in a chapel in Italy, during the closing scenes of that busy life. I may add also that at Listowel, in Ontario, I was privileged to meet the brother of Dr Livingstone, and was much struck with the facial resemblance between him and the great traveller. In the University of Dunedin the visitor can see, in a gilt frame, a lock of Burns's hair, labelled 'A genuine relic of the Poet, and modicum of a larger lock owned by Jean Armour.' A certain country hotel in Tasmania lives in my memory from its having distributed through its rooms an extraordinary number of pictures of John Knox, the religious character of the house being increased by the fact that one of the apartments was used as the 'study' of the Presbyterian clergyman of the village. The name of John Knox, by association, recalls to my mind the incident of the eccentric Scot of Kaffraria, South Africa, who had a portrait of Mary Queen of Scots hung in his bedroom, and who, every morning on rising, stretched his hands towards it, crying: 'O my poor murdered queen!'

The visitor fresh from home is certain of meeting with a kind welcome from his countrymen abroad. The welcome need not be on personal grounds. An Edinburgh man in Canada once shook my hand warmly, saying: 'I dinna ken ye; I never met ye before; but I just want to see a man that's seen Arthur Seat since I saw it.' The love of home sometimes reaches an intense pitch, as in the case of the Scotsman at Fort Beaufort, in Cape Colony, who ejaculated: 'I'd rather gang hame and be hanged, than dee here a natural death!' Again, an old man in New Zealand remarked: 'I doot I'll no get hame to Scotland again; but if onybody said: "Ye shall not go," I'd be off the morn's mornin'!' With which forcible yet touching deliverance let these glimpses conclude.

I am afraid that during our brief bird's-eye view of colonial life, the reader has been dragged hither and thither in a somewhat erratic course. The irregularity, however, has been more apparent than real. Whether amid Canadian snows, New Zealand mountains, Australian bush, or South African *veldt*, you meet with the same shrewd, persevering Scotsman, steadily moving in his colonial orbit, and moving none the less regularly because of the tender gravitation of his heart towards the central sphere of patriotic affection—dear though distant Scotland.

IS SMOKING INJURIOUS TO HEALTH?

ALTHOUGH the above important question is so frequently asked, more especially of medical men, yet their replies are as a general rule either of a vague or dogmatic nature that is anything but satisfactory. There has been unlimited discussion respecting the injurious effects of smoking, ever since the first introduction of tobacco, and a great deal of nonsense has unfortunately been urged by enthusiasts on both sides. Some have praised tobacco far beyond its merits; while others have so enlarged upon its injurious and poisonous qualities as to make one wonder that anybody who smokes should be left alive at all.

Hitherto, however, no satisfactory solution of the problem appears to have been arrived at. Our object in this paper will be to deal as concisely as possible with the subject upon its merits.

In the first place, we may inform our readers that smoking is and is not injurious. This apparently contradictory assertion admits, however, of the following explanation. In New England, it has been with truth alleged that the thirst induced by smoking is an active incentive to alcoholic excess and its attendant evils. Now, on the other hand, amongst Asiatic nations the reverse holds good. Mr Lane—translator of the *Arabian Nights*—when in the East, noticed that smoking appeared to possess a soothing effect, attended with slight exhilaration, and that it supplied the place of alcoholic beverages. Mr Layard, whose knowledge of eastern nations is most extensive, was also of the same opinion. Mr Crawford, again, an authority of high repute as regards Asiatic habits, believes the use of tobacco has contributed to the sobriety both of Asiatic and European nations. Here we have two entirely contradictory results, as, in North America smoking produces dissipation; whilst in the East it not only restrains, but takes its place. It is therefore to climate, temperament, and bodily constitution acting and reacting upon each other, that we may trace so opposite an effect.

The chemical constituents of tobacco are three, the due consideration of which is highly important. They are: (1) A volatile oil; (2) a volatile alkali; (3) an empyreumatic oil. The volatile oil, although in minute quantities, has a most powerful action on the physical system, even in the smallest dose; and when taken internally, gives rise to nausea with giddiness. The volatile alkali is *nicotine*, possessing narcotic and very poisonous qualities; so much so indeed, that a single drop of it is sufficient to kill a dog. The proportion of this substance in the dry tobacco-leaf varies from two to eight per cent., according to Professor Johnston, who states that 'in smoking a quarter of an ounce of tobacco, two grains or more of one of the most subtle poisons known may be drawn into the smoker's mouth;' the reason why he is not poisoned being because this deadly juice is not concentrated. Empyreumatic oil (from Gr. *empyreuo*, I kindle), the third active ingredient of tobacco, is so called to express the burned smell and acrid taste which result from the combustion of the tobacco during smoking. This oil closely resembles in its action that which is produced from poisonous foxglove leaf (*Digitalis purpurea*). A drop of empyreumatic oil when applied to the tongue of a cat has produced convulsions and death in a few minutes. Reptiles are destroyed by it as through an electric shock. It must be borne in mind that these three chemical ingredients are *united* when smoking, and produce to a greater or less degree their respective effects. A cigar when smoked to the *end* effectually discharges into the smoker's mouth everything produced by its combustion. When saliva is retained in the mouth, the effects of tobacco in one sense become more markedly developed on the nervous system. On the other hand, when constant expectoration takes place, digestion becomes impaired, from the diminution of saliva, which plays an important part in this function. We have heard medical men, who were themselves smokers, aver that the former is the least of the two evils; which we hope is the case, as the habit of constant expectoration in which many smokers indulge, is certainly one of the most unpleasant concomitants of the pipe or cigar.

In a purely physiological sense, smoking acts as follows: (1) The heart's action becomes lowered; (2) the elimination of carbonic acid is diminished, thus interfering with the respiratory power; (3) the waste of the body is checked, and digestion to a certain extent impeded. Excessive smoking disorders digestion, and, where the heart is weak, often induces disease of that organ. It is by no means uncommon to find habitual smokers troubled with dyspepsia. Dr Leared considers excessive smoking decidedly productive of indigestion. Dr Pereira, who was a high authority on such matters, when alluding to habitual smokers in his celebrated *Materia Medica*, observes: 'The practice, when moderately indulged in, provokes thirst, increases the secretion of saliva, and produces that remarkably soothing and tranquillising effect upon the mind which has caused it to be so much admired and adopted by all classes of society, and by all nations civilised and barbarous.' Later on, the same eminent authority states that 'when indulged in to excess, and especially by those unaccustomed to its use, smoking causes nausea, trembling, and in some cases paralysis and death.' Instances are recorded of persons killing themselves by smoking seventeen or eighteen pipes at a sitting!

In his luminous *Treatise on Poisons*, Dr Christison states that 'no well-ascertained ill effects have been shown to result from the habitual practice of smoking.' On the other hand, Dr Prout, a late distinguished physician and chemist, was of a different opinion. He observes: 'Tobacco disorders the assimilating functions in general, but particularly, I believe, the assimilation of saccharine principle. It is the weak and those predisposed to disease who fall victims to its poisonous operation, whilst the strong and healthy suffer comparatively little therefrom.' So even this learned physician's opinion is to a certain extent thus modified.

The researches of Dr Richardson, F.R.S., are of immense value with regard to the action of tobacco upon the health. He is of opinion that there are no grounds for believing that smoking—of course, we infer, when indulged in with moderation—can produce organic change. Functional disturbances of the heart, brain, and vision, he tells us, may be traced to its excessive use. It is universally, however, admitted that tobacco, like alcohol—in minute doses—arrests oxidation of living tissues, thus checking their disintegration. Dr Richardson, for this reason, justly considers smoking highly injurious to the young, causing impairment of growth.

In the course of an important discussion which took place between Sir Ranald Martin, Mr Solly, Dr Ranking, and other scientific physicians, the following important results were arrived at respecting smoking: (1) That the habit is only prejudicial when carried to excess; (2) that tobacco is innocuous as compared with alcohol, and in no case worse than tea, and by the side of high living, contrasts most favourably. Whether smoking is or is not injurious to health depends principally upon the

following conditions: (1) The kind of tobacco smoked; (2) the manner in which it is consumed; (3) the amount of tobacco smoked; and lastly, when it is indulged in. The great object is to obtain a tobacco which possesses the smallest percentage of nicotine. It was formerly believed that the best varieties of Havana and Turkish tobacco were the most innocuous. According, however, to the recent exhaustive researches of Dr George Harley, F.R.S., it appears that the more delicate the aroma of tobacco, the more poisonous it becomes. Dr Harley is also of opinion that 'Caporal' tobacco contains *least nicotine*, and is consequently to be preferred by those desirous of health. Pipes made of clay, and meerschaums—not foul—are, Dr Richardson considers, in a hygienic point of view, superior to cigars and cigarettes. Neither cigars nor cigarettes should ever be smoked near the end, as the nicotine then is discharged into the mouth in larger proportions. M. Melsens, a very distinguished chemist, is of opinion that a plug of cotton-wool saturated with a solution of strong citric or tannic acid should be inserted in the stem of the pipe, cigar, or cigarette holder. By this precaution, the smoke is effectually filtered, ere reaching the mouth, as the nicotine would then be seized by and combined with the acid. Those who object to this plan on account of its trouble, might with advantage place a small piece of plain cotton-wool in the stem of their pipe as a filtering agent. This should on each occasion be removed and replaced by a fresh one. A more convenient, and probably not less effective plug, is a bit of paper crumpled into a soft ball and placed in the bottom of the pipe. It acts as an absorbent of the objectionable juices which might otherwise find their way into the mouth, and can be changed, if the smoker chooses, every time he fills his pipe.

From a review of the scientific testimony and physiological facts bearing upon this subject, we may safely arrive at the following conclusions: (1) That smoking in excess is decidedly an injurious habit, frequently causing dyspepsia, and functional diseases of the heart, brain, and nervous system. (2) That smoking, even when in moderation, is pernicious in early life, also to certain constitutions, and in particular conditions of the body. (3) That in adult life and in ordinary health, no well-ascertained ill effects have been demonstrated as owing their causation to *moderate* smoking. (4) That the *moderate* use of tobacco is not only in many cases a harmless luxury, but occasionally, from its soothing and tranquillising influence, a useful adjunct. Smoking, even in the strictest moderation, with some persons of peculiar idiosyncrasies, acts as a poison, and should therefore be avoided, when feelings of discomfort are entailed by its use.

It is impossible to lay down any rule as to the amount of tobacco which may be consumed without a deleterious effect upon the health. What would be moderation to one is often excess to another, according to temperament, habit, and individual peculiarities. Each person ought to be able to judge for himself as to what is moderation. The best time for smoking is undoubtedly after a meal; and the most injurious, on an empty stomach.

In drawing this paper to a close, we cannot do better than by appending the following extract, taken from Mr Dawson's valuable little work on longevity. On page sixty-nine of *How to Prolong Life*, when speaking of smoking, Mr Dawson observes: 'All things taken into account, it is evident that tobacco in excess is certainly prejudicial to good health; in moderation, however, it may be indulged in with comparative impunity; but under any circumstances, it should be known that a man in health is much better without it. How much more so in the case of those who are weakly! Lastly, I desire to impress upon all smokers that *moderation* in this habit is of no small moment, the ill effects being proportioned to indulgence.'

TO A CHILD.

Kathleen of the glad blue eyes,
Elf-locks dark and curling—
Kathleen of the laughing voice,
Like a wild stream whirling:
When I gaze into those eyes,
Deep I read the story
Of a long-lost Paradise
And the young world's glory.

Many a tale of fairyland
Have we dreamed together,
By the hearth in shadow-time,
Out on wind-swept heather.
Tired, I told of prince and fay,
Court and castle hoary;
Give me, sweet, my turn to-day—
I, too, crave a story.

Blue eyes telling tales to mine
Darkly raise their fringes:
Earth had doors to heaven once,
Wide on golden hinges.
From beyond, the timeless light
Banished time and sorrow;
Child-world had no yesterday,
Heaven was to-morrow.

Nought was there of languid bloom,
Frail and fevered splendour,
Kisses like the daisies thronged,
Love made greensward tender,
Truth was sunny as the sky,
Branching care spread o'er us,
All that warbled ecstasy
Made the garden's chorus.

O thou Eden of the past—
If I could but find thee,
All I have, for thee, I'd cast,
Worthless, vain, behind me—
When the heaven-gates stood wide,
And all the air was ringing
With mingled voices of our home
And sound of angels singing!

Am I sad? How startled shine
Those blue eyes in wonder!
Child, whose heart beats close to mine,
Far are we asunder.
Yet, if I would follow thee,
Oft I marvel whether
Thou couldst lead me in, to see
Eden-land together.

M. E. Atteridge.

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CIRCULATING-LIBRARY CRITICS.

It appears to be a mania with some people to criticise everything which comes in their way, no matter whether it be the last new bonnet of Mrs Smith, the pug dog possessed by Mr Jones, or the last new novel by Mr Brown; and as a true specimen of the ready-made critic, we might cite those interesting individuals who, having more time upon their hands than they can comfortably get rid of, endeavour to dispose of some of the surplus stock by subscribing to a circulating library, and diligently 'cutting-up' and otherwise abusing every author they read. Novels, of course, are the principal dish of these readers; and it must candidly be admitted that some of the notes pencilled in the margins are not altogether uncalled for; though some of them are decidedly personal, not to say unpleasant; while others, on the contrary, only raise a smile, and if particularly ridiculous, are underlined by some sarcastic reader, in order to call more attention to the blunder, which has probably been committed by some indolent and not very well-informed critic.

But taken as a whole, this criticism, although in some cases severe, is but the echo of public opinion, and as such, is entitled to consideration, no matter how humble the source may appear from which it springs; and we know of nothing more enjoyable than a well-read book, which has been some ten or twelve months in circulation. And such a book would without doubt prove of great service to its author, could he by any means get hold of a copy; for he would then have the opportunity of judging for himself how his work was appreciated by the public; and although some of the remarks would doubtless cause him annoyance, he should remember that they are the candid opinion of the readers through whose hands the work has passed. And if he has good sense and a desire to please the public, he would avail himself of those critical remarks which seemed to be just, and alter the text in any future editions. It is an author's place to write his work to the best of his ability, and that of his readers to criticise it after it has appeared in print. Whether the book be good or bad, the author may be sure that he will have a faithful and industrious army of critics in the shape of subscribers to circulating libraries, who will diligently search out all its little defects, and display them in the margin for the edification of the next reader, who in turn will try his best to discover something which the other has passed over, and triumphantly display it in a similar manner. Although 'the stone that is rolling' is said to gather no moss, it is a far different thing with a novel; for the faster it passes from hand to hand, the more and more abundant becomes its crop; and at a seaside watering-place, the writer has seen blank sheets of letter-paper inserted between some of the leaves, because the margins were already too crowded, to admit of some reader adding his mite to the evidence there accumulated!

This is why we suppose it might be advantageous to an author to get hold of a copy of his work which has been through a like ordeal; and let him remember at the same time that his book has probably travelled through the hands of some people who are intimately acquainted with certain subjects upon which it treats, and whose opinion is not to be lightly passed over. As some of the novelists of the present day seem to think the law a machine which they can work upon as they choose, without the slightest regard to facts, it might be recommended to them either to study the subject seriously, or submit any notes which may appear upon this subject in the margins of their works, to an experienced lawyer; and in nine cases out of ten, the author will find that the readers' notes are correct. This may be taken as a proof that people, although they may pass rough criticism upon the characters, situation, and general plot of a novel, are not so eager to criticise points which touch upon the law, physic, &c., unless they thoroughly understand the subject. As an instance of this, we have heard of a doctor who would never read

a new novel by a certain author, because in a former work this gentleman had murdered a man in a manner which my friend described as being 'utterly ridiculous;' for the poison administered, and of which the character in the novel died, would not in reality 'have killed a cat.'

These remarks may serve to show that the public, although they may accept a taking title, a pretty cover, and a pound or so of toned paper, as a novel, will also exercise their right of picking its contents to pieces as soon as possible. To show with what diligence some of them do so, we quote the following: 'The red rose actually *died* the captain's cheeks.' The word in italics is underlined in the book, and altered in the margin to *dyed*. This, of course, is merely a printer's error; but it serves to show how the circulating-library critic delights in 'cutting-up' the work of other people's brains, and exposing to the best advantage any little defect he may discover. Then, again, in the same work, in describing the scene of a shipwreck, the author makes use of the following words: 'Quantities of chips, and pieces of wood, and bits of *iron, were floating about.*' The words in italics are underlined in pencil by some incredulous reader, who could not quite appreciate the joke, and took this method of calling the next reader's attention to it. The words might have been a mere slip of the pen; but, as they stand underlined in the book, it is impossible to overlook them now.

A little farther on in the same work, an unmarried gentleman is supposed to have made his will, bequeathing all his property to friends settled in the colonies; and his relatives at his decease are disputing the same, when this paragraph occurs, and is supposed to be uttered by a *lawyer:* 'But had he lived to marry Lady A——, he would surely have cancelled this will!' Probably had the gentleman lived, he would have done so; but our pencil-critic shows that such an act would have been altogether unnecessary, by writing against the paragraph: 'The act of marrying would have rendered it null.' This is strictly and legally correct; and as the words are supposed to be spoken by a lawyer, it shows that the opinion of these gentlemen is not always to be implicitly relied upon, especially when they air them in a novel.

To turn now to the criticising of situations, we find our amateur critic is quite as hard upon them as he is upon the characters, and will not allow a novelist to make use of situations which it is scarcely probable would happen in real life. A noble lord is forced through some miraculous circumstances which would rival the adventures narrated in the *Arabian Nights*, to associate with poachers, who are well known to the police; and after some time has elapsed, he at length regains the property, which has wrongfully been kept from him by his uncle; and to celebrate this happy event, he gives what is styled in the novel a 'levée,' and invites thereto the whole country-side, *including the poachers*, and also the police of the town. Our critic could not quite appreciate the novelty of this situation, and therefore pencils in the margin: 'Is it likely the poachers would have ventured there?' After studying the facts of the case, and reducing the subject to practical life, which is evidently the meaning of our critic, and also bearing in mind that the police and poachers were in the same room, and that several of the latter were 'wanted' for various offences, we may take that bit of criticism as sound.

If our voluntary critics will read novels, they must expect novel things; but as far as our observation goes, this is the very thing they criticise most. They will not allow a young and delicate lady to elope with a handsome Captain on a stormy night with nothing to protect her from the weather but a flimsy ball-dress, under any consideration whatever; but feelingly suggest in the margin that the gentleman should either offer her his ulster or procure an umbrella; a piece of advice for which I am sure the young lady's parents would devoutly thank them, if they only had the pleasure of their acquaintance.

We might easily add to these examples; but the above is sufficient to show that the novelist who sits down to write a work of fiction merely for the sake of airing an opinion, or to please a certain person, neither caring in what language he expresses himself nor how absurd the book may be, may be sure of a warm reception when his work falls into the hands of the circulating-library critics.

BY MEAD AND STREAM.

CHAPTER IX.—SLANDER'S SHAFT.

They were still at breakfast when the postman arrived, and Madge was surprised to find amongst the letters two from the Manor. Both were addressed in Miss Hadleigh's large angular writing: one was for her uncle, the other for herself.

As Madge had long conducted her uncle's correspondence, she attended to his letters first; but remembering that still unexplained quarrel, misunderstanding, or whatever it was, between him and Mr Hadleigh, she discreetly kept the letter from Ringsford back till she had disposed of the others. These were all on business, and of a most satisfactory nature: good prices for grain, good prices for sheep and cattle, and reports of a deficient harvest in America, whilst that of Willowmere was excellent. Uncle Dick was in capital humour, and disposed to be on good terms with everybody. It is wonderful how prosperous all the world looks when our own affairs are thriving; and how merciful we can be in our judgment as to the cause of our neighbour's failure.

Then Madge—sly Madge—opened the Ringsford letter, and read a formal invitation to dinner at the Manor a fortnight hence, on the eve of Mr Philip Hadleigh's departure.

'You will go, of course, uncle?' said Madge, looking up with a coaxing smile.—'And you will break through your rule of not going to parties

for once, aunt? You know we may not see Philip for a long, long time.'

Aunt Hessy smiled, and looked inquiringly at her husband. Dick Crawshay was not a man to bear malice; but it was evident that he did not relish this invitation. He was not frowning, but his face was not quite so cheerful as it had been a moment before.

'I don't know,' he said, rising. 'I hate these sort of things at Ringsford. They've always a lot of people that don't know anything' (about farming and cattle, he meant); 'and when I'm there, I always feel as uncomfortable as a bull in a china-shop that didn't want to break the crockery. Certain, I have spoken to some young fools that knew all about betting lists, but not one that knew the points of a horse—except Wrentham. They only want me there because they want you, Madge; and if it wasn't for you, I'd say no straight off.'

'But you mustn't do that, uncle; at least wait till we see what is in my letter.'

'You can tell me about it when I come in. That new reaping-machine ain't doing what I expected of it, and I want to give it a fair trial under my own eyes.'

With that he went out, preceded by the dogs; for they had made for the door the moment their master rose to his feet, and as it opened, almost tumbled over each other in their haste to be first afield.

'I hope he will go,' said Madge thoughtfully; adding, after a pause: 'We must try to persuade him, aunt.'

'Why are you so anxious about this, child? I never knew you to be very eager to go to Ringsford yourself.'

'Because I am about to disappoint Mr Hadleigh in a matter which he considers of great importance.'

Then she read the strange letter she had received from him, and Dame Crawshay was surprised almost as much as Madge herself by the earnestness of the appeal it contained. She was silent for several minutes, evidently occupied by some serious reflections. At length:

'Thou knowest how I love the lad; but that does not blind me to his faults—nay, it need not startle thee to hear me say he has faults: we all have our share of them. Perhaps it is lucky for thee that what seems to me Philip's worst fault is that he has the impulsive way his father speaks about.'

'But all his impulses are good-natured ones.'

'I do not doubt it; but that makes it the more needful he should have some experience of the world's ways before tying himself and you down to a hard-and-fast line. Nothing but experience will ever teach us that the hard-and-fast line of life is the easiest in the end. There's a heap of truth in what Mr Hadleigh says about Philip, though he doesn't seem to me to have found the surest way of keeping him right.'

'What would you advise, then?' was the eager question.

'Thou must settle this matter for thyself, Madge; but I will tell thee that there is one thing Mr Hadleigh is quite wrong about.'

'What is that?'

'In saying that Mr Shield would try to keep Philip from *you*.'

The emphasis on the last word and the curious, half-sad, half-pleased smile which accompanied it, caused Madge to ask wonderingly:

'Did you know Mr Shield?'

'Ay, long ago, before he went abroad.'

'Have you never seen him since?'

'Once—only once, and that was a sad time, although we were not five minutes together. He heard only a bit of the truth: he would not stay to hear it all, and I daresay he has had many a sorry hour for it since.'

She ceased, and leaning back on her chair, lapsed into a dream of sorrowful memories. Madge did not like to disturb her, for she was suddenly amazed by the suspicion that once upon a time Austin Shield had been Aunt Hessy's lover.

But the active dame was not given to woolgathering, and looking up quickly, she caught the expression of her niece, and guessed its meaning.

'Nay, thou art mistaken,' she said, shaking her head, and that curious smile again appeared on her face; 'there has only been one man that was ever more than another to me, and that's thy uncle. . . . But I'll tell thee a secret, child; it can do no harm. Hast forgotten what I was telling thee and Philip in the garden yesterday?'

'About the two lovers? O no.'

'Well, the man was Mr Austin Shield, and the girl was thy mother.'

'My mother!' was the ejaculation of the astounded Madge.

'Yes. It was a silly business on her part, poor soul; but she was cruelly deceived. She had been told lies about him; and there were so many things which made them look like truth, that she believed them.'

'What could she have been told that could make her forget him?'

'She never did forget him—she never could forget him; and she told the man she married so. What she was told was, that Austin had forgotten her, and taken somebody else to wife. At the same time no letters came from him. She waited for months, watching every post; but there was never a sign from him. She fretted and fretted; and father fretted to see her getting so bad on account of a man who was not worth thinking about. He had broken his word, and that was enough to make father turn his back on him for ever.'

'But how did my mother come to—to marry so soon?'

'She was kind of persuaded into it by father, and by her wish to please him. He was a kind good man; but he was strict in his notions of things. He considered that it was sinful of her to be thinking of a man who had done her such wrong. Then Mr Heathcote was a great friend of father's—he was a deacon in our chapel—and he asked sister to be his wife. He was quiet and well-to-do then; and father was on his side, though he was twenty years older than your mother. Father thought that his age would make him the better guide for one who was so weak as to keep on mourning for a base man. He was never done speaking about the happy home that was offered her, and in every prayer asked the Lord to turn her heart into the right path.

At last she consented: but she told Mr Heathcote everything; and he said he was content, and that he would try his best to make her content too, by-and-by. Father was glad—and that did cheer poor sister a bit, for she was fond of father. So she married.'

'And then?'

Only the subdued voice, the wide, startled eyes, indicated the agitation of the daughter, who was listening to this piteous story of a mother's suffering.

'And then there came a letter from Austin Shield, and he came himself almost as soon as the letter. He had been "up country," as he called it, for more than a year, and he had been lucky beyond all his expectations. But there were no posts in the wild places he had been staying at. He had written to warn us not to expect to hear of him for many months; but the vessel that was carrying that message home to us—eh, deary, what sorrow it would have saved us—was wrecked in a fog on some big rock near the Scilly Isles; and although a-many of the mail-bags were fished up out of the sea, the one with sister's letter in it was never found.'

'What did my poor mother do?'

'She sat and shivered and moaned; but she could not speak. I saw him when he came, and told him that he must not see her any more, for she was married. I wasn't able to tell him how it happened, for the sight of his face feared me so. It was like white stone, and his eyes were black. Before I could get my tongue again, he gave me a look that I can never forget, and walked away. . . . I found out where he was, some time afterwards, and wrote telling him all about it. He answered me, saying: "Thank you. I understand. God bless you all." We never had another word direct from him; but we often heard about him; and some time after your mother went to rest, we learned that he had really got married; and the news pleased me vastly, for it helped me to think that maybe he was comfortable and resigned at last. I hope he is; but he has no family, and his sending for Philip looks as if he wants somebody to console him.'

'But who was it spread the lies about him at the first?'

'Ah, that we never knew. It was cleverly done; the story was in everybody's mouth; but nobody could tell where it had come from.'

The feelings of Madge as she listened to her aunt were of a complicated nature: there was the painful sympathy evoked by the knowledge that it was her own mother who had been so wickedly deceived; then it seemed as if the events related had happened to some one else; and again there was a mysterious sense of awe as she recognised how closely the past and the present were linked together. Philip was the near relation of the man her mother had loved, and was to be parted from her on his account for an indefinite period.

Who could tell what Fate might lie in this coincidence?

She pitied the lovers; and her indignation rose to passion at thought of the slanderers who had caused them so much misery. Then came confused thoughts about her father: he, too, must have loved as well as Mr Shield; and he had been generous.

Gentle hands were laid upon her bowed head, and looking up, she met the tender eyes of Aunt Hessy.

'I have troubled you, child; but I have told you this so that you may understand why I cannot counsel you to bid Philip stay or go.'

A soft light beamed on Madge's face; a sweet thought filled her heart. She would bid Philip go to help and comfort the man her mother had loved.

CHAPTER X.—LIGHT AND SHADOW.

As soon as she found that Madge was calm and ready to proceed with the duties of the day, Aunt Hessy bustled out to look after the maidens in the dairy and the kitchen. The other affairs of the house were attended to by Madge assisted by Jenny Wodrow, an active girl, who had wisely given up straw-plaiting at Luton for domestic service at Willowmere.

When clearing the breakfast-table, Madge found Miss Hadleigh's letter, which she had forgotten in the new interests and speculations excited by her aunt's communication.

Miss Hadleigh was one of those young ladies who fancy that in personal intercourse with others dignity is best represented by the assumption of a languid air of indifference to everything, whilst they compensate themselves for this effort by 'gushing' over pages of note-paper. Of course she began with 'My dearest Madge:' everybody was her 'dearest;' and how she found a superlative sufficient to mark the degree of her regard for her betrothed is a problem in the gymnastics of language.

'You know all about dearest Phil going to leave us in about a fortnight or three weeks, and goodness only knows when he may come home again. Well, we are going to have a *little* dinner-party all to his honour and glory, as you would see by the card I have addressed to your uncle. Mind, it is a *little* and very select party. There will be nobody present except the most intimate and most esteemed friends of the Family.' (Family written with a very large capital F.)

'Now the party cannot be *complete* without you and your dear uncle and aunt; and I write this *special* supplement to the card to implore you to keep yourselves free for Tuesday the 28th, and to tell you that we will take *no* excuse from any of you. Carrie and Bertha want to have some friends in after dinner, so that they might get up a dance. Of course, in my position I do not care for these things now; but to please the girls, it might be arranged. Would *you* like it?—because, if you did, that would settle the matter at once. We have not told Phil yet, because he always makes fun of *everything* we do to try and amuse him. Papa has been consulted, and as usual leaves it *all* to us.—Please do write soon, darling, and believe me ever yours most affectionately,

BEATRICE HADLEIGH.'

'*P.S.*—If you don't mind, dear, I wish you *would* tell me what colour you are to wear, so that I might have something to harmonise with

it. We might have a symphony all to ourselves, as the æsthetes call it.'

From this it appeared that Philip's sisters were not aware of their father's desire to keep him at home. There would be no difficulty in replying to Miss Hadleigh—even to the extent of revealing the colour of her dress—when Uncle Dick had consented to go.

When the immediate household cares were despatched, Madge sat down at her desk to write to Mr Hadleigh. She was quite clear about what she had to say; but she paused, seeking the gentlest way of saying it.

'DEAR MR HADLEIGH,' she began at last, 'Your letter puts a great temptation in my way; and I should be glad to avoid doing anything to displease you. But your son has given me a reason for his going, which leaves him no alternative but to go, and me no alternative but to pray that he may return safely and well.'

When she had signed and sealed up this brief epistle, a mountain seemed to roll off her shoulders; her head became clear again: she *knew* that what Philip and her mother would have wished had been done. A special messenger was sent off with it to Ringsford; for although the distance between the two places was only about three miles, the letter would not have been delivered until next day, had it gone by the ordinary post.

Mr Hadleigh read these few lines without any sign of disappointment. He read them more than once, and found in them something so quietly decisive, that he would have considered it an easier task to conquer Philip in his most obstinate mood, than to move this girl one hair's-breadth from her resolve.

He refolded the paper carefully and placed it in his pocket. Then he rang the bell.

'Bid Toomey be ready to drive me over to catch the ten o'clock train,' he said quietly to the servant who answered his summons.

'A pity, a pity,' he repeated to himself. 'Fools both—they will not accept happiness when it is offered them. A pity, a pity. . . . They will have their way.'

The carriage conveyed him to Dunthorpe Station in good time for the train; and the train being a 'fast,' landed him at Liverpool Street Station before eleven o'clock.

He walked slowly along Broad Street, a singular contrast to the hurry and bustle of the other passengers. He was not going in the direction of his own offices; and he did not look as if he were going on any particular business anywhere. He had the air of a man who was taking an enforced constitutional, and who by mistake had wandered into the city instead of into the park.

He turned into Cornhill, and then into Golden Alley, which must have obtained its name when gold was only known in quartz; for it was a dull, gloomy-looking place, with dust-stained windows and metal plates up the sides of the doorways, so begrimed that it required an effort of the sight to decipher the names on them. But it was quiet and eminently respectable. Standing in Golden Alley, one had the sense of being in the midst of steady-going, long-established firms, who had no need of outward show to attract customers.

Mr Hadleigh halted for a moment at one of the doors, and looked at a leaden-like plate, bearing the simple inscription, GRIBBLE & Co. He ascended one flight of stairs, and entered an office in which two clerks were busy at their desks, whilst a youth at another desk near the door was addressing envelopes with the eager rapidity of one who is paid so much per thousand.

No one paid any attention to the opening of the door.

'Is Mr Wrentham in?' inquired Mr Hadleigh.

At the sound of his voice, one of the clerks advanced obsequiously.

'Yes, sir. He is engaged at present; but I will send in your name.'

He knew who the visitor was; and after rapidly writing the name on a slip of paper, took it into an inner room. Mr Hadleigh glanced over some bills which were lying on the counter announcing the dates of sailing of a number of A1 clippers and first-class screw-steamers to all parts of the world.

The clerk reappeared, and with a polite, 'Will you walk in, sir?' held the door of the inner room open till Mr Hadleigh passed in, and then closed it.

Mr Wrentham rose from his table, holding out his hand. 'Glad to see you here, Mr Hadleigh—very glad. I hope it is business that brings you?'

'Yes—important business,' was the answer.

CURIOUS ANTIPATHIES IN ANIMALS.

I. HORSES.

My late father-in-law, a physician in extensive practice, once possessed a horse named Jack, which was celebrated for his many peculiarities and his great sagacity. One of his antipathies was a decided hatred to one particular melody, the well-known Irish air, *Drops of Brandy*. If any one began to whistle or hum this air, Jack would instantly show fight by laying his ears back, grinding his teeth, biting and kicking, but always recovering his good temper when the music ceased. No other melody or music of any kind ever affected him; you might whistle or sing as long as you liked, provided you did not attempt the objectionable Irish air. One of the doctor's nephews and Jack were great friends. The lad could do almost anything with him; but if he presumed to whistle the objectionable melody of Erin, Jack would show his displeasure by instantly pulling off the lad's cap and biting it savagely, but never attempting the smallest personal injury to the boy himself, and always exhibiting his love when the sounds ceased; thus saying, as plainly as a horse could say: 'We are great friends, and I love you very much; but pray, don't make that odious noise, to which I entertain a very strong objection.'

Jack had another and very peculiar antipathy—he never would permit anything bulky to be carried by his rider. This came out for the first time one day when the doctor was going on a visit, and having to sleep at his friend's, intended

to take a small handbag with him. On the groom handing this up to the doctor, after he was mounted, Jack—who had been an attentive observer of the whole proceeding by craning his head round—at once exhibited his strong displeasure by rearing, kicking, buck-jumping, and jibing—so utterly unlike his usual steady-going ways, that the doctor at once divined the cause, and threw the bag down, when Jack became perfectly quiet and docile; but instantly, however, re-enacting the same scene, when the groom once more offered the bag to the doctor. The experiment was repeated several times, and always with the same singular result; and at length the attempt was given up, when Jack trotted off on his journey, showing the best of tempers throughout. Why he should have exhibited this extraordinary dislike to carrying a small handbag, which was neither large in size nor heavy in weight, it is impossible even to guess.

On another occasion the groom, wishing to bring home with him a small sack containing some household requisite, thought to lay it across the front of his saddle; but Jack was too quick and too sharp for him. Instantly rearing, and then kicking violently, he threw the groom off on one side and the objectionable burden on the other. After this, no further attempts were made to ruffle the customary serenity of Jack's rather peculiar temper.

The same gentleman also possessed a beautiful bay mare called Jenny, remarkable for her sweet temper and pretty loving ways. She was a great favourite with the doctor's daughters, and would 'shake hands' when asked, and kiss them in the most engaging manner, with a sort of nibbling motion of her black lips up and down the face. She would follow any one she liked about the fields, answer to her name like a dog, and would always salute any of her favourites on seeing them with that pretty low 'hummering' sound so common with pet horses, but never heard from those subject to ill-treatment. But, with all these graces, the pretty and interesting Jenny had several peculiar antipathies, in one of which she too somewhat resembled a dog Wag (to be noticed in a future article), and that was a marked dislike to the singing voice of one particular person, a lady, a relative of the doctor's. This lady often went to the stable to feed Jenny with lettuces or apples, and they were always the best of friends; but so sure as she began to sing anything, Jenny instantly forgot her good manners, lost all propriety, and exhibited the usual signs of strong equine displeasure, although she never took the smallest notice of the singing or whistling of any other person, treating it apparently with indifference. One day, as the doctor was driving this lady out, he suggested, by way of experiment, that she should begin to sing. In a moment, Jenny's ears were down flat, and a great kick was delivered with hearty goodwill on to the front of the carriage; and more would doubtless have followed, had not the lady prudently stopped short in her vocal efforts; when Jenny was herself again, and resumed her usual good behaviour.

Another and very remarkable peculiarity of Jenny's was her unaccountable antipathy to the doctor's wife. If that lady approached her, she would grind her teeth savagely, and try to bite her in the most spiteful manner. What is perhaps even more singular, she would never, if possible, let the lady get into the carriage, if she knew it. Jenny would turn her head, and keep a lookout behind her, in the drollest manner possible; and the moment she caught sight of the lady approaching the carriage for the purpose of getting in, Jenny would immediately commence her troublesome tantrums of biting and kicking. So strongly did she object to drawing her mistress, that more than once she damaged the carriage with her powerful heels, so that the doctor was obliged to request his wife to approach the carriage from behind, whilst a groom held Jenny's head, to prevent her looking round. Even this was not always sufficient; for if the lady talked or laughed, Jenny would actually recognise her voice, and the usual 'scene' would be forthwith enacted. Now, the most singular part of this story is, that this lady was, like all her family, a genuine lover of all animals, especially horses. She was very fond of Jenny, and had tried in every way to make friends with her, and therefore her dislike to her mistress was all the more unaccountable, as there was not a shadow of cause for it. We can all understand dislike on the part of any animal where there has been any sort of ill-usage; but it is wholly inexplicable when nothing but love and kindness has been invariably practised towards that animal.

Jenny I am afraid was a great pet, and like all pets, was full of fads and fancies. One of these was certainly peculiar. Not far from the doctor's residence there was a particular gate opening into a field. As soon as Jenny came near this gate, she would commence her tantrums, rearing, kicking, plunging, jibing, and altogether declining to pass it; and it was not until after the exercise of a great amount of patience and perseverance, by repeatedly leading her—after much opposition—up to the gate and making her see it and smell it—thereby proving to her that it would do her no harm—that at length she was brought to pass it quietly and without notice. What could have occasioned this strange antipathy to one particular gate, it is impossible to guess, for, until she came into the doctor's possession, she had never been in that part of the county, and therefore could have had no unpleasant recollections of this gate in any way. It is, however, possible that the gate in question might have strongly resembled some other gate elsewhere with which were associated disagreeable memories; for I well remember that, some years ago, I often rode a fine young mare which had only recently come from Newmarket, where she had been trained. At first, she could never be induced to go down Rotten Row without a great deal of shying, jibing, and rearing, and other signs of resistance and displeasure. And this was subsequently explained by the fact, that the place where she was trained and exercised at Newmarket was a long road with a range of posts and rails, closely resembling Rotten Row; and

doubtless the mare was under the impression that this was either the same place, or that she was about to be subjected to the same severe training which she had undergone at Newmarket; hence her determined opposition.

One more trait of Jenny's odd antipathies must be mentioned before I conclude, and that was her fixed aversion to men of the working peasant class. She would never let such a man hold her by the bridle, or even approach her, without trying to bite him, and jerking her head away with every sign of anger and aversion whilst he stood near. But she never exhibited any feelings of dislike to well-dressed, clean, comfortable-looking persons, who might have done almost anything with her, and with whom she would 'shake hands,' or kiss in the gentlest possible manner. Of a truth, Jenny was certainly unique in her odd fancies and peculiar behaviour in every way; a singular mixture of good and evil—a spiteful, vindictive temper on the one hand, combined with the utmost affection and docility on the other.

TWO DAYS IN A LIFETIME.

A STORY IN EIGHT CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER VI.

Five minutes later, Miss Brandon burst into the room in her usual impulsive fashion. Lady Dimsdale was standing at one of the windows. It was quite enough for Elsie to find there was some one to talk to—more especially when that some one was Lady Dimsdale, whom she looked upon as the most charming woman in the world. At once she began to rattle on after her usual fashion. 'Thank goodness, those hateful exercises are over for to-day. Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori. Arma virumque cano. How I do detest Latin! My grandmother didn't know a word of it, and she was the most delightful old lady I ever knew. Besides, where's the use of it? When Charley and I are married, I can't talk to him in Latin—nor even to the butcher's boy, nor the fishmonger. Perhaps, if I were to speak to my poodle in dog-Latin, he might understand me.' Then, with a sudden change of manner, she said: 'Dear Lady Dimsdale, what is the matter?' for Laura had turned, and the traces of tears were still visible around her eyes. 'Why, I do believe you have been'——

'Yes, crying—that's the only word for it,' answered Laura with a smile.

'Do tell me what it is. Nothing serious?'

'Nothing more serious than the last chapter of a foolish love-story.' She had taken up a book instinctively.

'I'm awfully glad it's nothing worse. Love-stories that make one cry are delicious. I always feel better after a good cry.' Her sharp eyes were glancing over the title of the book in Lady Dimsdale's hand. '"Buchan's *Domestic Medicine*,"' she read out aloud. 'Dear Lady Dimsdale, surely this is not the book that'—— She was suddenly silent. The room had a bow-window, the casement of which stood wide open this sunny morning. Elsie had heard voices on the terrace outside. 'That's dear old nunky's voice,' she said. 'And—yes—no—I do believe it is though!' She crossed to the window and peeped out from behind the curtains.

Stumping slowly along the terrace, assisted by his thick Malacca, came Captain Bowood. By his side marched a dark-bearded military-looking inspector of police, dressed in the regulation blue braided frock-coat and peaked cap. They were engaged in earnest conversation.

'An inspector of police! What can be the matter? I do believe they are coming here.' So spoke Elsie; but when she looked round, expecting a response, she found herself alone. Lady Dimsdale had slipped out of the room.

The voices came nearer. Elsie seated herself at the table, opened a book, ruffled her hair, and pretended to be poring over her lessons.

The door opened, and Captain Bowood, followed by the inspector, entered the room. 'Pheugh! Enough to frizzle a nigger,' ejaculated the former, as he mopped his forehead with his yellow bandana handkerchief. Then perceiving Elsie, he said, as he pinched one of her ears, 'Ha, Poppet, you here?'

'Yes, nunky; and dreadfully puzzled I am. I want to find out in what year the Great Pyramid was built. Do, please, tell me.'

'Ha, ha!—Listen to that, Mr Inspector.—If you had asked me the distance from here to New York, now. Great Pyramid, eh?'

The inspector, pencil and notebook in hand, was examining the fastenings of the window. 'Very insecure, Captain Bowood,' he said; 'very insecure indeed. A burglar would make short work of them.'

Miss Brandon was eying him furtively. There was a puzzled look on her face. 'I could almost swear it was Charley's voice; and yet'——

'Come, come; you'll frighten us out of our wits, if you talk like that,' answered the Captain.

'Many burglaries in this neighbourhood of late,' remarked the inspector sententiously.

'Just so, just so.' This was said a little uneasily.

'Best to warn you in time, sir.'

'O Charley, you naughty, naughty boy!' remarked Miss Brandon under her breath. 'Even I did not know him at first.'

'But if Mr Burglar chooses to pay us a visit, who's to hinder him?' asked the Captain.

The inspector shrugged his shoulders and smiled an inscrutable smile.

'You don't mean to say that they intend to pay us a visit to-night? Come now.'

'Every reason to believe so, Captain.'

'But, confound it! how do you know all this?'

'Secret information. Know many things. Mrs Bowood keeps her jewel-case in top left-hand drawer in her dressing-room. Know that.'

'Bless my heart! How did you find that out?'

'Secret information. Gold chronometer with inscription on it hidden away at the bottom of your writing-desk. Know that.'

'How the'——

'Secret information.'

'O Charley, Charley, you artful darling!'—this *sotto voce* from Miss Brandon.

The Captain looked bewildered, as well he might. 'This is really most wonderful,' he said. 'But about those rascals who, you say, are going to visit us to-night?'

'Give 'em a warm reception, Captain. Leave that to me.'

'Yes, yes. Warm reception. Good. Have some of your men in hiding, eh, Mr Inspector?'

'Half a dozen of 'em, Captain.'

'Just so, just so. And I'll be in hiding too. I've a horse-pistol up-stairs nearly as long as my arm.'

'Shan't need that, sir.'

'No good having a horse-pistol if one doesn't make use of it now and then.'

'Half-a-dozen men—three inside the house, and three out,' remarked the inspector as he wrote down the particulars in his book.

'And I'll make the seventh—don't forget that!' cried the Captain, looking as fierce as some buccaneer of bygone days. 'If there's one among the burglars more savage than the rest, leave him for me to tackle.'

'My poor, dear nunky, if you only knew!' murmured Elsie under her breath.

'Perhaps I had better lend you a pair of these, Captain; they might prove useful in a scuffle,' remarked the inspector as he produced a pair of handcuffs from the tail-pocket of his coat. 'The simplest bracelets in the world. The easiest to get on, and the most difficult to get off—till you know how. Allow me. This is how it's done. What could be more simple?'

Nothing apparently could be more simple, seeing that, before Captain Bowood knew what had happened, he found himself securely handcuffed.

'Ha, ha—just so. Queer sensation—very,' he exclaimed, turning redder in the face than usual. 'But I don't care how soon you take them off, Mr Inspector.'

'No hurry, Captain, no hurry.'

'Confound you! what do you mean by no hurry? What'—— But here the Captain came to a sudden stop.

The inspector's black wig and whiskers had vanished, and the laughingly impudent features of his peccant nephew were revealed to his astonished gaze.

'Good-afternoon, my dear uncle. This is the second time to-day that I have had the pleasure of seeing you.' Then he called: 'Elsie, dear!'

'Here I am, Charley,' came in immediate response.

'Come and kiss me.'

'Yes, Charley.' And with that Miss Brandon rose from her chair, and with a slightly heightened colour and the demurest air possible, came down the room and allowed her lover to lightly touch her lips with his. It was a pretty picture.

'What—what! Why—why,' spluttered the Captain. For a little while words seemed to desert him.

'My dear uncle, pray, *pray*, do not allow yourself to get quite so red in the face; at your time of life you really alarm me.'

'You—you vile young jackanapes! You—you cockatrice!—And you, miss, you shall smart for this. I'll—I'll—— Oh!'

'Patience, good uncle; prithee, patience.'

'Patience! O for a good horsewhip!'

'When I called upon you this morning, sir,' resumed Charles the imperturbable, 'I left unsaid the most important part of that which I had come to say; it therefore became needful that I should see you again.'

'O for a horsewhip! Are you going to take these things off me, or are you not?'

'The object of my second visit, sir, is to inform you that Miss Brandon and I are engaged to be married, and to beg of you to give us your consent and blessing, and make two simple young creatures happy.'

'Handcuffed like a common poacher on his way to jail! Oh, when once I get free!'

'We have made up our minds to get married; haven't we, Elsie?'

'We have—or else to die together,' replied Miss Brandon, as she struck a little tragic attitude.

'Think over what I have said, my dear uncle, and accord us your consent.'

'Or our deaths will lie at your door.'

'Every night as the clock struck twelve, you would see us by your side.'

'You would never more enjoy your rum-and-water and your pipe.'

'I should tickle your ear with a ghostly feather, and wake you in the middle of your first sleep.'

'I shall go crazy—crazy!' spluttered the Captain. He would have stamped his foot, only he was afraid of the gout.

'Not quite, sir, I hope,' replied young Summers, with a sudden change of manner; and next moment, and without any action of his own in the matter, the Captain found himself a free man. The first thing he did was to make a sudden grasp at his cane; but Elsie was too quick for him, or it might have fared ill with her sweetheart.

Master Charley laughed. 'I am sorry, my dear uncle, to have to leave you now; but time is pressing. You will not forget what I have said, I feel sure. I shall look for your answer to my request in the course of three or four days; or would you prefer, sir, that I should wait upon you for it in person?'

'If you ever dare to set foot inside my door again, I'll—I'll spiflicate you—yes, sir, spiflicate you!'

'To what a terrible fate you doom me, good my lord!—Come, Elsie, you may as well walk with me through the shrubbery.'

Miss Brandon going up suddenly to Captain Bowood, flung her arms round his neck and kissed him impulsively. 'You dear, crusty, cantankerous, kind-hearted old thing, I can't help loving you!' she cried.

'Go along, you baggage. As bad as he is—every bit. Go along.'

'*Au revoir*, uncle,' said Mr Summers with his most courtly stage bow. 'We shall meet again—at Philippi.'

A moment later, Captain Bowood found himself alone. 'There's impudence!' he exclaimed. 'It's worse than that; it's cheek—downright cheek. Never bamboozled like it before. Handcuffed! What an old nincompoop I must have looked! Good thing Sir Frederick or any of the others didn't see me. I should never have heard the last of it.' With that, the last trace of ill-humour vanished, and he burst into a hearty, sailor-like guffaw. 'Just the sort of trick I should have gloried in when I was a young spark!' He rose from his chair, took his cane in his hand, and limped as far as the window, his gout being rather troublesome this afternoon. 'So, so. There they go, arm in arm. Who would have thought of Don Carlos falling in love with Miss Saucebox?

But I don't know that he could do better. She's a good girl—a little flighty just now; but that will cure itself by-and-by—and she will have a nice little property when she comes of age. Must pretend to set my face against it, though, and that will be sure to make them fonder of one another. Ha, ha! we old sea-dogs know a thing or two.' And with that the Captain winked confidentially to himself two or three times and went about his business.

When Sir Frederick Pinkerton followed Mrs Bowood and Mrs Boyd out of the room where the interview had taken place, and left Lady Dimsdale sitting there alone, he quitted the house at once, and sauntered in his usual gingerly fashion through the flower-garden to an unfrequented part of the grounds known as the Holly Walk, where there was not much likelihood of his being interrupted. Like Lady Dimsdale, he wanted to be alone. Just then, he had much to occupy his thoughts. To and fro he paced the walk slowly and musingly, his hands behind his back, his eyes bent on the ground.

'What tempts me to do this thing?' he asked himself, not once, but several times. 'That I dislike the man is quite certain; why, then, take upon myself to interfere between this woman and him? Certainly I have nothing to thank Oscar Boyd for; why, then, mix myself up in a matter that concerns me no more than it concerns the man in the moon? If he had not appeared on the scene just when he did, I might perhaps have won Lady Dimsdale for my wife. But now? Too late—too late! Even when he and this woman shall have gone their way, he will live in my lady's memory, never probably to be forgotten. He is her hero of romance. That he made love to her in years gone by, when they were young together, there is little doubt; that he made love to her again this morning, and met with no such rebuff as I did, seems equally clear; and though she knows now that he can never become her husband, yet she on her side will never forget him. In what way, then, am I called upon to interfere in his affairs? Should I not be a fool for my pains? And yet to let that woman claim him as her own, when a word from me would—— No! *Noblesse oblige.* What should I think of myself in years to come, if I were to permit this man's life to be blasted by so cruel a fraud? The thought would hardly be a pleasant one on one's deathbed.' He shrugged his shoulders, and went on slowly pacing the Holly Walk. At length he raised his head and said half aloud: 'I will do it, and at once; but it shall be on my own conditions, Lady Dimsdale—on my own conditions.'

There was a gardener at work some distance away. He called the man to him, and sent him with a message to the house. Ten minutes later, Lady Dimsdale entered the Holly Walk.

Sir Frederick approached her with one of his most elaborate bows.

'You wish to see me, Sir Frederick?' she said inquiringly, but a little doubtfully. She hoped that he was not about to re-open the subject that had been discussed between them earlier in the day.

'I have taken the liberty of asking you to favour me with your company for a few minutes —here, where we shall be safe from interruption. The matter I am desirous of consulting you upon admits of no delay.'

She bowed, but said nothing. His words reassured her on one point, while filling her with a vague uneasiness. The sunshade she held over her head was lined with pink; it served its purpose in preventing the Baronet from detecting how pale and wan was the face under it.

They began to pace the walk slowly side by side.

'Equally with others, Lady Dimsdale, you are aware that, by a strange turn of fortune, Mr Boyd's wife, whom he believed to have been dead for several years, has this morning reappeared?'

'You were in the parlour, Sir Frederick, when I was introduced to Mrs Boyd only half an hour ago.' She answered him coldly and composedly enough; but he could not tell how her heart was beating.

'Strangely enough, I happened to be in New Orleans about the time of Mr Boyd's marriage, and I know more about the facts of that unhappy affair than he has probably told to any one in England. It is enough to say that the reappearance of this woman is the greatest misfortune that could have happened to him. Oscar Boyd was a miserable man before he parted from her—he will be ten times more miserable in years to come.'

'You have not asked me to meet you here, Sir Frederick, in order to tell me this?'

'This, and something more, Lady Dimsdale. Listen!' He laid one finger lightly on the sleeve of his companion's dress, as if to emphasise her attention. 'I happen to be acquainted with a certain secret—it matters not how it came into my possession—the telling of which—and it could be told in half-a-dozen words—would relieve Mr Boyd of this woman at once and for ever, would make a free man of him, as free to marry as in those old days when he used to haunt that vicarage garden which I too remember so well!'

Lady Dimsdale stopped in her walk and stared at him with wide-open eyes. 'You—possess—a secret that could do all this!'

'I have stated no more than the simple truth.'

'Then Mr Boyd is not this woman's husband?' The question burst from her lips swiftly, impetuously. Next moment her eyes fell and a tell-tale blush suffused her cheeks. But here again the pink-lined sunshade came to her rescue.

'Mr Boyd is the husband of no other woman,' answered the Baronet drily.

'With what object have you made *me* the recipient of this confidence, Sir Frederick?'

'That I will presently explain. You are probably aware that Mr Boyd leaves for London by the next train?'

Lady Dimsdale bowed.

'So that if my information is to be made available at all, no time must be lost.'

'I still fail to see why—— But that does not matter. As you say, there is no time to lose. You will send for Mr Boyd at once, Sir Frederick. You are a generous-minded man, and you will not fail to reveal to him a secret which so nearly affects the happiness of his life.' She spoke to him appealingly, almost imploringly.

He smiled a coldly disagreeable smile. 'Pardon me, Lady Dimsdale, but generosity is one of

those virtues which I have never greatly cared to cultivate. Had I endeavoured to do so, the soil would probably have proved barren, and the results not worth the trouble. In any case, I have never tried. I am a man of the world, that, and nothing more.'

'But this secret, Sir Frederick—as between man and man, as between one gentleman and another—you will not keep it to yourself? You will not. No! I cannot believe that of you.'

He lifted his hat for a moment. 'Lady Dimsdale flatters me.' Then he glanced at his watch. 'Later even than I thought. This question must be decided at once, or not at all. Lady Dimsdale, I am willing to reveal my secret to Mr Boyd on one condition—and on one only.'

For a moment she hesitated, being still utterly at a loss to imagine why the Baronet had taken her so strangely into his confidence. Then she said: 'May I ask what the condition in question is, Sir Frederick?'

'It was to tell it to you that I asked you to favour me with your presence here. Lady Dimsdale, my one condition is this: That when this man—this Mr Oscar Boyd—shall be free to marry again, as he certainly will be when my secret becomes known to him—you shall never consent to become his wife, and that you shall never reveal to him the reason why you decline to do so.'

'Oh! This to me! Sir Frederick Pinkerton, you have no right to assume—— Nothing, nothing can justify this language!'

He thought he had never seen her look so beautiful as she looked at that moment, with flashing eyes, heaving bosom, and burning cheeks.

He bowed and spread out his hands deprecatingly. 'Pardon me, but I have assumed nothing—nothing whatever. I have specified a certain condition as the price of my secret. Call that condition a whim—the whim of an eccentric elderly gentleman, who, having no wife to keep him within the narrow grooves of common-sense, originates many strange ideas at times. Call it by what name you will, Lady Dimsdale, it still remains what it was. To apply a big word to a very small affair—you have heard my ultimatum.' He glanced at his watch again. 'I shall be in the library for the next quarter of an hour. One word from you—Yes or No—and I shall know how to act. On that one word hangs the future of your friend, Mr Oscar Boyd.' He saluted her with one of his most ceremonious bows, and then turned and walked slowly away.

There was a garden-seat close by, and to this Lady Dimsdale made her way. She was torn by conflicting emotions. Indignation, grief, wonder, curiosity, each and all held possession of her. 'Was ever a woman forced into such a cruel position before?' she asked herself. 'What can this secret be? Is that woman not his wife? Yet Oscar recognised her as such the moment he set eyes on her. Can it be possible that she had a husband living when he married her, and that Sir Frederick is aware of the fact? It is all a mystery. Oh, how cruel, how cruel of Sir Frederick to force me into this position! What right has he to assume that even if Oscar were free to-morrow, he would—— And yet—— Oh, it is hard—hard! Why has this task been laid upon me? He will be free, and yet he must never know by what means. But whose happiness ought I to think of first—his or my own? His—a thousand times his! There is but one answer possible, and Sir Frederick knows it. He understands a woman's heart. I must decide at once—now. There is not a moment to lose. But one answer.' Her eyes were dry, although her heart was full of anguish. Tears would find their way later on.

She quitted her seat, and near the end of the walk she found the same gardener that the Baronet had made use of. She beckoned the man to her, and as she slipped a coin into his hand, said to him: 'Go to Sir Frederick Pinkerton, whom you will find in the library, and say to him that Lady Dimsdale's answer is "Yes."'

The man scratched his head and stared at her open-mouthed; so, for safety's sake, she gave him the message a second time. Then he seemed to comprehend, and touching his cap, set off at a rapid pace in the direction of the house.

Lady Dimsdale took the same way slowly, immersed in bitter thoughts. 'Farewell, Oscar, farewell!' her heart kept repeating to itself. 'Not even when you are free, must you ever learn the truth.'

Meanwhile, Mrs Boyd, after lunching heartily with kind, chatty Mrs Bowood to keep her company, and after arranging her toilet, had gone back to the room in which her husband had left her, and from which he had forbidden her to stir till his return. She was somewhat surprised not to find him there, but quite content to wait till he should think it well to appear. There was a comfortable-looking couch in the room, and after a hearty luncheon on a warm day, forty winks seem to follow as a natural corollary; at least that was Estelle's view of the present state of affairs. But before settling down among the soft cushions of the couch, she went up to the glass over the chimney-piece, and taking a tiny box from her pocket, opened it, and, with the swan's-down puff which she found therein, just dashed her cheeks with the faintest possible *soupçon* of Circassian Bloom, and then half rubbed it off with her handkerchief.

'A couple of glasses of champagne would have saved me the need of doing this; but your cold thin claret has neither soul nor fire in it,' she remarked to herself. 'How comfortable these English country-houses are. I should like to stay here for a month. Only the people are so very good and, oh! so very stupid, that I know I should tire of them in a day or two, and say or do something that would make them fling up their hands in horror.' She yawned, gave a last glance at herself, and then went and sat down on the couch. As she was re-arranging the pillows, she found a handkerchief under one of them. She pounced on it in a moment. In one corner was a monogram. She read the letters, 'L. D.,' aloud. 'My Lady Dimsdale's, without a doubt,' she said. 'Damp, too. She has been crying for the loss of her darling Oscar.' She dropped the handkerchief with a sneer and set her foot on it. 'How sweet it is to have one's rival under one's feet—sweeter still, when you know that she loves him and you don't! Lady Dimsdale will hardly care to let Monsieur Oscar

kiss her again. He is going away on a long journey with his wife—with his wife, ha, ha! Fools! If they only knew!' The echo of her harsh, unwomanly laugh had scarcely died away, when the door opened, and the man of whom she had been speaking stood before her.

After bidding farewell to Lady Dimsdale, Mr Boyd had plunged at once into a lonely part of the grounds, where he would be able to recover himself in some measure, unseen by any one. Of a truth, he was very wretched. It seemed almost impossible to believe that one short hour—nay, even far less than that—should have sufficed to plunge him from the heights of felicity into the lowest depths of misery. Yet, so it was; and thus, alas, it is but too often in this world of unstable things. But the necessity for action was imminent upon him; there would be time enough hereafter for thinking and suffering. A few minutes sufficed to enable him to lock down his feelings beyond the guess or ken of others, and then he went in search of Captain Bowood. He found his host and Mrs Bowood together. The latter was telling her husband all about her recent interview with Mrs Boyd. The mistress of Rosemount had never had a bird of such strange plumage under her roof before, and had rarely been so puzzled as she was to-day. That this woman was a lady, Mrs Bowood's instincts declined to let her believe; but the fact that she was Mr Boyd's wife seemed to prove that she must be something better than an adventuress. The one certain fact was, that she was a guest at Rosemount, and as such must be made welcome.

When Mr Boyd entered the room, Mrs Bowood was at once struck by the change in his appearance. She felt instinctively that some great calamity had overtaken this man, and her motherly heart was touched. Accordingly, when Mr Boyd intimated to her and the Captain that it was imperatively necessary that he and his wife should start for London by the five o'clock train, she gave expression to her regret that such a necessity should have arisen, but otherwise offered no opposition to the proposed step, as, under ordinary circumstances, she would have been sure to do. In matters such as these, the Captain always followed his wife's lead. Five minutes later, Oscar Boyd went in search of his wife.

IN ST PETER'S.

To have spent a winter in Rome is so common an experience for English people, that it seems as if there were nothing new to be said about it, nothing out of the ordinary routine to be done during its course. We all know we must lodge in or near the Piazza di Spagna; must make the round of the studios; drive on the Pincio; go to the Trinità to hear the nuns sing; have an audience of the Holy Father; drink the Trevi water; muse in the Colosseum; wander with delighted bewilderment through the sculpture-galleries of the Vatican; explore the ruins on the Palatine; get tickets for the Cercola Artistica; attend Sunday vespers at St Peter's; and tire ourselves to death amongst the three hundred and odd churches, each one with some special attraction, which forbids us to slight it. These things are amongst the unwritten laws of travel; English, Americans, and Germans are impelled alike by a curious instinct of duty to carry them out to the letter. In so doing, they jostle one another perpetually, see over and over again the same faces, hear the same remarks, and alas! find only the same ideas. But notwithstanding this, there are yet undiscovered corners in the old city, and many quaint ceremonies are unknown to or overlooked by the *forestieri*. An account of some of these latter may perhaps be found interesting.

A few winters ago, we learned, through the politeness of a cardinal's secretary, that certain services well worth attending would take place in St Peter's, commencing at about half-past seven on the mornings of the Thursday, Friday, and Saturday in Holy-week. These were the consecration of the chrism used in baptism and the oil for extreme unction, the commemoration of the death and passion of our Lord, and the kindling of the fire for lighting the lamps extinguished on Holy-Thursday. As no public notice is given of the hours of these ceremonies, we were glad of the information.

The 'functions' formerly conducted in the Sistine Chapel were transferred some years ago to the Capello Papale, which is in St Peter's, the third chapel on the left-hand side of the nave. It is extremely small and inconvenient, being almost entirely taken up with stalls for the cardinals, bishops, canons, and vicars lay and choral. The pope's own choir always sing here, but are assembled in full strength only on festivals; then, however, their exquisite unaccompanied singing is well worth hearing, and in the year of which we speak, the soprani and alti were specially good. On Holy-Thursday there is scarcely any cessation of worship in the great church all day; and at 7.30 A.M. we are barely in time to watch the assembling of the functionaries who are to assist at the ceremony of the consecration of the oil. The chrism used in baptism is composed of balsam and oil; and this and the oil for holy unction are considered extremely precious; bishops and other dignitaries journey long distances to procure it, and convey it to their respective dioceses and benefices. Their appearance adds not a little to the effect of the usual assemblage of canons of St Peter's, for their vestments are much more varied in colour; the canons wearing always violet silk robes, and gray or white fur capes when not officiating; and their soft hue makes an excellent background for the brilliant scarlet trains of the cardinals, two of whom are lighting up the corner stalls with their crimson magnificence.

A number of seats take up the space in the middle of the chapel, and are arranged in a square, having a table in the centre. The choir presently commence singing a Latin hymn, and a glittering procession of canons and heads of orders enters; they take their places in the square; the chalices with the oil and the balsam of the chrism are placed on the table, and the officiating cardinal begins the ceremony. He is an exceedingly handsome man, very tall, with clearly cut features, and walks in a magnificent fashion; his great white silk cope, stiff with its embroidery of gold,

silver, and precious stones, seems no encumbrance to him, and he looks a fitting president for this august meeting. The cardinal blesses the first of the chalices presented to him, saying the words of benediction in clear distinct tones, the singing meanwhile continuing softly while he lays his hands on all the cups placed before him. Then the choir cease, and each cardinal, bishop, priest, and canon kneels in turn before the table, saying three times, 'Ave sancta chrisma.' The sounds of the different voices in which the words are said, as their various old, young, short, tall, fat, or thin owners pronounce them, have a somewhat odd effect, and it is a relief when the lovely singing is resumed, while the cardinal's clear tones pronounce blessings on the oil for extreme unction. After this, the same ceremony is repeated, except that the words three times said are, 'Ave sanctum oleum.' As there are at least one hundred and thirty persons to perform this act of devotion, the service becomes a little tedious; and if it were not for the novelty, the exquisite singing, and the wonderful effects of light and colour in the glowing morning atmosphere, we should not have been surprised at the absence of our compatriots; but there is a sense of freshness and strangeness in the service which makes us wonder the chapel is not crowded. The small congregation consists of flower-sellers, women in black veils—who always belong to the middle classes—beggars, and shopkeepers from the long street leading to St Peter's. The magnificent gathering of officiating priests makes the smallness of the attendance more noticeable.

After the consecration service, a mass is celebrated, and during the *Gloria in excelsis*, the bells are rung for the last time till Saturday.

No mass is sung on Good-Friday; therefore, two hosts are consecrated on Holy-Thursday, one of which is placed in a magnificent jewelled pyx, and carried in procession to a niche beneath an altar in a side-chapel; the beautiful hymn, *Pange lingua*, being sung the while. The niche is called a 'sepulchre,' and is covered with gold and silver ornaments, and glitters with candles. All coverings are removed from the altars, and all lights put out on this day, the next ceremony to the mass being that of stripping and washing the high-altar. The bare marble of the great table is exposed, and those who have taken part in the earlier 'functions,' walk in procession, and stand in a circle round it; acolytes carrying purple glass bottles pour on it something that smells like vinegar; and each dignitary, being provided with a tiny brush made of curled shavings, goes in turn to sweep the surface, places his brush on a tray, takes a sponge, with which he rubs the marble, and finally replaces that by a napkin, with which it is dried. By this time the morning is well on; the worshippers and onlookers in the great church are many; but there is no crowding or pushing. As the space is so vast, that all who wish can see, a few of the functionaries who keep order are quite enough to make things go easily.

At all these services, we are much impressed by the extreme ease with which everything is conducted. There is a 'master of ceremonies,' and he, one fancies, must have held rehearsals; for from the officiating cardinal to the smallest acolyte, no one ever moves at the wrong time, or steps into the wrong place; yet the marching and counter-marching, the handing, giving, placing, taking, involved in such an elaborate ceremonial must require nice and careful arrangement and extreme foresight. The dresses of the priests who assist at these functions are violet cassocks, and very short surplices edged with lace, plaited into folds of minute patterns, involving laundry-work of no mean description. Other priests, and all bishops and monsignore, wear the same coloured cassocks, but with the addition of red pipings on cuffs and collars and fronts.

The function of the 'washing of the altar' being ended, there is a pause; and one cannot but imagine that the cardinal retires to the great sacristy with a feeling of relief that the pageant is over for the time. The procession winds away to the left, and disappears through the gray marble doors of the sacristy; and we go home to lunch, feeling as if we had been spending a morning with our ancestors of three centuries back. The doings of the last four or five hours do not seem to agree with the appearance of the Via Babuino as our old coachman rattles us up to the door of our lodgings.

In the afternoon, we are again in St Peter's; this time, to find it almost crowded. At three, the 'holy relics' are exposed. These are—the handkerchief given by St Veronica to the Saviour as He passed on His way to the cross, and on which there is said to be the impression of His face; the lance with which His side was pierced; the head of St Andrew; and a portion of the true cross. They are presented to the public gaze from a balcony at an immense height, on one of the four great buttresses which support the dome. There is a rattle of small drums, and priests with white vestments appear on the balcony, holding up certain magnificent jewelled caskets of different shapes, amidst the dazzling settings of which it is quite impossible to recognise any object in particular. The kneeling throng, the vast dim church, the clouds of incense, the roll of drums, the sudden appearance of the glittering figures on the balcony, their disappearance, followed by the noise of the crowds as they quickly move and talk, after the dead silence during the exposure of the objects of veneration, combine to make this a most striking and impressive scene. Then, in the Capello Papale, follows the service of the Tenebræ, as it is called, with the singing of the Lamentations and the Miserere. The quietness of the now densely packed crowd, the soft music, and the glimmer of the few lights left in the dim chapel, strike one with a novel effect, after the somewhat careless and florid services usually conducted here.

Emerging thence, the vast space of the cathedral looks larger than ever in the twilight, and the brilliant line of lights round the shrine of St Peter seem to glitter with double lustre; these, however, with all others, are soon extinguished, and the great basilica remains in darkness with covered crucifixes and stripped altars till Saturday morning. The 'crowd' as it seemed within the small chapel, appears nothing outside, and one by one the listeners disappear through the heavy leathern curtain that screens the door, finding by contrast the great piazza a scene of brilliant light, but quiet with what seems a strange stillness in the midst of a crowded city.

On Good-Friday morning we are again in the Pope's Chapel at half-past seven, and are in time to see the canons take their places in the stalls. Three priests, habited only in black cassock, and close surplice with no lace edging, advance to the altar and begin the service. The first part of this consists simply of a reading in Latin of the whole of the chapters from the gospel of St John which relate to the passion. The priests take different parts: one reads most beautifully the narrative; another speaks the words uttered by our Saviour; the third, those used by Pilate; and the choir repeat the words of the populace. It is startling in its simplicity, but wonderfully dramatic; the dignified remonstrances of Pilate, and the clear elocution of the reader of the history, making up an impressive service, not the least part of its strangeness consisting in the fact of there being no congregation; not a dozen persons besides the priests and canons are present in the chapel. This ended, the officiating bishop, who is clothed in purple vestments embroidered with gold, kneels in prayer before the altar, while the priests prostrate themselves. The bishop then rises; and the choir chant softly in a minor key while he takes the crucifix from the altar, uncovers it, and holds it up to the people. In the afternoon, the relics are exposed, Lamentations and Miserere sung after Tenebræ, as on the preceding days; but the church is dark, bare, and silent.

The gloom of Friday is forgotten in the brilliant sunshine of Saturday morning, and we feel inspired with the freshness and life of a new day, as we once more gain the great steps leading to the basilica, watch the rainbow on the fountains, and the dancing lights in the waters of the large basins in the piazza. The obelisk in the centre is tipped with red gold, and the clear blue sky makes the figures on the *loggia* and colonnades stand out with lifelike distinctness. This morning we are called to join in an unquestionable festival, the early ceremonial of rekindling the lights being one of the most cheerful 'functions' in which it is possible to participate.

This service commences outside the cathedral; and ascending the steps to the *loggia* or porch, we find it already occupied by an imposing array of priests and bishops. The handsome cardinal again officiates; he is seated with his back to the piazza, just within the pillars of the porch, and facing the brazen centre-doors of the church. In front of him is an enormous brasier, in which burns a bright fire of coals, branches, and leaves, which has been lighted by a spark struck from a flint outside the church. He wears magnificent purple and gold vestments; his finely embroidered cope and jewelled mitre glitter in the sun. Around him are acolytes, some of whom tend the fire, while others carry censers; priests, canons, and bishops all gorgeously apparelled, and performing their parts in the service with the usual precision and alacrity. Two priests stand with their backs to the great bronze doors; one bearing a massive gold cross, the other holding a bamboo with a transverse bar on the top, and on this are three candles. After some chanting, the cardinal rises; and an acolyte fills a censer with live coals from the brasier, and brings it for benediction; another presents five large cones of incense covered with gold; these are also blessed and sprinkled with holy-water; then incense is put on the hot ashes in the censer; and as the smoke ascends, the great bronze doors, so rarely unclosed, are thrown open, and the procession enters the cathedral. The effect is strangely beautiful. The lovely early morning light and sunshine, the great building empty of living thing, the gorgeous procession throwing a line of brilliant colour into the dim soft mist of the nave, the choir chanting as the priests walk, their voices echoing in the great space—all form a combination which must touch the least impressionable spectator, and which cannot but be photographed on the memory to its smallest detail. At the door, there is a pause while one of the candles on the bamboo is lighted; a second flame is kindled in the nave, and the third at the altar in the choir chapel. Thence, light is immediately sent to the other churches in Rome, where also darkness has reigned since Thursday afternoon.

A venerable canon now ascends a platform, and from a very high desk reads some chapters, recites prayers, and then lights the great Easter candle which stands beside him. This is a huge pillar of wax, decorated with beautifully painted wreaths of flowers, and is placed in a magnificent silver candlestick. He takes the five cones of incense which the cardinal had blessed in the porch, and fixes them on the candle in the form of a cross. During his reading, the candles and lamps all over the church are relighted, and when it is over, all who formed the procession, bearing bouquets of lovely flowers, and small brushes like those used on Holy-Thursday, march to the baptistery, where the cardinal blesses the font, pours on the water in the huge basin chrism and oil, and sprinkles water to the four points of the compass—typifying the quarters of the globe.

On the return of the procession to the choir chapel, the cardinal and others prostrate themselves before the altar while some beautiful litanies are chanted. Then follows a pause, during which the priests retire to the sacristy to take off their embroidered vestments. They return wearing only surplices edged with handsome lace over their cassocks. The cardinal has a plain cope of white silk and gold.

After this, is the mass; and at the *Gloria* the bells ring out a grand peal, all pictures are uncovered, and the organ is played for the first time during many days. The great church resumes its wonted cheerful aspect, and light and colour hold again their places.

The afternoon ceremonies consist only of a procession of the cardinal to worship at special altars, the display of the holy relics, and the singing of a fine *Alleluia* and psalm, instead of the usual vespers.

Some pause is needed, one feels, before the cathedral is filled by the crowds who attend the Easter-Sunday mass; for no greater contrast can be imagined than that between the scenes of the quiet morning functions, with the numerous priests and few people, the stillness and peace of the hours we have been describing, and those enacted by the thronging crowds of foreign sightseers at the great festivals, who, pushing, gesticulating, standing on tiptoe, and asking irrelevant questions in audible voices, seem to look on these

sacred services as spectacles devised for their gratification, rather than as expressions of the worship of a large section of their fellow-creatures; thus exemplifying the rapidity with which ignorance becomes irreverence.

AMONG THE ADVERTISERS AGAIN.

Can it ever be said that there is nothing in the papers, when advertisers are always to the fore, providing matter for admiration, wonder, amusement, or speculation? One day a gentleman announces the loss of his heart between the stalls and boxes of the Haymarket Theatre; the next, we have 'R. N.' telling 'Dearest E.'—'If you have the slightest inclination to become first-mate on board the screw-steamer, say so, and I will ask papa;' and by-and-by we are trying to guess how the necessity arose for the following: 'St James's Theatre, Friday.—The Gentleman to whom a Lady offered her hand, apologises for not being able to take it.'

Does any one want two thousand pounds? That nice little sum is to be obtained by merely introducing a certain New-Yorker to 'the Pontess;' or if he or she be dead, to his or her heirs. 'There is a doubt whether the cognomen was, or is, borne by a woman, a man, or a child; if by the last, it must have been born prior to the spring of 1873.' If the Pontess-seeker fails in his quest from not knowing exactly what it is that he wants, an advertiser in the *Times* is likely to have the same fortune from knowing, and letting those interested know, exactly what it is that he does not want. Needing the services of a married pair as coachman and cook, this outspoken gentleman stipulates that the latter must not grumble at her mistress being her own housekeeper; nor expect fat joints to be ordered to swell her perquisites; nor be imbued with the idea that because plenty may be around, she is bound to swell the tradesmen's bills by as much waste as possible. 'No couple need apply that expect the work to be put out, are fond of change, or who dictate to their employers how much company may be kept.'

When two of a trade fall out, they are apt to disclose secrets which it were wiser to keep to themselves. Disgusted by the success of a rival whose advertising boards bore the representation of a venerable man sitting cross-legged at his work, a San Francisco tailor advertised: 'Don't be humbugged by hoary-headed patriarchs who picture themselves cross-legged, and advertise pants made to order, three, four, and five dollars a pair. Do you know how it's done? When you go into one of these stores that cover up their shop-windows with sample lengths of cassimere, marked "Pants to order, three dollars fifty cents and four dollars;" after you have made a selection of the piece of cloth you want your pants made from, the pompous individual who is chief engineer of the big tailor shears, lays them softly on the smoothest part of his cutting-table, unrolls his tape-line, and proceeds to measure his victim all over the body. The several measurements are all carefully entered in a book by the other humbug. The customer is then told that his pants will be finished in about twenty-four or thirty-six hours; all depends upon how long it takes to shrink the cloth. That's the end of the first act. Part second.—The customer no sooner leaves the store than the merchant-tailor calls his shopboy Jim, and sends him around to some wholesale jobber, and says: "Get me a pair of pants, pattern thirty-six," which is the shoddy imitation of the piece of cassimere that your pants are to be made of. "Get thirty-four round the waist, and thirty-three in the leg." They are pulled out of a pile of a hundred pairs just like them, made by Chinese cheap labour. All the carefully made measurements and other claptrap are the bait on the hook. That's the way it's done.'

Traders sometimes give themselves away, as Americans say, innocently enough, a Paris grocer advertising Madeira at two francs, Old Madeira at three francs, and genuine Madeira at ten francs, a bottle. A Bordeaux wine-merchant, after stating the price per cask and bottle of 'the most varied and superior growths of Bordeaux and Burgundy,' concludes by announcing that he has also a stock of natural wine to be sold by private treaty. A sacrificing draper funnily tempts ladies to rid him of three hundred baptiste robes by averring 'they will not last over two days;' and the proprietor of somebody's Methuselah Pills can give them no higher praise than, 'Thousands have taken them, and are living still.'

When continental advertisers, bent upon lightening British purses, rashly adventure to attack Englishmen in their own tongue, the result is often disastrously comical. The proprietor of a 'milk-cur' establishment in Aix-la-Chapelle, 'foundet before twenty years of orders from the magistrat,' boasts that his quality of 'Suisse and his experiences causes him to deliver a milk pure and nutritive, obtained by sounds cow's and by a natural forage.' One Parisian hosier informs his hoped-for patrons he possesses patent machinery for cutting 'sirths'—Franco-English, we presume, for shirts. Another proclaims his resolve to sell his wares dirty cheap; and a dealer in butter, eggs, and cheeses, whose 'produces' arrive every day 'from the farms of the establishment without intermedial,' requests would-be customers to send orders by unpaid letters, as 'the house does not recognise any traveller.' A Hamburg firm notifies that their 'universal binocle of field is also preferable for the use in the field, like in the theatre, and had to the last degree of perfection concerning to rigouressness and pureness of the glass;' while they are ready to supply all comers with 'A Glass of Field for the Marine 52ctm opjectiv opening in extra shout lac-leather étui and strap, at sh 35s 6d.' This is a specimen of their 'English young man's' powers of composition that would justify the enterprising opticians in imitating the Frenchman whose shop-window was graced with a placard, bearing the strange device, 'English spoken here a few.'

An Italian, speaking French well and a little English, with whom 'wage is no object,' advertising in a London paper for an engagement as an indoor servant, puts down his height as 'fifty-seven feet seven.' But he manages his little English to better purpose than his countryman of Milan, who offers the bestest comforts to travellers, at his hotel, which he describes as 'situated in the centre of an immence parck, with most magnificient views of the Alp chain, and an English church

residing in the hotel'—the latter being furthermore provided with 'baths of mineral waters in elegant private cabins and shower rooms, and two basins for bathin'; one for gentlemen, the oter for ladies;' while it contains a hundred and fifty rooms, 'all exposed to the south-west dining-groom.'

Such an exposure might well cause the Milanese host's visitors to become 'persons dependent upon the headache, or who have copious perspirations,' whom a M. Lejeune invites 'to come and visit without buying his new fabrication,' with the chance of meeting 'the hat-makers, who endeavour by caoutchouc, gummed linen and others, to prevent hats from becoming dirt;' eager to hear the inventor of the new fabrication demonstrate 'how much all those preparations are injurious, and excite, on contrary, to perspiration.' Equally anxious to attract British custom is a doctor-dentist who, 'after many years consecrated to serious experiences, has perfected the laying of artificial teeth by wholly new proceedings. He makes himself most difficulty works; it is the best guaranty, and, thanks to his peculiar proceeding, his work joins to elegancy, solidity, and duration.' Considering all things, our doctor-dentist's derangement of sentences is quite as commendable as that of the Belfast gentleman desirous of letting 'the House at present occupied, and since erected by J. H——, Esq.;' who might pair off with the worthy responsible for—'To be sold, *six* cows—No. 1, a beautiful cow, calved eight days, with splendid calf at foot, a good milker; No. 2, a cow to calve in about fourteen days, and great promise. The *other two* cows are calved about twenty-one days, and *will speak for themselves.*'

By a fortuitous concurrence of antagonistic lines, the *Times* one morning gave mothers the startling information that

> Joseph Gillott's Steel Pens
> The Best Food for Infants
> Is Prepared solely by
> Savory and Moore

—a hint as likely to be taken as that of a public benefactor who announced in the *Standard:* 'Incredible as it may seem, I have ground to hope that half a glass of cold water, taken immediately after every meal, will be found to be the divinely appointed antidote for every kind of medicine.'

Another benevolent individual kindly tells us how to make coffee:

> Placed in the parted straining-top let stand
> The moistened coffee, till the grain expand,
> Before the fire; then boiling water pour,
> And quaff the nectar of the Indian shore.

But he is not quite so generous as he seems, since he is careful to inform us he is in possession of an equally excellent recipe for bringing out the flavour of tea, which he will forward for five shillings-worth of stamps. Urged by an equally uncontrollable desire to serve his fellow-creatures, a 'magister in palmystery and conditionalist' offers, with the aid of guardian spirits, to obtain for any one a glimpse at the past and present; and, on certain conditions, of the future; but with less wisdom than a magister of palmystery should display, he winds up with the prosaic notification, 'Boots and shoes made to order.'

The wants of the majority of advertisers are intelligible enough; but it needs some special knowledge to understand what may be meant by the good people who hanker for a portable mechanic, an efficient handwriter, a peerless feeder, a first-class ventilator on human hair-nets, a practical cutter by measure on ladies' waists, a youth used to wriggling, and a boy to kick Gordon. Nor is the position required by a respectable young lady as 'figure in a large establishment,' altogether clear to our mind; and we may be doing injustice to the newspaper proprietor requiring 'a sporting compositor,' by inferring he wants a man clever alike at 'tips' and types.

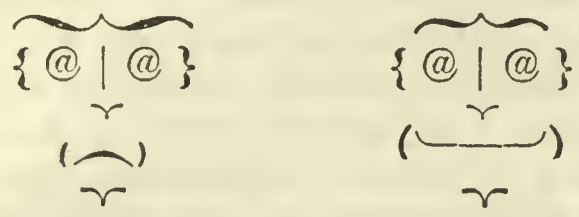
It does not say much for American theatrical 'combinations,' that the managers of one of them ostentatiously proclaim: 'We pay our salaries regularly every Tuesday; by so doing, we avoid lawsuits, are not compelled to constantly change our people, and always carry our watches in our pockets.' Neither would America appear to be quite such a land of liberty as it is supposed to be, since a gentleman advertises his want of a furnished room where he can have perfect independence; while we have native testimony to our cousins' curiosity in a quiet young lady desiring a handsome furnished apartment 'with non-inquisitive parties;' and a married couple seeking three or four furnished rooms 'for very light housekeeping, where people are not inquisitive.' Can it be the same pair who want a competent Protestant girl 'to take entire charge of a bottled baby?' If so, their anxiety to abide with non-curious folk is easily comprehended.

Very whimsical desires find expression in the advertising columns of the day. A lady of companionable habits, wishing to meet with a lady or gentleman requiring a companion, would prefer to act as such to 'one who, from circumstances, is compelled to lead a retired life.' A stylish and elegant widow, a good singer and musician, possessing energy, business knowledge, and means of her own, ready, 'for the sake of a social home,' to undertake the supervision of a widower's establishment, thinks it well to add, goodness knows why, 'a Radical preferred.' Somebody in search of a middle-aged man willing to travel, stipulates for a misanthrope with bitter experience of the wickedness of mankind; displaying as pleasant a taste as the proprietor of a wonderful discovery for relieving pain and curing disease without medicine, who wants a partner in the shape of a consumptive or asthmatical gentleman.

Your jocular man, lacking an outlet for his wit, will often pay for the privilege of airing his humour in public. Here are a few examples. 'Wanted, a good Liberal candidate for the Kilmarnock Burghs. Several inferior ones given in exchange.'—'Wanted a Thin Man who has been used to collecting debts, to crawl through key-holes and find debtors who are never at home. Salary, nothing the first year; to be doubled each year afterwards.'—'Wanted, Twelve-feet planks at the corners of all the streets in Melbourne, until the Corporation can find some other means of crossing the metropolitan creeks. The planks and the Corporation may be tied up to the lamp-posts in the dry weather.'—'Wanted, a Cultured

Gentleman used to milking goats; a University man preferred.'—'Correspondence is solicited from Bearded Ladies, Circassians, and other female curiosities, who, in return for a true heart and devoted husband, would travel during the summer months, and allow him to take the money at the door.'—'Wanted, a Coachman, the ugliest in the city; he must not, however, have a moustache nor red hair, as those are very taking qualities in certain households at present. As he will not be required to take care of his employer's daughter, and is simply engaged to see to the horses, he will only be allowed twenty dollars per month.'

A great deal might be said about pictorial advertisements, if the impossibility of reproducing them did not stand in the way. As it is, we must content ourselves with showing how an advertisement can be illustrated without the help of draughtsman or engraver. By arranging ordinary printers' types thus:



an ingenious advertising agent presents the public with portraits of the man who does not and the man who does advertise, and says: 'Try it, and see how you will look yourself.'

A STRANGE INSTITUTION.

Amongst the oral traditions of the past in Cambridge, there is handed down to the modern undergraduate an account of a secret Society which was established in the university at a remote period of time, and which was called the Lie Society. At the weekly meetings of the members, an ingenious falsehood was fabricated, which frequently referred to some person locally known, and which was probably not altogether free from scandal. It was the duty of all the members to propagate this invented story as much as possible by relating it to every one they met. Each member had to make a note of the altered form in which the lie thus circulated came round to him individually, and these were read out at the next meeting with all the copious additions and changes the story had received passing from one to the other, often to such an extent as to leave but little of the original fabric left. After a time the Society began to languish, and soon after disappeared altogether.

In the dim past, and before the present stringent regulations were made as to examinations in the Senate House, another secret Society was organised, called the Beavers, which was for the purpose of enabling members, when being examined, to help each other by a system of signals. With this view, one of the members of the Beavers was told off by lot to perform various duties assigned to him, such as engaging the attention of the examiners, and giving information as to the papers by preconcerted signs. This Society soon collapsed. To one of its members is credited the ingenious watch-faced Euclid, and the edition of Little-go-classics on sleeve-links.

MY HOME IN ANNANDALE REVISITED.

I LEAVE with joy the smoky town,
As pining captive quits his cell,
O'er shining sea and purple fell,
Again to see the sun go down:

As once behind great Penmanmawr,
A ball of fire, o'er Conway Bay
He silent hung, then sank away,
And beauteous shone the evening star.

My village home at length I reach,
And stand beside my father's door;
His feet are on its step no more:
From texts like this, Time loves to preach.

Daylight is dying in the west;
The leaden night-clouds blot the sky;
Across the fields, the pewit's cry
Only makes deeper nature's rest.

The water-wheel stands at the mill,
The fisher leaves the sandy shore,
By garden gate and unlatched door
Lassies and lads are meeting still.

Beside me stand the kirk and manse,
On this green knoll among the trees;
The summer burn still croons to these;
But where are those who loved me once?

Only a sound of breaking waves,
All through the night, comes from the sea:
But those who kindly thought of me,
Are sleeping in these quiet graves.

No sounds of earth can wake the dead!
I vainly yearn for what hath been:
The faces I in youth have seen,
With the lost years away have fled.

The faintest breath that stirs the air
Will take the dead leaf from the tree;
Thus, one by one, have gone from me
Those who my young companions were.

A stranger in my native place,
Wearing the silver mask of years,
None meet me now with smiles or tears,
Or in the man the boy can trace.

My trees cut down, have left the place
Vacant and silent where they grew;
From fields and farms, that once I knew,
I miss each well-remembered face.

This price, returning, I must pay,
With wandering foot who loved to roam:
Thrice happy he who finds a home
And constant friends, when far away.

As relics from a holy shrine,
Dear names are treasured in my heart;
Death only for an hour can part;
And all I loved, will yet be mine.

With blinding tears, I turn away.
Young hearts round this new life can twine;
But from my path has passed for aye
The light and love of auld langsyne.

KIRTLE.

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HOW LIFE-OFFICES PAY THEIR DEATH-CLAIMS.

The difficulty and delay in obtaining payment of the sum assured, when death occurred, was at one time urged as an objection against the system of life-assurance; but of late years the percentage of cases in which this objection could hold good has been reduced to a mere fraction, and offices now vie with each other in facilitating prompt and satisfactory settlement. This and other material improvements in the practice of life-assurance which have been recently introduced, have tended to obviate many popular objections, and greatly to increase the number of the assured. While it is sadly true that there are thousands of homes in our country without adequate protection against the suffering and distress which the death of the bread-winner would entail, it is gratifying to find that by means of existing policies a provision has been made to the extent of four hundred and thirty-five millions sterling, for the maintenance and comfort of the widows and orphans of the future, and this amount does not include what is known as industrial business. It is difficult to realise without a strong effort of the imagination what a vast alleviation of the sum of human misery is shadowed forth in the fact just stated. The humble cottage of the artisan, and the stately hall rich with heraldic emblazonry, are alike destined to draw comfort and solace from this beneficent treasury.

We do not propose to give the history of life-assurance, or, at this time of day, to demonstrate the great advantages of the system, but to give some information which may be useful and interesting to the vast brotherhood of persons who have already availed themselves, or who intend to avail themselves, of its benefits. Notwithstanding the vigorous efforts put forth by more than a hundred competing offices to give their terms publicity, there are still men to be found who have very crude ideas of what life-assurance is and does. One man in all seriousness proposed to join one of our Scottish offices, thinking he could draw half the sum at once, and the other half later on; quaintly remarking: 'What use is the money to me after I am dead?' Another proposer for a policy suggested that in lieu of his annual premiums being paid as they fell due, the office should allow them to remain unpaid, and at his death deduct the sum of the unpaid premiums as a debt from the policy! Life-offices, like men, must, in order to live, find the means of living; and we are afraid that, under present conditions, no means of escape can be afforded to the public from satisfying the necessity under which all assurance offices exist—namely, that of requiring the payment of premiums, and these payments to be made punctually as they fall due.

There was a time when non-payment of the premium on the due date meant forfeiture of all benefit and all past payments; but now these hard conditions have been almost entirely abolished; while certain offices have adopted a plan by which a policy is kept in force automatically, by applying to the payment of premiums the value that would be given on surrender of the policy, so long as the value is sufficient for the purpose. There are many other points in connection with which needless restrictions have been relaxed; but there are certain well-considered regulations which must be rigidly adhered to by every well-managed office. The medical and legal faculties are essential allies of the offices, both at the commencement of the contract and at the close of it. The doctor must examine a proposer, and report on his family and personal history, before he can be admitted to benefit; and when death takes place, the doctor must certify the fact and report the cause. Again, the lawyer may prove a most successful agent for the Company in inducing men to join by advocating the benefits of life-assurance, and has an opportunity, when preparing marriage settlements or making wills, of suggesting a policy of assurance as an excellent subject for settlement or bequest.

During the last few years, the interval between death and the payment of claims has been greatly shortened; and most of the enterprising new

offices have made it a point to offer settlement of the claims arising from death with the least possible delay. This is as it should be; and many of the older and more conservative offices have seen it to be to their advantage to abandon the three or six months' interval which usually had to elapse before payment of the sum assured was made. When we consider what prompt settlement in many cases implies, this acceleration of payment is a movement which will be much appreciated, and, like every other policy of the kind, will eventually benefit those offices adopting it. It is plain that when the assurance money is the chief resource of the bereaved family, early payment by the office is of immense advantage, enabling immediate steps to be taken in some measure to supply the place of the bread-winner; and even in cases where there is other property left, the early—almost immediate—possession of ready-money must be a great boon, often enabling other effects to be disposed of at leisure, and without the loss which frequently attends a forced realisation. We observe, therefore, with satisfaction that a large number of offices now pay the sums assured either on proof of death and title, or, what is practically the same, in a month after proof of death. Not one of the seventeen Scottish offices, for instance, now retains the old style of paying six months after death. Two of the Scottish offices pay on proof of death and title; four, one month after proof of death; two, three months after date of death; and nine, three months after proof of death. Many of the English offices also have within the last few years agreed to pay their claims sooner than heretofore. This acceleration of the payment of claims has long been a desired reform, and will no doubt result in an increased flow of business to those offices which have adopted it.

In order that full advantage may be taken of this concession, co-operation on the part of the assured is needed. For instance, there is one form of 'self-help' which could be practised by all—namely, the production of evidence of age. When proof has not been produced to the office and admitted, there is often delay caused in getting payment. In many cases, there is among the nearest friends an astonishing absence of knowledge as to the place and date of birth of their relatives, and therefore the proper person to clear up such matters is the assured himself. If born in England after July 1, 1837, an extract from the general Registry at Somerset House, London, can be got for a small fee. At Somerset House, there are also preserved the non-parochial registers of baptisms or births kept by various bodies and congregations of Nonconformists prior to the general system of registration which commenced at the above-mentioned date. In Ireland, registration commenced only in 1863. In Scotland, the registers—with the exception of those for the period from January 1, 1820 to January 1, 1855, which are in the possession of the local registrars—are preserved at the Register House in Edinburgh, and an extract can be got on application; or the assurance office can, if requested, take an extract from the register there on payment of one shilling. Seeing that, as a rule, the correct date of birth can easily be certified, every policy-holder should do so without undue delay, and have a marking made by the office on his policy that 'Age is admitted.' A mistake of a year or two is easily made, and although the deficiency in annual premium may be small, the operation of compound interest, which is so essential a part of the system of life-assurance, causes the accumulation of these little sums to assume sometimes a startling appearance, when it comes to be deducted at settlement from the sum assured; and it is unpleasant for all concerned that such deduction should have to be inflicted. There is not now the fear which is said to have existed in Henry VIII.'s time, that a government register of births might be used for the purpose of a poll-tax; and as the operation of our registration system goes on, the difficulty in getting proof of age will be reduced to a minimum. When no official proof of age can be produced, offices, as a rule, co-operate with those interested, and admit the age when they have been satisfied that reasonable endeavour has been made to establish the correct date of birth. In all cases, it is evident how desirable it is that the assured should themselves see to this.

When death has occurred—that is, when, technically speaking, the policy has become a claim—intimation should be given to the office at once, which will issue two simple and easily understood forms, one to be filled up and signed by the doctor who attended the deceased in his last illness; and the other by a friend who has known the deceased for some time, and who can certify to his identity. It is, of course, impossible to produce such certificates in cases where men whose lives were assured are drowned or otherwise lost; but after reasonable delay, the offices admit and pay such claims on the best circumstantial proof of death that can be obtained. In ordinary cases, the medical certificate not only vouches for the facts, that such and such a person died at such and such a place on a certain date, but it also states the cause of death, which is of value to the offices, as enabling them to elicit certain facts necessary for future statistical inquiries.

The party who fills up the certificate of identity must be a person of respectability, to whom the deceased was well known, and who is capable of certifying that the deceased is the same person whose life was assured under the policy of assurance which is being claimed upon. It often happens that the assured has changed both his occupation and address since he assured, and of course the office must be certain that they have the right man before paying any claim. Some offices are more particular than others, and require, in addition to the above two certificates, a copy of the entry of death in the register, certified by the registrar for the district.

The forms should be returned as early as possible to the office, so as to be submitted to the directors at their first weekly meeting. The claim is then admitted, and the office intimates on what day payment will be made, provided the title of the party who is to receive the money is in order and produced to the office.

It is not going wholly outside of our present purpose to repeat the oft-given advice, that every one possessed of a policy or other bequeathable property should make a will. In the amusing episode in the *Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club*, when the will of the landlady of the

Marquis of Granby has been discovered in 'the little black teapot on the top shelf of the bar closet,' the elder Weller, who was named sole executor, says to his son: 'I s'pose, Samivel, as it's all right and satisfactory to you and me, as is the only parties interested, ve may as vell put this bit o' paper [the will] in the fire.' Knowledge is now too generally diffused to endanger the safe custody of so important a document; but the public require to be reminded of the necessity of preserving all deeds (if any) by which policies have been assigned and re-assigned, as these will be called for by the office, before any payment is made. Between the dates of admission of claim and time of payment, some form of title must be produced, with the view of enabling the Company to prepare the form of discharge to be signed by the persons entitled to receive the money. The discharges are adjusted by the Companies free of expense to claimants, except in the case of insufficient or complicated titles, where special legal assistance is necessary.*

No more *popular* argument in favour of life-assurance could be given than the manner in which our Companies discharge their obligations. Every year, more than ten million pounds sterling are dispensed throughout the land from these beneficent institutions to sorrowing widows in their time of need, and to helpless children bereaved of a father's care, whose love thus found a way to provide for them when he was called away.

BY MEAD AND STREAM.

CHAPTER XI.—'STRICTLY CONFIDENTIAL.'

THAT was the best news Martin Wrentham had heard for a long time. Gribble & Co. were commission agents, and undertook any kind of business which promised a profit. Shipping, stocks, landed estates and house property; cargoes of wine, of tea, and of wool, were all equally welcome to the best attention of Gribble & Co. Mr Wrentham was the sole partner and representative of this impartial firm. There never had been a Gribble or a Co.; but there was a highly respectable and old established firm known as Gribble, Hastings, & Co., who had nothing to do with the house in Golden Alley. There were, however, people in the colonies and on the continent who made mistakes, and entered into business relations with Mr Wrentham under the impression that they were dealing with the firm whose designation was so nearly the same as the one under which he traded.

The mistake was of course discovered by some, and rectified as soon as possible; but still there were others who continued to blunder, and Wrentham appeared to prosper. There were envious City men who said that he made more out of the betting ring than out of his professed business; and he certainly was well known in sporting circles. He frequently had the 'straight tip' for the Derby, the Oaks, Ascot, the St Leger, and other important racing events of the year. This information he was good-naturedly ready to impart to his friends, claiming only what he called a 'comfortable' percentage on the winnings, whilst he had no share in the losses.

It had long been his ambition to open an account with the great house of Hadleigh & Co. With this object in view, he had taken infinite pains to ingratiate himself with Mr Hadleigh, and succeeded so far that he became an occasional guest at the Manor: but no business came of it. He had courted the society of Coutts Hadleigh, flattered him, spent time and money in amusing him, endured his cynical jokes, and had even given him 'straight tips' without seeking a commission: still no business came of it.

But he did not give up hope. He was cool, patient, and good-humoured, and his perseverance was rewarded. See, here is the chief partner of the firm come to him at last with the announcement that his visit was on 'important business.'

'Upon my word, Mr Hadleigh, you give me such an agreeable surprise, that I can only say we shall have pleasure in doing the utmost in our power to serve you satisfactorily.'

Wrentham was always frank, always eager to say the thing which he supposed would please his listener most. If he was pleased, he said so, and showed it; if displeased, he showed it, although he did not always say so. But then he was very seldom displeased; for he had the happy knack of turning the most offensive words or acts into a joke or ridicule, so that he never quarrelled with anybody—not even with the tax-collector.

'I may tell you at once,' said Mr Hadleigh in his cold way, 'that the business is entirely private at present, and has nothing to do with the firm.'

'I shall have the more pleasure in attending to it as a friend,' was the cordial reply.

'Thank you; but I give you credit for knowing enough of me to be aware that I shall not take advantage of your generosity. You have heard the saying—there is no friendship in business.'

'Happily, there are many exceptions to the rule,' said Wrentham cheerfully.

'This is not to be one of them. You are to regard the transaction as one coming to you in the ordinary course of business, but to be dealt with as a strictly confidential matter. Your clerks are to have nothing to do with it.'

There was something in his manner, calm and quiet as it was, which attracted Wrentham's attention, puzzled him, and modified the enthusiasm with which he had begun the interview.

'If you will explain, Mr Hadleigh, you will find me willing to do whatever you require, if it is possible.'

Mr Hadleigh looked steadily in the speaker's face, and the latter leaned back on his chair, as if to afford a better light for the inspection. He endured the gaze with the placid smile of one who was prepared for the closest scrutiny into his character and motives. Apparently satisfied, Mr Hadleigh, speaking with much deliberation, proceeded:

'I want in the first place a little information. You have been for some time doing business for Mr Austin Shield?'

* We may here refer to the provision of the Acts passed to facilitate the administration of estates under three hundred pounds. Information as to the simple and inexpensive mode of procedure in such cases can be obtained by application to the sheriff-clerks in Scotland, or to the Inland Revenue authorities in England.

The placid smile faded from the countenance of Gribble & Co., and the plural pronoun came into use again.

'That is correct. He has intrusted us with various small commissions; but they are mere trifles, I believe, compared with those he has given to others. Indeed, I do not think he has treated us quite so liberally as he ought to have done.'

There was no irritation in the last remark: it simply implied that Mr Shield had not acted wisely. Mr Hadleigh did not appear to have observed it.

'You are aware of his relationship to my children?'

'Yes; and that your son, Philip, is going out to him. Lucky for your son, I should say.'

'I do not wish him to go.'

'Wh—at!' The exclamation was long drawn out, and its modulations were suggestive of a rapid series of speculations, in which curiosity and doubt were more predominant than surprise.

'I do not wish him to go,' repeated Mr Hadleigh, each word passing his lips like the measured stroke of a funeral bell.

'You take my breath away. Such a chance—such prospects! Shield is reported to be enormously wealthy, and he has no direct heirs. . . . Pardon me, Mr Hadleigh, but I must say that you would be doing the young man a serious injury if you interfered with his uncle's wishes.'

In sickness and in sorrow there are people who feel called upon to offer you their sympathy; but there is too often a conventional ring in the expression of it which there is no mistaking, and even bare politeness in the acknowledgment of it becomes irksome. It was in this conventional way that Wrentham uttered his virtuous warning to the parent who was opposing his son's best interests.

The parent understood, and smiled.

'Strange as it may seem to you, Mr Wrentham, my desire is that not one of my children should be mentioned in that man's will.'

'Extraordinary! But you were always peculiar in your views of things. To be sure, your views generally turned out to be the right ones. Everybody in the City is aware of that. But I do not see yet how my services can be of any use to you in this matter.'

'The service I require will not be difficult to render. You have been for some years in correspondence with Mr Shield, and you know more about his affairs than any one in London except his solicitors. I want you to tell me all that you have learned regarding his intentions concerning Philip.'

'That is easily done. I have learned absolutely nothing.'

Wrentham was quite cheerful again as he gave this reply.

Mr Hadleigh was disappointed: he was silent and thoughtful for a few moments. Then: 'I begin to see his purpose.'

'I should be glad if you would enlighten me,' said Wrentham eagerly: 'it might be useful to me.'

'I am quite sure it will be. But first you must give me a full explanation of his affairs, so far as you are acquainted with them, and the nature of this business which has brought him such sudden wealth, and which he is at so much pains to keep secret.'

Wrentham's cheerfulness disappeared, and he rose uneasily.

'I am sorry, Mr Hadleigh, that you should ask me for information which I am not at liberty to give.'

'You mean that his business is of so much value that you cannot risk the loss of it?'

'Of course—of course, his business is of some importance to us, although, as I have already mentioned, he has not treated us quite so liberally as we think he ought to have done. Besides, we have only a small part of his patronage.'

'All the same you would not like to lose it?'

'Well, not unless something better offered itself,' replied Wrentham, recovering a degree of his jaunty manner, as he recollected that he was speaking to the head of a great firm whose influence might bring him thousands a year. It would never do to display to such a man either too much weakness or too much indifference.

'But if that something better did not present itself, you would be sorry to lose the connection. I suppose it is necessary to tell you what my surmise is as to his intentions. He intends to establish Philip as his sole representative in England, and everything will be taken out of your hands. I may be able to help you, if you will give me the information which will put it in my power to do so.'

Wrentham walked to the window, stared at the blank wall opposite, and frowned at it.

Mr Hadleigh smiled at his evident alarm, and attempted to relieve it.

'You need not be afraid to trust me; I am not inviting you to enter into a conspiracy against Mr Shield. I have no evil design in my inquiries.'

'I am sure of that,' responded Wrentham, wheeling round. Every sign of alarm had vanished from his visage. 'But of what use could the information be to you? Giving it might do me a great deal of harm, whilst it could not serve you.'

'Of that you cannot judge. But we need not discuss the point further at present. Take time and consider. Meanwhile, you can have no objection to do this for me—telegraph to him that you learn from me that Philip goes out to him against my will.'

'It shall be done immediately, and I will bring you the answer myself.'

There was a tap at the door, and the clerk entered with a slip of paper which he handed to his master.

'All right, Perkins. Shall be disengaged in a few minutes.'

As the clerk closed the door behind him, Wrentham handed the paper to his visitor, who read on it, 'Mr Philip Hadleigh,' and instantly rose to go.

'Perhaps—you will excuse me—but perhaps it would be as well if you did not meet each other here at present. Here is my private door.'

'I expect to see you this evening with the answer to the telegram,' said Mr Hadleigh quietly as he went out.

'You shall see me whether the answer has arrived or not.'

When he had closed the door, Wrentham stood still, unconscious, apparently, that he was resting on the handle, although it seemed as if he were half-inclined to call Mr Hadleigh back. His expression had changed to a frown at some invisible object on the floor, and his head was slightly bowed. This was his thought:

'Have I lost a chance, or opened the way to one? . . . Eminently unsatisfactory, if I have not. He must have some game on. . . . No designs! As if he could gammon me into the notion that he was the sort of man to bother himself about other people's affairs without good reason for it. A hundred to one on *that* event. But if Shield does mean to take everything out of my hands'——

He frowned still more darkly at the invisible object on the floor, and the speculation ended in a chaos of disagreeable reflections. With a quick jerk of the head he roused himself.

'We'll see,' he muttered as he advanced to the table and touched a hand-bell twice.

The habitual smile had returned to his face when Philip entered the room.

'I shall not keep you many minutes to-day, Mr Wrentham. But I suppose you will have to give me an hour or so on the earliest date you can appoint.'

'It will be a pleasure to me whatever it may be to you. I suppose it is business. I shall make it as easy for you as I can. What is it?'

'I have just got this from Hawkins and Jackson, which, they tell me, my uncle inclosed to them with instructions that they were to see that I gave personal attention to the matter.'

Wrentham read the note, placed it in a clip bearing the word 'Immediate' in large capitals, and looked up again.

'Your uncle might have sent this to me direct—I should have liked it better; but he has a curious way of doing things. You are to have a full statement of my accounts with him, and it is to be duly audited by a professional accountant. This looks as if he intended to close the account altogether.'

'I hope not.'

'Well, the statement will be ready for you on Wednesday next week, and you shall have every assistance and explanation you may require from me.'

'Thank you. At what hour shall I call?'

'Ten o'clock. I expect you will have a long day of it.'

'We cannot help that, I suppose, and I need not take up more of your time at present.'

'Are you in a hurry? Because I am going out to have some luncheon, and you might join me.'

The invitation was given so cordially, that Philip could not decline, and they went out by the private door together. At the mouth of the alley they were passed by a smart little man with thin clean-shaved face, wearing a soft felt hat, a loose black frock-coat, and gray tweed trousers. He carried in his hand a folding trestle and a well-filled green bag, and under his arm was a small circular table top covered with green baize.

He lifted his hat to Philip, who acknowledged the salute with a pleasant nod. Wrentham's attention was attracted by something in another direction, and the little man went swiftly on his way.

'That's the juggler Bob Tuppit,' said Philip to his companion. 'Haven't you seen him down our way? I suppose he has just had a successful performance in some quiet court, he looks so cheery. Clever fellow; works ten and twelve hours a day, and tells me he makes a decent income out of it.'

'Is he an acquaintance of yours?' inquired Wrentham, somewhat drily.

'I have had several chats with him, and found him a most interesting and intelligent fellow.'

'Has he told you anything about his family?'

'Nothing more than that he is married; has a troop of children, and a comfortable home.'

'Ah, that is not like the ordinary tramp. But I wouldn't cultivate his acquaintance, if I were you. No doubt he told you all about his birth and parentage, and got a sovereign out of you on the strength of being a poor orphan.'

'He told me that he had been born and brought up in London; but he has travelled over the whole country in his professional capacity. He speaks of his juggling as a "profession." He is an orphan, as you guessed; but he has a brother somewhere.'

'And what might his profession be?' said Wrentham with a quick side-glance at Philip.

'I don't know. Tuppit is shy of talking about him; and from his sorrowful way of mentioning the fact that he had a brother, I came to the conclusion that the fellow was in prison, or something of that sort. So I did not put any disagreeable questions.'

They had entered the dining-room of the Gog and Magog Club by this time; and amidst the clatter of plates and knives and forks, and the loud hum of voices, Wrentham pointed to the bill of fare, which was hung up beside the clerk's desk, and said hastily: 'What are you to have?'

Mr Hadleigh had been much more disappointed by the result of his interview with Wrentham than he had allowed to appear. He had gone to him with the vague hope that he might learn something about Austin Shield, which should give him an excuse for making another appeal to Madge. He had learned nothing. There was, however, a probability that when his objection was made known to Shield, the latter would himself withdraw the invitation he had sent to Philip.

In the evening, Wrentham presented himself at the Manor. No answer to the telegram had yet arrived: the conversation in the library occupied an hour notwithstanding. Shortly after noon on the following day, Wrentham brought the expected answer to Mr Hadleigh, who was waiting for it in his private room in the office of his firm.

'*My sister's son must decide for himself.*'

'It is like the man,' muttered Mr Hadleigh, as he tore up the paper. 'Now, you can make your choice—his business or mine.'

'I shall give you an answer in half an hour.'

Wrentham returned to his office, and entered it by the private door. He took a half-crown from his pocket and balanced it on his forefinger and

thumb. He gazed at it steadily for a moment, then tossed it up.

'Heads for Hadleigh—tails for Shield and sudden death. . . . Heads it is, and Hadleigh's my man.'

He picked up the coin, seated himself at his writing-table, and proceeded to communicate his decision to Mr Hadleigh with as much gravity as if he had arrived at it after serious deliberation.

FAMILIAR SKETCHES OF ENGLISH LAW.

BY AN EXPERIENCED PRACTITIONER.

It is not necessary for the writer of these sketches to declare which branch of the legal profession he belongs to, but it appears desirable to explain the purpose for which they are written. The laws of our land are so numerous and complicated, and derived from so many sources, that it is impossible for any human mind to make itself thoroughly acquainted with all their multifarious details, however familiar the general principles of the law may have become. And yet every one of the Queen's subjects is responsible for any breach of the law which he or she may commit. The reason of this is obvious: a law which might be broken with impunity on the excuse that the law-breaker was ignorant of its existence, would be an absurdity. If laws are to be of any use, they must be universally binding, on the learned and unlearned, within the sphere of their operation. In the course of a long, extensive, and varied professional experience, we have often been astonished to find profound ignorance of legal principles and responsibilities in unexpected quarters; and it has occurred to us that a few familiar articles on the laws which affect the different relationships of social life might be both interesting and useful. Many of the principles which affect persons in the characters of husband and wife, parent and child, master and servant, and so forth, are easily understood, if explained in simple language and free from technicalities.

In so doing, we have no intention to interfere with the proper province of the solicitor or the barrister. The law has in many respects been much simplified during the present century; but still the proverb remains true, 'He who is his own lawyer has a fool for his client.' In buying a house, the title must be investigated by one who has acquired an accurate knowledge of the law of real property, or a fatal flaw in the title may deprive the purchaser of that for which he has paid. Home-made wills, unless of the very simplest description, lead in many cases to costly and vexatious litigation after the death of the testator. And in actions and other legal proceedings, where the rights of the parties depend upon the application of established legal principles to new combinations of facts which are themselves doubtful and capable of being considered from opposite points of view, the necessity for professional assistance is too obvious to require comment.

I. MARRIAGES; SETTLEMENTS; AND BREACHES OF PROMISE TO MARRY.

The contract of marriage lies at the foundation of our social system; and therefore we select it and other matters incidentally relating thereto for explanation and comment in the first instance, reserving for a future paper the law of *Scotch* marriages, as apart from that which now holds good south of the Border; but noting in the meantime, that prior to 25th March 1754, when Lord Hardwick's Act came into operation, the theory of the law in both countries was, that the consent of a free and capable man and woman to become husband and wife constituted marriage, if proved by credible evidence. But in England, a marriage by mere words of consent did not confer all the rights consequent on a marriage duly solemnised. Since 1754, the English law has required definite technicalities of evidence, which, however, have been much restricted in their scope for injustice.

In considering the first part of our subject, 'Who may marry,' it will be most convenient to deal with the question negatively; and when we have seen who must not marry, it must be understood that persons not coming within any of the categories specified are at liberty to enter into the legal contract of matrimony.

Foremost among the disabilities is insufficient age. In this respect the law is extremely indulgent, fixing the age for a male at fourteen, and for a female at twelve years. But there is a qualified disability beyond those ages: a person who has not been previously married, and is under the age of twenty-one years—technically called an infant or minor—is not allowed to marry without the consent of his or her parent or guardian. The consent of the father is required if living; after his death, the consent of the guardian appointed by his will, or otherwise lawfully appointed; or if none, then of the mother if still a widow. If the mother be married, then a guardian may be appointed by the High Court of Justice. When the minor is a Ward of Court, any person marrying him or her without the consent of the Court—which will only be granted on a proper settlement being made—may be imprisoned for contempt, and will only be released, after longer or shorter detention at the discretion of the Court, on condition of paying all costs, and settling the whole of the ward's property as the Court may direct, the offender being usually excluded from any benefit therefrom. A lady of full age was recently sent to prison for marrying an infant Ward of Court without consent; and there have been numerous instances of gentlemen being punished in the same way. Nullity of the marriage is not now the result of this disability; but the man who procures a license by affirming that he is of full age when he is not, or that the necessary consent has been obtained when it has not, may be punished both civilly and criminally.

Another disability is want of sanity. It is not to be understood that weak-minded people must not marry; they can, and do in considerable numbers. But if a person who is a lunatic go through the form of marriage, except during a lucid interval, the marriage is void. This objection to the validity of a marriage does not often occur; but sometimes the question whether a man was lunatic or of sound mind when married is difficult to determine, but most likely to be settled in favour of his sanity, unless there was manifestly some fraudulent or sordid motive for the marriage.

Nearness of relationship, either by birth or marriage, is another disability. First-cousins and all persons more distantly related, may lawfully intermarry. But ancestors and descendants in the direct line are prohibited; as are also brothers and sisters, uncles and nieces, aunts and nephews. We will not here enter into any controversy as to the expediency of the law which prohibits the marriage of a widower with the sister or niece of his deceased wife. Before 1835, a marriage between persons whose relationship was within the prohibited degrees was not necessarily void, but voidable only during the joint lives of the parties thereto; so that if the marriage were not set aside during the lives of both parties, on the death of either of them it was treated as having been a valid marriage, and the children born thereof were legitimate to all intents and purposes. But in that year an Act of Parliament was passed declaring such marriages void in future.

The last existing disability which we shall notice is that of being married already. A married person cannot legally marry again until the first marriage is dissolved, either by death or by a judicial decree. On this subject much misapprehension exists. Many persons believe that a wife who has been deserted by her husband for seven years or upwards, without hearing from him, or knowing whether he is alive or dead, may marry again; but this is a mistake. Such a marriage would be void if the former husband should be proved to have been alive at the time it was celebrated. Probably the delusion had its origin in the fact, that in those circumstances the woman could not be convicted of bigamy. For that purpose alone, the presumption of the husband's death after seven years of absence without any information as to his continued existence, would be recognised by the law, and might be pleaded as a defence to an indictment for bigamy.

Formerly, an engagement to any other person was a bar to marriage. If A promised to marry B, he could not marry C unless B absolved him from his promise. But this disability has long been abolished, though B might sue A for breach of promise.

The next consideration is, 'How to marry.' Excluding the Royal Marriage Act, and merely drawing attention to the fact that a marriage between two members of the Society of Friends (or Quakers) at a meeting-house, or between two Jews either at a synagogue or elsewhere, were not affected by Lord Hardwick's Act, and are not affected by the Acts which are now to be referred to, we will next briefly epitomise the most important provisions of the Marriage Act of 1823. This Act confirms the power which had long previously been enjoyed by the Archbishop of Canterbury of granting special licenses, by virtue of which parties may be married at any place specified therein and at any hour of the day. These licenses are issued at the Faculty Office, on sufficient cause being shown, and verified by affidavit. It is not very difficult to find a reason which will be satisfactory to the officials, if an applicant be willing to strain his own conscience. A special license, however, costs about thirty pounds.

An ordinary license can only be issued for solemnisation of matrimony in a parish in which one of the parties has resided for at least fifteen days previously; and if what is termed a caveat should have been entered against the granting of a license, the objection raised thereby must be disposed of by the Court, or the caveat be withdrawn, before the license can be granted.

If the marriage is to be performed in an Episcopal church by license, one of the parties must attend at the vicar-general's office, the diocesan registry, or before a surrogate—a clergyman appointed by the bishop for the purpose of granting ordinary marriage licenses—and swear that there is no impediment of kindred or alliance, or other lawful hindrance to the marriage; and also as to the residence in the parish, and the consent of parent or guardian if necessary. It will be remembered that an infant widow or widower may remarry without such consent.

A cheaper way of being married according to the rites of the Church of England is after publication of banns. This consists in reading the names of the parties publicly on three successive Sundays at a prescribed part of the service. If both parties do not reside in one parish, the banns must be published in both their respective parishes; and if either of the parties be a minor —not having been previously married—his or her parent or guardian may publicly declare his or her dissent, and thereupon the publication of banns is void.

Marriage, whether by license or by banns, must be celebrated within three months, or the whole of the preliminaries must be gone through anew. All marriages in England must be between eight o'clock in the forenoon and twelve at noon, except marriages by special license.

Questions often arise as to the name in which a person should be married. As a general rule, the same name should be used for this as for the ordinary business of every-day life—the name by which the person is generally known. If John Jones has called himself John Robinson, and has been so called by other persons so long that his original name has been forgotten, the publication of the banns of marriage between John Jones and Mary Smith would not answer the object of the statute, for it would not inform the parishioners that the person known by them as John Robinson proposed to get married. Accuracy in name is now, however, of little importance, because the use of a false name no longer renders a marriage null, unless both the man and the woman are parties to the fraud, and so a favourite device of a hundred years ago is legally impracticable.

It is not necessary to dwell upon the form of the service used in the solemnisation of matrimony. It is, or may become, familiar to all persons interested. But perhaps it may not be universally known that the celebration of marriage without license or due publication of banns is a criminal offence, punishable by penal servitude or imprisonment with hard labour. In addition to the clergyman, there must be at least two witnesses present, and the marriage must be registered. The subject of registration of marriages will be most conveniently considered hereafter, in conjunction with the laws relating to registration of births and deaths.

Previous to 1st March 1837, the only marriages

recognised by the law in England were those above referred to; but on and since that date, it has been allowed for Nonconformist ministers to celebrate marriages in places of worship duly registered for that purpose; and for persons to be married without any religious ceremony at the office of the Superintendent Registrar of the district. If the marriage be intended to be by license, notice must be given to the Superintendent Registrar of the district in which one of the parties has resided for fifteen days previously. After an interval of one clear day, the license is issued, and the marriage can then be celebrated. In case of a marriage without license, seven days' residence before notice is sufficient; and if the parties reside in different districts, notice must be given to both Superintendent Registrars. Twenty-one days afterwards, the Superintendent Registrar issues his certificate, authorising the celebration of the marriage. When the parties do not both reside in one district, it sometimes happens that the non-resident party comes without the requisite certificate, when the wedding has to be postponed to another day.

The notice of intention to marry, whether with license or without, has a statutory declaration—equivalent to an affidavit—subjoined, to the same effect as is required before the granting of an ordinary license by a surrogate.

The form of marriage service at a Nonconformist place of worship is usually somewhat similar to that used by the Church of England; in some cases more concise, in others more diffuse. It is essential that in some part of the ceremony both parties should declare that they respectively know of no lawful impediment; and that each should take the other to be his or her lawful wedded wife or husband; and that a Registrar of Marriages should be present, in addition to the minister and two or more witnesses.

The form of marriage at the office of a Superintendent Registrar, or what may be called a purely civil marriage, is very short, being practically confined to the declarations of no impediment and the mutual taking. The Superintendent Registrar, Registrar of Marriages, and two other witnesses, must be present.

The notice of marriage without license, which is equivalent to publication of banns, has the advantage of comparative privacy; it is suspended in the register office twenty-one days, but is not otherwise published.

In some cases, marriages may be celebrated in an adjoining district in which neither of the parties resides; that is, when they belong to any body of Christians who have not a place of worship within the district of residence.

Licenses and certificates for marriage are only good for three calendar months from the date of the notice; and any person unduly celebrating a marriage under these Acts is declared to be guilty of felony.

Marriages of citizens of this country abroad are generally celebrated at the British consul's office, and had better, in cases of doubt, not be entered into without his advice, especially if one of the parties to the proposed contract be a foreigner. Indeed, even in this country it is hazardous to marry a foreigner without knowing the law of the country of which he is a citizen, and fully ascertaining that it would bind him to the proposed marriage if carried out. For example, it may happen that a Frenchman has married an Englishwoman, and that, for want of some of the consents required by the French law, he may, though bound in this country, be able to return to his own, and plead successfully that his marriage here was entirely null. Indeed, many aliens can do this and the like of it; and all Englishwomen ought to know how little the law of England can do for them in a foreign country.

'A settlement' may be made either before or after marriage. The former is properly called a Marriage Settlement; the latter, a Post-nuptial Settlement. The rules of law by which these two classes of settlements stand or fall are essentially different; the former being made for valuable consideration, are good against all the world if the property settled be the settler's own. This is reasonable; for it may be that the lady would not have accepted the gentleman if the settlement had not been made in her favour, and it would be unjust to deprive her of that for which she had bargained, as it would be impossible to place her in the same position as if the marriage had not been celebrated. A marriage settlement which comprises personal chattels is also exempted from the operation of the Bills of Sale Act, and does not require to be registered. But a post-nuptial settlement of movable goods must be registered as a bill of sale; and it is void if the settler becomes bankrupt or files a petition for liquidation within ten years afterwards, unless the parties claiming under the settlement can prove that the settler was at the date of the settlement able to pay all his debts without resorting to the property settled. In any event, bankruptcy or liquidation within two years is fatal to a voluntary settlement—in which class post-nuptial settlements are comprised.

The trusts of a settlement vary greatly according to the nature and value of the property settled and the position of the parties. But all settlements have this in common—the property to be settled is conveyed or assigned to trustees, upon certain trusts for the benefit of the husband and wife—or one of them—and all or some one or more of their children; power being often reserved for the parents during their joint lives, or the survivor of them, to direct what share each child shall have. This power is often very useful in keeping the young people out of the hands of money-lenders. So long as the share which a young gentleman is to receive after the death of his parents remains uncertain, his reversionary interest is not a marketable security.

In England, marriage operates as a revocation of a will made previously; but in Scotland it only partially revokes the will. The reason of this difference is, that by the law of England, a testator, whether married or single, may devise and bequeath all the property of which he may be possessed at the time of his decease; while the testamentary powers of a person whose domicile is in Scotland, if he be a married man, or a widower with children, are to a certain degree restricted.

'Breach of promise of marriage' is good ground for an action; and the agreement to marry has one peculiarity which distinguishes it from contracts for the sale of goods of the value of ten

pounds or upwards—it need not be in writing, even though the damages claimed may be ten thousand pounds or more. An infant may—by his next friend—maintain an action against an adult for breach of promise; but an adult cannot succeed in such an action against an infant, infancy being a good defence. This distinction is founded upon the principle that an infant can only be bound by his contracts if they are beneficial to him. Actions for breaches of promise, with their reams of ridiculous correspondence, and their exposure of the secrets of both parties, are generally considered amusing reading; and yet the subject has its melancholy side; and we cannot envy the feelings of the plaintiff when exposed to a severe and protracted cross-examination. The House of Commons, at the instance of Sir F. Herschell, now Solicitor-general, a few years ago expressed an opinion adverse to the action in question. Whether that opinion will be followed by legislation on the subject, is probably only a question of time.

TWO DAYS IN A LIFETIME.

A STORY IN EIGHT CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER VII.

When he entered the room, Estelle looked up lazily from her cushions. 'How much longer have we to stay here, *caro mio?*' she asked with a yawn.

'The carriage will be round in half an hour.' He sat down a little wearily near the window, and turned his eyes on the pleasant scene outside. There was nothing more to be done till the carriage should arrive.

'*Bien.* We shall just have time for a little *tête-à-tête.*' She re-arranged the pillows of the couch to her liking, and smoothed down the skirts of her dress complacently. Suddenly her eye was caught by the glistening of the wedding-ring on her finger. She gave a little start, and glanced round with the air of one who has lost something. 'Where can I have mislaid them?' she asked herself under her breath. 'I must have left them either in the dining-room or up-stairs. *Quelle bêtise!*' Then after a moment: 'Ah, bah! what does it matter? He suspects nothing.' Addressing her husband, she said abruptly: 'Listen to me, Oscar Boyd. A little while ago, I offered to relieve you of my presence for ever on condition that you paid me two thousand pounds. You foolishly refused. Well, I will not be hard on you. You tell me that you are a poor man, and I will not dispute the fact. I am willing to reduce my terms. Give me one thousand pounds, and you shall never see me again after to-day.'

'I will give you nothing, and I will never see you after to-morrow.'

'I am your wife, and you are compelled to keep me.'

'But not to see you.'

'It would be better for you to give me the thousand down and get rid of me for ever.'

'You know my decision.'

'Ah, you don't know what you are rejecting. You will repent your folly to the last day of your life.'

His only answer was to look at his watch.

'This, then, is your programme,' she resumed. 'We shall reach London to-night, and part at the terminus?'

'That is so.'

'And I shall meet you at noon to-morrow at a certain address, when you will be prepared to inform me what my future income will be?'

He inclined his head gravely.

'To that meeting I shall bring with me a lawyer, in order to make sure that my interests are properly represented. As your wife, I am entitled to a certain definite proportion of your income. It will be my lawyer's business to ascertain in the first place the amount of your income; and in the second, to what share of it I am entitled.'

'As you please.'

There was silence for a few moments, then she said: 'Oscar Boyd, have you asked yourself why I have come so many thousands of miles, and put myself to so much trouble and expense, in order to find you?'

'You wanted money, and you had been told that I was a rich man.'

She clapped her hands, and laughed shrilly. '*Vous avez raison, Monsieur.* I compliment you on your penetration. You were not so simple-minded as to believe that it was love—love for yourself alone, *cher* Oscar—that induced me to cross that horrible ocean?'

'No; I was not so simple-minded as to believe that.'

'But what a disappointment for poor me to find you changed from a rich man into a poor one! And yet, hard-hearted one that you are, I don't believe you pity me a bit. Still, life may be endurable without pity; and when you grow to be a rich man again, which you will do in a few years, you will not forget that you have a wife who will want to share your good fortune.'

As before, his only answer was to look at his watch.

'Oh, pray be careful that we do not lose our train,' she said with a contemptuous laugh. Then her mood changed. She got up and began to pace the room with her hands behind her back. 'O yes, I love you, Oscar Boyd,' she exclaimed with passionate vehemence; 'just as dearly as you love me—no more, and no less! It was well that you did not attempt to kiss me when we met, or even to put your arm round my waist. Had you done so, I should have struck you. I hate you, *voyez vous*, as you hate me; but I have one consolation which will never leave me: I have separated you from the woman you love—from the woman who loves you! Oh, it is sweet, sweet!—Is there no champagne to be had in this house?'

It was an odd climax to her passionate outburst. But before another word could be said, there came a tap at the door, and a servant entered with

a note on a salver, which he presented to Mr Boyd.

'Who is this from?' asked the latter as he took the note.

'Don't know, sir. I was told to give it you at once;' and with that, exit the servant.

Oscar tore open the note, and not knowing the writing, the first thing he did was to look for the signature. But there was none. Then he took the note to the window to read.

Estelle, who had not stirred since the servant came in, watched him with quick-glancing, suspicious eyes.

'He is surprised,' she muttered to herself. 'He cannot believe what he reads. He reads it for the second time—for the third! What can it be about? Who can it be from?'

For full five minutes Oscar Boyd stood facing the window without stirring or speaking; then he crushed the note between his fingers, put it into his pocket, and turned and confronted his wife. She was standing with one hand resting on the table, as she had been standing since the servant came in. His eyes traversed her face with a cold, critical, scrutinising glance that made her tremble in spite of herself. There was a strange mysterious change in his expression. What could it portend? He came a few steps nearer to her.

'You tell me that you were saved from the wreck of the *Ocean Bride*. Why have you allowed all these years to elapse before making me aware of that fact?'

'Because I knew that you no longer cared for me. Because I knew that the news of my death would be good news to you. Because I found friends who would not let me want.'

'You used not to study my happiness so much.'

She gave a little shrug. 'You never understood me—you never read me aright from the first.'

'It seemed to me that there was little left to understand after that night in the garden.'

'That night in the garden!'

'When'——

'Yes—when'——

'I overheard'——

'Overheard what?'

'Is it possible that you can have forgotten?'

She was gazing at him with bewildered eyes. She evidently knew nothing of what her questioner referred to.

'The letter *must* be true!' he said to himself, with his eyes still fixed searchingly on her.

She recovered herself with an effort. 'Why recall these painful recollections?' she asked.

'Why, indeed? It is folly to do so.' On the occasional table at her elbow was a tiny gold-stoppered smelling-bottle, which she had placed there, together with her handkerchief, on entering the room. He went a step nearer and picked it up. 'This is yours?' he said interrogatively, as he opened the stopper and sniffed for a moment at the contents.

'Yes, mine. Did you think it was *milady's?*' she asked, with a touch of her old bravado. She put out her hand, as if to take the bottle from Oscar; but next moment her hand itself was grasped by his sinewy fingers. She tried to draw it away, but could not.

'And is this the hand, Estelle, that once on a time I used to vow was the prettiest hand in the world?'

A strangely frightened look had leapt all at once into her eyes. 'And is it not a pretty hand still?'

'It *is* a pretty hand. And is this the same ring that I slipped on your finger one sunny morning—ah! so many years ago?'

'Of course it is the same ring, Oscar. As if I should ever wear another!' It was all her trembling lips could do to syllable the words.

'Ah, well, I suppose there is a great sameness about such articles.'

'You hurt me, Oscar. You are cruel.' She was trying her utmost, in a quiet way, to withdraw her hand; but she was like a child in his grasp.

'I have no wish to be cruel, Estelle; but why do you struggle to withdraw your hand? Why do you keep it so tightly shut? What have you hidden inside it?'

'Hidden! Nothing. What should I have to hide?'

'That is precisely what I am desirous of ascertaining for myself,' he said drily.

With her right hand she was now trying with all her strength to loosen his grasp on the one that he still held. 'Wretch!' she half screamed, with a stamp of her foot. 'Don't I tell you that you are hurting me!'

There was a brief struggle, not lasting longer than a few moments. Oscar's second hand was now engaged as well as his first. Slowly but irresistibly the clenched fingers were forced open till the palm of the hand was fully exposed to view. One glance at it sufficed for his purpose. He relaxed his hold.

Estelle started back with a cry; then, with a quick instinctive movement, she hid her hands behind her. 'So!' she said, drawing a long deep breath. 'You know all.' She was glaring at him like some wild creature brought to bay, her eyes flashing with mingled fury and defiance.

'Yes, all. Give me your hand.'

'Never!'

'Give me your hand, or I will ring this bell, and expose your infamy before every soul in the house.' Then, without giving her time for any further refusal, he strode forward, and grasping her by the left wrist, he drew forth her arm to its full length. 'Here are the letters D. R. burnt indelibly into your palm,' he said. 'What is the meaning of them?—You do not answer. I will answer for you.' He let her hand drop with a gesture of contempt.

'You are not Estelle Duplessis, the woman I made my wife at New Orleans. You are her *twin-sister*, of whom I remember having heard her speak, but whom I never saw till to-day. You are Catarina Riaz, the wife, or widow, of Don Diego Riaz, a gentleman who bred cattle in Mexico. When angered, Don Diego was not a courteous man to the ladies; at such times he treated them much after the fashion in which he treated his cattle. As an instance, when you ran away from home on a certain occasion, and were found and brought back by his servants, he caused you to be branded on the palm of your hand with the initials of his name, so that, should you ever run away again, all the world might know you were his property. Here the

letters are to this day, never to be effaced. Catarina Riaz, you are a vile impostor!—I hear the noise of wheels. The carriage is at the door. Go!'

It was morning—the morning of the day following that on which the events related took place. The weather was hot and sunny, and on such a forenoon the lawn at Rosemount was a very pleasant place. In the veranda, in an ample easy-chair, sat Captain Bowood, spectacles on nose, deep in the *Times*. On the lawn itself, under the pleasant shade of an ancient elm, sat Mrs Bowood and Sir Frederick, the former busy with her crewels, the latter lazily cutting the pages of a review and skimming a paragraph here and there. To the extreme left, some distance from the others, and hidden from them by a thick clump of evergreens, sat Lady Dimsdale, making-believe to be repairing sundry rents in the frock of a large doll, which she held on her knee, but far more occupied with her own thoughts than with the work she had in hand. Close to her, and seated on a swing, suspended from a stout limb of a tree, was Master Tommy, a bright boy of nine, profoundly immersed in a new book of fairy tales, which Lady Dimsdale had that morning made him a present of.

'Just listen to this, Aunty Laura,' he said. She was always 'Aunty Laura' to the children.

'"When the brave knight, Sir Tristram, entered the dungeon in which the unhappy Princess had been shut up for so long a time, he was about to spring forward and embrace her, when all at once the wicked magician stood before them, and with his wand drew a magic line across the floor. Then, although Sir Tristram and the Princess could see each other, neither of them could step over the magic line, which was like an invisible wall between them."' Here Tommy looked up from his book. 'Have you ever seen a wicked magician, Aunty Laura?'

'One or two, dear,' she replied with a faint smile. 'Only, nowadays, one doesn't always know them when one sees them.'

'Don't you think, aunty'—this in a whisper full of mystery—'that if Sir Frederick had a long robe and a wand, he would look something like a magician?'

Lady Dimsdale shook her head and held up a warning finger; and Tommy went on with his book.

'It was really very kind of you, Sir Frederick, to agree to stay with us for the rest of the week,' remarked Mrs Bowood.

'Madam, the pleasure is all on my side,' replied the Baronet with his most courtly air.

It would appear that in the course of conversation the previous evening the Baronet had let out the fact that his own house was in the hands of the painters and whitewashers, and that he was rendered miserable thereby. Accordingly, very little persuasion had been needed to induce him to take up his quarters at Rosemount for the next few days. There may possibly have been other reasons also which made him not displeased to be on the spot.

'We have very few visitors just now, as you are aware,' resumed Mrs Bowood, 'so that you must not expect to find us very lively.'

'My dear madam, I abhor liveliness. Had your house been full of company, nothing would have induced me to stay. When in Arcady, I like to feel that I am an Arcadian. I like to feel that I am among cows, and buttercups, and spring chickens—and—and home-cured bacon, and not among a mob of fine people from town. Hum, hum.'

Mrs Bowood smiled down at her work. Never was there a greater piece of artificiality in human form than the Baronet.

'Confound the flies!' exclaimed Captain Bowood irascibly to no one in particular, as he gave his bald head a sounding smack. 'Eh now?' he quoth inquiringly as he looked at the palm of his hand. 'No.'

'I wonder what can have become of Mr Boyd?' went on Mrs Bowood. 'He left the house early this morning, and has not been seen since.'

The movements of Mr Boyd in nowise interested Sir Frederick, but politeness demanded that he should say something. 'Gone for an early ramble, probably, before the day gets too warm.'

'I am dying to find out the writer of that anonymous letter.'

The Baronet coughed, and cut another page of his review.

'Aunty Laura, what is the matter with you?'

The question came so suddenly that Lady Dimsdale could not repress a slight start. 'The matter, dear?' she asked inconsequentially.

'You stop in the middle of a stitch, and then you put a finger to your lips, and then for a minute you seem as if you saw nothing. And you look *so* sad. Have you got the toothache, aunty?'

'Yes, dear, as you say—the toothache.'

'I am so sorry!'

'Or the heartache,' said Lady Dimsdale under her breath. 'Does it matter which?'

The Baronet deliberately shut up his review, and looking steadily at his hostess, said in a low voice: 'It was I who wrote the anonymous letter, Mrs Bowood.'

For once in a way, Mrs Bowood nearly pricked her finger. 'You, Sir Frederick!'

The Baronet inclined his head gravely. 'Only, I don't want the circumstance to be generally known.'

'I won't mention it for the world. But you do surprise me.'

'The facts are very simple. I met the real Mrs Boyd in New Orleans soon after her marriage. Later on, I found myself in Mexico. At a ball one evening, I saw among the crowd a lady whom I should certainly have addressed as Mrs Boyd, had not the friend with whom I was told me that she was that lady's twin-sister. The likeness between them was certainly a very remarkable one. The lady in question was married to a certain Don Diego Riaz, the owner of a large cattle-ranche a few miles away. The matter probably would have escaped my memory, but for a letter received by me a few months later, in which my friend made mention of a recent scandal in the household of Don Riaz. It seems that the señora suddenly disappeared. When found at the end of two days, and taken back home, her husband caused her to be branded on the

palm of the left hand with the initials of his name.'

Mrs Bowood shuddered. 'How thankful I am that I don't live in Mexico!'

'Horray!' shouted Master Tommy. 'Brave Sir Tristram has chopped off the wizard's head.'

The flies were still pestering Captain Bowood. 'Another of 'em!' he exclaimed as he slapped his forehead for the second time. Then he looked at his hand. 'What—what? No,' he said in a tone of disappointment.

Sir Frederick resumed the equable flow of his narrative. 'A few months later, Don Diego was found dead under somewhat mysterious circumstances. Such things do happen in Mexico now and then. There was a dim suspicion in my mind, I hardly know why, that one sister might be trying to pass herself off as the other, when I sought an interview with the supposed Mrs Boyd yesterday. That suspicion was strengthened by her answers to some of my questions, and was reduced to a certainty when I got sufficiently near to her to perceive the tiny brown mole under her chin, which I remembered having been told was the one distinctive mark between the two sisters; and further, when I noticed how—although she had her gloves on at the time I spoke to her—she had got into the way of keeping her left hand tightly shut, as though she held something inside it which she was unwilling that any one should see. It was the certainty thus arrived at which induced me to write as I did to Mr Boyd.'

'A romance in real life! I presume that Mr Boyd had never seen the twin-sister before?'

'Never, so far as I am aware.'

'She was certainly a very strange person, Sir Frederick, and I am not sorry that she is gone. I trust there is no likelihood of her coming back?'

'I don't think you have much to fear on that score,' responded the Baronet drily.

Master Tommy shut up his book with a bang. 'And now Sir Tristram and the Princess are married, and are going to live happy ever after. The brave knight and the forlorn Princess always do get married; don't they, aunty?'

'Not always, dear. Sometimes the spells of the wicked wizard are too strong for them.'

'Oh, I say! that is a shame.—What a pretty butterfly!' His perch on the swing was vacated next moment, and, cap in hand, he was off in pursuit.

'A boy all over,' murmured Lady Dimsdale. 'Something to chase, something to crush!'

'Laura, whatever are you about?' said Mrs Bowood with a little elevation of her ordinary tones. 'You might favour us with your company during the short time longer you have to stay.'

'I've got the shadiest seat in the garden,' was the answer that came back from behind the evergreens; 'and just now I'm engaged on an intricate detail of millinery, and must on no account be disturbed.'

Sir Frederick had pricked up his ears. 'Is Lady Dimsdale going away?' he asked.

'Did you not know? She had letters this morning—so she says—which necessitate her immediate return home. I am quite angry with her.'

'Ah, ah! nearly had you that time,' exclaimed the Captain, after another abortive attempt to slaughter one of his tormentors.

Sir Frederick rose and crossed to where Lady Dimsdale was sitting. 'You are busy this morning, Lady Dimsdale,' he said.

'Extremely so. This young person was no longer fit for decent society, so I have taken her in hand, and am trying to make her presentable. But you don't understand millinery, Sir Frederick.'

'My misfortune.'

'It is a pity. But, as a rule, your sex are very ignorant.'

'You are about to leave us, Mrs Bowood tells me.'

'Yes; the three o'clock express will carry me away to "fresh woods and pastures new."'

'I am grieved to hear that.'

'Is Sir Frederick Pinkerton ever really grieved about anything?' There was a certain scornful ring in her voice as she asked this question.

Sir Frederick bit his lip. His sallow cheeks flushed a little.

At this moment, there came an interruption. Miss Lucy ran up with red face and dishevelled hair, swinging her straw hat by its ribbons. 'I've been such a long way, aunty, and I'm so tired!'

Lady Dimsdale was examining her fingers and pinafore with serious face. 'O Lucy!' was all she said.

'I couldn't help it—really, I couldn't. Strawberries and cream—such a lot!—with Mr Boyd at the Meadow Farm.'

'With Mr Boyd!' said Lady Dimsdale in a low voice.

'Yes. I met him in the garden ever so early, and he said he was going for a walk, and would I go with him. So I went, and it was ever so jolly. But'—with a yawn—'I'm so hot and tired!'

Lady Dimsdale gave her the doll.

'O you beauty! How smart Aunt Laura has made you!' she cried in an ecstasy of admiration. Then she sat down on a low stool close to Lady Dimsdale, and forgot for a little while that she was either hot or tired.

'I have fulfilled my promise, Lady Dimsdale,' said the Baronet in a low voice. 'That woman will never trouble Mr Boyd again.' He looked meaningly at her as he spoke.

It was a look which she understood. 'Sir Frederick Pinkerton need be under no apprehension,' she replied, gazing steadily into his eyes. 'I have not forgotten my part of the bargain. That which I have promised I will perform.'

The Baronet bowed a little stiffly, and strolled slowly back towards Mrs Bowood.

'Don't you think, Aunt Laura,' said Lucy, 'now that Dolly is so smart, I might take her to church with me? If it's good for me to go to church, it must be good for Dolly.'

But Lady Dimsdale heard her not. 'My promise! Yes, whatever it may cost me, I must not forget that.' She kept repeating the words to herself again and again.

Lucy, for once, finding her chatter unheeded, made a pillow of one arm for her doll, laid her head against Lady Dimsdale's knee, and two minutes later was fast asleep.

Along one of the winding pathways came Oscar Boyd, dusty with the dust of country roads, but bright and happy-looking as the day. 'Good-morning, Mrs Bowood.—Good-morning, Sir Frederick.—Any news, Captain?'

'We thought that some one had run away with you,' said his hostess, as she extended her hand. 'What have you been doing with yourself all this time?'

'We have been over the hills and far away, Miss Lucy and I. Our object was strawberries and cream at the Meadow Farm.' He gave a quiet glance round. 'Laura not here?' he said to himself.

'Strawberries and cream. Humph!' remarked the Captain. 'S. and B. far better on a morning like this. Come now.'

Oscar had discovered Lady Dimsdale's whereabouts by this time, and crossed towards her.

'Now for the scene!' said Sir Frederick to himself as he watched him go. Then turning to Mrs Bowood, he said: 'With your permission, I will go and smoke a cigarette on the terrace.'

'You will find it very hot on that side of the house.'

'The heat suits me, madam. If I may be allowed such an expression—I revel in it.' Then as he walked away, he said to himself: 'How will she break the news?'

Mrs Bowood had not failed to note in what direction Mr Boyd had vanished. 'After all, they may perhaps make a match of it,' was the thought in her mind. 'I do hope he will propose before Laura goes.'

'Here you are! I was just wondering what had become of you,' said Oscar, as he drew up a garden-chair and sat down near Lady Dimsdale.—'My little sweetheart and asleep?' he added with a smiling glance at the unconscious Lucy.

'She was tired with the long walk.'

Something in Lady Dimsdale's voice struck him. He looked fixedly at her. Probably he expected to see in her some traces of the same change that he felt in himself—the change from despair to gladness, from a midnight of blackest gloom to a dawn of radiant hopes, rich with the sweet promise of happy years to come. But no such traces were visible in the woman who sat before him with pallid, long-drawn face, with downcast eyes, round which the dark circles left by sleeplessness or tears—perhaps by both—were plainly to be seen, and with thin white hands that visibly trembled as, clasped in each other, they lay idly on her lap. It was unaccountable.

'You have heard of all that happened yesterday?' he presently remarked. 'You know that that woman was an impostor?'

'Yes; I have heard.'

'Her likeness to her sister was extraordinary. I was completely deceived.'

'She will not trouble you again?'

'Hardly so, I think. I have arranged for a friend of mine to see her on board ship to-morrow, and to pay her passage back to the port from which she sailed. I have an idea that I ought to thank Sir Frederick Pinkerton for the anonymous letter which served to unmask her.' He drew his chair a little closer. 'Laura! you have not forgotten yesterday morning?' he said as he bent forward and tried to gaze into her eyes.

'No; I have not forgotten.' The reply was so low that he could scarcely hear it, and the eyes were kept persistently cast down.

'You know how we were interrupted,' went on Oscar. 'A black cloud came between us, and we thought our happiness was wrecked for ever. But the cloud has vanished, and the sun shines out as brightly as before, and'——

'Oscar, we must—both of us—try to think of yesterday morning as if it had never been.'

He drew himself upright in his chair with a great gasp; for a moment or two he was too stupefied to speak. 'Try to think of yesterday morning as if it had never been! Impossible! But why try to do so?'

'Because something has happened since then which makes it imperative that we should do so.'

'Something happened! I don't understand. I only know that you agreed to become my wife. What can have happened to alter that?'

'You must not ask me, and I cannot tell you.'

'And you ask me to agree to this without a word of explanation?'

'Yes, without a word of explanation.' There was a quaver in her voice as she said these words which he did not fail to detect.

He sat like a man stunned—like one who has heard some tidings of import greater than his mind is able to grasp. 'Laura! you torture me,' he said at length.

At this she raised her dark, grief-laden eyes, and gazed at him for a moment or two with a sort of dumb, pathetic tenderness, while at the same time the fingers of one hand wandered caressingly over his sleeve.

He was profoundly moved. He rose from his chair, and took a turn or two in silence, and then resumed his seat. 'Send for the nurse to take away that child,' he said, 'and then come with me for a walk in the shrubbery.'

'Oscar, I dare not.'

'You dare not! Why?'

'I dare not. We had better say farewell here and now, than later on and before others.'

'Farewell!'

'I leave here by the afternoon express. Oscar, after to-day, you and I must never meet again.'

He started to his feet. 'Never meet again! But—— Why—— Can you who say this to me be the same woman whom I kissed but yesterday?'

'I am that woman; how happy then, how unhappy now, no one but myself can ever know!'

'Then why this change? What strange mystery is here?'

'I cannot tell you. My lips are sealed. Believe me, Oscar, we had better say farewell here and now.'

'I cannot and I will not say farewell!' he passionately exclaimed. 'You belong to me, and I belong to you; that kiss was the seal and consecration of our union. No earthly power shall keep us asunder. There is some strange mystery at work here. If you will not give me the key to it, I must try to find it for myself.' He lifted his hat, stooped and pressed his lips to her hair, and then, without another word, he plunged into the shrubbery.

Laura gazed after his retreating figure through a mist of tears. 'The key to the mystery!' she murmured. 'You may try your best to find it, my poor Oscar, but Merlin's enchantments will prove too strong for you to overcome.'

A PEEP AT THE FALKLAND ISLANDS.

Except to mariners who have rounded Cape Horn, this solitary group of islands is a veritable *terra incognita*. Seldom visited, however, as the Falkland Islands have been in the past, their isolation promises to be yet more complete in the future, as soon as an inter-oceanic canal diverts commerce from the old to a new route. Up to the present time, they have served as a half-way house for sailing-vessels on their voyage round Cape Horn in need of provisioning, or for refitting such as have been disabled by the tempestuous weather which for a great part of the year prevails in those latitudes. It appears probable, however, that their usefulness for even these purposes is nearly at an end, and that their lonely inhabitants are doomed, like the surviving inn-keepers of coaching-days, to pass the remainder of their lives in mourning over the memories of the past.

These islands have at various times belonged to France and to Spain; but since 1833, when they were annexed by the English government for the protection of the whale-fishery, they have formed part of the British possessions. The group consists of the islands of East and West Falkland, and upwards of a hundred others—mostly mere islets or sandbanks—which have a united area of nearly five million acres. The only settlement or town—if it may be dignified with that name—is Stanley, which is situated on a gentle slope of moorland bordering upon a narrow and nearly land-locked harbour in the island of East Falkland; but few of the houses in Stanley are well constructed, and these are occupied by the governor and colonial officers and a few successful traders. The remainder are rough-and-ready specimens of architecture, in the construction of which the timber of many an old shipwrecked hulk has been utilised. The climate, though generally damp, is extremely healthy, but very changeable. To-day, perhaps the sun may be shining, the air clear and exhilarating; but to-morrow you rise at daybreak, look out at the same landscape, and behold what a change is there! A thick driving mist has rolled in from the ocean, and enveloped all nature in its moist and chilly embrace. The soil is more adapted to pasturage than to cultivation, being similar in its character to the unreclaimed wild lands of northern Scotland and the Orkney and Shetland Islands. Large herds of wild cattle roam at will over the country, but are worth little except for their hides, there being no market for the beef. The greater portion of these cattle belong to the Falkland Islands' Company, who own a marine store and general outfitting establishment at Stanley. This Company, a few years ago, embarked in sheep-raising, by way of an experiment, importing some common stock from Patagonia, and crossing them with cheviots. The experiment has proved a great success, and sheep-raising now forms the principal industry of the later settlers; several young Englishmen, with a few hundred pounds capital, having within the last few years settled on the islands for this purpose, their 'stations' ranging from twenty to one hundred and fifty thousand acres, the aggregate value of the wool annually exported to England amounting to nearly fifty thousand pounds sterling.

There being no roads or vehicles for internal traffic, as most of the country round Stanley is a huge morass, the owners of these sheep-stations are obliged to keep small sailing-vessels in which to visit Stanley for provisions, or send their wool there for shipment to England.

In respect of scenery, it cannot be said that nature has bestowed gifts on the Falklands with a too lavish hand. There is but one tree in the entire islands, and that solitary exception attempts to grow in the governor's garden at Stanley, where it is protected by a wall from the cutting south wind, which ruthlessly nips off any ambitious shoot which presumes to peep over its restricted limits.

The population of the Falklands in 1877 was a little over thirteen hundred, nearly three-fourths of that number being males. Most of the inhabitants are English; but there are also a few Americans and Spaniards, the latter being the surviving descendants of the former masters of the islands. The government is vested in a Governor, aided by an Executive Council and a Legislative Council, both appointed by the Crown. The majority of the working inhabitants are fishermen, whose chief sources of profit are derived from annual visits to the New Shetland Islands, about six hundred miles south from Cape Horn, and to other breeding-grounds in the Falkland Islands, to hunt for seals and penguins, which are slaughtered in large numbers for their skins and oil.

The breeding-grounds or 'rookeries' of the penguins are generally situated in the shelter of some land-locked bay or break in the line of steep and rugged cliffs; and often occupy several acres, which are laid out, levelled, and divided into squares, with intervening streets, the whole as if done at the dictation of a surveyor. Along these streets, the penguins gravely waddle on their way to and from the water, presenting the appearance of squads of awkward recruits, or a still more striking likeness, as has been often remarked, to troops of little children toddling along in their white pinafores. They build no nests; but lay a single egg in some selected spot, the incubation being equally shared by male and female. Although so closely allied to the feathered kind, they are unable to fly, nature having only furnished them with short stumpy apologies for wings, resembling the flippers of a turtle, by means of which they are enabled to attain prodigious speed, when diving under water in pursuit of fish for food. Penguins, as well as seals, are doubly provided against the cold of the high latitudes which they frequent, by a layer of fat immediately inside the skin, which is also the depository of the oil extracted by the fishermen. In landing to attack and slaughter them in their rookeries with clubs and boat-stretchers, stealthy precautions are quite unnecessary, the poor dumb creatures looking on in a state of indifferent stupidity, without making any attempt to escape, whilst their companions are

being knocked on the head all around them. Seal-hunting, or 'fishing' as it is usually termed, on the contrary, requires great skill and patience. Seals are gregarious as well as polygamous, and when they forsake the open seas for their breeding-places on shore, are very shy of intrusion, and take great care to insure the safety of their retirement, particularly in localities which have been previously visited by human beings. They invariably post sentinels on every commanding point, so that it is only by patient waiting and under cover of night the hunters are enabled to elude their vigilance and surprise them.

The hunting or fishing season being over, the fishermen return to Stanley with their harvest of skins and oil, which they sell to the traders, who, as may be imagined, buy at their own price, and eventually get the lion's share of the profits. Not that this appears to bother the minds of the fishermen, who are a happy-go-lucky set of men, and by no means provident in their habits. When I was serving in the English squadron on the south-east coast of America, we visited the Falkland Islands as a rule once a year, and the admiral usually timed our departure from Monte Video so as to arrive there somewhere about Christmas. As soon as we were sighted by the lookouts, all was flutter and excitement in the settlement. The married ladies were soon elbow-deep in pie-crust and confectionery; while the only single lady in the colony commenced practising her most sentimental songs, and hunting up old bits of finery to set off her mature charms, with a grim determination to capture the maiden affections of some susceptible young naval officer.

For those of our number to whom shooting and fishing offered more attractions than did the allurements of female society, the Falkland Islands afforded a fine field. The tyro whose sole ambition is a pot-shot at a standing object, may revel there in unequalled opportunities of distinguishing himself, for, except in the vicinity of the settlement, the upland geese are so little, if at all, accustomed to the sight of man, that they show no signs of fear or flight at his approach, and consequently fall an easy prey to the young sportsman. But there are other kinds of game which give excellent sport to older hands. Several species of duck and teal, abundance of snipe, and an occasional swan, will give the hunter who can hold his gun straight a satisfactory bag—and a weighty one too, if he has to carry it. Moreover, if he be ambitious, and has at times indulged in wild dreams of slaying the king of beasts in his forest lair, he may console himself for not having done so, by killing that animal's degenerate marine cousin, the sea-lion. I myself once very nearly did; that is to say, I came as near to doing so, as a sea-lion did to making an end of me. It happened in this way. A party of us had pulled in a boat up a small river in West Falkland, which, at some distance from its mouth, opened into a lake with an islet in the centre, upon the shelving shore of which we beached our boat, for lunch. This islet was covered with patches of tall tussac grass—a favourite haunt of sea-lions—but appeared to be perfectly desolate and devoid of animal life. While sauntering idly along, smoking my pipe, I was suddenly roused from a reverie by the most horrible roar, proceeding as it seemed to me from the very ground under my feet; and lo! from a bunch of tussac grass through which I was forcing my way, there arose an immense, savage-looking animal, with a row of most formidable tusks, and confronted me. I was so taken aback at my close and unexpected proximity to such a monster, that I confess my first thoughts were in favour of an ignominious flight, had not my enemy anticipated me by turning tail himself. Gnashing his teeth with a parting roar, he half-waddled and half-rolled down the bank and into the water, while I was desperately pulling at the trigger of my gun, forgetting in my agitation that it was only at half-cock.

Having nearly exhausted all that the Falklands present in the way of interest or pleasure, we now say our adieus, weigh anchor and put to sea.

MISCHIEF DONE BY GOOD-NATURED PEOPLE.

No doubt there is a vast amount of misery in the world occasioned by deliberate unkindness; revenge for real or fancied injuries, or the terrible pleasure some evil natures feel in the exercise of arbitrary power. Still more suffering is probably occasioned by that callous indifferentism to the feelings of others which we call thoughtlessness, but which is really very nearly allied to selfishness. Yet possibly we should find, were we able to make the reckoning, that as much harm is done by the unwise concessions of what are called 'good-natured people,' as by either of the other classes.

It is often said of a good-natured man that he is no one's enemy but his own; but families and friends are so linked together in this world, that it is exceedingly difficult for any one to injure himself without hurt to another. Far be it from us to limit philanthropy or any sort of generosity. He who goes through life conferring benefits is the noblest of mortals; but unless on occasion he is able to say 'No' to eager entreaties, he will never be able to carry out his best intentions.

One of the most mischievous forms of what is called good-nature is recommending an incompetent person to some responsible situation. Not that patronage, properly considered, is anything but a good and lawful thing; only we may be very sure that the just, enlightened, and really powerful patron is by no means what is understood by 'a good-natured man.' We imagine him to have legitimate influence, which he would very soon lose were he to abuse it.

We once knew an authoress, now no more, who, besides having a great deal of talent as well as good-nature, had one of the kindest hearts in the world. Her successful books had secured her a certain literary position; and had she used sparingly and discreetly the influence which naturally resulted from it, she might have been of immense use to young aspirants of genius. Perhaps her own vivid imagination lent a charm to the manuscripts she was asked to forward for

unknown authors to eminent publishers, for it is a fact that men and women of real genius are often the most lenient of critics to inferior writers. But however this may have been, her good-nature was so often imposed on, she so often sent poor compositions with words of recommendation to her friendly publishers, that at last they smiled, or sighed, at her importunities, and though willing enough to take anything from her own practised pen, ceased to regard her good word as of any weight, when applied to the productions of another. In fact, it came to pass that it was rather an injury than otherwise to be introduced by Mrs E——. She sacrificed what might have been a very useful and powerful influence to her good-nature. If Dr Johnson had thus sacrificed his great influence by offering poor novels to the booksellers, he would have been little likely to have been able to promptly dispose of the immortal *Vicar of Wakefield*, and so aid poor Oliver Goldsmith in the hour of his sorest need.

Critics who, from a spurious good-nature, unduly praise a work of art or literature, really do a cruel injury to deserving authors and artists, by bringing their merits into an unworthy comparison with inferior powers. Evil of this sort, however, is apt to bring about its own penalty. Directly a professional writer is even suspected of unfairness, the spell of his influence is broken; and often enough, to be a warning to the ready writer, has it happened that one of the staff of a popular journal has lost his situation on account of his too 'good-natured' reviews.

It is rather remarkable that what are called good-natured people rarely undertake unpleasant duties, if they can possibly avoid them. They do not like telling disagreeable truths, however urgent the necessity for so doing, but transfer the mission to a sterner friend with some such phrase as, 'I should not like to say it,' or, 'I should not like to do it,' just as if the habit of their lives was only to do what they 'liked.' Indeed, the good-natured people we are describing are rarely generous in a grand way; they are seldom capable of self-sacrifice. If they are rich, they give money rather than take trouble. If they are people of leisure, they probably give time, which perhaps is not very precious to them; but doing something they greatly dislike, in order to benefit another, is a virtue too rare to be found among them.

There is a form of deception, too often considered very venial, with which so-called good-natured people, if they are good letter-writers, are not seldom associated. This is 'drawing up' letters for their less gifted acquaintances to copy and send out as their own. A really good letter often makes a very favourable impression; but it is something like a false coin if it be not the composition of the signer. No doubt, there are cases when it is necessary some statement should be made in language more clear and precise than the person concerned can command; but in these instances, the ready penman should write in his own person for his friend. We are afraid many situations of trust and responsibility have been obtained on the strength of admirable letters dictated by another. But incompetence is sure to be discovered sooner or later, as is a deception which is less forgivable than want of ability. Long, long ago, we knew of a case far more sad than the engaging of an incompetent clerk or governess. A girl of good family and large fortune was won over to accept for a husband a young gentleman of small means and not much principle, mainly by the eloquent, poetical, very charming letters he addressed to her; nearly if not quite all of which were composed by a clever brilliant friend who had never even seen her. When the marriage proved very far from a happy one—and the real scribe had a wife and children of his own—we have reason to believe that he deeply regretted the part he had played in deluding a confiding girl.

Very much on a par with the laxity of principle which permits false letter-writing is the wearing of borrowed finery, especially jewellery, things which we have known good-natured women very willing to lend. Valuable jewellery is a sign of a certain amount of wealth, which is generally on fit occasions displayed; but to exhibit the sign where the reality does not exist is a mean sort of deception, which must often be followed by humiliation.

A person out of what is called good-nature becoming security for another, and suffering, or causing others to suffer in consequence, is so sad and frequent an event in real life, that it has become quite a common incident in novels, and need not be treated of here. Kindness of heart is a deeper and finer quality than the surface readiness to oblige which we have endeavoured to depict. Kindness of heart has always the capacity for real sympathy, and this great alleviator of suffering is generally too clear-seeing to always approve of 'Yes' when 'No' should be said. Real sympathy feels with, and assists, the friend in trouble. When actions prompted by thoughtless good-nature are most mischievous, they proceed from one who probably neither feels deeply nor sees clearly the relations of cause and effect. That Justice—to a stranger no less than to our associates—is a rarer and more sublime virtue than generosity, is a truth that good-natured people are somewhat apt to forget.

SIX LITTLE WORDS.

Six little words arrest me every day:
I *ought*, *must*, *can*—I *will*, I *dare*, I *may*.
I OUGHT—'tis conscience' law, divinely writ
Within my heart—the goal I strive to hit.
I MUST—this warns me that my way is barred,
Either by Nature's law or custom hard.
I CAN—in this is summed up all my might,
Whether to do, or know, or judge aright.
I WILL—my diadem, by the soul imprest
With freedom's seal—the ruler in my breast.
I DARE—at once a motto for the seal,
And, dare I? barrier 'gainst unlicensed zeal.
I MAY—is final, and at once makes clear
The way which else might vague and dim appear.
I *ought*, *must*, *can*—I *will*, I *dare*, I *may*:
These six words claim attention every day.
Only, through Thee, know I what, every day,
I ought, I must, I can, I will, I dare, I may.

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OUR HEALTH.

BY DR ANDREW WILSON, HEALTH-LECTURER.

I. HEALTH AND ITS GENERAL CONDITIONS.

A BROAD and scientific view of life is that which regards it as being composed, in its physical aspects at least, of a series of actions or functions more or less defined in their nature. These functions, as the physiologist terms them, are discharged, each, by a special organ or series of organs; and health may therefore be viewed as the result of the harmonious working of all the organs of which the body is composed.

Disturbances of health arise whenever the natural equilibrium maintained between the functions of the body is disturbed. For example, a broken bone being an infringement of the functions of a limb, is a disturbance of health equally with the fever which runs riot through the blood, and produces a general disturbance of the whole system. An aching tooth equally with brain disorder constitutes a disturbance of health. We may therefore define health as the perfect pleasurable or painless discharge of all the functions through which life is maintained.

Doubtless this bodily equilibrium of which we have spoken is subject to many and varied causes of disturbance. Life is after all a highly complex series of actions, involving equally complicated conditions for their due performance. Like all other living beings, man is dependent upon his surroundings for the necessities of life. These surroundings, whilst ministering to his wants, may under certain circumstances become sources of disease. Thus we are dependent, like all other animal forms, upon a supply of pure air, and this condition of our lives may through impurities prove a source of serious disease. The water we drink, equally a necessity of life with air, is likewise liable to cause disease, when either as regards quantity or quality it is not supplied in the requisite conditions. Man is likewise in the matter of foods dependent upon his surroundings, and numerous diseases are traceable both to a lack of necessary foods and to over-indulgence in special kinds of nourishment. The diseases known to physicians as those of over-nutrition belong to the latter class; and there are likewise many ailments due to under-nutrition which also receive the attention of medical science.

In addition to these outward sources of health-disturbance, which constitute the disease of mankind, there are other and more subtle and internal causes which complicate the problems of human happiness. Thus, for example, each individual inherits from his parents, and through them from his more remote ancestors, a certain physical constitution. This constitution, whilst no doubt liable to modifications, yet determines wholly or in greater part the physical life of the being possessing it. We frequently speak of persons as suffering from inherited weakness, and this inherited weakness becomes the 'transmitted disease' of the physician. Each individual, therefore, may be viewed as deriving his chances of health, or the reverse, from a double source—namely, from the constitution he has inherited and from the surroundings which make up the life he lives and pursues. It is the aim and object of sanitary science to deal as clearly and definitely as possible with both sources of health and disease. In the first instance, Hygiene, or the science of health, devotes attention to the surroundings amid which our lives are passed. It seeks to provide us with the necessary conditions of life in a pure condition. It would have us breathe pure air, consume pure food, avoid excess of work, strike the golden mean in recreation, and harbour and conserve the powers of old age, so as to prolong the period of life and secure a painless death. In the second aspect of its teachings, this important branch of human knowledge would teach us that with an inherited constitution of healthy kind we should take every means of preserving its well-being; and when on the other hand an enfeebled and physically weak frame has fallen to our lot, the teachings of health-science are cheering in the extreme.

Even when an individual has been born into

the world, handicapped, so to speak, in the struggle for existence by physical infirmity and inherited disease, health-science is found to convey the cheering assurance that it is possible, even under such circumstances, to prolong life, and secure a measure of that full happiness which the possession of health can alone bestow. In illustration of this latter remark, we might cite the case of a person born into the world with a consumptive taint, or suffering from inherited tendencies to such diseases as gout, rheumatism, insanity, &c. Vital statistics prove beyond doubt, in the case of the consumptive individual, that if his life be passed under the guidance of health laws, if he is warmly clad, provided with sufficient nourishment, made to live in a pure atmosphere, and excess of work avoided, he may attain the age of thirty-six years without developing the disease under which he labours, and once past that period, may reasonably hope to attain old age.

In the case of the subject who inherits gout, a similar attention to the special conditions of healthy living suited to his case may insure great or complete freedom from the malady of his parent. Strict attention to dietary, the avoidance of all stimulants, and the participation in active, well-regulated exercise, form conditions which in a marked degree, if pursued conscientiously during youth, will ward off the tendency to develop the disease in question. In the case of an inherited tendency to mental disorders, mysterious and subtle as such tendency appears to be, it has been shown that strict attention to the education and upbringing of the child, a judicious system of education, the curbing of the passions, and the control of emotions, added to ordinary care in the selection of food and the physical necessities of life, may again insure the prolongation of life, and its freedom from one of the most terrible afflictions which can beset the human race.

These considerations in reality constitute veritable triumphs of health-science; they show us that in his war against disease and death, man finds literally a saving knowledge in observance of the laws which science has deduced for the wise regulation of his life. It is ignorance or neglect of this great teaching which sends thousands of our fellow-mortals to an early grave, and which destroys hopes, ambitions, and opportunities that may contain in themselves the promise of high excellence in every department of human effort.

The one great truth which health-reformers are never weary of proclaiming, because they know it is so true, consists in the declaration that the vast majority of the diseases which affect and afflict humanity are really of *preventable* nature. Until this truth has been thoroughly driven home, and accepted alike by individuals and nations, no real progress in sanitary science can be expected or attained. To realise fully the immense power which the practical application of this thought places in our hands, we may briefly consider the causes of certain diseases, which in themselves though powerful and widespread, are nevertheless of *preventable* kind. Amongst these diseases, those, popularly known as infectious fevers, and scientifically as zymotic diseases, stand out most prominently.

We shall hereafter discuss the nature and origin, as far as these have been traced, of those ailments. Suffice it for the present to say, that science has demonstrated in a very clear fashion the possibilities of our escape from those physical terrors by attention to the conditions to which they owe their spread.

Typhoid fever, also known as enteric and gastric fever, is thus known to be produced, and its germs to breed, amongst the insanitary conditions represented by foul drains and collections of filth wherever found. Experience amply proves that by attention to those labours which have for their object the secure trapping of drains, flushing of sewers, and abolition of all filth-heaps, the chances of this fever being produced are greatly decreased. It has also been shown that even where this fever has obtained a hold, attention to drains and like conditions has resulted in the decrease of the epidemic. Again, typhus fever is notoriously a disease affecting the over-crowded, squalid, and miserable slums of our great cities. Unlike typhoid fever, which equally affects the palace of the prince and the cottage of the peasant, typhus fever is rarely found except in the courts and alleys of our great cities. We know that the germs of this fever, which in past days constituted the 'Plague' and the 'Jail Fever' of John Howard's time, breed and propagate amongst the foul air which accumulates in the ill-ventilated dwellings of the poor. Attention to ventilation, personal cleanliness, and the removal of all conditions which militate against the ordinary health of crowded populations, remove the liability to epidemics of this fever. Again, the disease known as ague has almost altogether disappeared from this and other countries through the improved drainage of the land; though it still occasionally lingers in the neighbourhood of swamps and in other situations which are wet and damp, and which favour the decay of vegetable matter.

Man holds in his own hands the power both of largely increasing and decreasing his chances of early death, and nowhere is this fact better exemplified than in the lessened mortality which follows even moderate attention to the laws of health; the words of Dr Farre deserve to be emblazoned in every household in respect of their pungent utterance concerning the good which mankind is able to effect by even slight attention to sanitary requirements. 'The hygienic problem,' says Dr Farre, 'is how to free the English people from hereditary disease . . . and to develop in the mass the athletical, intellectual, æsthetical, moral, and religious qualities which have already distinguished some of the breed. There is a divine image in the future, to which the nation must aspire. The first step towards it is to improve the health of the present age; and improvement, if as persistently pursued as it is in the cultivation of inferior species, will be felt by their children and their children's children. A slight development for the better in each generation, implies progress in the geometrical progression which yields results in an indefinite time, that if suddenly manifested would appear miraculous.'

In 1872, Mr Simon told us that the deaths occurring in Great Britain were more numerous by a third than they would have been, had the existing knowledge of disease and its causes been perfectly applied. He added that the number of deaths in England and Wales which might reason-

ably be ascribed to causes of a truly preventable nature, number about one hundred and twenty thousand. Each of those deaths represents in addition a number of other cases in which the effects of preventable disease were more or less distinctly found. Such an account of a mortality, the greater part of which is unquestionably preventable, may well startle the most phlegmatic amongst us into activity in the direction of health-reform. In order that the nation at large may participate in this all-important work, it is necessary that education in health-science should find a place in the future training of the young as well as in the practice of the old. And if there is one consideration which more than another should be prominently kept in view, it is that which urges that the duty of acquiring information in the art of living healthily and well is an individual duty. It is only through individual effort that anything like national interest in health-science can be fostered. There is no royal road to the art which places length of days within the right hand of a nation, any more than there exists an easy pathway to full and perfect knowledge in any other branch of inquiry. It is the duty of each individual, as a matter of self-interest, if on no higher grounds, to conserve health; and the knowledge which places within the grasp of each man and woman the power of avoiding disease and prolonging life, is one after all which must in time repay a thousandfold the labour expended in its study. It is with a desire of assisting in some measure the advance of this all-important work, that the present series of articles has been undertaken; and we shall endeavour throughout these papers to present to our readers plain, practical, and readily understood details connected with the great principles that regulate the prevention of disease both in the person and in the home.

BY MEAD AND STREAM.

CHAPTER XII.—A FAIR ARBITER.

THERE was a little uneasiness in Madge's mind regarding the effect her note might have on Mr Hadleigh. She had no doubt that she had given the right answer, and was at rest on that score. But she had divined something of the rich man's desolation, and she was grieved to be compelled to add in any way to the gloom in which he seemed to live. She wished that she could comfort him: she hoped that there would come a day when she would be able to do so.

It was a relief to her when at length she received this short missive:

'I am sorry. I know that your refusal is dictated by the conviction that what you are doing is best. I hope you will never have cause to repent that you chose your way instead of mine.'

The foreboding which lurked in these words was plainly the reflection of his own morbid broodings, but like all strong emotion, it was infectious, and, reason as she would, she could not shake off its influence entirely. At every unoccupied moment an indefinable shadow seemed to cross the period between Philip's going and return. There was only one way of getting rid of this impression—to be always busy. Fortunately that was the remedy nearest at hand; for with household duties, her uncle's accounts and correspondence—considerably multiplied during harvest—and the preparation with her own hands of sundry useful articles for Philip to take with him on his travels, she had plenty to do, without reckoning the hours her lover himself occupied.

It was during one of those happy hours that Philip referred to the proposal made by his father, and laughingly asked if she would agree to it.

This was a trial which Madge had anticipated, and was yet unprepared to meet. She could not make up her mind whether or not to tell Philip about Mr Hadleigh's letters. So, again she followed her maxim, and did what was most disagreeable to herself—kept the secret.

'You know what I think about it, Philip,' she answered; 'and I know the answer you gave him.'

'You are sure?'

'Quite sure—you refused.'

'And you are not sorry? Cruel Madge—you do not wish me to stay.'

'What we wish is not always best, Philip.'

She looked at him with those quiet longing eyes; and he wished they had not been at that moment walking in the harvest-field, with the reaping-machine coming at full swing towards them, followed by its troop of men and women gathering up the shorn grain, binding it into sheaves and piling them into shocks for the drying wind to do its part of the work. Had they only been in the orchard, he would have given her a lover's token that he understood and appreciated her sacrifice.

'I am not prepared to give unqualified assent to that doctrine,' he said, thinking of the inconvenient neighbourhood of the harvesters. 'However, in this instance I did not do what I wished.'

'And what did he say?'

'Oh, he gave me a lot of good advice.'

'Did you take it?' she demanded, smiling.

'Well, you see if we were to take all the good advice that is offered us, there would be no enterprise in the world.'

'I am going to show you one man who will take good advice.'

'Who is that?'

'There he is speaking to uncle.'

'Why, that is Caleb Kersey. I never heard of him taking advice, as he is too much occupied in giving it; and a nice mess he is making of the harvest at our place.'

'That is what I am going to see him about. I promised your father to make some arrangement with him; but he has been away in Norfolk, and I have had no opportunity of speaking to him until now.'

This Caleb Kersey's name had suddenly become known throughout the agricultural district of the country—to the labourers as that of their champion; to the farmers as that of their bane. He was a man of short stature and muscular frame; bushy black hair; square forehead and chin; prominent nose and piercing gray eyes. When in repose or speaking to his comrades, his expression was one of earnest thoughtfulness; but it became somewhat sulky when he was addressing his superiors, and fierce with enthusiasm when haranguing a crowd.

He was not more than thirty; yet he had worked as a farm-labourer in all the northern and in several southern counties, thus becoming acquainted with the ways and customs of his class in the various districts. On returning to Kingshope he caused much consternation in the neighbourhood of that quiet village, as well as in the town of Dunthorpe, by forming an Agricultural Labourers' Union, the object of which was to obtain better wages and better cottages.

The Union did secure some advantages to the mass of labourers; but it brought little to Caleb Kersey. The farmers were afraid to employ him, lest he should create some new agitation amongst their people; and a large number of the men who had been carried away by the first wave of this little revolution having profited by it, settled down into their old ways and their old habits of respect for 'the squire, the parson, and the master.' But Caleb remained their champion still, ready to be their spokesman whenever a dispute arose between them and their employers.

He had picked up a little knowledge of cobbling, and when he could not obtain farmwork, he eked out a living by its help.

'It's 'long ov them plaguy schools and papers,' said Farmer Trotman one day to Dick Crawshay. 'There ain't a better hand nowhere than Caleb; but it was a black day for him and for us that he larned reading and writing.'

The stout yeoman of Willowmere was scarcely in a position to sympathise with this lamentation, for he had been in no way disturbed by Caleb's doings. Most of his servants were the sons and daughters of those who had served his father and grandfather, and who would as soon have thought of emigrating to the moon, as of quitting a place of which they felt themselves to be a part, even if it were only to move into the next parish. So, Uncle Dick could say no more than:

'I don't have any trouble with my people. They seem to jog on pretty comfortable; and I daresay you'd get on well enough with Caleb if you only got the right side of him. I give him a job whenever there is one to give and he wants it; and he's worth two any ordinary men. I wouldn't mind having him all the year round if he'd agree. But that's somehow against his principles.'

'Ah! them principles are as bad as them schools for upsetting ignorant folks. Look at me: all the larning I got was to put down my name plain and straight; and there ain't nobody as'll say I haven't done my duty by my land and cattle.'

This was a proposition to which Uncle Dick could cheerfully assent, and his neighbour was satisfied.

'I want to speak to Caleb for a minute, uncle,' said Madge as she advanced.

Uncle Dick nodded, and walked leisurely after the harvesters, accompanied by Philip.

'Yes, miss,' was the respectful observation of the redoubtable champion.

'I am glad to see you back, because I have been wanting you for several days.'

'What for, miss?'

'Well, I want to know in the first place, are you engaged anywhere?'

'Not at present.'

'Then will you let me engage you for a friend of mine?'

'I'd like to do anything to please you, miss; but maybe your friend wouldn't care to have me.'

He said this with a faint smile, as if regretting that she had given herself any trouble on his account.

'He is not only ready to take you, but is willing to let you select the hands who are to work under you for the whole of the harvest.'

'That would be agreeable, if there is no bother about the wages.'

'They will be the same as here.'

'We wouldn't want more than Master Crawshay gives.'

'When can you get the hands together?'

'In a day or two. But you haven't told me where the place is, and I would have to know how much there is to cut.'

'Now you are to remember that it is I who am engaging you, Caleb, although the place is not mine; and I want you to get people who will consent to do without beer until after work.'

'You mean Ringsford,' he said awkwardly. 'I'm afeared'——

There she stopped him by laying her hand on his shoulder and saying with a bright smile: 'I know you don't take beer yourself, and you know how much the others will gain by dropping it. I want you to get this work done, Caleb; and there is somebody else who will be as much pleased with you for doing it as I shall be. Come now, shall I tell *her* that you refuse to be near her, or that you are glad of the chance?'

Caleb hung his head and consented. He knew that she spoke of Pansy.

CHAPTER XIII.—THE CARES OF STATE.

The ladies of the Manor were in the element which delighted them most when preparing for the dinner and the 'little dance' which were to express the agony they experienced at the departure of their brother for a distant land. But the truth was that they did not think of the parting at all: their whole minds were occupied with the festival itself and with the ambition to make it the most brilliant that had ever been known at Ringsford.

There are people who, whilst desirous of cultivating a reputation for hospitality, regard the preparations for the entertainment of their friends as an affliction; and whilst distributing smiles of welcome to their guests, are, without malice, secretly wishing them far enough and the whole thing well over. There are others who send out invitations which they calculate will not be accepted, and who feel chagrined if they are. But these young ladies thoroughly enjoyed the bustle of the necessary arrangements for a banquet—and the larger its scale, the greater their pleasure; and although they did send some invitations out of deference to social obligations, whilst hoping they would be declined, such drawbacks affected neither their appetites nor their enjoyment when the evening came.

On the present occasion, Miss Hadleigh was of course most anxious that everything should be done in honour of Philip; but it was impossible for her to escape a certain degree of gratification in anticipating the impression which was to be made on her betrothed of the importance of the

Family. She had subscribed for a gorgeously bound copy of a county history in which a page was devoted to Ringsford Manor and its present proprietor. It was remarkable how frequently that book lay open on the drawing-room table at that particular page.

Caroline and Bertha had their private thoughts, too, about the possibilities of the forthcoming festival. They did not deliberately speculate upon obtaining devoted lovers; but they did count upon securing numerous admirers. And, then, they were all to have new dresses for the occasion. This was no special novelty for them: but, however many dresses she may possess, there is no woman who does not find interest and excitement in getting a new one.

With light hearts they attacked the business of issuing invitations; and although 'the little dance' was second in order, they began with it first. They progressed rapidly and merrily: there were a few discussions as to whether or not they should include Mrs Brown and the Misses Brown, or only have Miss Brown; whether they should have Miss Jones alone, or Miss Jones and Miss Sarah Jones; and so on. There were no discussions about the gentlemen, even when it was discovered that supposing two-thirds of those invited came, it would be necessary to erect a marquee on the lawn to allow room for dancing. Indeed the discovery enhanced the glory of the event and caused a marked increase in the number of cards sent out.

This was all smooth enough sailing; but they had to haul in their colours at the first attempt to make up the list of guests for the dinner. They were limited to twelve or fourteen; and there were so many of those asked to the second part of the programme, who would feel slighted and offended on hearing that they had been passed over in the first part, that the girls were appalled by the difficulty of arranging matters so as to cause the least possible amount of heart-burning. It was not as if this were an ordinary gathering: the degree of friendship would be distinctly marked by the line drawn between those who were invited to the dinner and those who were not.

Their father had only mentioned Mr Wrentham and the Crawshays: he left his daughters to select the other guests.

Miss Hadleigh had a vague sensation that she wished she had not been so ready to call everybody her 'Dearest friend.' That rendered her position decidedly more awkward than it would have been otherwise.

'Of course we must have Alfred,' she said decisively, as if relieved to have settled one part of the difficulty.

'Of course we *must* have him,' chimed her sisters.

'And . . . we ought to have his people,' she added meditatively; 'they are—in a sort of way—connections of the Family.'

'Alfred' was Mr Crowell, the young merchant to whom she was engaged.

'Yes, we ought to ask them,' observed Caroline, with a suggestion in voice and look that she would not be sorry if something should prevent them from accepting.

'Then we must ask old Dr Guy—he is such a friend of Philip's; and if we ask him, I don't see how we can avoid sending cards to Fanny and her stupid husband.'

Dr Guy was the oldest medical man of the Kingshope district: Fanny was his daughter, married to his partner, Dr Edwin Joy.

'I have it!' cried Bertha, clapping her hands with glee at the notion that she had solved the problem: 'we'll go and find out the evenings that the people we don't want are engaged, and invite them for those very evenings.'

'Foolish child,' said the eldest sister majestically; 'they would not be all engaged for the same evening, and our date is fixed.'

'Oh!—I did not think of that,' rejoined Bertha, crestfallen.

'How many have we got, Caroline?'

Caroline was believed to have a head for figures; and being glad to be credited with a head for anything, she endeavoured to sustain the character by making prompt guesses at totals which were generally found to be wrong. Nevertheless, the promptitude of her replies and an occasional lucky hit sufficed to keep up the delusion as to her special faculty. She was lucky this time, for she had been reckoning them all the time.

'Ten; and the vicar will make eleven.'

'Ah, yes—I had almost forgotten the dear old vicar. Thank you, Caroline. That leaves us with only three places; and I suppose Philip and Coutts will want to have some of their friends at dinner.'

The list of particular guests occupied four days of anxious thought and much re-arrangement, with the result that room for two additional places had to be made at the table. Even when all this was done, they had not quite made up their minds who were really the most intimate friends of the Family.

(*To be continued.*)

THE 'KITCHEN KAFFIR.'

Fortune, for good or ill, has cast my lot in the little Crown colony of Natal. Let me at once say that I have no intention of going over ground already but too well trodden. What with wars and rumours of wars upon its borders, Natal has lately been 'written up' to a considerable extent by enterprising travellers and newspaper correspondents. Minerva has been treading closely on the heels of Mars, and at the first blush, there would seem but little more to tell. However, the hasty grasp at things made by dashing 'specials' and travellers may have left some grains of information that will perhaps prove interesting.

It is only necessary to my subject to state, by way of introduction, that Natal has a population of about thirty thousand whites and three hundred thousand blacks—the latter, as will be seen, in a proportion of ten to one. These are, of course, round numbers. The city of Pietermaritzburg, the capital of the colony—where my afore-mentioned lot is cast—contains between six and seven thousand Europeans, a large number of Indian coolies, and a much larger number of natives. A considerable proportion of the last-named fall to be spoken of under the heading of this article—the 'Kitchen Kaffir.' Most of the domestic work of the colony

is performed by the natives. They come into the town from the surrounding country from distances of twenty, fifty, or a hundred miles, sometimes farther. The Kaffirs, thanks to the indulgence of our paternal government, are allowed to settle and thrive on the available Crown lands of the colony, and their kraals form a frequent feature of the up-country landscape. Though these natives enjoy the protection of the British government, polygamy is allowed under the Native Law. Wives have to be bought with bullocks. The young natives, ambitious to wed, leave the ancestral kraal, and work for wages in the town until they have saved enough money to buy the requisite oxen. Hence the Kitchen Kaffir.

My wife is now sitting at my elbow, sub-editing my remarks. This is needful; for although we have been three years in the colony, I stand second to her in knowledge of Kaffir character, and particularly of Kaffir language. This cannot, of course, be referred to any inferiority in my mental calibre, but to the fact that I am engaged in business in the town all day; while my wife is brought more in contact with the domestic Kaffir. He is named Sam, and has been with us for over two years and a half. Well do I remember the first time I saw him. He was drawing water, for an ungracious mistress, out of the *sluit* or rivulet-gutter that runs down the side of the Pietermaritzburg streets or roads. I thought I had never seen a happier mortal. He was dressed in an old shirt and trousers. In the latter, appeared a great rent; frayed patches were visible all over his raiment; yet his face beamed with a grin unrivalled in expressive extent by anything outside of a Christy Minstrel entertainment. Our hearts instantly warmed towards Sam, and we invited him to our hearth at the munificent rate of one pound a month. He posed as bashfully as a maiden receiving an offer of marriage. He shoved the back of his horny hand into his capacious mouth, coquettishly paddled in the dust with his right big toe, and took sly, sidelong glances at us with his large and rolling left eye. All this we took to mean 'Yes.' A few days afterwards, Sam appeared at the back of our cottage, carrying his sticks—no Kaffir ever goes about without two or three *knobkerries* in his hand—a rolled-up mat to sleep on, and a wooden pillow. His attire was as ragged as ever; but by means of some of my old clothes he assumed a more respectable air. I must explain that, to suit European ideas of decency, the Kaffirs are not permitted to wear their kraal costume in the town. Whenever they come within the municipal boundary, they have to doff the *moochee* or fur-kilt and don trousers. They do so with great reluctance. If you happen to be on the outskirts of the town, you will see the departing Kaffirs joyfully throwing off shirt and trousers, tying these in a bundle, re-assuming their *moochee*, and trotting happily homewards.

The duties of the Kitchen Kaffir are multifarious and fairly well performed. He chops the wood, lights the fire, serves at table, cleans the rooms, goes messages, and nurses the baby. He has weaknesses, of course; but these he possesses in common with the rest of the human family. He smokes and snuffs, and is fully alive to the benefits of frequent leisure. At periodic intervals, generally of six months, he shows a strong desire to go home, to *hamba lo kaya*. But this intermittent home-sickness, while the gratifying of it may entail some inconvenience on the *baas* (master) or the *meesis*, is not an unpleasing feature in the native character. Kraal-life is very patriarchal, and the Kaffirs have strong home-instincts. They are a social race, and the sociality is abundantly visible in the manners and habits of the Kitchen Kaffir. In the 'Kaffir house'—the outbuilding to be found in the rear of nearly all colonial villas and cottages—there is many a jovial evening spent by the 'boys.' When the toil of day is over—few domestic natives work after six or seven o'clock in the evening—they gather together and gossip on the events of the day. They retail all the private life of their masters and mistresses; for they have a wonderful faculty, distinct from prying, of shrewdly finding out everything that is going on. News travels with astonishing speed amongst the native population. The 'boys' apparently take it in turn to invite each other to spend the evening and share the porridge supper. Concurrently with the gossiping, they smoke. The pipe is a small bowl fitted into a bullock's horn, partly filled with water, through which the smoke is drawn. The 'boys' generally sit in a circle; and by the light of a stump of candle stuck in a corner, you can see their forms dimly through the stiff clouds which they are blowing. The smoke seems to be continually getting into the Kaffirs' air-passages, as a loud chorus of coughs is incessantly kept up. So the night wears on. At nine o'clock a bell rings at the police-station, the signal for all Kaffirs to go home. Any native found on the streets after that hour, unless he have a written 'pass' from his master, is apprehended and fined half-a-crown.

Sam, when solitary, amuses his evenings by playing on what I may call a one-stringed harp. It consists of a wire strung on a wooden bow about four feet long, near one extremity of which is fastened a hollow gourd to give resonance. It is played by being struck with a stick; and by pressing the wire, Sam can increase the range of the instrument to two notes—'tim-tum, tim-tum,' by the hour together. He also, to its accompaniment, sings certain wild melodies, probably with impromptu words. The Kaffirs are noted *improvisatores*. You cannot even send one on an errand without his chanting the object of his mission in loud tones all down the street. It certainly goes against all ideas of fitness to hear your Kaffir, as he ambles along, singing out in Zulu, with endless repetitions, and to an incoherent melody: 'Oh! missis is going to make soup, and I'm off to buy the peas;' or, 'We're right out of firewood, and I'm to borrow some from Mrs Jones;' or, 'Master's sick, and I'm hurrying for the physic!' If these domestic revelations were only heard by the Kaffir population, it would not matter so much; but the words are almost equally patent to the white people. However, as everybody's Kaffir sings his errands, there is a certain compensation!

It should now be remarked that Kitchen Kaffir is also the name of the modified Zulu spoken by the domesticated native. It is as peculiar in its way as 'Pidgin English,' or any other of those *langues de convenance* which have originated in

the intimate relations existing between the British and some ultra-continental peoples. The Zulu language proper is a well-developed tongue, elaborate in mood, tense, and case, as can be seen in the erudite volume of the late Bishop Colenso, who was as great an authority in Ethiopian grammar as in arithmetic. Here and there, one may find old colonists, traders, or missionaries who have a thorough knowledge of 'Zulu;' but the settlers in general have neither the opportunity nor perhaps the inclination to learn it. The prevailing custom of England seems to be to restrict her subject races to their own tongue.

The Kitchen Kaffir is slightly heterogeneous. A number of English and Dutch words have crept into it, with certain modifications to adapt them to the genius of the Zulu language. Amongst the former we would cite *callidge* (carriage), *follik* (fork), *nquati* (note, or letter), *lice* (rice), and so on, the pronunciation being governed by the fact that the Kaffirs experience difficulty in articulating *r*. The letter *x* is also a stumbling-block. Hence 'box' is transformed into *bogus*, and a popular English Christmas institution transplanted to the colony is known as a 'Kissmiss bogus.' 'Sunday,' again, is spoken of as *Sonda* or *Sonto;* and 'horse' is *ihashi*. In denoting money there are also some peculiar terms. A threepenny piece is known as a *pen*, and the latter word is pretty generally used amongst the Europeans themselves. I may here interject the remark that the threepenny piece is about the lowest coin in circulation in the colony. Pennies are scarce, and farthings an unknown quantity. I was told by a Natal schoolmistress that one of the greatest difficulties she met with was in teaching the children how many farthings made up a penny; and a little colonial-born girl once said to me: 'Oh! how I would like to go to England to see farthings!' The Kaffirs look down with contempt upon coppers. A half-crown is called, by a strange phonetic twist, a *facquelin*, and a florin—well, thereby hangs a tale. Some years ago, a contractor in Natal, who hailed from the north of the Tweed, hit upon a brilliant idea, which he thought would result in a great saving of expenditure. In giving his Kaffir labourers their weekly payment, he substituted two-shilling pieces—till then unknown among the natives—for half-crowns, thinking the 'untutored savage' would not detect the difference. They went away contented; but it was not long ere the storekeepers had enlightened their minds as to the true value of the money. I forget how the matter ended; but it is a sad fact that to this day the Kaffirs always speak of a florin as a 'Scotchman.' Traces of Dutch in Kitchen Kaffir are numerous.

As to the Zulu element in Kitchen Kaffir, I would premise that the written Zulu bears no very great resemblance to the spoken language. This is partly owing to the number of 'clicks,' which originally formed no characteristic of the Zulu tongue, but were many years ago borrowed from the Hottentots, who revel in these verbal impediments. There are three clicks, represented on paper by *c*, *q*, and *x*. The *c* is made by pressing the tongue against the teeth, as when one is slightly annoyed; while *q* is like a 'cluck,' and *x* like the 'chick' made to start a horse. These, however, are what musicians would term 'accidentals,' and but little interrupt the sonorous, melodic flow of Kaffir utterance. To those who know the Zulu language only through books, such words as *gqugquza* (to stir up) and *uqoqoqo* (windpipe) may seem next to unpronounceable; but in the native's lips they lose much of their angularity. So, too, with such combinations as *ubugwigwigwi* (whizzing-sound) and *ikitwityikwityi* (whirlwind).

But now to return briefly to Sam. In many respects he is an excellent servant, and like most of the unsophisticated Kaffirs, could be trusted with untold gold. The average Kitchen Kaffir is frequently left in charge of a house during the absence of the family, and would no more think of making away with the valuables than would a watch-dog. One evening Sam asked and received permission to go to the 'school,' by which is meant the mission-school, where the Kaffirs are taught to read and write, and where they also receive religious instruction. The effect upon Sam was instantaneous. He invested in a new coat and trousers, a waistcoat, and a white shirt with long cuffs. Big boots adorned his feet, and a felt hat his head. A few days later he had acquired a paper collar, gloves, and leggings, and finally he blossomed out into an umbrella. His evenings are now spent in laborious *vivâ voce* attempts to master the alphabet, and the rude scrawls upon the whitewashed wall testify to his efforts at caligraphy.

There is much diversity of opinion in Natal as to the results attending the religious training of the native, and perhaps it would be well if a little more of the 'sweet reasonableness' of Matthew Arnold were imported into the discussion. There is, however, the fact that many of the Kaffirs are taught to read and write, and this cannot in the long-run be an evil. What has yet been accomplished, even at such institutions as that founded by Bishop Colenso at Bishopstowe, and that at Lovedale in the Cape Colony, is perhaps comparatively small; but it may be as pregnant with encouragement as the humble blue flower that cheered the heart of Mungo Park in the African desert.

TWO DAYS IN A LIFETIME.

A STORY IN EIGHT CHAPTERS.

CONCLUSION.

PRESENTLY the nurse came and carried off Miss Lucy and her doll. Lady Dimsdale rose and joined Mrs Bowood.

A minute later, a servant came and presented Captain Bowood with a card. The latter put on his spectacles, and read what was written on the card aloud: '"MR GARWOOD BROOKER, Theatre Royal, Ryde." Don't know him. Never heard of the man before,' said the Captain emphatically.

'The gentleman is waiting in the library, sir,' said the servant. 'Says he wants to see you on very particular business.'

'Humph! Too hot for business of any kind. Too many flies about. Must see him though, I suppose.'

The servant retired; and presently the Captain followed him into the house. Mrs Bowood and Lady Dimsdale lingered for a few minutes, and then they too went indoors.

As Captain Bowood entered the library, Mr Brooker rose and made him a profound bow. He was a stoutly-built man, between fifty and sixty years of age. He wore shoes; gray trousers, very baggy at the knees; a tightly buttoned frock-coat, with a velvet collar; and an old-fashioned black satin stock, the ends of which hid whatever portion of his linen might otherwise have been exposed to view. A jet black wig covered his head, the long tangled ends of which floated mazily over his velvet collar behind. His closely shaven face was blue-black round the mouth and chin, where the razor had passed over its surface day after day for forty years. The rest of his face looked yellow and wrinkled, the continual use of pigments for stage purposes having long ago spoiled whatever natural freshness it might once have possessed. Mr Brooker had a bold aquiline nose and bushy brows, and at one time had been accounted an eminently handsome man, especially when viewed from before the footlights; but his waist had disappeared years ago, and there was a general air about him of running to seed. When Mr Brooker chose to put on his dignified air, he was very dignified. Finally, it may be said that every one in 'the profession' who knew 'old Brooker,' liked and esteemed him, and that at least he was a thorough gentleman.

Having made his bow, Mr Brooker advanced one foot a little, buried one hand in the breast of his frock-coat, and let the other rest gracefully on his hip. It was one of his favourite stage attitudes.

'Mr Brooker?' said Captain Bowood interrogatively, as he came forward with the other's card in his hand.

'At your service, Captain Bowood.' The voice was deep, almost sepulchral in its tones. It was the voice of Hamlet in his gloomier moments.

'Pray, be seated,' said the Captain in his offhand way as he took a chair himself.

Mr Brooker slowly deposited himself upon another chair. He would have preferred saying what he had to say standing, as giving more scope for graceful and appropriate gestures; but he gave way to circumstances. He cleared his voice, and then he said: 'I am here, sir, this morning as an ambassador on the part of your nephew, Mr Charles Warden.'

'Don't know any such person,' replied the Captain shortly.

'Pardon me—I ought to have said your nephew, Mr Charles Summers.'

'Then it's a pity you did not come on a better errand. I want nothing to do with the young vagabond in any way. He and I are strangers. Eh, now?'

'He is a very clever and talented young gentleman; and let me tell you, sir, that you ought to be very proud of him.'

'Proud of my nephew, who is an actor!—an actor! Pooh!' The Captain spoke with a considerable degree of contempt.

'*I* am an actor, sir,' was Mr Brooker's withering reply, in his most sepulchral tones.

The Captain turned red, coughed, and fidgeted. 'Nothing personal, sir—nothing personal,' he spluttered. 'I only spoke in general terms.'

'You spoke in depreciatory terms, sir, respecting something about which you evidently know little or nothing.'

The Captain winced. He was not in the habit of being lectured, and the sensation was not a pleasant one, but he felt the justice of the reproof.

'Ah, sir, the actor's profession is one of the noblest in the world,' resumed Mr Brooker, changing from his Hamlet to his Mercutio voice; 'and your nephew bids fair to become a shining ornament in it. I know of few young men who have progressed so rapidly in so short a time, and the press notices he has had are something remarkable. Here are a few of them, sir, only a few of them, which I have brought together. Oblige me by casting your eye over them, sir, and then tell me what you think.' Speaking thus, Mr Brooker produced from his pocket-book three or four sheets of paper, on which had been gummed sundry cuttings from different newspapers, and handed them to the Captain.

That gentleman having put on his glasses, read the extracts through deliberately and carefully. 'Bless my heart! this is most extraordinary!' he remarked when he had done. 'And do all these fine words refer to that graceless young scamp of a nephew of mine?'

'Every one of them, sir; and he deserves all that's said of him.'

Like many other people, Captain Bowood had a great respect for anything that he saw in print, more especially for any opinion enunciated by the particular daily organ whose political views happened to coincide with his own, and by whose leading articles he was, metaphorically, led by the nose. When, therefore, he came across a laudatory notice anent his nephew's acting extracted from his favourite *Telephone*, he felt under the necessity of taking out his handkerchief and rubbing his spectacles vigorously. 'There must be something in the lad after all,' he muttered to himself, 'or the *Telephone* wouldn't think it worth while to make such a fuss about him. But why didn't he keep to tea-broking?'

'I am much obliged to you, sir,' said the Captain, as he handed the extracts back to Mr Brooker.

'I am afraid that I make but a poor envoy, sir,' said the latter, 'seeing that as yet I have furnished you with no reason for venturing to intrude upon you this morning.'

'You have a message for me?' remarked the Captain.

'I have, sir; and I doubt not you can readily guess from whom. Sir, I have the honour to be the manager of the travelling theatrical company of which your nephew forms a component part. I am old enough to be the young man's father, and that may be one reason why he has chosen to confide his troubles to me. In any case, I have taken the liberty of coming here to intercede for him. There are two points, sir, that he wishes me to lay before you. The first is his desire—I might, without exaggeration, say his intense longing—to be reconciled to you, who have been to him as a second father, since his own parents died. He acknowledges and regrets that in days gone by he was a great trouble to you—a great worry and a great expense. But he begs me to assure you that he has now sown his wild-oats; that he is working hard in his profession; that he is determined to rise in it; and that he will yet do credit to you and every one connected with

him—all of which I fully indorse. But he cannot feel happy, sir, till he has been reconciled to you—till you have accorded him your forgiveness, and—and'——

Here the Captain sneezed violently, and then blew his nose. 'I knew it—I said so,' he remarked aloud. 'Those confounded draughts—give everybody cold. Why not?' Then addressing himself directly to Mr Brooker, he said: 'Well, sir, well. I have listened to your remarks with a considerable degree of patience, and I am glad to find that my graceless nephew has some sense of compunction left in him. But as for reconciliation and forgiveness and all that nonsense—pooh, pooh!—not to be thought of—not to be thought of!'

'I am sorry to hear that, Captain Bowood—very sorry indeed.'

'You made mention of some other point, sir, that Mr Summers wished you to lay before me. Eh, now?'

'I did, sir. It is that of his attachment to a young lady at present staying under your roof—Miss Brandon by name.'

'Ah, I guessed as much!'

'He desires your sanction to his engagement to the young lady in question, not with any view to immediate marriage, Miss Brandon being a ward in Chancery, but'——

'Confound his impudence, sir!' burst out the Captain irately. 'How dare he, sir—how dare he make love to a young lady who is placed under my charge by her nearest relative? What will Miss Hoskyns say and think, when she comes back and finds her niece over head and ears in love with my worthless nephew? Come now.'

'It may perchance mitigate to some extent the severity of your displeasure, sir,' remarked Mr Brooker in his blandest tones, 'when I tell you that in my pocket I have a letter written by Miss Hoskyns, in which that lady sanctions your nephew's engagement to Miss Brandon.'

The Captain stared in open-mouthed wonder at the veteran actor. This was the strangest turn of all. He felt that the situation was getting beyond his grasp, so he did to-day what he always did in cases of difficulty—he sent for his wife.

Mrs Bowood was almost as much surprised as her husband when she heard the news. Mr Brooker produced Miss Hoskyns' letter, the genuineness of which could not be disputed; but she was still as much at a loss as before to imagine by what occult means Master Charley had succeeded in causing such a document to be written. Nor did she find out till some time afterwards.

It would appear that our two young people had fallen in love with each other during the month they had spent at Rosemount the preceding summer, and that, during the ensuing winter, Charley had contrived to worm his way into the good graces of Miss Hoskyns by humouring her weaknesses and playing on some of her foibles, of which the worthy lady had an ample stock-in-trade. But no one could have been more surprised than the young man himself was when, in answer to his letter, which he had written without the remotest hope of its being favourably considered, there came a gracious response, sanctioning his engagement to Miss Brandon. The fact was that, while in Italy, Miss Hoskyns had allowed her elderly affections to become entangled with a good-looking man some years younger than herself, to whom she was now on the point of being married. The first perusal of Charley's letter had thrown her into a violent rage; but at the end of twenty-four hours her views had become considerably modified. After all, as she argued to herself, why shouldn't young Summers and her niece make a match of it? He came of a good family, and would incontestably be his uncle's heir; and Captain Bowood was known to be a very rich man. And then came in another argument, which had perhaps more weight than all the rest. Would it be wise, would it be advisable, to keep herself hampered with a niece who was fast developing into a really handsome young woman, when she, the aunt, was about to take a good-looking husband so much younger than herself? No; she opined that such a course would neither be wise nor advisable. Hence it came to pass that the letter was written which was such a source of surprise to every one at Rosemount.

'What am I to do now?' asked the Captain a little helplessly, as Mrs Bowood gave back the letter to Mr Brooker.

That lady's mind was made up on the instant. 'There is only one thing for you to do,' she said with decision, 'and that is, to forgive the boy all his past faults and follies, and sanction his engagement to Elsie Brandon.'

'What—what! Eat my own words—swallow my own leek—when I've said a hundred times that'——

'Remember, dear, what you said in the drawing-room last evening,' interposed Mrs Bowood in her quietest tones.

Then the Captain called to mind how, in conversation the previous evening with his wife and Lady Dimsdale, he had chuckled over the tricks played him by his nephew, and had admitted that that young gentleman's falling in love with Miss Brandon was the very thing he would have wished for, had he been consulted in the matter.

The Captain was crestfallen when these things were brought to his mind.

Mrs Bowood gave him no time for further reflection. Rightly assuming that the young people were not far away, she opened a door leading to an inner room, and there found them in close proximity to each other on the sofa. 'Come along, you naughty children,' she said, 'and receive the sentence due for your many crimes.'

They came forward shamefacedly enough. Master Charles looked a little paler than ordinary; on Elsie's face there was a lovely wild-rose blush.

Mr Brooker rose to his feet, ran the fingers of one hand lightly through his wig, and posed himself in his favourite attitude. He felt that just at this point a little slow music might have been effectively introduced.

The Captain also rose to his feet.

Charley came forward quickly and grasped one of the old man's hands in both of his. 'Uncle!' he said, looking straight into his face through eyes that swam in tears.

For a moment or two the Captain tried to look fierce, but failed miserably. Then bending

his white head, and laying a hand on his nephew's shoulder, he murmured in a broken voice: 'M—m—my boy!'

Sir Frederick Pinkerton was slowly pacing the sunny south terrace, smoking one cigarette after another in a way that with him was very unusual. He was only half satisfied with himself—only half satisfied with the way he had treated Lady Dimsdale. The instincts of a gentleman were at work within him, and those instincts whispered to him that he had acted as no true gentleman ought to act. And yet his feelings were very bitter. Had not Lady Dimsdale rejected him?—had she not scorned him?—had she not treated him with a contumely that was only half veiled? Still more bitter was the thought that if he acted as his conscience told him he ought to act, he would release Lady Dimsdale from the promise he had imposed on her, and stand quietly on one side, while another snatched away the prize which, only a few short hours ago, he had fondly deemed would be all his own. But this was a sacrifice which he felt that he was not magnanimous enough to make. 'I have done the man a great—an inestimable—service,' he said to himself more than once; 'let that suffice. They are not lovesick children—he and Lady Dimsdale—that they should cry for the moon, and vow there is no happiness in life because they can't obtain it. Why should I trouble myself about their happiness? They would not trouble themselves about mine.'

It was thus he argued with himself, and the longer he argued the more angry he became. He was so thoroughly anxious to convince himself that he was right, and he found himself unable to do so.

He was still deep in his musings, when one of the servants brought him a letter which had been sent on from his own house to Rosemount. He recognised the writing as soon as he saw the address, and his face brightened at once. The letter was from his nephew—the one being on earth for whom Sir Frederick entertained any real affection. He found a seat in the shade, where he sat down and broke the seal of his letter. But as he read, his face grew darker and darker, and when he had come to the end of it, a deep sigh burst involuntarily from him; the hand that held the letter dropped by his side, and his chin sank on his breast. He seemed all at once to have become five years older. 'O Horace, Horace, this is indeed a shameful confession!' he murmured. 'How often is it the hand we love best that strikes us the cruellest blow! And Oscar Boyd, too! the man I dislike beyond all other men. That makes the blow still harder to bear. He must be paid the five hundred pounds, and at once. He has lost his fortune, and yet he never spoke of this. What an obligation to be under—and to him! He saved Horace's honour—perhaps his life—but is that any reason why I should absolve Lady Dimsdale from her promise? No, no! This is a matter entirely separate from the other.—Why, here comes the man himself.'

As Sir Frederick spoke thus, Oscar Boyd issued from one of the many winding walks that intersected the grounds at Rosemount. He had been alone since he left Lady Dimsdale. He had vowed to her that if she would not reveal to him the key of the mystery, he would find it for himself; but in truth he seemed no nearer finding it now than he had been an hour before. From whatever point he regarded the puzzle, he was equally nonplused. Utterly unaccountable to him seemed the whole affair. He was now on his way back to the house in search of Laura. He would see her once more before she left; once more would he appeal to her. On one point he was fully determined: come what might, he would never give her up.

Sir Frederick put away his letter, rose from his seat, pulled himself together, and went slowly forward to meet Mr Boyd. 'You are the person, Mr Boyd, whom I am just now most desirous of seeing,' he said.

'I am entirely at your service, Sir Frederick.'

The Baronet cleared his voice. He scarcely knew how to begin what he wanted to say. Very bitter to him was the confession he was about to make. 'Am I wrong, Mr Boyd, in assuming that you are acquainted with a certain nephew of mine, Horace Calvert by name, who at the present time is residing at Rio?'

Oscar started slightly at the mention of the name. 'I believe that I had the pleasure of meeting the young gentleman in question on one occasion.'

'It is of that occasion I wish to speak. I have in my pocket a letter which I have just received from my nephew, in which he confesses everything. Hum, hum.'

'Confesses—Sir Frederick?'

'For him, a humiliating confession indeed. He tells me in his letter how you—a man whom he had never seen before—saved him from the consequences of his folly—from disgrace—nay, from suicide itself! He had lost at the gaming-table money which was not his to lose. He fled the place—despair, madness, I know not what, in his heart and brain. You followed him, and were just in time to take out of his hand the weapon that a minute later would have ended his wretched life. But you not only did that; you took the miserable boy to your hotel, and there provided him with the means to save his honour. It was a noble action, Mr Boyd, and I thank you from my heart.'

'It was the action of a man who remembered that he had been young and foolish himself in years gone by.'

'I repeat, sir, that it was a noble action. And you would have gone away without telling me how greatly I am your debtor!'

'It was a secret that concerned no one but the young man and myself.'

'It is a debt that must be and shall be paid. I am glad indeed to find that there is sufficient sense of honour left in my nephew to cause him to beg that you may not be allowed to remain a loser by your generosity. He has ascertained that you have returned to England; he has even found out the name of your hotel in Covent Garden, where he asks me to wait upon you. Hum, hum. My cheque-book is at home, Mr Boyd; but if you will oblige me with your address in town, I'——

'One moment, Sir Frederick. Am I right in assuming that a certain anonymous letter which I received yesterday was written by you?'

'Since you put the question so categorically—frankly, it was.'

'You have done me a service greater than I know how to thank you for. You have dragged me from the verge of an abyss. At present, I will not ask you how you came by the information which enabled you to do this—it is enough to know that you did it.' He held out his hand frankly. 'Suppose we cry quits, Sir Frederick?' he said.

The Baronet protruded a limp and flaccid paw, which Oscar's long lean fingers gripped heartily.

'But—but, my dear sir, the five hundred pounds is a debt which must and shall be paid,' urged Sir Frederick, who felt as if he had lost the use of his hand for a few moments.

There was no opportunity for further private talk. Round a corner of the terrace came Captain and Mrs Bowood, Miss Brandon and her lover in a high state of contentment, and Brooker the benignant, nose in air, and with one hand hidden in the breast of his frock-coat. A servant brought out some of Lady Dimsdale's boxes in readiness for the carriage, which would be there in the course of a few minutes. Mr Boyd went forward, leaving Sir Frederick a little way in the rear.

'Quits—"let us cry quits," he said,' muttered the Baronet. 'Yes, yes; let it be so as regards all but the money. That must be repaid. The service I did him was no common one—he admits that. Why, then, should I not hold Lady Dimsdale to her promise?'

At this moment, Lady Dimsdale, dressed for travelling, appeared on the terrace. 'She is going, then. She means to keep her promise,' said Sir Frederick to himself. He drew a little nearer the group.

'And must you really and truly leave us this afternoon?' said Mrs Bowood.

'Really and truly.'

'I am very angry with you.'

'I have promised the children to be back in time to go blackberrying with them, so that you will not lose me for long.'

'I suppose we shall lose Mr Boyd as soon as you are gone. The house will be too dull for him.'

'I have no control over Mr Boyd's actions,' answered Lady Dimsdale quietly, as she turned away.

'Then he has not proposed! O dear! O dear!' murmured Mrs Bowood.

Sir Frederick had seated himself on a rustic chair somewhat apart from the others. He was still uneasy in his mind. 'He saved Horace's honour—he saved his life; but he said himself that we are quits.'

'Why, this is nothing but rank midsummer madness,' said the Captain to Lady Dimsdale. 'But you women never know your minds for two days together. You won't have been settled down at Bayswater more than a week, before you will want to be off somewhere else. Eh, now?'

'Do you know, I think that is quite likely. But I am not leaving you for long. I shall be back again to plague you by the time the leaves begin to turn.' She looked at her watch. 'And now my adieux to all of you must be brief. Time, tide, and the express train wait for no one.'

She saw Oscar coming towards her, and she crossed to meet him.

'The crucial moment,' said Sir Frederick to himself. 'How bravely she carries herself!'

Oscar took her hand. For a moment or two they looked into each other's eyes without speaking. Then Oscar said: 'You are determined to go—and without affording me a word of explanation?'

'I cannot help myself.'

'Do you really mean this to be farewell between us?'

'Yes—farewell.' There was a sob in her voice which she could not repress.

'O my darling!'

'Not that word, Oscar—not that!'

'And do you really think, Laura, that I am going to allow myself to lose you in this way, without knowing the why or the wherefore? Not so—not so.'

'You must, Oscar—you must.'

'Give me some reason—give me some explanation of this unaccountable change.'

'I cannot. My lips are sealed.'

'Very well. I will now say good-bye for a little while; but I shall follow you to London within three days. You are my promised wife, and I shall hold you to your promise, in spite of everything and every one.'

'No, Oscar, no—it cannot be—it can never be!' She glanced up into his eyes. There was a cold, clear, determined look in them, such as she had never seen there before. It was evident that he was terribly in earnest.

At this moment Captain Bowood's landau drove up. The footman descended, and contemplated Lady Dimsdale's numerous packages with dismay.

'You needn't bother about the luggage, George,' said his master. 'A man from the station will fetch that.'

The moment for parting had come. As Oscar gazed down on Laura, all the hardness melted out of his face, and in its stead, the soft light of love shone out of his eyes, and his lips curved into a smile of tenderness. 'Farewell—but only for a little while,' he whispered. He lifted her hand to his lips for a moment, and then, without another word, he turned on his heel and joined the Captain.

'I actually believe Mr Boyd is in love with dear Lady Dimsdale!' whispered Elsie to Mr Summers.

'Of course he is, and she with him; only, she's playing with him for a little while.'

'It seems to me that you know far too much about love-making, Master Charley.'

'Who was the first to give me lessons?'

The only answer to this was a pinch in the soft part of his arm.

Lady Dimsdale controlled herself by a supreme effort. Then she crossed slowly towards where Sir Frederick was sitting.

He rose as she approached him. 'You have kept your promise bravely,' he said in a low voice.

'Why should not a woman keep a promise as bravely as a man?'

'It is I who am driving you away.'

'You flatter yourself, Sir Frederick.'

He shook his head in grave dissent. He seemed strangely moved. He gazed earnestly at her. 'There is a tear in your eye, Lady Dimsdale,' he

said. 'I am conquered. I revoke the promise I caused you to give me yesterday.'

'Oh, Sir Frederick!'

'I revoke it unconditionally.'

'Why did you not tell me this five minutes ago!'

'Better to tell it you now than not at all. You will not leave us now?'

'But I must, I fear—must.' She gave him her hand for a moment, and then turned away.

As the Baronet watched her retreating figure, he muttered to himself: 'Mr Boyd said we were quits. He was mistaken. We shall be quits after to-day. Hum, hum.'

As Lady Dimsdale was crossing the terrace, she dropped one of her gloves—whether by design or accident, who shall say. Oscar Boyd sprang forward and picked it up. Laura stopped, turned, and held out her hand for the glove. As Oscar gave it back to her, his fingers closed instinctively round hers. For a moment or two he gazed into her eyes; for a moment or two she glanced shyly into his. I don't in the least know what he saw there; but suddenly he called out to the coachman: 'Henry, you can drive back to the stables. Lady Dimsdale will not go to London to-day.'

THE MONTH:

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

THE interesting lecture upon Celtic and Roman Britain, which was delivered last month at the London Institution by Mr Alfred Tylor, F.G.S., was illustrated by several drawings of curious antiquities. There was also shown a map prepared by the lecturer, which depicted all the Roman roads which at the present time still form important highways. A large number of these are seen upon this map to converge at Winchester, which at one time formed a central depôt for the metallurgical products of this country, before their dispersion abroad. From Winchester the metals won from the earth in Cornwall, Wales, &c., were carried to Beaulieu, in Hampshire, thence to the Solent, close by. Two miles across the Solent is Gurnard's Bay, in the Isle of Wight, whence there was an easy road to the safe harbour of Brading, where the ores could be shipped for continental ports. It is believed, from the existence of so many British sepulchral mounds along these routes, that the roads were established and in constant use many centuries before the Roman occupation. The lecturer also referred to the curious Ogham inscriptions which are found nowhere except in the British Isles, and which are written in a kind of cipher of the simplest but most ingenious kind. A horizontal bar forms the backbone of this curious system of caligraphy. Five vertical strokes across this line would express the first five letters of an alphabet; the next five would be expressed by like lines kept above the horizontal bar, and five more by similar lines kept below it. Other five, making up a total of twenty signs, corresponding to a twenty-letter alphabet, are expressed by diagonal lines across the bar. This primitive method of writing is due to the Irish division of the Celtic race, and indicates a proof of early culture, which is seen in more enduring form in the artistic skill evident in such metallurgical work as has been assigned to the same period and people.

Professor Maspero's recently issued new catalogue of the Boulak Museum, Cairo, deals with antiquities compared with which those referred to the Roman period in Britain seem but things of yesterday. Many of these archæological treasures, but more particularly the funerary tablets or *stelæ*, cover the enormous period of thirty-eight centuries, a period, too, which ends two thousand years before the Christian era. As to the object of these tablets, which are almost invariably found attached to ancient Egyptian tombs, Professor Maspero gives a new theory. There is no doubt that the ancient Egyptians believed in the immortality of the soul, but coupled with this was a belief in the existence of a something outside the soul and body—a kind of shade or double, called the Ka. The preservation of this Ka was essential to the preservation of the soul; and images of the defunct in which this spirit could dwell were entombed with the mummy. The various scenes of domestic labour and pastoral pursuits were not—as was until recently supposed—inscribed upon the Egyptian tombs merely as records of manners and customs, but were associated with the belief in the Ka. The pursuits carried on in life could by these representations enable the spiritual double to carry on the same line of conduct. Representations of various kinds of food in baked clay, limestone, or other material, formed the food of the Ka, and such things have been found in abundance. According to Professor Maspero's new theory, the *stela* or tablet enumerated the funereal offerings of the deceased, and contained a prayer for their continuance. This prayer, repeated by a priest—or passer-by, even—would insure the well-being of the Ka. The name and status of the deceased were also inscribed upon the tablet; for, according to Egyptian ideas, a nameless grave meant no hereafter for its inmate. The catalogue referred to is intended to be a popular guide for the use of visitors, but it contains very much which will be of value to the student.

Mr Petrie's recently published book upon the Pyramids of Gezeh, while it makes short work of many previously accepted theories as to the intention and uses of those gigantic structures, gives much information of a most interesting kind, and throws a new light upon many previously obscure portions of the subject. Most interesting is that part of the work devoted to the mechanical means employed by the builders of the Pyramids. Mr Petrie traces in the huge stones of which the Pyramids are built, the undoubted marks of saw-cutting and tubular drilling. He believes that the tools employed were of bronze, and asserts that this metal has left a green stain on the sides of the saw-cuts. Jewels, to form cutting-points, he believes to have been set both in the teeth of the saws and also on the circumference of the drills. (If this be true, rock-boring diamond drills are no new things.) He has even detected evidence of the employment of lathes with fixed tools and mechanical rests.

There is now little doubt as to the value of ensilage as a food for cattle, for there is abundant testimony from various parts of the country,

where the experiment has been tried of building silos, that beasts thrive upon the compressed fodder that had been stored therein. For instance, its value as a fatting food for cattle has been demonstrated upon Mr Stobart's estate at Northallerton, by a carefully conducted trial. Twelve beasts were divided into two lots of six each. All were alike given the same quantity of meal and cake. Besides this, one lot received daily, each beast, twenty-four and a half pounds of hay and ninety-five pounds of turnips; the other lot receiving in lieu of hay and turnips each seventy-five pounds of ensilage. At the beginning of the experiment, the animals were weighed separately. At the end of one month they were again weighed. All of course showed a great advance; but those fed on ensilage totalled up to a figure which was forty-nine pounds better than the total exhibited by those fed in the more orthodox style.

As we have on a previous occasion hinted, the principle of ensilage has, after a manner, been applied for some years to fruit by the jam-makers. In years of plenty, fruit is reduced to pulp, and can in this state, if the air is carefully excluded, be made to keep well until a time of scarcity occurs. Large quantities of apricot pulp finds its way to this country from France, and realises a good price. In America, a clever plan of rapid drying and evaporation of the watery parts of fruit has come into vogue, and this industry gives employment to many workers. A stove constructed for the purpose costs about fifteen pounds. It is portable, and is used in many districts far from towns where there is not a ready market for fresh fruit. As the water slowly evaporates, the acid and starch in the fruit undergo a chemical change, and grape-sugar is formed. When placed in water, these dried fruits once more swell up to their original volume, and are in every respect like fresh fruit, only that they require, when cooked, but half the usual quantity of added sugar. All kinds of vegetables can be preserved by this process.

A correspondent of the *Times*, writing from Iceland, gives some interesting particulars of the present condition of that island. At Reykiavik, its chief town, nothing was known of the reported volcanic disturbances in the interior of the island; but this is hardly to be wondered at, because a large portion of that area is occupied by snow-covered mountains and glaciers which the natives never visit, and which, it may be said, are never explored save by enterprising and adventurous tourists. Professor Tromholt is in Iceland, pursuing his researches on the aurora borealis, the frequency and brilliancy of which, coupled with the exceeding clearness of the atmosphere, give him every advantage. A large portion of Iceland still remains unexplored; and its mineral resources, if we except the large quantities of sulphur which are being worked by an English Company, are but slightly developed. There is still room for a brisk trade in coal, borax, copper, &c., which are abundant on the island. Besides these products, the fisheries of Iceland are most prolific; and although fish and its belongings form two-thirds of the total exports, it is believed that they offer a promising field for the further employment of capital.

Among the wonderful engineering projects of the present day must be mentioned the scheme for making Paris a seaport. This subject lately engaged the attention of the Rouen Congress of the French Association for the Advancement of Science, who gave to it two days' discussion. One of the chief promoters of the project explained that the proposed way to carry it out was by transforming the river Seine, by dredging operations, into a canal ninety-eight feet in width. The amount of soil to be removed would measure close upon one hundred million cubic yards; it would consist chiefly of gravel and alluvial earth. The cost of the entire undertaking is estimated at four millions sterling.

Much attention has of recent years been called to the neglected art of Irish lace-making. The beauty of design and careful execution of old specimens of Irish lace contrast very remarkably with modern productions, which are too often coarse and inartistic. An Exhibition held last year at the Mansion House, London, and another still more lately at Cork, have to some extent aroused popular interest in this most beautiful class of work, and have given some impetus to the Royal Irish School of Art Needlework. In addition to the labours of this self-supporting Society, which is doing its best in the dissemination of good patterns and the employment of trained teachers, South Kensington has sent one of its emissaries, in the person of Mr Alan Cole, who has made lace-work his particular study, to lecture throughout the country. This gentleman is now in Ireland, travelling about the country wherever his presence is required, and teaching the application of artistic design to the technical requirements of the beautiful fabric.

A pretty picture, exhibited some short time ago, represented a little child looking up inquiringly to the intelligent face of a collie dog, and was entitled 'Can't you Talk?' Sir John Lubbock has lately been asking this question of a little black poodle, and has been endeavouring to teach it to make its wants known by the use of cards with written characters upon them. Thus, one card bears the word 'Food,' another 'Out;' and the dog has been taught to bring either the one or the other to his master, and to distinguish between the meanings of the two. It seems doubtful whether the dog in this case uses the faculty of sight or smell; and it would be a source of some interest and amusement to those possessing an obedient dog, and with time at their disposal, to carry out the same kind of experiments, using new cards every time. It is constantly brought home to any observing owner of a dog that the animal understands a great deal more than he is generally credited with. In one case, we knew of a Dandy Dinmont who became so excited when certain things were mentioned in which he was interested, that French words had to be used in place of English ones when he was present. Their intelligence is truly marvellous. The wife of the editor of this *Journal* possesses a terrier which, while his mistress is out driving, will remain quietly in the parlour during her absence, taking no heed of other vehicles that may come to the front-door in the interval, but instantly recognising by some intuitive perception the arrival of the carriage or cab that has restored his mistress. Be it noted that the room in which Tim is confined during these temporary partings is at the back of the house, apart altogether from the front-door.

This special power of discrimination on the part of our favourite has always been a marvel to us.

Colonel Stuart Wortley, commenting upon Sir John Lubbock's experiments, tells an interesting story concerning a cat which he found during the Crimean War. The poor creature was pinned to the ground by a bayonet which had fallen and pierced its foot. The colonel released it; and the animal attached itself to him, and remained with him to the end of the war. The first two mornings of their acquaintance the cat was taken to the doctor's tent to have his wound dressed. The third morning, the colonel was on duty; but the cat found its way to the doctor's all the same, scratching at the tent for admission, and holding up its paw for examination.

Some months ago, when every one who had more money than scientific knowledge was hastening to invest in electric-lighting schemes, we gave a few words of warning as to the risks involved. That we were not wrong is evidenced by the collapse of so many of the Companies which were then issuing rose-coloured prospectuses. We now learn that so many people have suffered loss in this way, that there is the greatest difficulty in floating any scheme in which the word 'Electricity' occurs; and although inventors are still producing wonderful things, they cannot get support. There seems, however, to be no doubt whatever about the genuine success of the Edison Company in New York. The annual Report of the Company recently issued says that the Pearl Street Station in that city is working up to its full capacity. It has nine thousand eight hundred and eleven incandescent lamps in use, and the machinery has been kept running night and day without cessation since September 1882. The Company has now two hundred and forty-six installations at work, with a total of more than sixty thousand lamps. It may be mentioned as a matter of interest that Edison has had two hundred and fifteen patents actually granted him, and one hundred more have been filed. Every small item of his mechanical contrivances forms the subject of a patent specification.

There is just now such a great demand for handsomely marked leather, such as that obtained from alligator and boa skin, that the supply is not nearly equal to said demand. A large proportion of leather sold as the product of the alligator is really a photograph of the original article. It is managed in this way. The real skin, with its curious rectangular spaces separated by grooved markings, is carefully photographed. From the negative thus obtained a copy is produced in bichromated gelatine, which has the property, under the action of light, of affording images in relief. This is easily reproduced in metal, which serves the purpose of a die. Common cheap leather is now taken and placed with this die under heavy pressure, when all the delicate markings of the alligator skin are indelibly impressed upon it. The finished product can be stained in any way required, but is more frequently preferred to remain the brown colour left by the tanning operation. Such is the most recent trade-application of the fable of the jackdaw and the peacock's feathers.

An American paper calls attention to a theory of life which, it asserts, was held by the great Faraday. This theory makes the duration of life depend upon the time occupied in growth, leaving all questions of disease or accident which may shorten life out of the question altogether. Man occupies twenty years in the business of growing. This number multiplied by five will give the age to which he ought, under favourable circumstances, to live—namely, one hundred years. A camel, occupying eight years in growing, ought to live by the same rule forty years; and so on with other animals. Human life he divided into two periods—growth and decline, and these were subdivided into infancy, lasting from birth to the age of twenty; youth, lasting from twenty to fifty; virility, from fifty to seventy-five; after which comes age.

'A white-elephant' has long been the common name of a gift which is not only useless, but is likely to entail trouble and expense upon its owner. The animal which has lately found a temporary home at the Zoological Gardens, London, will not be considered so unwelcome a guest, for it has drawn thousands of sight-seers to the place. It is reported to have been bought from the king of Burmah on behalf of Mr Barnum, the American showman. But there seems to be a conflict of opinion on the point. Those who ought to know say that the exhibited animal has nothing very remarkable about it, and is certainly unlike the sacred animals of Burmah. Moreover, it is said that the king of Burmah would as soon part with his kingdom as with a *real* white elephant, which is the emblem of universal sovereignty, the parting with one of which would forebode the fall of the dynasty.

One of the attractions of the forthcoming International Health Exhibition will be an Indian village and tea-garden with the plant actually growing—that is to say, if it can be deluded into growing in the smoky atmosphere of London. In a tea-house, the beverage will be served by natives of tea districts, who are to be brought over from India for the purpose. There will also be exhibited a native pickle establishment. We venture to assert that if the entire Exhibition is carried on in this spirit, it is sure to be a success. In past times, the tea industry would have been represented by a few dozen bottles of the dried leaf with labels attached, which none would have read. Our authorities are now learning that if they wish to interest the multitude in an Exhibition, it must consist of something more than the dry-bones of the various subjects which it includes.

At a meeting of the Linnæan Society, Mr J. G. Baker lately gave a very interesting account of a potato new to this country, but common in Chili, which he believes would thrive well on this side of the Atlantic. There are known to botanists seven hundred species of *solanum*. Only six of these produce tubers, and of these six only one has been as yet cultivated by us, and this is the common potato.* Its true home, according to Mr Baker, is found in those parts of Chili which are high and dry; but there is another species which flourishes in moister situations, which he believes might be made to rival its familiar fellow. When cultivated, it grows most

* Regents, Champions, Orkney Reds, &c., are mere *varieties* of the common species of potato.

luxuriantly, so much so, that six hundred tubers have in one year been gathered from two plants. Some specimens of this same potato were brought to England so long ago as the year 1826, but they met with little attention, having been confounded with the more common species. Two other species of *solanum*, natives of the eastern portion of South America, and found at Buenos Ayres, &c., are also being cultivated experimentally in France and in the United States.

A case lately occurred which is deserving of notice, if only as a caution to those good people who are always ready to assist any unfortunate who may be seized with a fit. A man acting in this way the part of good Samaritan to a woman who had fallen in an epileptic fit, was bitten by her in the hand. In three days the wrist had swollen to such an extent as to need medical advice, and a few hours afterwards the poor man died. There may, of course, have been something exceptional in his state of health, which rendered this human bite more rapidly fatal than that of a rabid dog; but the lesson to be learned from the sad story is, that the greatest care should be taken in dealing with epileptic patients.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

TELEGRAPH EXTENSION.

THE scheme for the extension of the telegraph system, in anticipation of the meditated introduction of the sixpence rate, is a most comprehensive one, and indicates that the Post-office authorities anticipate a very considerable increase of work. The arrangements cover the entire kingdom, and the sum to be expended is half a million, part of the sum having been voted in the official year 1883–84, and the remainder to be voted in the new estimates. From London, upwards of eighty new wires are to be erected to the principal towns of the kingdom, including four additional wires to Liverpool; two each to Birmingham, Manchester, Leeds, Newcastle, and Newmarket; three to Glasgow; two to Edinburgh; and one each to a large number of towns, including, in Scotland, Aberdeen and Dundee. Within London itself, five new pneumatic tubes are to be provided; about seventy new wires will be erected; forty existing wires will be provided with instruments to work 'duplex'—that is, with the power of transmitting two different messages by one wire from each end simultaneously; and a very large number of offices will have simple apparatus substituted by other and improved instruments. In the city of Liverpool, in addition to the London wires named, three new wires to Manchester are to be put up; and one new wire to Belfast, Birmingham, Blackburn, Bristol, Carlisle, Glasgow, Hull, Leeds, and Newcastle. All those wires and all the new London wires are to be 'duplexed,' and thus each new line practically counts as two. A number of wires out of Liverpool and the other large towns will be converted to duplex; and Liverpool is to have eight new pneumatic tubes for its busier local offices. At Manchester, besides the London and Liverpool communications already named, there will be new wires to Birmingham, Chester, Edinburgh, Leeds, Newcastle, Bolton, Burnley, Derby, Huddersfield, Hull, Isle of Man, and Nottingham, all duplexed. At Newcastle, an evidence of the curious ramifications of trade is seen in the fact that a new wire is to be put up between that town and Cardiff. Bristol obtains new wires to London, Liverpool, Birmingham, Swansea, and Cardiff; and a share of a new wire for news purposes with Exeter, Plymouth, &c. Sheffield in the same way has a new wire to London, and a share in a news circuit with Nottingham, Leeds, and Bradford. At Birmingham, a number of new local wires, and the duplexing of others, are provided in addition to the various new trunk wires already named. In Scotland, a considerable number of new wires fall to be erected. Edinburgh obtains two of the new London wires, and wires to Manchester, Kelso, and Musselburgh, with the duplexing of some important wires, such as those to Kirkcaldy and Perth. Glasgow, with three London wires added, gets new wires to Dundee, Leeds, Liverpool, Oban, Kilmarnock, Falkirk, &c.; while a large number of the existing wires will be duplexed, and in some cases re-arranged to give more suitable service. A considerable number of new local wires are to be erected in both cities. In Aberdeen, besides the new London wire, the principal change will be new wires to Wick and Lerwick—the last a most important improvement, as Shetland messages will reach London with two steps, instead of being, as now, repeated at Wick, Inverness, and Edinburgh or Glasgow.

We observe that the French are about to increase enormously their telegraphic system, and that the new wires are to be laid *under*ground. It would be well if, remembering the ever-recurring havoc wrought upon our overhead wires by gales and snow, we followed the example of our Gallic neighbours.

AN OIL BREAKWATER AT FOLKESTONE.

A series of experiments has been made at Folkestone, with the result of very satisfactorily demonstrating the value of the method of spreading oil over troubled waters which has been devised by Mr John Shields, of Perth, and which has been already described in this *Journal*. Many years ago, Mr Shields, observing the effect of a few drops of oil accidentally spilt on a pond in connection with his works, began experiments with a view to determine if this property of oil could not be turned to account on a large scale for the saving of life and property at sea and on our coasts. He soon arrived at the conclusion that the problem to be solved was 'how to get the oil on troubled waters when it was wanted and where it was wanted.' By trying various methods of solving this question, first at Peterhead and then at Aberdeen, he has worked out the system which, with the co-operation of the South-eastern Railway Company, has at his expense been placed in readiness for use during stormy weather off the entrance to the harbour at Folkestone.

On the 29th January, Mr A. Shields, son of the inventor, and Mr Gordon, of Dundee, carried out a number of experiments at Folkestone before a distinguished company. The weather, unfortunately, was not all that could be desired; it was too moderate, and the wind blowing from the west did not drive such breakers across the

harbour bar as a strong south-wester would have produced. Nevertheless, the channel near shore was sufficiently rough to prove the efficiency of Mr Shields' arrangements for smoothing it. What was seen by the visitors may be told in few words. Three large casks were lying on their sides near the pier-end, and pipes inserted in these were connected with small force-pumps, each worked by a man. Attention was first directed to windward towards the unfinished new pier, which juts out to the south-west. Those who have watched these experiments on former occasions said they could see the oil rising from a submerged pipe laid from the old pier-head towards the new pier for a distance of five hundred feet. The flood-tide, however, was running so strongly that it was not until the oil had passed the pier that its effects began to be visible, and these effects were soon more distinctly seen as the two men stationed at the other barrels began to pump oil into a couple of pipes, also laid on the sea-bottom, and running across the entrance of the harbour towards Shakspeare's Cliff for about one thousand yards. A fully-manned lifeboat, the *Mayer de Rothschild*, had been rowed out of the harbour, and was lying off the pier-head, rolling a good deal, but not getting a splash while in the wide glassy strip of oil-covered waters that soon stretched away for half a mile or more, though to seaward of this glistening streak the waves were curling and breaking into foam. On the harbour-side the effects of the oil were noticeable far in-shore, and few white caps were to be seen, the film, attenuated as it must have been, and not more than one hundred feet in width, acting apparently as an efficient breakwater. When the pumping was stopped, it was estimated that rather over one hundred gallons of oil had been used.

The trial, which was as satisfactory as the conditions of weather permitted, was concluded about one o'clock; yet at four, when the Boulogne boat came in, broad streaks of comparatively smooth, unbroken water showed where the oil still lay on the surface. For this permanent apparatus, lead-pipes of about one and a quarter inch diameter are used, and at distances of one hundred feet apart there are fixed upright pipes eighteen inches high, in each of which is a conical valve, protected from silt by a rose. The oil used was seal-oil, some kind of so-called fish-oil having been found by experiment to be better for the purpose than either vegetable or mineral oils.

A second experiment was made at the same place with Mr Gordon's invention. This consists of firing shells filled with oil, which, when the shells burst, spreads itself over the water. Each shell contains about three-quarters of a gallon of oil. They are fired from mortars, a charge of eight ounces of pebble powder being used. The shell is simply an oil-flask, at the bottom of which is a recess for a fuse of somewhat peculiar construction. It consists of two small chambers. In these there is a projecting submarine fuse about an inch in length. The fuse is capped with a composition which renders it absolutely waterproof, and is so constructed as to secure its ignition with unfailing certainty. Then the fuse is so timed that it bursts at the time required, and just as the shell is touching the surface of the water. The oil from each shell covers a very considerable area of surface. Somewhere about a dozen of these shells were fired at a range of from four hundred and fifty to five hundred yards. The effect was wonderful. The hissing and raging waters were gradually allayed. For a considerable space the sea was converted into a lake with a gentle swell, in which a ship or a boat could ride with perfect ease. The shells, of course, obviate the necessity of pipes, and the smallest seaport in the kingdom might therefore, with an old mortar and a dozen or two of gallons of oil, make a temporary harbour of refuge whenever the necessity arose.

THE CHURCHYARD BY THE SEA.

A MEMORY.

Across the waste of years I see
One spot for ever soft and green,
Which, shrined within my memory,
In evening glow or morning sheen,
Tells of the golden, vanished years,
When smiles came oftener far than tears.

A churchyard by the restless sea,
Where, in deep calm and dreamless sleep,
The Dead lay resting peacefully,
Unheeding the tempestuous deep;
Careless alike of sun and breeze,
Or ebbing of those changeful seas.

And oft when shipwreck and despair
Came to the little sea-beat town,
Pale women, with dishevelled hair,
To the wild shore went hurrying down,
And tenderly dead eyes would close,
And smooth dead limbs for long repose.

Full many a weary, storm-tossed wight,
Year after year, in quiet was laid,
Safe from the blustering storms of night,
In this green spot, and undismayed,
Slept close beside the breakers' roar,
Whose wrath should mar his rest no more.

And over each low-sleeping head,
Where thymy turf grew green and soft,
The wild bee hummed, and rosy-red
The brier-flower bloomed, and up aloft
The fleecy clouds went drifting by
Like shades, across the summer sky.

And ever as the years go by,
And one by one old memories creep
From out the sweet Past solemnly,
I seem to see, beside the deep,
That little, lonely, silent spot,
With many a childish dream enwrought.

J. H.

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BIRDS OF SPRING.

BY RICHARD JEFFERIES, AUTHOR OF THE 'GAME-KEEPER AT HOME,' ETC.

The birds of spring come as imperceptibly as the leaves. One by one the buds open on hawthorn and willow, till all at once the hedges appear green, and so the birds steal quietly into the bushes and trees, till by-and-by a chorus fills the wood, and each warm shower is welcomed with varied song. To many, the majority of spring-birds are really unknown; the cuckoo, the nightingale, and the swallow, are all with which they are acquainted, and these three make the summer. The loud cuckoo cannot be overlooked by any one passing even a short time in the fields; the nightingale is so familiar in verse that every one tries to hear it; and the swallows enter the towns and twitter at the chimney-top. But these are really only the principal representatives of the crowd of birds that flock to our hedges in the early summer; and perhaps it would be accurate to say that no other area of equal extent, either in Europe or elsewhere, receives so many feathered visitors. The English climate is the established subject of abuse, yet it is the climate most preferred and sought by the birds, who have the choice of immense continents.

Nothing that I have ever read of, or seen, or that I expect to see, equals the beauty and the delight of a summer spent in our woods and meadows. Green leaves and grass, and sunshine, blue skies, and sweet brooks—there is nothing to approach it; it is no wonder the birds are tempted to us. The food they find is so abundant, that after all their efforts, little apparent diminution can be noticed; to this fertile and lovely country, therefore, they hasten every year. It might be said that the spring-birds begin to come to us in the autumn, as early as October, when hedge-sparrows and golden-crested wrens, larks, blackbirds, and thrushes, and many others, float over on the gales from the coasts of Norway. Their numbers, especially of the smaller birds, such as larks, are immense, and their line of flight so extended that it strikes our shores for a distance of two hundred miles. The vastness of these numbers, indeed, makes me question whether they all come from Scandinavia. That is their route; Norway seems to be the last land they see before crossing; but I think it possible that their original homes may have been farther still. Though many go back in the spring, many individuals remain here, and rejoice in the plenty of the hedgerows. As all roads of old time led to Rome, so do bird-routes lead to these islands. Some of these birds appear to pair in November, and so have settled their courtship long before the crocuses of St Valentine. Much difference is apparent in the dates recorded of the arrivals in spring; they vary year by year, and now one and now another bird presents itself first, so that I shall not in these notes attempt to arrange them in strict order.

One of the first noticeable in southern fields is the common wagtail. When his shrill note is heard echoing against the walls of the outhouses as he rises from the ground, the carters and ploughmen know that there will not be much more frost. If icicles hang from the thatched eaves, they will not long hang, but melt before the softer wind. The bitter part of winter is over. The wagtail is a house-bird, making the houses or cattle-pens its centre, and remaining about them for months. There is not a farmhouse in the south of England without its summer pair of wagtails, not more than one pair as a rule, for they are not gregarious till winter; but considering that every farmhouse has its pair, their numbers must be really large.

Where wheatears frequent, their return is very marked; they appear suddenly in the gardens and open places, and cannot be overlooked. Swallows return one by one at first, and we get used to them by degrees. The wheatears seem to drop out of the night, and to be showered down on the ground in the morning. A white bar on the tail renders them conspicuous, for at that time much of the surface of the earth is bare and dark. Naturally birds of the wildest

and most open country, they yet show no dread, but approach the houses closely. They are local in their habits, or perhaps follow a broad but well-defined route of migration; so that while common in one place, they are rare in others. In two localities with which I am familiar, and know every path, I never saw a wheatear. I heard of them occasionally as passing over, but they were not birds of the district. In Sussex, on the contrary, the wheatear is as regularly seen as the blackbird; and in the spring and summer you cannot go a walk without finding them. They change their ground three times: first on arrival, they feed in the gardens and arable fields; next, they go up on the hills; lastly, they return to the coast, and frequent the extreme edge of the cliffs and the land by the shore. Every bird has its different manner; I do not know how else to express it. Now, the wheatears move in numbers, and yet not in concert; in spring, perhaps twenty may be counted in sight at once on the ground, feeding together and yet quite separate; just opposite in manner to starlings, who feed side by side and rise and fly as one. Every wheatear feeds by himself, a space between him and his neighbour, dotted about, and yet they obviously have a certain amount of mutual understanding; they recognise that they belong to the same family, but maintain their individuality. On the hills in their breeding season they act in the same way; each pair has a wide piece of turf, sometimes many acres. But if you see one pair, it is certain that other pairs are in the neighbourhood. In their breeding-grounds they will not permit a man to approach so near as when they arrive, or as when the nesting is over. At the time of their arrival, any one can walk up within a short distance; so again in autumn. During the nesting-time the wheatear perches on a molehill, or a large flint, or any slight elevation above the open surface of the downs, and allows no one to come closer than fifty yards.

The hedge-sparrows, that creep about the bushes of the hedgerow as mice creep about the banks, are early in spring joined by the whitethroats, almost the first hedgebirds to return. The thicker the undergrowth of nettles and wild parsley, rushes and rough grasses, the more the whitethroat likes the spot. Amongst this tangled mass he lives and feeds, slipping about under the brambles and ferns as rapidly as if the way was clear. Loudest of all, the chiff-chaff sings in the ash woods, bare and leafless, while yet the sharp winds rush between the poles, rattling them together, and bringing down the dead twigs to the earth. The violets are difficult to find, few and scattered; but his clear note rings in the hushes of the eastern breeze, encouraging the flowers. It is very pleasant indeed to hear him; one's hands are dry and the skin rough with the east wind; the trunks of the trees look dry, and the lichens have shrivelled on the bark; the brook looks dark; gray dust rises and drifts, and the gray clouds hurry over; but the chiff-chaff sings, and it is certainly spring. The first green leaves which the elder put forth in January have been burned up by frost, and the woodbine, which looked as if it would soon be entirely green then, has been checked, and remains a promise only. The chiff-chaff tells the buds of the coming April rains and the sweet soft intervals of warm sun. He is a sure forerunner. He defies the bitter wind; his little heart is as true as steel. He is one of the birds in which I feel a personal interest, as if I could converse with him. The willow-wren, his friend, comes later, and has a gentler, plaintive song.

Meadow-pipits are not migrants in the sense that the swallows are; but they move about and so change their localities, that when they come back they have much of the interest of a spring-bird. They rise from the ground and sing in the air like larks, but not at such a height, nor is the song so beautiful. These, too, are early birds. They often frequent very exposed places, as the side of a hill where the air is keen, and where one would not expect to meet with so lively a little creature. The pond has not yet any of the growths that will presently render its margin green; the willow-herbs are still low, the aquatic grasses have not become strong, and the osiers are without leaf. If examined closely, evidences of growth would be found everywhere around it; but as yet the surface is open, and it looks cold. Along the brook the shoals are visible, as the flags have not risen from the stems which were cut down in the autumn. In the sedges, however, the first young shoots are thrusting up, and the reeds have started, slender green stalks tipped with the first leaves. At the verge of the water, a thick green plant of marsh-marigold has one or two great golden flowers open. This is the appearance of his home when the sedge-reedling returns to it. Sometimes he may be seen flitting across the pond, or perched for a moment on an exposed branch; but he quickly returns to the dry sedges or the bushes, or climbs in and out the willow-stoles. It is too bare and open for him at the pond, or even by the brook-side. So much does he love concealment, that although to be near the water is his habit, for a while he prefers to keep back among the bushes. As the reeds and reed canary-grass come up and form a cover—as the sedges grow green and advance to the edge of the water—as the sword-flags lift up and expand, opening from a centre, the sedge-reedling issues from the bushes and enters these vigorous growths, on which he perches, and about which he climbs as if they were trees. In the pleasant mornings, when the sun grows warm about eleven o'clock, he calls and sings with scarcely a cessation, and is answered by his companions up and down the stream. He does but just interrupt his search for food to sing; he stays a moment, calls, and immediately resumes his prying into every crevice of the branches and

stoles. The thrush often sits on a bough and sings for a length of time, apart from his food, and without thinking of it, absorbed in his song, and full of the sweetness of the day. These restless sedge-reedlings cannot pause; their little feet are for ever at work, climbing about the willow-stoles where the wands spring from the trunk; they never reflect, they are always engaged. This restlessness is to them a great pleasure; they are filled with the life which the sun gives, and express it in every motion; they are so joyful, they cannot be still. Step into the osier bed amongst them gently; they will chirp—a note like a sparrow's—just in front, and only recede a yard at a time, as you push through the tall grass, flags, and underwood. Stand where you can see the brook, not too near, but so as to see it through a fringe of sedges and willows. The pink lychnis or ragged robin grows among the grasses; the iris flowers higher on the shore. The water-vole comes swimming past on his way to nibble the green weeds in the stream round about the great branch which fell two winters since and remains in the water. Aquatic plants take root in its shelter. There, too, a moorhen goes, sometimes diving under the bough. A blackbird flies up to drink or bathe, never at the grassy edge, but always choosing a spot where he can get at the stream free from obstruction. The sound of many birds singing comes from the hedge across the meadow; it mingles with the rush of the water through a drawn hatch—finches and linnets, thrush and chiff-chaff, wren and whitethroat, and others farther away, whose louder notes only, reach. The singing is so mixed and interwoven, and is made of so many notes, it seems as if it were the leaves singing, the countless leaves, as if they had voices.

A brightly coloured bird, the redstart, appears suddenly in spring, like a flower that has bloomed before the bud was noticed. Red is his chief colour, and as he rushes out from his perch to take an insect on the wing, he looks like a red streak. These birds sometimes nest near farm-houses in the rickyards, sometimes by copses, and sometimes in the deepest and most secluded coombes or glens, the farthest places from habitation; so that they cannot be said to have any preference, as so many birds have, for a particular kind of locality; but they return year by year to the places they have chosen. The return of the corncrake or landrail is quickly recognised by the noise he makes in the grass; he is the noisiest of all the spring-birds. The return of the goat-sucker is hardly noticed at first. This is not at all a rare, but rather a local bird, well known in many places, but in others unnoticed, except by those who feel a special interest. A bird must be common and plentiful before people generally observe it, so that there are many of the labouring class who have never seen the goat-sucker, or would say so, if you asked them. Few observe the migration of the turtle-doves, perhaps confusing them with the wood-pigeons, which stay in the fields all the winter. By the time the sap is well up in the oaks, all the birds have arrived, and the tremulous cooing of the turtle-dove is heard by those engaged in barking the felled trees. The sap rises slowly in the oaks, moving gradually through the minute interstices or capillary tubes of this close-grained wood; the softer timber trees are full of it long before the oak; and when the oak is putting forth its leaves, it is high spring. Doves stay so much at this time in the great hawthorns of the hedgerows and at the edge of the copses, that they are seldom noticed, though comparatively large birds. They are easily seen by any who wish; the coo-coo tells where they are; and in walking gently to find them, many other lesser birds will be observed. A wryneck may be caught sight of on a bough overhead; a black-headed bunting, in the hedge where there is a wet ditch and rushes; a black-cap, in the birches; and the 'zee-zee-zee' of the tree-pipit by the oaks just through the narrow copse.

This is the most pleasant and the best way to observe—to have an object, when so many things will be seen that would have been passed unnoticed. To steal softly along the hedgerow, keeping out of sight as much as possible, pausing now and then to listen as the coo-coo is approached; and then, when near enough to see the doves, to remain quiet behind a tree, is the surest way to see everything else. The thrush will not move from her nest if passed so quietly; the chaffinch's lichen-made nest will be caught sight of against the elm-trunk—it would escape notice otherwise; the whitethroat may be watched in the nettles almost underneath; a rabbit will sit on his haunches and look at you from among the bare green stalks of brake rising; mice will rustle under the ground-ivy's purple flowers; a mole perhaps may be seen, for at this time they often leave their burrows and run along the surface; and indeed so numerous are the sights and sounds and interesting things, that you will soon be conscious of the fact, that while you watch one, two or three more are escaping you. It would be the same with any other search as well as the dove; I choose the dove because by then all the other creatures are come and are busy, and because it is a fairly large bird with a distinctive note, and consequently a good guide.

But these are not all the spring-birds: there are the whinchats, fly-catchers, sandpipers, ring-ousels, and others that are occasional or rare. There is not a corner of the fields, woods, streams, or hills, which does not receive a new inhabitant: the sandpiper comes to the open sandy margins of the pool; the fly-catcher, to the old post by the garden; the whinchat, to the furze; the tree-pipit, to the oaks, where their boughs overhang meadow or cornfield; the sedge-reedling, to the osiers; the dove, to the thick hedgerows; the wheatear, to the hills; and I see I have overlooked the butcher-bird or shrike, as indeed in writing of these things one is certain to overlook something, so wide is the subject. Many of the spring-birds do not sing on their first arrival, but stay a little while;

by that time, others are here. Grass blade comes up by grass blade till the meadows are freshly green; leaf comes forth by leaf till the trees are covered; and like the leaves, the birds gently take their places, till the hedges are imperceptibly filled.

BY MEAD AND STREAM.

BY CHARLES GIBBON.

CHAPTER XIV.—IN HARVEST-TIME.

MEANWHILE the harvest-work on the lands of Ringsford Manor was progressing rapidly—to the surprise of the neighbours, who had heard that Mr Hadleigh could not obtain hands, owing to his craze about the beer question. He did not obtain much sympathy in the district in this attempted social revolution. It was known that he was not a teetotaler himself; and most of the proprietors and farmers and all the labourers took Caleb Kersey's view, that apart from the question whether beer was good or bad for them, this autocratic refusal of it to those who preferred to have it was an interference with the liberty of the subject. As he passed through the market-place, a band of labourers had shouted in chorus the old rhyme: 'Darn his eyes, whoever tries, to rob a poor man of his beer.'

But in spite of this determined opposition, here was a strong troop of men and women clearing the ground so fast that it looked as if the Ringsford cutting and ingathering would be completed as soon as that of any other farm. And the beer was not allowed on the field.

This was wonderful: but a greater wonder still was the fact that the hands who had been so swiftly brought together were working under Caleb Kersey himself—Caleb, the peasants' champion, the temperance defender of every man's right to get drunk if he liked! There were mutterings of discontent amongst his followers: there were whispers that he had been heavily bribed to desert their cause; and those who had previously deserted him, shook their heavy heads, declaring that they 'knowed what was a-coming.'

'It ain't fair on him—he ain't acting square by me,' Jacob Cone, the Ringsford bailiff, had been heard to say in the *Cherry Tree* taproom. 'He comes and he takes my place, and does whatever master wants, when I was a-trying to get master to let folk have their own way, as they've been allays 'customed to.'

That was Jacob's first and last grumble; for Caleb, hearing of it, took him to every one of the hands, and each made the same statement:

'We can do without the beer. We gave it up because we choose to, and not because we're forced to.'

For the rest, Caleb contented himself with saying simply: 'I ain't working for Mr Hadleigh, and I wasn't hired by him.'

'Daresay he contracted with some un?'

A nod would be the response to his inquisitive friend; and Caleb would proceed with his work as earnestly as if his life depended upon accomplishing a given task within the day. His example inspired the younger men with some spirit of emulation, and the women, old and young, with admiration. The old stagers bluntly told him at the close of the first day that they could not keep pace with him, and did not mean to try.

'Do the best you can, lads, and you'll satisfy me,' was all he said.

The whispers as to his treason to the cause of the 'Union,' which floated about, and of which he was perfectly conscious, had no other effect upon him than to make him labour with increased zeal. But he smarted inwardly; for, like all popular leaders, he felt keenly the signs of waning favour amongst his followers—felt them the more keenly because he had so often, to his own serious detriment, proved his integrity, and knew that he was faithful as ever to the cause he had espoused.

It is doubtful if he would have been able to hold up so stoutly against the swelling tide of unpopularity, if there had not been a compensating influence upon him, strengthening his arm, although it did not always keep his head cool, or his pulse steady.

Every morning, when the white mist was rising from the hollows, and the trees appeared through it like shadows of themselves, whilst the long grass through which he tramped to the field sparkled and glowed around him, as the sun cleared the atmosphere, his way took him by the gardener's cottage. Every evening, when the harvest-moon was rising slowly over the tree-tops, his way homeward took him again by the cottage. He frequently caught a glimpse of Pansy, and generally had an opportunity of exchanging greetings with her.

'A fine morning,' he would say; and he was under the impression that he spoke with a smile, but always looked as solemn as if he were at a funeral.

'Yes, a fine morning,' she would say with a real smile, and a tint on her cheeks as if they reflected the radiance of the sun.

Then he would stand as if he had something more to say; but first he had to look up at the sky; next strain his eyes over the rolling-ground in the direction of the Forest, as if much depended upon his noting the development of the trees through the mist; and again up at the chimney-top, to observe which way the wind was blowing. The result of all this observation being:

'We'll have a rare drying wind to-day.'

Then she, in a modified way, would go through the same pantomime and answer pleasantly: 'Yes, I think you will.'

And he would pass on, leaving that great 'something' he wanted to say still unspoken. Yet Caleb was reputed to be a man possessed of a special gift of speech. He showed no lack of it in the presence of any one save Pansy.

'I wonder what gars him come round this way ilka mornin' and night,' said Sam Culver one day to his daughter, looking at her suspiciously. 'He'd be far sooner hame if he gaed round by the wood, like other folk.'

'I cannot tell, father,' she answered, her gypsy

cheeks aglow: 'maybe he has to go up to the House for something.'

Sam shook his head thoughtfully: he did not relish the idea which had entered it.

'Kersey is a decent enough lad; but he is wildish in his notions of things, and a' the farmers round about are feared to trust him with ony work. That's no the right way to get through the world, my lass, and I wouldna like to see you with sic a man.'

Pansy was a little startled by this plain way of suggesting why Caleb chose to take the longest route to his work; and she proceeded hurriedly to clear away the breakfast dishes. That evening, Caleb did not see her as he passed the cottage.

Whatever Sam Culver's opinion of Caleb Kersey might have been, it underwent considerable modification, if not an entire change, as he watched him work and the harvest rapidly drawing to a close under his care. At anyrate, one evening, as Caleb was exchanging that stereotyped greeting with Pansy, and was about to pass on, her father came up and asked him in to supper.

'It's just a plate o' porridge and milk, you ken; but you're welcome, if yer not ower proud to sup it. Mony's the great man has sought naething better.'

A little shyness on Caleb's part was quickly overcome. He entered the cottage, and was presently seated at the same table with Pansy. He was amply compensated for all that he had suffered on account of yielding to Madge's request that he should take the Ringsford harvest in hand.

The gardener, since he had settled in the south, had, like many of his countrymen, considerably loosened the Puritanical stays which he had been accustomed to wear in the north. Indeed, it was said that he had been discovered in the greenhouse on a Sabbath, when he ought to have been in church. He still, however, felt the influence of old habits, and so he said grace in this fashion:

'Fa' tae, fa' tae, and thank the Lord for a guid supper.'

When the meal was finished, Sam took his guest out to see a new geranium which he was cultivating; and then he revealed to him a fancy which he had been cultivating as largely as his geranium.

'I was thinking, Kersey, that you have been getting on bravely with the harvest. Noo, if you could just manage to cut the last stook on the day of Mr Philip's dinner, it would be a real surprise to the folk at the house, and a grand feather in your cap.'

'I think it can be done,' said Caleb quietly.

And it was done. On the evening fixed for the festival, the last sheaf of the Ringsford grain was placed on the lawn in front of the Manor. Whilst the guests were arriving, Madge had been told by Sam Culver that this was to be done; so she went out with Uncle Dick and Mr Hadleigh to congratulate Caleb on the good harvest he had gathered in, and to thank him on her own part for having undertaken the task.

'It's the best job you have ever done, Caleb,' cried Uncle Dick, giving him a hearty slap on the shoulder. 'Stick to this kind of thing, my lad, and leave speechifying to them that cannot do any better.'

'I am always ready to work,' replied Caleb, avoiding the second part of his well-wisher's speech.

'I offer you my sincere thanks, Kersey,' said Mr Hadleigh in his reserved way; 'and it would please me to hear of anything I could do for you.'

'I am obliged to you.'

This ungraciously, but with a slight movement of the head, which might be called half a nod.

'You can bear it in mind. Had I known that you would be finished to-day, I should have arranged for our harvest-home gathering to take place this evening. I am sure that would have gratified Miss Heathcote and my son.'

Another half-nod, and Caleb moved away.

The gong sounded. Mr Hadleigh gave his arm to Madge, and led her towards the house.

As they entered the hall, they were met by the butler.

'Do you know where Mr Philip is, sir?' asked the man nervously. 'Dinner is quite ready, and he is not in the house; and nobody has seen him since he started for town this morning.'

The butler's anxiety was equally divided between the danger of having the dinner spoiled and the question as to what had become of Philip.

'Have you sent to his room?'

'I have been there myself, sir. His things are all lying ready for him; but he is nowhere about.'

Mr Hadleigh frowned.

'This is very annoying. I told him he should not go to town to-day. He has missed his train, I suppose. Give him a quarter of an hour, Terry, and then serve dinner. . . . Excuse me, Miss Heathcote, one moment.'

He beckoned to a footman, who followed him into a small sideroom.

'Send Cone to the station,' he said in a low voice; 'and bid him inquire if there has been an accident on the line.'

CHAPTER XV.—THE BANQUET WAITS.

The explanation that Philip, having important business in town, had no doubt been detained so long as to have missed his train, satisfied all the guests except one. She, however, maintained as calm a demeanour as Mr Hadleigh himself; and he regarded her at times with a curiously thoughtful expression.

'How brave she is,' was his thought. 'Can she have misgivings and be so firm?'

Madge had misgivings; for Philip had told her that he had only to put his seal on the despatch-box containing the important papers he was to carry with him to Uncle Shield, and that he expected to return early enough to call at Willowmere before going home. This, she had suggested, would be waste of time, for she would be busy with her elaborate toilet, and unable to see him. They both enjoyed the fun of the idea that she should be so long engaged in dressing for this important occasion as to leave no time to see him.

'Well, I shall see Uncle Dick at anyrate, and of course he will be a first-rate substitute. Indeed, now I think of it, he would be far more interesting than a coquettish young person whose mind is

wholly absorbed in the arrangement of her bows and laces. He would tell me all about the spread of the foot-and-mouth disease, and that would be useful information at anyrate. Eh?'

They parted, laughing, and thus it was only a half-promise that he should call. She was not surprised, therefore, when he did not appear.

When, however, the hour of dinner at the Manor arrived and he had not yet returned, she felt that vague anxiety which is almost more difficult to hide in the presence of others than the pain of some definite calamity. She knew quite well that if he had only missed a train, he would have telegraphed. But no one looking at her would have suspected that her mind was disturbed by the least unhappy thought.

Miss Hadleigh only said: 'That careless boy! To be late on such an occasion as this when he knows that papa is always put out when anybody is late'—and went on doing her best to remember her duty as a hostess by not giving all her attention to 'Alfred.' Miss Caroline only whispered in reply: 'He is so stupid.' As for Miss Bertha, she was so busily engaged in conversation with one of her brother Coutts's friends, that she was unconscious of any disarrangement of the evening's programme.

So the party in the drawing-room buzzed like a hive of contented bees on a warm summer day, and no one showed the slightest symptom of being aware that the hour appointed for dinner had passed.

The vicar, Paul Havens, was a hale, sunny-faced man of about fifty years, with bushy iron-gray hair and whiskers, and square muscular frame. He was one of those men whose strong, kindly nature reflects itself upon all who come in contact with him, and inspires them too with a sense of strength. His genial presence was like fresh air in the mansion or the peasant's cot. He was no 'sporting parson;' but he chatted with Crawshay with as much interest as if he were, about the prospects of sport on the stubble this season, and how the pheasants were likely to turn out when their time came. Then, as Dr Guy came up, the vicar turned to little Mrs Joy in time to relieve her from utter distraction at the cynical jokes and compliments of Coutts Hadleigh. The latter delighted in bewildering this good lady, whose wits were not particularly quick, although, with her husband, Dr Edwin Joy, she was an enthusiastic social reformer.

'My husband and I believe,' she would say, with her little head bending slightly to one side, 'that want of thrift is at the bottom of all the poverty and misery of the working-classes in town and country. Now we endeavour to inculcate that great fact on all who come under our influence; and Dr Joy, as my father's partner, you know, has many opportunities for speaking a word in season. And we always speak it! Thrift, thrift, thrift, is our text; and I assure you we have succeeded in making *some* improvements in our district.'

And they did preach from this text with untiring enthusiasm; they diligently perused every book and pamphlet published on the subject, and their own affairs were continually in a hopeless muddle. They could always see exactly what other people ought to do under any given circumstances, and were always ready with the best advice; but they were like children in dealing with the most ordinary difficulties of their own lives. They were a good-natured couple, however, thoroughly sincere and well meaning, so that these little idiosyncrasies amused their friends, and did no harm to the working-people on whose behalf they were specially exercised.

Mrs Joy's father, Dr Guy, smiled grimly at the profound wisdom they displayed in other people's business, and the folly which invariably cropped up whenever they had anything to do for themselves. At the beginning of every year, they made a serious calculation of the least amount their income was likely to be for the coming twelve months, and resolved to live within it; they even determined to lay aside some portion to meet contingencies. At the end of every year, they were amazed to find how far they had exceeded their calculated expenditure, and spent days in wondering how it could be.

'Edwin, I cannot understand it,' Mrs Joy would exclaim helplessly.

'Neither can I,' he would answer with a puzzled look at the figures before him. Then, brightening up, he would say: 'We must try again, my dear.'

'Yes, we must try again, dear,' she would say, also brightening up, and comforted by visions of the surplus which the mighty thrift would give them next time.

Then they would make another serious calculation of ways and means, and with light hearts, go on just as before, studying and preaching the doctrines which, by some inscrutable twist in their natures, they were unable to practise. They were so like children playing at housekeeping, that although Dr Guy had to bear the consequences of their mismanagement, he could not be angry with them long at a time. Besides, he had consolation in two facts: first, that Fanny was his only child, and would inherit everything he possessed; and second, that Edwin Joy was really a clever surgeon, successful in his practice, and much liked by his patients, notwithstanding his stupidity in money matters. Indeed, the greater part of the practice rested on his shoulders now, and nothing delighted him more than to be up to the eyes in work.

Dr Guy belonged to the old school of country practitioners, and was as much interested in agriculture as in physic. He had a small farm, in the management of which he found agreeable occupation. So he took the first opportunity of getting Crawshay into a corner to discuss the best means of stamping out the rapidly spreading foot-and-mouth disease and the advantages of ensilage.

Madge and Mrs Crawshay looking on, were well pleased to see that for once Uncle Dick did not regret coming to Ringsford. But although Madge found time to think of this, and to give intelligent attention to any one who addressed her, she glanced often at the door expectantly.

At length the door opened, the butler entered, spoke a few words to his master, and then withdrew. Mr Hadleigh immediately advanced to Madge.

'I am glad to tell you, Philip has returned,' he said in a quiet voice.

A flush of pleasure on her calm face expressed her gratitude for this good news.

'Then he was only detained—nothing has happened?'

'I presume that nothing particular has happened; but we shall learn presently from himself. His message to me was only to desire that we should proceed to dinner at once, and allow him to join us in the dining-room. So you must permit Coutts to take you down.'

CALLS BEFORE THE CURTAIN.

It has often been said that an actor exists upon the breath of applause; and to a certain extent this is literally as well as figuratively true; for during a long period of his early career he is fated to undergo many hardships, and frequently finds himself playing week after week for one of those unscrupulous 'managers' who can hardly be got to pay their company their salaries, while revelling in all possible comfort themselves. Indeed, a long chapter might be written upon the sorrows incident to 'the profession;' but this would be entirely beside our present purpose. Suffice it to remark, as an introduction to our immediate theme, that no histrion ever yet trod the boards who was unmindful of the public recognition of his talents; and so soon as an opportunity offers in which to distinguish himself, and his efforts are rewarded with a round of applause, from that moment will he devote himself the more assiduously to his calling, by reason of the enviable stimulus so received.

It has been placed upon record how Fanny Horton, a once celebrated actress, won her first applause in a somewhat singular manner. During her performance in a particular scene, she was loudly hissed, when, advancing to the footlights, she asked: 'Which do you dislike—my playing or my person?' 'The playing, the playing!' was the answer from all parts of the house. 'Well,' she returned, 'that consoles me; for my playing may be bettered, but my person I cannot alter!' The audience were so struck with the ingenuity of this retort, that they immediately applauded as loudly as they had the moment before condemned her; and from that night she improved in her acting, and soon became a favourite with the public.

It will scarcely be denied that applause is not only welcome, but necessary to the actor; and even so great an artiste as Mrs Siddons was susceptible to the force of this truth, though not so much in its regard to professional adulation, as for personal convenience. 'It encourages,' she was wont to say; 'and better still, it gives time for breath!' On this account, as well as for other obvious reasons, the managers of the Parisian theatres have organised a regular system of hired applause, termed the *claque;* and this not only saves the audience the trouble of applauding, but it is frequently the means of influencing the success of a new production, while it affords the actors engaged an opportunity of purchasing a too frequently questionable notoriety by a monetary arrangement with the *claque*, or at anyrate with the head of that department who grandiloquently styles himself 'the contractor for success.'

But it must not by any means be imagined that the *claque* is a modern institution. From the time of the ancient drama downwards, the approbation of the spectators has always been eagerly courted by the performers, and hired persons to applaud their acting regularly attended the representations. Both the Greeks and the Romans made use of the device. It has been well attested that Nero, the Roman emperor, who at all times took an active part in the theatrical representations of his day, enforced applause at the point of the sword; and Suetonius tells us that one day when Nero sang the fable of *Atis and the Bacchantes*, he deputed Burrhus and Seneca to incite the audience to applaud. On one occasion, while the emperor was on the stage, singing to his own accompaniment on the lyre, an earthquake shook the imperial city; yet not one among that enormous assemblage dared so much as attempt to flee from the danger, or leave his seat, fearing the summary wrath of the tyrant, whose will held them so powerfully in bondage. At another time, a poor woman fell asleep during the performance, and on one of Nero's soldiers descrying her situation, she narrowly escaped with her life.

But the Romans could not give Nero the honour of a call before the curtain, for the simple reason that drop-curtains were not then in use. Indeed, the introduction of stage-curtains belongs to a comparatively late period. In the reign of Elizabeth, we find that the theatres—or playhouses, as they were termed—were of the most primitive kind. For the most part the performances were conducted on a rude platform in the London inn yards; while the few regular stationary playhouses were little better furnished in the way of proper dramatic accessories. The use of scenery is, of course, nowhere to be traced, and the only semblance to a proscenium consisted of a pair of tapestry curtains, which were drawn aside by cords when the performance began. The same arrangement has also been found in all examples of the early Spanish, Portuguese, and other continental theatres.

Among the earliest permanent English playhouses were 'The Theatre' and 'The Fortune,' neither of which, however, possessed a proper drop-curtain. But 'The Red Bull,' another old theatre, had a drop-curtain; and when, in the year 1633, that playhouse was demolished, rebuilt, and enlarged, it was decorated in a manner almost in advance of the time, the management particularly priding itself upon 'a stage-curtain of pure Naples silk.' It was not until the year 1656 that the first attempt of Sir William Davenant to establish the lyric drama in England brought

with it the use of regular painted scenery on our stage. As an introductory venture, and fully aware that the performance of everything of a dramatic tendency had long been prohibited throughout the country, he announced a miscellaneous kind of entertainment, consisting of 'music and declamation,' which was duly held at Rutland House in Charterhouse Yard, on the 23d of May. Thus far encouraged, he immediately followed with the first genuine opera, entitled *The Siege of Rhodes*, employing a libretto, music, costumes, and five elaborate scenes. Further representations of opera were always signalised by the use of scenery, and the example was naturally soon followed by the drama, so soon as the altered condition of the times had sufficiently permitted its revival. In place of a drop-curtain of tapestry, silk, or other material, a painted scene also came into fashion, on which was generally shown some incident in the opera about to be enacted. The painted crimson curtain used in *The Siege of Rhodes* had upon it also a representation of the arms and military trophies of the several nations which took part in this memorable siege.

Still, for all that, the green curtain retained its position in all permanent theatres—and even in the puppet-shows, so popular in their day—nor was it until quite recently that the more fashionable houses thought proper to dispense with it altogether.

Touching upon stage-curtains of our own time, it will scarcely be necessary to dilate upon the peculiarly constructed proscenium of the present Haymarket Theatre, London, which is nothing more or less than an elaborate picture in its gilt frame. The curtain of course forms the picture, and no orchestra-pew being visible, the frame or proscenium is continued on the lower side without interruption. The footlights are not discovered until the rising of the curtain, and the 'calls' are necessarily responded to on the stage itself, for which purpose the curtain is again drawn up. Perhaps the most interesting curtain of the ordinary character is that now in use at New Sadler's Wells Theatre, which conveys to the eye a very perfect idea of that famous 'musick-house' on the banks of the New River in 'merrie Islington,' as it appeared rather more than a hundred years ago.

Mr Henry Irving in his established dramatic home at the Lyceum Theatre has always preferred to take his 'calls' on the stage itself; indeed, he never appears in front of the curtain except on the night of the opening or the termination of his season, which is always looked forward to in London as an event. The production of *Romeo and Juliet* afforded him an agreeable opportunity, however, of making a new departure in his manner of responding to the congratulations of his patrons—the living 'Prologue' opening the tragedy by stepping forward from between a pair of truly magnificent curtains of yellow plush, when, having recited his lines, the withdrawal of these curtains unveiled the first scene representing 'the public place' at Verona. Mr Irving, further, took occasion at the close of each act of leading Miss Ellen Terry before the footlights in the same manner, thus obviating the necessity of raising the curtain proper before these calls could be replied to.

So much for theatrical curtains in general. We will now go on to narrate several notable incidents connected with 'Calls before the Curtain.'

When David Garrick made his re-appearance at Drury Lane, after an absence of two years during a provincial tour, the theatre was packed from floor to ceiling, and the audience were quite beside themselves with enthusiasm. The play was announced to be *Much Ado About Nothing;* but, as the actor expected, he had first to show himself in front of the curtain. He had prepared an address to the audience, which he delivered previous to beginning the play. When he came upon the stage, he was welcomed with three loud plaudits, each finishing with a huzza.

When R. W. Elliston was manager of the 'Royal Circus,' to which he gave the present name of the 'Surrey Theatre,' he was one night called before the curtain under rather exceptional circumstances. On that occasion, an actor named Carles, who had long been a popular favourite at that house, was absent, having unfortunately been arrested for debt while on his way to the theatre, and another actor, possibly not very much his inferior in regard to talent, had to be substituted. The performance, however, had not long commenced, when the audience missed their favourite, and called loudly for 'Carles!' Carles not appearing, the uproar became general; and as soon as the curtain had fallen upon the first act, the manager was summoned. Elliston duly appeared and asked, 'Ladies and gentlemen, what is your pleasure?' But to all that he said they cried only 'Carles!' Not yet aware of their intentions, he exclaimed: 'One at a time, if you please;' and singling out a puny yet over-energetic malcontent in the pit, he begged pardon of the audience, saying: 'Let me hear what *this* gentleman has to say.' Then addressing the man: 'Now, sir, I'll attend to you *first*, if the rest of the gentlemen will allow me.'

The man, as might be imagined, was not a little taken aback at this remark; yet he managed to say: 'Carles' name is in the bill, and where is he?' At this, Elliston assumed a grave air, and folding his arms, addressed the people as follows: 'Ladies and gentlemen, with your leave I will say a few words. I admit that Mr Carles' name *is* in the bill; I do not wish to deny it; but'—here he assumed a decidedly tragic tone—'but are you to be reminded of the many accidents that may intervene between the issuing of that bill and the evening's fulfilment of its promise? Is it requisite to remind the enlightened and thinking portion of the public here assembled that the chances and changes of human life are dependent upon circumstances, and not upon ourselves?'

Here all shouted: 'Ay, ay; bravo!'

The manager, pointing to the man in the pit, went on: 'And you, sir, who are so loud in your demand for Mr Carles, cannot *you* also imagine that his absence may be occasioned by some sore distress, some occurrence not within human foresight to anticipate or divert? Cannot you picture to yourself the possibility of Mr Carles at this moment lying upon a sick—nay, perhaps a dying bed, surrounded by his weeping children and his agonised wife' [Mr Carles was a bachelor!], 'whose very bread depends upon the existence of an affectionate devoted husband and father, and who *may* be deprived of his exertions and support for ever? Is it so *very* difficult to imagine a scene

like this taking place at the very moment when you are calling for him so imperiously to appear before you, selfishly desirous of your present amusement and unmindful of his probable danger!' Great and general applause.

Inwardly, Mr Elliston felt struck at the success of his diplomacy, especially as at this point the audience turned against the man who had spoken, and joined their voices in cries of 'Turn him out!' to which sentence the manager found it best to lend countenance; and having given his permission, the unlucky 'pitite' was summarily ejected from the theatre, and in a little while the performance was continued in perfect order.

Calls for the author after the first representation of a new play are, of course, frequent, the more especially when the work has given entire satisfaction. In some instances, the audience summon that individual to appear for no other purpose than to hiss him for the unskilfulness of his performance; in which case, the author will most probably retaliate with a speech wherein mention of 'an organised opposition' comes uppermost. Speaking of the former, some curious examples might be noted. An author frequently announces, through the medium of the manager, that he has betaken himself abroad, or, say, to Scotland, fearing the result of his piece, whereas he may be quietly looking on at the back of the pit, or has concealed himself behind the curtains of a private box. In another case, the successful author will attempt to make a speech, while bowing his acknowledgments, and signally fail, retiring considerably more abashed than triumphant. But the crowning episode to be narrated in this connection occurred some years ago at one of the Dublin theatres, when one of the tragedies of Sophocles was put on the stage. At the close of the performance, the 'gods' loudly called for the author; whereupon the manager explained that as the author had been dead more than two thousand years, he could not very well appear. Nothing disconcerted, a very small gallery-boy called out: 'Then let's have his mummy!'

Dramatic, including operatic, artistes taking their benefits are almost invariably honoured with a call before the curtain. On such occasions, too, they may fairly be entitled to considerable latitude in various ways, as, for instance, in their own selection of the programme for that evening. Notwithstanding this, they should not suffer themselves to infringe the ordinary regulations of the establishment. Not very long ago, a star *prima donna* of the very first magnitude, when taking her benefit at the Imperial Opera, St Petersburg, found herself called before the curtain more than twenty consecutive times. In the end she occupied the centre of the stage, and addressed her enthusiastic patrons a few words in the Russian language, then offered to show her gratitude for their favours by singing them a song in their own tongue. This was received with rapturous applause; but judge of her surprise when, after retiring from the stage, the management fined her two thousand francs for addressing the audience without permission! The proceeds of her benefit were thus considerably reduced; and her experience was only in one degree removed from that of the French pantomimist and dancer, as related by Charles Kemble. This individual was in the habit of taking a benefit at regular intervals, but always with a loss. One night, however, he came before the curtain with a beaming countenance, and after a polite bow, he acknowledged his thanks in these terms: 'Dear public, moche oblige; very good benefice; only lose half a crown dis time. *I come again!*'

At an American theatre, an actor once took his benefit, and selected as the play for the occasion, *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. The company being small, he found it necessary not only to subject several of the incidental characters to being doubled—that is, one actor to sustain two different characters in the same piece, rapidly changing his costume from one to the other as occasion requires—but he also accepted a double himself. His was that of Sambo with St Clair. St Clair appears in one act, and Sambo in the next. Having won considerable honours as the first individual, the actor, directly the curtain had descended, hurried away to his dressing-room to prepare in all haste his toilet and costume for Sambo. His face and hands had of course to be blacked; and in the midst of this operation of applying the burnt cork, the prompter entered his room to announce that the audience were uproarious for him to appear before the curtain. 'But I can't,' he exclaimed; 'it is impossible; I'm just making up for Sambo!' Nothing, however, would satisfy his patrons short of responding to his call; so boisterously demanded, that, without his compliance, the performance could not possibly proceed. At length our hero made his appearance. But the audience were scarcely prepared to receive him in his altered person, and, failing to recognise the metamorphosed St Clair in the half-made-up Sambo, they shouted: 'Go away! Who sent for you?'

Floral offerings are, of course, pleasantly associated with artistes' benefits, and long may they so continue. The Emperor Nero, it is said, always provided the Roman spectators with the thousand-and-one bouquets which were thrown at his feet when he occupied the stage. But bouquets *voluntarily* offered are worthy to be prized very highly. Not very long ago, Mr Edward Terry, when taking his leave of an Irish audience, was honoured with the reception of a beautiful floral wreath, which must have been infinitely more acceptable than that wreath of *immortelles* which some insulting ruffian cast at the feet of Mademoiselle Favart, at a French theatre, a few years ago, in order to indicate that her age had placed her beyond the power of playing youthful parts. Had she been composed of the same metal as was the actor in the following example, she would have enjoyed the opportunity presented of paying the wretch back in his own coin. The story may be accepted as true.

At the close of his own benefit performance, a certain favourite comedian was called before the curtain at a theatre in Vienna. In the midst of a shower of bouquets, some insulting individual threw a bunch of vegetables on the stage. Very complacently the *bénéficier*, having marked from what portion of the house it had proceeded, picked up the article, and said: 'We have here an interesting collection of carrots and turnips. From my slight knowledge of natural history, I believe this to be the proper food for asses; I therefore return it to its owner, for who knows in these hard times he may be in want of such

a meal in the morning!' With these words, he threw the object whence it came; and the individual being discovered, was immediately expelled from the theatre amid mingled hisses and applause.

THE MINER'S PARTNER.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER I.

THERE was a good deal of excitement in the mining camps at and near Flume City, which, as every mining reader knows, was prominent among the gold-diggings, and gold-washings also, of Colorado twenty years ago. A meeting of miners was being held at the largest building in the city—a wooden shed, which called itself a restaurant, at which there were assembled some forty or fifty men, rough-looking, roughly clad, and armed with revolver and knife, although no intention existed of using such weapons at this gathering. The assembly, indeed, had been called together with an object calculated to promote union and comradeship—to assist in maintaining individual rights and to support the law generally.

There was a president, of course, and his discourse, if not polished, was much to the point. 'I reckon,' he said, after the meeting had lasted perhaps an hour, and several speeches had been made, with a good deal of shouting in the way of approval—'I reckon that the citizens who have spoken are about right. We have got some traitors among us, and that's where the worst comes in. It wasn't by chance that any outside loafer knew just when to steal the washings at the Long Placer last night, or that Scotch Ned was sent away when the stamp-mill was broken. We know who broke the mill—it was Bill Dobell. But who told him to come in then? And who could have known that the Kentucky boys at the Long Placer had got the best washings they had seen this year? Who could have known that but one among us?'

The president said much more to this effect; but the remainder of his speech, with the various orations which followed, need not be given, as we have shown what was the nature of the excitement which had called the miners into solemn conclave.

The language used was odd and quaint enough; to many it would have sounded absurd in its phraseology; but no fault could have been found with the matter. That was direct and shrewd, and evinced a strong determination to put down the mischief which was making itself felt.

At the conclusion of a pithy harangue, in which the speaker urged vigorous and brief proceedings against any one detected in such unpardonable conduct, or reasonably suspected of complicity in the crime—for robbing the troughs in a mining country is looked upon as worse than murder, and is considered to be quite as bad as horse-stealing—a voice exclaimed: 'You air right, colonel!'

Every one started at the sound, and looked in the direction of the speaker, who, having recently joined the meeting, with several others, stood near the door. A dozen men whispered to their next neighbours: 'Why, it is Rube Steele!' And significant glances were exchanged.

'I thought the other day there was Injuns lying around to thieve,' continued the man; 'so, when'——

'You told us so, Rube,' interrupted the president; 'and the Kentucky boys from the Long Placer came into committee on the subject; and their troughs were robbed while they were gone. You know *that*, I estimate?'

A murmur as of approval of the president's language ran through the meeting. Rube noted this, but it did not disturb him. A peculiarly sinister glance which he threw around him was perhaps natural to his not greatly attractive features.

'Yes; I expect I know that; and I expect that I know the tale about the Injuns was a fraud,' returned Rube. Something like a sarcastically approving laugh ran through the meeting at these words; but the speaker continued, without appearing to notice it: 'That stranger from San Francisco was the man who brought the news. You believed him; so did I.'

'We believed you, Rube; you said the man was reliable,' again interrupted the president.

'That is so,' replied Rube. 'He brought messages from leading Frisco citizens, men known to me, and so I believed him. But I tell you he is no good; and he has gone off with nigh upon three thousand dollars in gold-dust which I trusted to him. He brought me an order from Ben, my pardner, to say he was to have the dust; and though I did not like the idea, I parted with it. And on coming into camp and asking Ben about it, I find he never gave any order at all. And it is my belief that this is the man who robbed the washings at the Kentucky boys' placer.'

'And where is Ben?' began the president, who would probably have said more, but that a man burst hastily into the saloon as the question was asked, and shouted in answer: 'Here! Here is Reuben Steele's pardner. Who wants him?'

'We want you to hear what has been said,' returned the president, 'and to give us your opinion about Californy Jones—the stranger who was introduced by your pardner, but who, Rube now says, is the man who robbed the placer, and has robbed him of three thousand dollars.'

'I can't say anything about the placer; maybe Rube knows more about that than I do,' replied the new-comer. 'But the man has gone off with three thousand dollars; that's a sure fact; and as Rube gave him the dust, it's a sure fact too, he knows more about that than I do.'

'I know no more than yourself,' retorted Rube. 'The man produced an order from you. I could not tell that it was a forgery, and you have always considered yourself as the boss of our outfit.'

'Wal, gentlemen, and Mr President,' continued Ben, 'I can tell you we have got murderers among us. Yes, gentlemen, that is so—real cold-blooded murderers, that will lie in wait for honest, law-abiding citizens and shoot them from behind rocks.'

A louder murmur ran through the assembly here; and the president asked Ben his meaning.

'My meaning is this,' continued Ben. 'You know I am clearing out, and shall leave the camp in a day or two, so that we are realising all our property, and this gold-dust was a part of what

I am going East with. So, I kinder felt like riled at losing it; and when my pardner told me, as cool as maybe, that he concluded this stranger had vamoosed with my dust'——

'And mine!' interjected Rube.

'Wal, let every man speak of his own business,' returned Ben, who was evidently in anything but a good temper. 'I say he had cleared out with mine, anyhow; and I was riled, I tell you. But at that minute, I saw, crossing the Mule Back Ridge, two men on horseback. The Ridge is distant a good piece; but I could swear one was that stranger. "Send some of the boys on," said I to Rube. "I shall go through the cañon, so shall meet them. They must cross there, if they don't mean to go into the mountains." And I was sure they did not want the mountain road. So I sot off. But I was waited for. There are as bad men left in the camp as have gone out of it; and at the very entrance of the cañon, when them horsemen must have been a good two miles away, some desperadoes fired at me from behind a rock. There was more than one shot fired at the same time, I know; and—see here, Mr President!—they took good aim.' As he said this, he threw off his long outer coat, and handed it to the president, who, after a momentary examination, held it up, and exhibited an unmistakable bullet-hole in the skirt.

'That was near—that is a fact!' exclaimed the president. 'And what did you do then?'

'I turned back,' said Ben. 'It was of no use my pushing on alone, with the rocks lined with murderers, with men who expected me, and were in league with Californy Jones.'

'And where was Rube?' asked the president.

'I was at the head of a bunch of boys of the right sort, seven or eight of them, that I had looked up in the camp. They are here now: Long Sim, Missouri Rob, Major Dimey and friend, with some others, all first-class citizens.'

An assenting exclamation from each of those he named confirmed the speaker.

'I could not do more than that,' continued Rube. 'And when I found my pardner on the return-track, it was no use my proceeding. I came back to the city, and then right away to this here convention.'

'I could have raised twice the force in a quarter of the time he took!' cried Ben, intercepting some remark which it was evident the president was about to make. 'And why I did not come straight here was because there was something in my tent I thought I had best look after. I had left my tent in the care of a friend; but you don't know what may happen, with such loafers and scoundrels hanging around.'

'Wal, fellow-citizens,' said the president, 'this convention didn't assemble, I reckon, to hear the rights of any difference between two pardners; and it ain't our business nohow. We are here to discuss the existence of thieves and scallawags those present were his partisans; but these latter appeared to consist only of the 'bunch' of citizens he had referred to, and were not altogether free from suspicion themselves.

The gathering separated without having come to any formal resolve, beyond appointing a few of their members to act in committee and to decide what steps should be taken; but as it was notorious that each of the chosen ones was a leader among the Regulators, as they were once called—or the Vigilantes, to use their now familiar Spanish name—there was probably more significance in their appointment than at first appeared.

For that night at anyrate no fresh outrages were apprehended; the thieves, whoever they were, possessed information too prompt and too certain to allow them to venture on a renewal of their attempts during the excitement and watchfulness which would prevail for a time in the vicinity of Flume City.

In its neighbourhood, few persons were abroad after nightfall; it was dangerous, indeed, for any one to approach a tent without making his presence loudly known; a shot would probably be the first intimation that he was trespassing on dangerous ground; while a few of the miners possessed large and savage dogs, which would be loosed on hearing a footstep near the tent. So those who had business which led them abroad, were careful to confine themselves to the main street of Flume City, if such a title could fitly be applied to the straggling avenue which ran from end to end of the place. But spite of these drawbacks, a few persons were moving in the environs of the city, and even at a good distance beyond its boundaries, dark though the night was, and only relieved from utter gloom by the starlight, for moon there was none.

One man who was going towards the town, stopped suddenly, as his quick ear caught the sound of an approaching footstep, and with the caution of one accustomed to frontier-life, drew himself up by the side of one of the very few trees which remained in the vicinity of Flume City, so that in the obscurity it was almost impossible for any passing eye to detect him. The next instant a single man hurried by, passing between the first comer and the starry sky, so that his figure was visible with tolerable distinctness to the concealed watcher. This second man did not look to the right or left—it would have been almost impossible for him to detect the spy, had he done so—but went quickly on in a direction which seemed to surprise the hidden observer.

'What can he want there?' exclaimed the latter, stepping from his hiding-place, when the other had fairly gone past. 'There ain't no shanties nor no living soul in that direction. It was surely Rube Steele; and without he has gone crazy, I can't fix anyhow why he should be

shown in water or other liquids without quenching. Liquids have a diffusive action on the light; and a globule of fused oxide of iron between platinum wires conveying the current, produces a very fine golden light. The fused plaster of Paris between the carbons of the Jablochkoff candle also forms a glowing vapours of the arc. The light is rich in the blue or actinic rays so productive of chemical action, and hence it is, perhaps, that Dr Siemens found it so effective in forcing fruit and flowers by night in lieu of the sun. It helps the development of chlorophyl; and perhaps the electricity

stood for an instant in relief against the sky, yet there was no difficulty in the pursuit. He could hear his steps as they disturbed the loose stones which strewed the way, and knew besides, that in the wild spot which they had reached, there was no means of turning to the right or left, so that he could not easily miss the chase. Presently the tread of the foremost man became slower, and the pursuer, as a matter of course, moved at a slower rate also—slower and slower still, until the former stopped, or only moved about the same spot of ground.

'What on airth is he going to do?' muttered the other man. 'It's so dark—for he is right under the shadow of Big Loaf Rock—that he can't see to dig, nor hunt after any buried—— Wal! that means something!' This exclamation was caused by a low whistle which Rube Steele—if indeed it were that person—suddenly gave. This was repeated, and then answered from a distance. 'I feel like seeing the end of this,' continued the spy; 'and I mean to.'

Acting upon this determination, he crawled carefully forward, for he was too near to venture upon standing upright; and moreover, as the answering whistle had proved that others were in the neighbourhood, he was compelled to be on his guard against discovery from other quarters. His quick ear soon caught the sound of an approaching tread, and directly after, he heard words spoken. The spy's curiosity was now raised tenfold, especially as one of the two men who were now, as he well knew, close to him, struck a match to light his pipe, and the momentary flash showed him both figures in a brief glimpse. They were unluckily placed with their backs towards him, so that he could not see their features. He now felt confident that the first one was Rube Steele, and that the second was not entirely unknown to him, but more than this he could not tell.

This was terribly tantalising; and after the brief illumination of the match, a more impenetrable darkness seemed to have settled upon the pass and the rocks around; so, at all hazards, he resolved to get still nearer. He was perhaps a little unguarded in his eagerness, and made some slight noise, and it is certain that he had not calculated all the hazards which might environ him, for a low fierce growl showed that a dog was with the men, and the spy shuddered with horror as he heard the sound.

'Did you hear anything?' said a harsh voice. 'The dog would not have growled like that, unless some one was hanging around.'

'Nonsense!' returned the other; and the voice was certainly the voice of Rube Steele. 'He heard a jack-rabbit, perhaps, or scented a polecat. I reckon there ain't a soul within a league of this cañon to-night. The miners are all at Flume City, and the Indians have left the district for more than a week past.'

'You may be right,' returned the first speaker. 'But the dog is uneasy, and I never knew him give them signs for game or venison; no, nor for Injun neither. I should have said there was a white man near. But we air a little too much in the line of the main pass to show a light, which we must do. Come behind this rock.—Good dog!—mind 'em!' These last words were of course addressed to the dog, which had continued to growl at intervals while his master was speaking, although the unseen watcher had lain as still as death. The animal was apparently soothed by being thus noticed, and probably followed the men, whose footsteps could be heard as they removed to the proposed cover behind the Big Loaf Rock.

The spy had no inclination to follow them to learn more, but crawled carefully and noiselessly over the ground until he was at a safe distance from the pass; so far, indeed, that he judged that even the acute ears and scent of the dog could not detect him when he rose, and hurried in the direction of the city as fast as his legs could carry him.

On the outskirts, he knocked at the door of a shanty, a log-built hut with earthen floor, such as the Mexican peasantry, and even their betters, often reside in; and in answer to a gruff challenge from within—for the inmates were in bed, or stretched on such pallets as served for beds—he returned an answer which seemed to satisfy the questioner, for after a little more gruff grumbling, the door was opened, and he was admitted.

In answer to his inquiry, the gruff voice said: 'No; nary drop of anything but water; ye kin have that. Your voice sounds all of a tremble, Absalom; and if ye don't get shot over the cards or drown yourself, I guess ye won't last long as a miner, anyhow.'

Absalom, as he was called, hesitated for a moment, as though about to say something in his defence, but eventually decided on making no reply to this rather unpleasant speech, and threw himself down on a buffalo skin which the other man pushed towards him. No further conversation took place, and the shanty was as dark and silent as were the remainder of the scattered dwellings on the outskirts of Flume City.

CURIOSITIES OF THE ELECTRIC LIGHT.

The first curiosity of the electric light was of course its discovery in 1802 by Humphry Davy, then an assistant-lecturer at the Royal Institution. With one of the new batteries which Volta had invented two years before, Davy was surprised to get a brilliant white light when the poles of the battery were joined through two pieces of carbon. Later on, his astonishment was increased when he found how intensely hot was this 'arch' of carbon light—the hottest known artificial source. 'Platinum,' he wrote, 'was melted as readily as is wax in the flame of a common candle; quartz, the sapphire, magnesia, lime, all entered into fusion.' Even the diamond swells out into a black mass in the electric arc, and carbon itself has been known to soften. Dr Siemens, as is well known, utilised this fervent heat to fuse metals in a crucible. With the arc from a dynamo capable of giving a light of five thousand candles, he fused fifteen pounds of broken files in as many minutes. Indeed, the temperature of the arc ranges from two thousand to five thousand degrees Centigrade. Another curiosity of the arc is that it can be

shown in water or other liquids without quenching. Liquids have a diffusive action on the light; and a globule of fused oxide of iron between platinum wires conveying the current, produces a very fine golden light. The fused plaster of Paris between the carbons of the Jablochkoff candle also forms a brilliant source of light in the arc; as does the marble separator which answers the same purpose in the *lampe soleil*. Indeed, this white-hot marble, rendered luminous by the arc, gives out a mellow radiance so closely resembling sunshine as to give the lamp its name. Such a light is very suitable for illuminating picture-galleries.

Electric light is also produced by sending a discharge through vacuum tubes like those of Geissler; and the varied colours thus produced are exceedingly pretty. Phosphorescent substances, too, such as the sulphide of barium, or the platino-barium cyanide, become highly luminous when inclosed in a tube and traversed by the electric current.

Besides the voltaic arc, we have now, however, another kind of electric light—namely, the incandescence which is produced by sending the current through a very slender filament of platinum wire or carbon fibre inclosed in a glass bulb exhausted of air. Such are the lamps of Swan, Edison, and others. These lamps have also their curious features. The temperature of the filament is of course much lower than the temperature of the arc. It is only about eighteen hundred degrees Centigrade, for if it were higher, the delicate filament would be dissipated into vapour which would condense like smoke on the cool glass. With a platinum filament, the metal would 'silver' the interior of the bulb. Curiously enough, when the copper 'electrodes' or wires conveying the current inside the bulb to the filament of an Edison lamp are accidentally dissipated by excess of current, the carbon thread seems to shelter the glass from the copper shower, for Dr J. Fleming has observed that there is always a blank line on the glass opposite the filament, while all the rest is coated with a film of copper. When the carbon itself is dissipated, this blank line is not seen, and the whole interior of the bulb appears to be smoked. According to Dr Fleming, this means that the molecules of copper move in straight lines in the vacuum.

During the ordinary action of one of these lamps there is believed to be a kind of molecular bombardment between the two sides of the carbon filament, which is usually bent into a loop. This battery of atoms in time disintegrates the filament near its junction with the wires where it is severest, and a patent has recently been taken out by Mr Brush, the well-known inventor, for the insertion of a mica screen between the legs of the filament to shield them from the pellets.

The spectrum of the voltaic arc consists of the continuous ribbon spectrum of the white-hot solid carbons, and certain bright lines due to the glowing vapours of the arc. The light is rich in the blue or actinic rays so productive of chemical action, and hence it is, perhaps, that Dr Siemens found it so effective in forcing fruit and flowers by night in lieu of the sun. It helps the development of chlorophyl; and perhaps the electricity itself has also something to do with assisting growth, apart from the light, for several French experimenters have found that electrified soil and air seem to foster plants better than unelectrified. It is remarkable, too, that young bamboo shoots grow very rapidly after the thunderstorms which usher in the Indian monsoons.

The power of the arc-light is something unrivalled by any other light, whether of lime-light or magnesium. At the famous Crystal Palace Electrical Exhibition, an arc reputed to be one hundred and fifty thousand candles in power was lighted every evening. The carbons were stout copper-plated bars nearly two and a half inches thick. This intensity of illumination renders the arc eminently adapted for lighthouses and search-lights. Hence it is that the French government have decided to light forty of their coast lighthouses by electricity, and that most of our warships and military trains are now equipped with electric lamps for searching purposes. We read that the fleet at Alexandria explored the Egyptian forts by night with powerful arcs; and that the French Admiral at Madagascar struck terror into the breasts of the simple Hovas by a similar display.

For scouring the sea in search of torpedo-boats by night, or icebergs and other ships during a fog, the value of the arc-light cannot be too highly estimated. The screw-steamer *Faraday*, while engaged some time ago in laying a new Atlantic cable, would have run right into an iceberg in a Newfoundland fog, but for the electric beam projected from her bows into the misty air ahead. Fog, however, has a peculiarly strong quenching power over the arc-light, owing to the preference it has for absorbing all the blue rays, and to the comparative poverty of the orange colour. Hence it is that electric arc-lamps look so white and dim in a dense fog. A single gas-jet can be seen about as far as a two-thousand-candle arc-lamp. This is because the gas-jet is rich in those red rays which penetrate a fog without being absorbed; whereas it is poor in the blue rays which are quenched. For this reason, also, the incandescence lamp is preferable to the arc for a misty atmosphere.

The incandescence lamp can also burn under water, and owing to its pretty shape, its pure light, its cleanliness, and independence of everything except wires to bring the current to it, is highly suitable for decorative purposes. It particularly lends itself to ornamental devices of a floral order; and a great variety of chandeliers and brackets have now been designed representing various plants with leaves of brass or filagree, and flowers composed of tinted crystal cups containing the lamps. Fruit is also simulated by lamps of coloured glass. For example, at a Drury Lane Christmas pantomime, both holly and mistletoe berries were imitated by incandescence

lamps of crimson and opal glass. Artificial lemon-trees, with fruit consisting of yellow lamps, also make a pretty dining-table ornament. So do vases of roses with incandescence lamps hid in them, an ornament devised by Mr J. W. Swan for his residence at Bromley. Aquaria, too, can be lighted internally by incandescence bulbs, and it would be very pretty to see the lamps lying beside growing sea-anemones, whose expansion might seem the more lovely under the stimulus of their rays.

A Christmas-tree looks very pretty when lighted by a hundred incandescence lamps; the first attempted being in all probability that in the Swedish section of the Electrical Exhibition held in Paris two years ago. At the Vienna Electrical Exhibition there are, while we write, some novel effects of electric illumination; for instance, there is a hall lighted entirely from the ceiling by electricity. The ceiling is painted a deep blue to represent the sky, and studded with innumerable stars in the shape of incandescence lamps. This reminds us of the allegorical sun produced in the window of Mr Mayal, the well-known photographer, by means of the same illuminant.

From its cool brightness and safety from fire, the incandescence light is very well adapted for theatres, and there are now several opera-houses and theatres lighted by it. The Savoy Theatre, London; the Princess's Theatre, Manchester; the Lyceum Theatre, Edinburgh, &c., are all lit by incandescence lamps owing to its brilliance as compared with gas. Some change was necessary in the making-up of the actors and actresses, and the painting of the scenes; but at the New Grand Theatre, Islington, the changes have been avoided by the use of yellow glass bulbs which soften the light. At the Electrical Exhibition, Vienna, there is a model theatre with numerous scenic effects never before attempted by gas; and moonlight, sunrise, sunset, twilight, and night are all imitated with great fidelity. In the drama of *Love and Money* at the Adelphi Theatre, a flood of daylight bursting in upon some entombed miners through a hole cut in the coal by a rescuing party was very well imitated by a beam of 'arc' light. The practice of wearing tiny star lamps on the hair or dress has also come more into fashion. Probably the first use of it was by the fairies in the comic opera of *Iolanthe* at the Savoy Theatre. Each fairy carried a small accumulator on her back half concealed by her wings, and this gave electricity to a miniature Swan lamp mounted on her forehead. Ladies are sometimes to be seen with miniature lamps attached to their dresses, and lighted by a touch of their fingers upon a small key hid in their belts. One might have glowworm or firefly ornaments at this rate. The 'death's-head' pin worn by gentlemen in Paris a year or two ago was a similar application of the electric current. On touching a key to complete the electric circuit of a small pocket battery, the eyes of the death's-head in the wearer's breast began to shine like sparks of fire.

The use of the electric light for sporting purposes has had some curious developments. Polo, cricket, base ball, skating, and so on, have all been played by night. At the Montreal Ice Carnival last winter, the huge ice palace was illuminated both out and in with thousands of electric lights, and skating, curling, snow-shoeing, and toboganning went on by night as well as day.

Gnats are fascinated by a powerful electric lamp, and dance about it as they do in a beam of evening sunshine. Light has an attraction for many animals besides insects. Flying-fish spring out of the sea when sailors hang a lantern by the ship's side; and in California now it is the custom to submerge a cluster of Edison lamps from the bows of a boat with a net expanded below. When the fish gather round the light the net is closed on them, and after being hauled out of the water they are put into water-tanks, and sent alive on special cars by overland rail to New York and the Eastern States. The French *chasseur* also makes a bag sometimes by employing an electric light to attract his feathered game; pigeons especially being lured by it.

Owing to its power, the arc-light is very well suited for signalling purposes; and hence it is now used with the heliograph to signal the approach of cyclones between the British island of Mauritius and Reunion in the Indian Ocean. It has also been proposed to signal by transparent balloons lit by incandescence lamps. The balloon is raised to a good height by a rope which also carries the wires conveying the current to the lamps; and flashes according to an understood code of signals are made by working a key to interrupt the current, as in the act of telegraphing.

Diving operations under the sea are greatly facilitated by the electric light; and a trial was recently made of a powerful lamp at Marseilles in lighting up the hull of a sunken ship. The amber hunters of the Baltic are also using the light for seeking the fossil gum on the sea-bed, instead of waiting until the waves cast it on the shore. Sea-water is remarkably clear, and the rocks of the seashore are often beautifully covered with weeds and shells. It is no wonder, then, that a submarine balloon has been devised by one Signor Toselli at Nice, for going under water to examine them. This observatory holds eight people, and has a glass bottom and an electric light for illuminating the sea-caves.

The electric light is not free from danger; but, from not being explosive, it is far from being as fatal in its effects as gas. There have been several deaths from electric shock caused by the very powerful currents of the Brush and Jablochkoff machines. For instance, a man was killed instantly on board the late Czar's yacht *Livadia* when crossing the Bay of Biscay. He had accidentally grasped the bare connections of one of the electric lamps and received the current through his breast. Others have been killed by touching bare wires conveying the current; a man in Kansas City, United States, met his death quite recently in repairing some electric light wires without knowing that the current flowed in them. Carelessness of some kind was the source of these misfortunes; but the use of such very deadly currents is to be deprecated. When the electromotive force of an electric current exceeds five hundred volts it becomes dangerous, and hence it is that the Board of Trade prohibits the use of more powerful currents for general lighting. The use of overhead wires, sometimes uninsulated and never wholly insulated, such as obtains in

some parts of the United States, ought also to be eschewed, and underground cables, safe out of harm's way, employed instead. With cables buried in the earth, we should not have a repetition of the curious incident which recently happened at the Luray Cavern in Virginia, where lightning ran into the cave along the electric light conductors and destroyed some of the finest stalactites.

The plan of having tall masts with a cluster of very powerful lights reflected from the height by mirrors is a very good one, since it obviates the distribution of wires and lamps. By imitating the sun, in this way a Californian town is entirely lighted from one or two masts; and it is satisfactory to know that the system is being tried at South Kensington.

The dynamos of electric machines have been known to explode, or rather burst from the centrifugal force due to the rapid revolution of the armature. An accident of this kind recently caused great alarm in a New York theatre. Sparks from the red-hot carbons of arc-lamps, or between wire and wire of the conductors, have also led to many small fires; but none of any great consequence. A spark is so feeble a source of heat that, unlike the spilling of an oil-lamp, it does not produce a powerful fire, provided the materials it falls among are not highly inflammable. On the whole, the danger of fire with electric lighting, especially incandescence lighting, has probably been exaggerated. The incandescence lamp itself is very safe, since if one be enveloped in light dry muslin and broken, the muslin is not burnt. In fact, the rush of air caused by the broken vacuum entirely dissipates the red-hot filament.

From its injurious aspects we turn now to its beneficial qualities. The arc-light by its brilliance is not good for the eyesight when looked at direct, but there is probably nothing harmful in the light itself, unless it should be the excess of violet rays. It is a cool light; and hot lights, by drying the natural humours of the eye, are the most prejudicial to the sight. The incandescence light which is free from excess of violet rays is also a cool light; and as it neither pollutes nor burns the air of a chamber, it is the best light for a student. Small reading-lamps, fitted with movable arms carrying incandescent bulbs, are now manufactured for this purpose. Even with the incandescence lamp, however, it is advisable not to look at the brilliant filament.

Surgeons and dentists find these little incandescence lamps of great service in examining the teeth and mouth. Some are made no larger than a pea. Others are fitted into silver probes (cooled by circulating water) for insertion into the stomach to illuminate its coats, or enable a physician to diagnose other internal organs. Dr Payne, of Newcastle-on-Tyne, recently made an examination of the liver by inserting one of these endoscopes into it through an incision made in the abdomen. M. Trouvé has also fitted a small lamp to a belt which goes round the physician's forehead, thereby enabling him to direct the light to where he is looking. Another experimenter has so applied the light that he has been able to photograph the vocal chords while in the act of singing; and a third has illuminated the whole interior of a living fish, so that all the main physiological operations could be witnessed by a class of students. Such services as these could not be rendered by any other known illuminator.

HUSH-MONEY.

Out of the countless variety of evil-doers who thrive upon the misfortunes of their fellow-creatures, and are enabled to gain a means of livelihood by the folly and timidity of their dupes, one class above all others seem to conduct their depredations with much success, on account of the defenceless position of the unhappy individuals upon whom they prey. We allude to those who make it their business to levy what is termed 'hush-money.'

There are innumerable miscreants who thrive upon the possession of some discreditable secret or family skeleton, which throws a desolating blight over many a life, to all appearance surrounded by every comfort and luxury wealth can command. Scoundrels of this description, secure in the helplessness of their victims, pursue with impunity their merciless system of extortion, being well aware that the terror of exposure is so great, that silence will be purchased at any price. If persons who are threatened by ruffians of this kind with exposure of some private matter, were once and for all to refuse to pay one penny for the silence of these extortioners, how much misery would be avoided! Each instalment of hush-money only serves to whet the appetites of these social harpies. It is infinitely preferable to face boldly at first the worst, no matter of how serious a nature, than to supply blackmail for the purchase of what can never be security. The majority of malefactors are cowards at heart, although a craven nature is in such cases concealed often by bluster and braggadocio. It therefore becomes all the more important at once to withstand their infamous importunities.

The ordinary observer, while reading in some sensational novel the evil deeds and extortion perpetrated by the class of knaves who subsist on hush-money, would be inclined to attribute them to romance. It is, however, well known to those who have had experience in criminal matters, that the novelist's fertile imagination pales before stern reality. Innocent persons have been threatened with an accusation of some infamous crime, and at the same time money has been demanded as the price of silence. The dread caused by even an accusation of such a nature has often, unfortunately, induced persons so situated to accede to extortionate demands. There are plenty of *mauvais sujets* hovering about society who make it their business to become intimate with the private history of those upon whose infirmities they intend to trade. Not many years since, a notable instance of this occurred. A gentleman in a high social position was ruthlessly assailed and socially ruined by a miscreant, who traded upon the possession of some information of a dubious nature reflecting discredit upon his wife. For a lengthened period this gentleman had paid considerable sums of money for the silence of his persecutor; at last, however, driven to desperation by continual and increased demands for hush-money, he preferred rather to face a

public trial than continue longer subject to such tyranny and extortion.

The following apt illustration of blackmailing, which came under the writer's personal cognisance, will show the rascality in vogue amongst these wretches. A wealthy merchant was for some years completely in the power of a thorough-paced scoundrel who had previously been in his employ. This knave became acquainted with a delicate family matter, which, if disclosed, could but entail shame and misery upon his late employer. He threatened to make this information public unless well paid for his silence. This gentleman, although surrounded by every luxury, was in truth a thoroughly miserable man. Living in a constant state of fear lest his family skeleton should be revealed in all its hideousness, he continued from time to time to supply his tormentor with large sums of money. The continual mental strain caused his health to give way, until at last he wisely determined to consult his legal adviser upon what was the bane of his life. Prompt steps were then taken, which for ever freed him from further extortion. These things daily happen, and yet, unfortunately, frequently remain unpunished.

What can be more terrible than to exist in constant fear of pending ruin—entirely at the mercy of some miscreant, who by one word can destroy a hitherto stainless reputation! It is a true saying that 'there is a skeleton in every house,' and if discovered by any designing knave, may be transformed into a sword of Damocles. Confidential servants and discharged valets often wring large sums from their former employers by means of extortionate demands combined with threats of disclosing certain family matters calculated to bring shame upon their late masters' or mistresses' good name.

The payment of any illicit demand as a price of secrecy rarely, if ever, permanently obtains the object in view, the donor being more or less in constant fear lest a disclosure should take place. This usually transpires sooner or later, when the torturer has abstracted the uttermost penny from his victim. No greater delusion can possibly exist than that 'hush-money' will secure durable secrecy.

Happily, however, the legislature, having in view the nefarious practices of such criminals, has provided a most potent remedy against this class of robbers, which remedy cannot be too generally known. The Act of Parliament 24 and 25 Vict. s. 49, enacts, *That whosoever shall accuse or threaten any person with a view to extort money or valuable security, shall be guilty of felony, and be liable at the discretion of the court to be kept in penal servitude for life, or for any term not less than five years.* All demands for hush-money met at the outset by firm and unyielding refusal, is the best and only course to adopt. In the majority of instances, a villain would at once be completely checkmated; and even should he venture to extremities, the law is powerful enough to put an end to his shameful trade. Anything is better than to live in constant terror of exposure, and to be remorselessly plundered by such a vampire. We often hear of strange suicides, the reason for which is wholly incomprehensible. It is by no means surprising that, at times, persons wanting in resolution, are made desperate by a system of exquisite mental torture, when unmercifully applied by these extortioners. Innumerable unhappy persons are unquestionably thus tormented, like Prometheus on his rock. Such anguish, although unseen, is far greater than physical suffering, as all mental tribulation is more severe than mere bodily pain.

If any one who is assailed by a miscreant in quest of 'hush-money' were at once to place the matter in the hands of some respectable solicitor, a course of misery would be avoided, as any attempt to extort money through threats or otherwise comes clearly within the provisions of the Act above mentioned; and criminal proceedings will be found the most effectual means for exterminating so great a social pest.

DONALD—A PONY.

ARE thy tired feet on this rough earth yet walking,
Thou patient silent one;
Maybe, with humble cart, and poor wares hawking,
Thy life-course nearly run?

Be thankful that thou dost not e'er remember
One radiant summer day;
That dreams of June come not in *thy* December,
When skies are cold and gray!

He rode on thee along the sunny highway,
To meet me where I stood
Out from the village, in a soft green by-way—
Our young hearts were in flood.

He saw me—swift as thought from off thee leaping,
He led thee by one hand;
And with the other clasped me, sweetly keeping
Me under Love's command.

Ah! then began a walk through Eden's glory—
We wandered slowly on;
While I, deep blushing, saw and read the story
That through his blue eyes shone.

We sat, and let thee browse—came some light laughter
To ease our brimming hearts,
That could not tell their too full joy; till—after—
When pierced by parting's darts.

The hour flew on—ah me! 'twas our last meeting
Ere he would cross the sea;
And when again we two should offer greeting,
I was his bride to be.

So we clung close, each costly moment counting,
Wild with our vain self-pity!—
The hour was o'er—then slowly on thee mounting,
He rode back to the city.

O Donald! Yesterday, to Wemyss Bay going,
I passed that very spot;
I saw thee browse, whilst our swift tears were flowing—
(I have not yet forgot).

He sailed across the sea; but came not hither
For me, his bride, again;
And Hope and Joy fled far—I know not whither,
But left me Love and Pain.

My lonely days are dull and cold and common,
And thine mayhap are done;
But—a *new* day dawns for man and woman
After this setting sun.

K. T.

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NETTLE-CLOTH.

Some little time ago, when one of our most distinguished botanists was asked his opinion about the desirability of forming a collection of all the vegetable substances which are or have been used in medicine both by civilised and savage races, he replied that it would take a large building to hold it. Although a series of fibre-yielding plants would be much less in number, the list would still be a long one, provided we knew all those in use by savage tribes. Very few of these, however, are extensively used for clothing. Putting aside wool and silk, which are animal products, we have only cotton and flax of prime importance. Hemp of fine quality is largely grown in Italy, and there woven into cloth for ordinary purposes; but as yet this use of hemp in other civilised countries appears to be limited, though the fibre is everywhere employed for cordage. With the exception of jute, which is chiefly made into coarse fabrics, all other vegetable fibres believed to be suitable for important textile industries may be said to be as yet only on their trial. But a number—such as the so-called New Zealand flax (*Phormium tenax*), Manila hemp (*Musa textilis*), pine-apple (*Bromelia ananas*), American aloe (*Agave Americana*), and some yielded by certain species of palms—are known to possess very valuable properties. We have omitted to mention any members of the Nettle tribe—to which, however, the hemp-plant is closely allied—as we propose to say a few special words about them.

Growing both wild and cultivated in suitable localities scattered over a large area in South-eastern Asia, there is a species of nettle to which a peculiar interest is attached. The reason of this is that the liber or inner side of its bark yields a fibre excelling every other derived from the vegetable kingdom for fineness, strength, and lustre combined. In China, this fibre is called by English-speaking people, China grass; in India it is called *rhea;* and in the Malayan Archipelago by the name of *ramie.* It was some time before botanists discovered that the material which was known in commerce by three different names was the produce of the same plant—a stingless nettle. For more than half a century, much attention has now been devoted to the *Urtica nivea* or *Bœhmeria nivea* (a newer name), as the China grass plant is called in scientific language. Long in use in China and Japan for making ropes and cloth—much of the latter being of very fine quality—it was introduced into England for manufacturing purposes soon after Mr Fortune the well-known botanist returned in 1846 from his travels in China. Small quantities had, however, been sent to England long before this. Even as early as 1810, some bales of the Indian-grown fibre were received at the India House, London, and its great strength as a rope-making material ascertained. Indeed, it is stated on high authority, that this fibre has been in use in the Netherlands since the sixteenth century.

In Messrs Marshall's great flax-mill at Leeds, China grass was spun to some extent for about ten years after 1851, and its snow-white silky yarn is more or less constantly in use in some kinds of Bradford fabrics. But unlike the jute fibre, which has created in the course of a single generation a gigantic industry, the trade in China grass has scarcely advanced at all. The value of the latter is admitted on all hands; there is practically an unlimited demand for it; plenty of it could be grown in India, and yet it is not cultivated to any extent. This is solely owing to the great amount of manual labour required to separate the fibre and bark from the stem, and then the fibre from the bark, no machine having been yet invented which will do this at once efficiently and cheaply.

The Indian government have long been vexed that the latent wealth of the plant yielding this much-prized rhea fibre cannot be realised. In 1869 they offered a prize of five thousand pounds for the best, and another of two thousand pounds for the second-best machine which would separate and prepare the fibre, at a cost of fifteen pounds per ton in India, in such a way that it would fetch fifty pounds per ton in England. It may here be mentioned that it sometimes sells as high as eighty pounds per ton, and even higher; while

the highest price for jute rarely exceeds twenty-five pounds, and for flax of fine quality, forty pounds. Naturally, the Indian administration hoped that the offer of these handsome prizes would bring forward as competitors some of the ablest machinists in Europe. But whether it was owing to the inherent difficulty of the problem, to the expense of taking out heavy machines to India, or to that apathy with which it is frequently said we in this country regard everything Indian, practically nothing came of the competition. Mr John Greig of Edinburgh sent a machine for trial which so far met the conditions that he received a douceur of fifteen hundred pounds. About thirty competitors applied to have their machines tried; but eventually Mr Greig alone put in an appearance. It was found that by his method it cost fully fifteen pounds per ton to prepare the fibre in India; and when this was sent to London, it was valued at only twenty-eight pounds per ton.

In 1875, Dr Forbes Watson—one of a small band of scientific men who have done much to bring under notice the industrial resources of India—suggested that, in order to save the expense of freight, trials of machines should be made in England instead of India. Green stems of the plant grown in the south of France were promised for the purpose; and towards the end of that year, several inventors had entered their machines for competition; but owing to unforeseen difficulties, it was found impossible to hold the trials. Unwilling to abandon the hope of attaining their great object, the government of India issued a new notification to inventors in 1877. This time the prizes offered were five thousand pounds for the best, and one thousand pounds for the second-best machine or process for preparing rhea fibre which would be worth forty-five pounds per ton in London, at a cost of not more than fifteen pounds per ton laid down at any port of shipment in India. The trials having been arranged to take place, as before, at Saháranpur in September 1879, ten competitors appeared; but only seven had their machines tested. When the fibre prepared by each arrived in London, it was found that the highest value put upon any of the samples was twenty-six pounds per ton. Accordingly, none of the competitors could claim the full amount of either of the prizes; but Messrs Van der Ploeg and Nagoua, two textile machinists well known on the continent, were each awarded five hundred pounds, and Mr Cameron one hundred pounds. On the failure of this second competition, it was determined not to renew the offer of a prize until it could be proved by private enterprise that the rhea plant could be cultivated with profit in India. The unfavourable reports on the best samples prepared at the second trial at Saháranpur seem to have convinced the Indian government that at present the prospect of producing Indian rhea which would successfully compete with the fibre of the same plant grown and prepared in China, is not very hopeful.

Notwithstanding this second failure on the part of the government of India to obtain by rewards a machine capable of turning the cultivation of the rhea plant in that country into a commercial success, so confident are many good judges of the great value of China grass as a textile material, that the interest in it is increasing from year to year. Its cultivation is spreading over Southern Europe, considerable areas being now laid out into plantations of China grass in Italy and the south of France. Spain and Portugal are beginning to grow it; and on the south side of the Mediterranean, Algiers and Egypt are also moving in the same direction. It is believed that this recent development of ramie culture in the Mediterranean region—to call the plant by the name our French neighbours appear to prefer—is to some extent owing to Favier's recent method of treating the fibre, the patent for which is owned by a Company located at Avignon. This plan is very simple, and considering how much the use of steam—we do not mean as a motive force—has quickened many processes, even in the textile industries, it is wonderful that it had not been thought of before. M. Favier merely exposes the stems of the plant to the action of steam for about twenty minutes in a closed wooden trough, after which the bark and fibre are easily stripped from the stem. By the retting process, or steeping in cold water, it takes days, sometimes weeks, to effect the decortication of the stems; and we have seen how difficult it has been found to do this by machinery. But although M. Favier's process greatly simplifies matters in this early stage of the preparation of the fibre, the gummy substance and outer skin still require to be removed from it.

Only the other day, it was announced that Professor Frémy, a distinguished French chemist, has, after an elaborate series of experiments, found out a method of readily separating the fibre from these extraneous matters. He takes up the ribbons of bark with attached fibre, as obtained by M. Favier's plan, and subjects them to a peculiar treatment, which mainly consists in boiling them under pressure in an alkaline solution. During the operation, everything deleterious is removed from the useful portion of the fibre, which is then ready for the ordinary operation of the spinner. There seems good grounds for believing that the combined processes of Messrs Favier and Frémy, which are about to be tried on a scale of some magnitude in France, will prove a commercial success. It will be curious to watch the future history of a plant which has so long baffled every attempt to raise it into conspicuous importance as an article of commerce, about which volumes have been written, and the fibre of which is now well known by its valuable properties to those engaged in textile industries in every civilised country.

There is another Indian nettle, called *Urtica heterophylla*, which produces a strong, fine, white, glossy fibre. Best known by the name of the Neilgherry nettle, it is nevertheless widely diffused over India. The stem, branches, and leaves are covered with stiff sharp bristles, which give it a formidable, or, as some say, a ferocious appearance. These also inflict acute pain if they should happen to be touched, but fortunately the effect of the sting soon passes away. The prepared fibre of this plant is sometimes called vegetable wool; and it is better suited, from its appearance, for mixing with real wool than rhea fibre, which has been a good deal used for this purpose. In some parts of India, the fibre of the Neilgherry nettle is used by the natives in the manufacture

of cloth. It has been partially experimented upon for textile purposes in England; but there seems to have been a difference of opinion as to its merits. Owing to its sting, there are even greater difficulties in separating its fibre than is the case with rhea; but these might be overcome by some mechanical or chemical treatment. It is a quick-growing plant, and could be cultivated to any extent, should a demand for it arise.

We must pass over other species of *urtica*, and come to the common stinging nettle of Europe. As is well known, this plant furnishes a nutritious food for swine and some other animals, and in Scotland is occasionally used for making a kind of soup termed nettle kail; and in default of a better, its roots will furnish, along with alum, a yellow dye. The tenacity of its fibre has long been known. It has been woven into cloth in past times, but no doubt only on a limited scale, in nearly every country where the plant grows. Nor have its properties as a textile material been altogether overlooked in modern times, at least in the British Islands, since lace, parasol covers, and other fancy articles made of common nettle fibre have been on exhibition in the Museums of Economic Botany at Kew and Dublin for the last thirty years, besides having been occasionally brought under the notice of the public in various other ways. At Dresden, Herr F. C. Seidel has recently established a manufactory for nettle-cloth, in which, according to what seems to be an authentic report, he uses fibre of the common species; but the significant remark is added, that he prefers to get his material from the Chinese nettle.

Some persons think that they see a great nettle industry looming in the future, if only a process of readily separating the useless parts of its stem without injuring the fibre could be discovered. We are of course speaking of the common nettle. A statement has been published which one can very readily believe—namely, that the profitable extraction of its fibre is possible only when it is cultivated. In the wild state, the plant is branchy; but when grown on suitable soil at regular distances of from five to eight inches apart, it forms single stems from four to fully seven feet high. Even if they would serve as well as cultivated plants, and could be economically gathered from many widely scattered localities, all the wild nettles growing in our waste places and old churchyards would be a bagatelle in the sense of furnishing material for many large spinning-mills.

Whatever sanguine people may think, other things besides skilful cultivation and an easy process of preparing the fibre will determine whether nettle crops will be profitable; or, to put the matter in another way, whether a great industry is likely to be established by the manufacture of nettle-cloth. There is no difficulty in cultivating or in dressing flax, nor any lack of demand for it; yet shrewd Scotch farmers have found out that other crops are more profitable, and therefore the blue-blossomed flax fields which many of us saw in our boyhood in Central Fife and the Lowlands of Scotland have entirely disappeared. If nettle-cloth is ever to be anything but a curiosity, it will require to have attractions in quality and price which will enable it to compete with other textiles. During the American civil war, the jute-mills of Dundee were turning out many thousands of yards of cheap but serviceable fabrics to be used instead of calico, because the cost of the latter had gone up a little. For some of the purposes to which it was applied, the jute did as well as the cotton. But the war having ended, calico of a certain 'make' and quality became once more a trifle cheaper than its rival, and so jute was quickly beaten out of the field again. This is an example of the kind of battle which any fibre new to commerce will have to fight, unless it possesses some property of quite exceptional value.

To many persons, it seems a pity that we cannot utilise a plant which yields something useful. But the nettle is by no means the most striking example of a native plant which might be and yet is not used in the arts. One or two species of fern, such as the common bracken, are greatly more abundant in this country than the nettle—whole hillsides in many districts being covered with them. Yet although a very serviceable paper can be made from ferns, paper manufacturers prefer to send to the shores of the Mediterranean for a species of wild grass to supply their mills. For several years past, an ingenious Glasgow chemist has been trying to make a marketable gum or jelly from the common seaweed, thrown up in great abundance on the western coasts of Scotland. We hope he may succeed; but meanwhile we are sending elsewhere for what we require of seaweed jelly—even to far Japan. The peat-mosses of Ireland—and of Scotland too, for that matter—would furnish an endless number of beautiful paraffin candles, if some great Company with limited liability would only take the business up—and make the candles at a trifling loss per pound.

Some of our readers will probably suppose that we have given them a too humble estimate of the value of the common nettle as a textile material. There is no denying the fact that the tenacity of its cortical fibres is scarcely if at all inferior to those of flax or hemp. But how to grow, spin, and weave them into a saleable cloth, is a problem which has not yet been solved. Just now, there is a partial revival of what may be almost called the ancient art of manufacturing hand-made paper for printed books. In these days, too, many of the fair sex have apparently discovered that embroidery when worked by hand is really more interesting and beautiful than when it is done by a machine, supposing that in both cases the design is of nearly equal merit. It seems also to be dawning on many persons that earthenware dishes painted by the fingers have, even when a little dauby, a kind of attraction about them not possessed by those which have their patterns printed from an engraved copper-plate, and are therefore all rigidly alike. Possibly, 'fashion' may carry matters a little farther in this direction, and revive the use of textile fabrics spun by the distaff and spindle, and woven on handlooms. But by the help of machinery, the labour of one woman can nowadays make clothing for more than a thousand others. A hundred years ago, nearly every woman had to spin the material required for the clothing of her family; but at that same time, or at least not long before it, those in the upper ranks had a knowledge of many useful and ingenious arts

which they no longer possess. If it were possible but in part to resuscitate the state of matters which obtained in these old days, before spinning-jennies, or powerlooms, or lace-making machines were dreamed of, there would be fully more hope than there is of people keeping themselves warm by an external application of the stinging nettle, in a less heroic way than we are told the Romans did of old.

Nettle-cloth is undoubtedly an excellent fabric, but—Will it pay the manufacturer? The answer to this is, Not yet.

BY MEAD AND STREAM.

CHAPTER XVI.—LIGHT HEARTS AND SAD.

THE buzz of conversation continued as the party descended the broad staircase.

'Rather bad of Phil to keep us waiting all this time,' said Coutts as he gave Madge his arm.

'Perhaps he could not help it,' she suggested.

'Ah, perhaps not. But you see Wrentham hasn't turned up yet either, and I daresay they have been lunching together,' rejoined Coutts with a smile, which was to her a very unpleasant one.

They had only taken their places at table, when Philip and Wrentham quietly entered. There was an agreeable murmur of satisfaction at the arrival of the gentleman in whose honour they had met, and his greeting was as cordial as if nobody were hungry on his account.

No one except Madge appeared to observe the singular alteration in his appearance. He was pale, his eyes seemed heavy like those of one wakening from sleep, and the smile with which he responded to the welcome of his friends was forced—his expression altogether unlike what she had expected it to be. His walk, too, was that of one who was carefully measuring each step. For an instant, the ugly suggestion of his brother, that he had been taking too much wine at lunch, occurred to her.

He took his seat by her side; dinner proceeded. Presently general conversation was resumed, and the cause of the temporary delay of the banquet appeared to be forgotten.

But to Madge the brilliant light of the room and the merriment around them only made that pale-faced man beside her the more unlike Philip.

'I am sorry I could not get here sooner,' he said in an undertone, and his voice sounded unusually feeble.

'What is the matter, Philip? Why are you so pale?'

'You cannot expect me to be taking leave of all my friends without feeling queer,' he answered with an attempt to smile.

'That is not it—you are ill.'

'I am—a little; and don't bother about it just now. I'll tell you how it happened, by-and-by.'

'How what happened?'

'I have hurt myself. There now; don't be alarmed—it is nothing. You see I am here; and I don't want to spoil the evening by letting our friends know it. Look at the girls; they would go into fits if things didn't come off just as they planned them.'

'How did you do it?' she asked calmly.

'That mare Wrentham bought from Uncle Dick tumbled over me; that's all. I'll be as well as ever, when I've had a little rest.'

'Have you seen a doctor?'

'Not yet. The fact is, I was taking a nap at Wrentham's, to brace me up for the evening.'

'You mean that you were insensible?'

'Perhaps that was it. But don't think about it. Have some wine?'

When the ladies were retiring, Philip opened the door for them; but that was the last effort his strength allowed him to make. He felt giddy and faint.

'Help me up-stairs,' was all he could say to Dr Joy, who was at his side.

Edwin Joy was a little dark man, but he was sinewy and active. He wheeled Philip round so that he placed him easily in a chair near the table.

'Don't stir, anybody,' he said quickly to the astounded guests.

'Drink this,' he said to Philip, holding a glass to his lips. . . . 'Better?'

Philip nodded.

'Take a little more. I have been watching you, and knew there was something wrong. What have you been doing?'

All this was uttered rapidly, but in a low and cheery tone, not to alarm the hearers.

'Riding. The mare was fresh and skittish. The man warned me that she had been at high feeding for some days, and getting little to do. But I knew the mare, and thought I could manage her. She tried to throw me—then stood bolt upright—lost balance, and fell back over me.'

'Ah! Feet and legs all right. Where were you hurt?'

'I don't know. I was slipping off; but there is a queer sensation here.'

The little doctor passed his hands rapidly over the side to which Philip pointed, and beckoned to Dr Guy.

The guests had obeyed the doctor's injunction not to leave their seats. His words acted like a charm in a fairy tale, and they were suddenly spell-bound in the position they occupied when it was spoken. They looked in dumb astonishment at the principal actors in this unexpected scene. The spell was broken by Dr Guy rising from his seat.

'What mare was it?' asked Crawshay, turning sharply to Wrentham.

'The one I had from you.'

'And you were giving her high feed and nothing to do! . . . Humph! I used to think you knew something about horses.'

The yeoman rose with an expression of contempt and advanced to Philip.

'What's the matter, lad? Art sore hurt? It went against the grain to part with that mare; and I fervently wish she had eaten her head off at Willowmere, rather than she should have done this. I wouldn't have parted with her, neither, only I thought she was going into safe hands.'

'Get him into bed,' said Dr Guy decisively.

'For any sake, don't spoil the fun to-night,' said Philip feebly. 'My father will make some

excuse for me. I fancied I could hold out for a little longer; but it's no use.'

'Do not trouble yourself about that, Philip,' said Mr Hadleigh. 'Our friends here will say nothing to-night, and the young people shall enjoy themselves as if nothing had happened.'

'Thanks. Maybe I shall be able to come down before the fun is all over.'

Supported by Uncle Dick and Dr Guy, and followed by Dr Joy, Philip proceeded to his bedroom.

'This is most unfortunate,' muttered Wrentham, looking much distressed. 'I had no idea the brute would play such a trick.'

Mr Hadleigh apparently paid no attention to this. Taking his place at the table, he spoke quietly:

'You all heard what my son said, and I need not ask you to aid me in carrying out his wish. —Pass the wine, Mr Crowell.'

And so the crowd of young people who had been invited to the 'little dance' had no hint of the accident to mar their pleasure. Outside, the brilliant light shining through the canvas of the marquee contended for precedence with the ruddy harvest-moon. Inside, the place was like an illuminated hall of flowers and plants. Sam Culver and Pansy with assistants had been at work for two days here. The dresses, the wreaths, the feathers, the jewels of the girls and matrons, with their faces brightened by the excitement of the moment, formed a living kaleidoscope, as they moved and mingled in the dance or promenade. The strains of the band were heard in the village; and little groups of village lads and maidens hung around the gates of Ringsford to listen to the music.

'I suppose I must be Phil's deputy for a time here as well as in the house,' said Coutts in his suavest manner to Madge. 'I hope you don't mind very much?'

'I do mind a great deal,' she answered with a frankness which would have been rude in any one else, and yet in her appeared to be the kindliest answer to his question. 'But I suppose I must go through the first quadrille.'

And reluctantly she did so. When it was over, and Coutts would fain have retained his position as deputy, she said:

'Will you take me to Mr Hadleigh, please? He is there speaking to the vicar, near the entrance.'

Mr Hadleigh advanced to meet them, and she, relinquishing the arm of Coutts, took that of his father.

'She requires taming. Poor Phil,' was the reflection of the practical-minded Coutts, as he turned away to bestow his attentions on beauties who would appreciate them more.

Mr Hadleigh understood why she desired to speak to him, and they went outside, walking slowly across the lawn towards the house.

'There is no great danger,' he assured her at once; 'but he will probably be a prisoner for a few weeks. At present his chief idea is that we should say nothing about it.'

'I should like to see him—if the doctors will allow me,' she said after a brief pause, her head bowed as if she were studying the long shadows on the grass.

'We can ask them. . . . Are you sorry that he will not be able to go with the *Hertford Castle?*'

'How can I be otherwise?'

He did not speak for a few seconds—Then:

'You sometimes puzzle me very much, Miss Heathcote.'

'Why?' she asked, looking up, and the moon shone full on her face. His was in darkness.

'You seem to wish him to go away.'

'I have already explained,' she answered with a degree of constraint.

'Yes, I understand,' he said dreamily. 'Mine is a selfish way of considering the matter. I grudge every moment that what I—prize most, is out of sight. I suppose it is because we feel how short the time is we can possess our treasures, that in growing old we grow selfish.'

'But you are not an old man, Mr Hadleigh.' She was trying to find something gentle to say.

He shook his head.

'I know men who are nearly twice my age in years and yet are boys compared with me. I feel very old just now.'

'But you know his absence will not be long.'

'True—his absence will not be long. . . . Here is Dr Guy.—Well, doctor, what news do you bring us now?'

They had entered through the conservatory, and encountered the doctor on the way to seek his host.

'He has had a rest, and there is not much harm done. But it was foolish of him not to lie up at once and send for us.'

'Miss Heathcote would like to see him.'

'Well, it won't do him any harm for her to see him—especially as it is his wish that she should; but he ought to be kept as quiet as possible. I have been sent for; but Joy will stay as long as may be necessary.'

Mr Hadleigh himself took Madge to the door of Philip's room, and it was opened by Mrs Picton, the housekeeper.

'That's her now,' said Philip. He was lying on his right side on the bed, his back towards the door.—'Now, doctor, give us the ten minutes you promised.'

'I trust to you, Miss Heathcote,' said Dr Joy, 'not to allow him to move from his present position until I return; and not to let him speak too much.'

She bowed. The doctor and Mrs Picton left the room.

'Isn't this a nuisance, Madge?' began Philip, by an effort refraining from turning round to look at her. 'It upsets everything.'

'But there is no danger, Philip,' she answered, laying her hand soothingly on his head.

'That's just it—if it had been a real knock-up, one could have said, "There's no help for it," and settled down to enjoy a month or two in bed. But with a mere scratch like this, which only threatens to be troublesome if you don't behave yourself, it's—well, it's irritating.'

'What was it you wanted to say to me, Philip? You know, we have only a few minutes, and you heard what the doctor said to me.'

'O yes, of course. . . . Are they having a good time out there? . . . I can hear the music—there, they are at the Lancers now—and it makes my feet go in spite of me. I did hope to

have such a jolly time with you, Madge. I had put my name down for nearly every dance in the programme.'

'I am afraid we should both have been rather tired,' she said, smiling, glad to find him in such good spirits.

'The next dance is a waltz.—Ah!'

He had moved his arm incautiously, and a sharp pang reminded him of his condition. With that little cry he had uttered, Madge felt the pang too.

'I am going away now,' she said, trying to speak firmly; 'I am only doing you harm by staying.'

'No, no; don't go, Madge—the touch of your hand has done me more good than all their bandages. I will be quiet. There is something very particular you have to do for me. (What a capital band they have got.)'

'If you speak again about anything except what you want me to do, I shall leave the room.'

That quieted him, and he kept still for a little.

'I want you to write to Uncle Shield,' he said at length tranquilly. 'If you write to-morrow, it will be in time for the next mail.'

'What am I to say to him?'

'Say that I have attended to all his instructions, and have everything ready to start in the *Hertford Castle* on the sixth, and that I still hope to do so.'

'Oh, that isn't possible, Philip.'

'We'll see. Tell him next about this accident, which the doctors say will prevent me from getting on to my feet for some weeks. I hope to prove they are wrong; but send him this warning through you, so that he may not be disappointed.'

'Would it not be better that your father or your brother should send this message?'

'Not at all. He would not open a letter from either of them, as he has warned me; and they would not write one, as I know. I hope to set that old misunderstanding between my father and him right some day. Meanwhile, I very much want you to do this for me.'

'As you please, Philip.'

'Thanks, Madge, thanks. Then tell him particularly that Wrentham's affairs are all right. . . . He's a good fellow, Wrentham. You remember, I did not like him at first; since I have come to know him better, I have altered my opinion. He is a real good fellow, and made everything in this troublesome business quite smooth and easy for me. Only I wish he hadn't asked me to try that mare to-day, or that I hadn't been so unlucky as to agree to do it.'

'Uncle is very angry about it. He says the mare has been shamefully treated, for she had no vice at all when she left him, and he intends to buy her back.'

'I hope he won't. . . . Now let me see; was there anything else? No; I have told you all that I want to say. You will find an envelope with his full address on the table over there.'

As she was getting the envelope, there was a tap at the door.

'That's the doctor, I suppose,' muttered Philip disappointedly. 'Why, you can't have been five minutes here. You won't be worrying yourself about this, Madge. I'll be all right in a few days.'

'Don't speak any more,' she said, bending over and touching his somewhat feverish brow with her lips. 'I shall be here to-morrow. We are going home now. Good-night.'

Dr Joy was at the door, waiting to enter.

'Will you look at him, doctor, and tell me how he is before I go?' said Madge softly. The doctor went in, and after feeling his patient's pulse, returned.

'He has been a little excited. Don't leave for half an hour, and I will send a message to you.'

In half an hour Mrs Picton brought her the message: Philip was sleeping.

SOME PARLIAMENTARY MAIDEN SPEECHES.

THERE have probably been very few members of parliament who have risen in their place for the first time without an unpleasant nervous tremor. Even if a parliamentary neophyte be not, as the familiar phrase has it, 'unaccustomed to public speaking,' he has certainly been unaccustomed to such an audience; and to hear himself called upon by the Speaker to address the first legislative assembly in the world, is an ordeal which is none the less trying because it has been voluntarily courted. Seeing that in past times so large a number of those returned to parliament have been comparatively unpractised speakers, the fact that absolute break-downs in maiden speeches are rare must be attributed to the sympathetic encouragement which the House always accords to the new member. Audiences at St Stephen's are fastidious, but they are also kindly; the maiden speech which is a notorious failure is generally made such by over-confident fluency rather than by nervous hesitation; and, to mention one example only, Lord Beaconsfield's early *fiasco*, the story of which has been told a hundred times, was not due to nervous timidity, but to the ambition of a young and clever man, conscious of power, to achieve a parliamentary reputation by a single *coup*.

There are, of course, a few early failures on record which cannot be thus accounted for. The maiden speech of Sheridan, who was destined to become one of the greatest of British orators, was not exactly a break-down, but its escape from being such was very narrow. In Sheridan's case, the audience was more than usually sympathetic, for his literary reputation had excited curiosity and interest; but his indistinctness of utterance and hesitancy of manner impressed his hearers with the belief that, great as were his mental powers, he had not the physical qualifications for effective speech, and that—to quote the words of one verdict—'nature never intended him for an orator.' Woodfall, the celebrated parliamentary reporter, was fond of telling how, at the conclusion of his speech, Sheridan came up to him, and asked with evident anxiety what he thought of his first attempt. Woodfall's reply was: 'I am sorry to say I do not think this is your line; you had much better have stuck to your former pursuits.' This was discouraging; but Sheridan was not easily discouraged; and his subsequent career justified the confident boldness of his reply

to the depreciatory estimate: 'It is in me, however, and it shall come out!'

The failure of another distinguished man of letters, Joseph Addison, was much more complete. He sat for Malmesbury, in the House of Commons which was elected in 1708, and rose once to make a speech; but his diffidence completely silenced him, and he never made a second attempt. In the Irish parliament, where Lord Wharton's influence procured him a seat for the borough of Cavan, he made another failure, the story of which is told by Mr O'Flanagan, whom we quote at second-hand from Mr G. H. Jenning's *Anecdotal History of the British Parliament*, a capital compilation, to which we acknowledge a general indebtedness. 'On a motion before the House,' writes Mr O'Flanagan, 'Addison rose, and having said, "Mr Speaker, I conceive," paused, as if frightened by the sound of his own voice. He again commenced, "I conceive, Mr Speaker," when he stopped, until roused by cries of "Hear, hear," when he once more essayed with, "Sir, I conceive." Power of further utterance was denied, so he sat down amidst the scarcely suppressed laughter of his brother-members.'

The name of Addison recalls that of Steele; and one of the most interesting incidents in Steele's first brief parliamentary career was the maiden speech of his young friend Lord Finch, which began as a break-down, and ended as a success. In Queen Anne's time, shortly after Steele's election for Stockbridge, a motion was made to expel him from parliament, on the ground that in one of his periodical publications he had 'maliciously insinuated that the Protestant succession in the House of Hanover was in danger under Her Majesty's administration.' It so happened that very shortly before this time a libel directed against Lord Finch's sister had been scathingly denounced and exposed in Steele's paper the *Guardian;* and the young nobleman felt that he could not be silent when Steele in his turn was attacked. He leaped to his feet, determined to do his best; but though his heart was in the right place, he found it very difficult to get his words there, and after managing to get out a few confused sentences, he sat down, utterly discomfited. The failure would have been unredeemed, had it not been that as he resumed his seat he exclaimed: 'It is strange I cannot speak for this man, when I would readily fight for him.' The words were heard all over the House; and Lord Finch's audience, though hostile to Steele, was one which could be trusted to respond at once, the moment an appeal was made to its chivalrous instincts. From both sides of the House came a spontaneous burst of cheering, which so encouraged the young speaker, that he rose again to his feet; and this time made a telling and eloquent speech, which was the beginning of a successful parliamentary career.

Many years before the occurrence of this incident, another failure had been turned into a success by a happy thought on the part of the speaker himself, which proved that his break-down could hardly be attributed to want of presence of mind. During the latter part of the seventeenth century, a young man, who was afterwards to become celebrated as third Earl of Shaftesbury, and author of *Characteristics*, sat in the House of Commons as Lord Ashley. A bill was introduced to grant the services of counsel to prisoners tried for high-treason; and though the proposal was based on the commonest principles of justice, it found many and bitter opponents. Lord Ashley, however, was among its warmest supporters, and rose to argue in its defence; but, unfortunately, after saying a few words, he found himself unable to proceed. A little time was given him to collect his thoughts; but at last the patience of his hearers was exhausted, and they called loudly upon him to go on, when, looking at the Speaker, he said: 'If, sir, I, who rise only to give my opinion on the bill now depending, am so confounded that I am unable to express the least of what I proposed to say, what must the condition of that man be who, without any assistance, is pleading for his life, and is apprehensive of being deprived of it?' It may safely be said that the most elaborately prepared and eloquently delivered oration could hardly have been more rhetorically effective than this happily extemporised argument.

A record of oratorical triumphs is less entertaining than a record of failures; but the stories of one or two maiden speeches which owed their success to simple assurance are amusing enough. Modesty and timidity have not been characteristics of *all* the members who have ever sat in parliament. They do not, for example, seem to have been very prominent in Mr Lechmere, afterwards Lord Lechmere, who, on his election for Appleby, turned round to address the House immediately after having taken the oath, and before he had gone through the formality of taking his seat. Mr Cowper, made Lord Chancellor in 1707, was not quite so precipitate, but much more copious in his rhetorical outpourings, for he spoke three times during his first evening in the House; and even he was excelled by the notorious 'Orator Hunt,' who on a similar occasion gave his fellow-members no fewer than six samples of his peculiar eloquence. The hero of one of the amusing stories just referred to was the well-known Thomas Slingsby—generally shortened to Tom—Duncombe. The speech itself was an extraordinary affair, being an all-round attack upon various prominent statesmen, delivered in a manner which may be described as fascinatingly impudent; but the funniest thing about it was the story of its production, which has been told by Mr Greville. 'The history of Tom Duncombe and his speech,' says this collector of gossip, 'is instructive as well as amusing. Tommy came to Henry de Ros, and told him that his constituents at Hertford were very anxious that he should make a speech, but that he did not know what to say, and begged Henry to provide him with the necessary materials. He advised him to strike out something new; and having received his assurance that he should be able to recollect anything that he had learned by heart, and that he was not afraid of his courage failing, Henry composed for him the speech which Duncombe delivered.' What it was in this story which Mr Greville found instructive, is not so clear; but its amusing quality may be readily conceded.

Teetotalers have so many good anecdotes, that those who take the other side in the great alcoholic controversy have doubtless made the most of a

tremendous maiden speech which was delivered in the House of Lords in the year 1678 by the Lord Carnarvon of that period, and which was said to have been inspired entirely by claret. Lord Carnarvon had been dining, not wisely but too well, with the Duke of Buckingham; and the Duke, seeing his condition, induced him, by combination of raillery and flattery, to pledge himself to address his brother peers that night upon any subject they happened to be discussing. The Duke of course regarded the thing as a capital practical joke, and doubtless anticipated immense enjoyment from the flounderings of a half-intoxicated man, who had never spoken before, and who was not supposed to have any oratorical gifts even when sober. The debate was on the impeachment of the Earl of Danby, then Lord Treasurer; and as soon as an opening occurred, up rose Lord Carnarvon. 'My lords,' he said, 'I understand but little of Latin, but a good deal of English, and not a little of English history; from which I have learned the mischiefs of such kind of prosecutions as these, and the ill fate of the prosecutors. I could bring many instances, and those very ancient; but, my lords, I shall go no farther back than the latter end of Queen Elizabeth's reign, at which time the Earl of Essex was run down by Sir Walter Raleigh; and your lordships very well know what became of Sir Walter Raleigh. My Lord Bacon, he ran down Sir Walter Raleigh; and your lordships know what became of my Lord Bacon. The Duke of Buckingham, he ran down my Lord Bacon; and your lordships know what happened to the Duke of Buckingham. Sir Thomas Wentworth, afterwards Earl of Strafford, ran down the Duke of Buckingham; and you all know what became of him. Sir Harry Vane, he ran down the Earl of Strafford; and your lordships know what became of Sir Harry Vane. Chancellor Hyde, he ran down Sir Harry Vane; and your lordships know what became of the Chancellor. Sir Thomas Osbourn, now Earl of Danby, ran down Chancellor Hyde; but what will become of the Earl of Danby, your lordships best can tell. But let me see the man that dare run the Earl of Danby down, and we shall soon see what shall become of him.' The assembled peers must have felt as if they were being swept from their feet by an historical avalanche, riddled by a fusilade of facts; and the Duke of Buckingham could only exclaim: 'The claret has done the business!' And indeed it looks like it, for Lord Carnarvon never had another such success.

Of course, maiden speeches which are in any way memorable either for their matter or their manner, the greatness of their success or the completeness of their failure, are comparatively rare. As a rule, the first speech of any member in either House resembles closely all his succeeding speeches; it may lack the force and fluency given by practice, but in its general characteristics there is nothing exceptional. The able man shows at least something of his ability; the dull man lets his hearers into the secret of his dullness. When Cobbett, the very first night he sat in the House, began his maiden speech with the words, 'It appears to me that since I have been sitting here I have heard a great deal of vain and unprofitable conversation,' his fellow-members probably thought that here was a unique display of self-sufficient assurance; but when Cobbett had delivered his second speech, the first was unique no longer, and when he had spoken half a dozen times, it had come to be regarded as comparatively mild. Brougham and Canning, who both became parliamentary speakers of the first rank, may perhaps, with Sheridan and Disraeli, be considered as exceptions to the general rule just given, for their maiden speeches were described as failures; but in their cases, all that probably was meant by the word failure was that they did not fulfil the expectations which had been formed. None of Lord Palmerston's early speeches seem to have had the brilliance of his later utterances; but that he made a favourable impression at starting is proved by the fact that Mr Perceval offered him the Chancellorship of the Exchequer when he had only spoken once in the House; while Earl Grey, Lord Castlereagh, Lord Macaulay, and the late Lord Derby, who began their political careers in the House of Commons, delivered maiden speeches which immediately gave them a reputation.

During the last half-century, there has been such a change in the conditions of public life, that no maiden speech can excite the same curiosity as of old. One result of the lowering of the franchise has been to diminish the chances of any parliamentary candidate who has not some measure of ease and ability in speaking; and public meetings of all kinds are so numerous, that the quality and amount of oratorical talent possessed by every prominent man become well known long before he has a chance of displaying it upon the floor of the House of Commons. This change is not one to be regretted on the whole; but of course parliamentary life has lost one element of interest which it possessed in the days when a maiden speech might be looked forward to as a revelation of all kinds of unsuspected possibilities.

THE MINER'S PARTNER.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER II.

On a morning only a couple of days after the opening of our story, the sun had not yet risen high enough to strike the plains, which stretched as far as the eye could reach; but the mountains were all bright with his rays, from their peaks down almost to the 'foothills,' which, tolerable eminences in themselves, projected like so many capes out on the level ground, when a man came to the opening of a tent and looked out. Although he gazed across the rugged intervening ground and out upon the plain, and although sunrise in Colorado is worth seeing from a position of vantage, yet it was evident that it was from no appreciation of the scenery that the man stood there. From the spot, an irregular line of tents and huts—or 'shanties'—led to the centre of Flume City; while the trenches cut in all directions, and the odd implements and vessels lying about, gave ample evidence that this was a mining camp, or town.

The man was dressed in buckskin—as were many others, who by this time began to show

themselves—was tall and dark; of an eager, not to say cunning aspect; while from beneath his shapeless hat, his long hair hung straight and untidy. This description might serve for nine-tenths of the denizens of the camp, whether of high or low degree; but there was something in the aspect of this miner which would have prevented any expert from classing him with the lowest and coarsest of his calling. He was evidently deep in thought, and his meditation found support in a fashion very common in the United States—he drew a cake of tobacco from his pocket, and bit off a corner, as though it had been a biscuit; then, chewing vigorously, he remained with his absorbed gaze apparently fixed on the distant plains.

Presently the canvas of the tent was pushed aside, and another man came out. This second man was somewhat shorter than the first, although yet a tolerably tall man. He was fairer, as could be seen in spite of his sunburnt and weather-beaten countenance. His beard was brown, and was longer and fuller than the first comer's; and he was altogether of a thicker, stronger build. These brief descriptions will serve to introduce the two partners Rube Steele and Ben, whose jarring took up so much time at the miners' convention two or three nights before, and whose relation to the whole camp had grown to be of the most unfriendly character.

'How long have you been cooling yourself here?' asked the second man, who was of course Ben; 'and why did you not wake me up?'

'Reckon I have not been here six minutes,' replied the other, taking no notice of the second query. 'I expect we had better see now about fixing the breakfast.'

'You might have done something, instead of loafing around,' muttered Ben, who was clearly in no pleasant mood, although his features bespoke him a frank, good-tempered fellow enough. 'Here! I will light the fire.'

In a few minutes the fire was blazing, the kettle on, and the men, who had scarcely interchanged another word, were seated, waiting for the water to boil.

'Now, Rube,' suddenly exclaimed Ben, 'you know this is my last day here; I mean clearing out; so this is our time to have a settlement. If we don't fix things straight now, we shall not fix them at all.'

'They air fixed, ain't they?' retorted Rube. 'You have done considerable as you please; so, if you don't like the position, I can't help it.'

'You shift too much in your argyment, you do,' continued Ben. 'But say now, right away, do you mean to pay me those fifteen hundred dollars or not?'

'You air unreasonable altogether,' returned Rube. 'Why should I pay fifteen hundred dollars, because a man who robbed us both has gone off with twice as much?'

'Don't tell me about robbing us both—you can't fool me like that!' angrily exclaimed the other. 'I never would trust the man with dust—you knew it—although he was your friend, and you could not say enough in his favour. It was through you he hung around here; and even if you did not get your half from him, with a big profit, you are bound in honour to pay me my share.'

Rube's eyes assumed for a moment a very ugly and dangerous look, as his comrade spoke. 'Seems to me, pardner Ben,' he said, 'that you are gone wrong altogether in this connection. Two or three citizens saw the order, and thought it was in your writing; so did I. Then where does the blame come in? Fix it how you like, it was only a mistake, not a fault. And as to my having shared the plunder with this stranger'——

'I can't say you did for certain, of course,' interrupted Ben. 'But you have been out of camp till midnight ever since, and where have you been all the time? Anyhow, I am fifteen hundred dollars short; that is a sure thing, and I want it made up. And what do you mean to do about it?'

The altercation seemed likely to grow into a violent quarrel; but one or two miners from the neighbouring huts came in on matters of business, and the dispute died out, leaving, however, to judge from the countenances of the principals, no great amount of good-will on either side. It was evident from the conversation of these visitors, that as Ben was about to leave the camp, and as the partnership which had existed between himself and Rube would of necessity cease, they had resolved to sell their equipment of tools, mining 'fixings,' and tent furniture, all of which were known to be very complete. This was what drew the miners to the tent; and among the visitors, there was a general understanding that the partners were not separating on good terms; indeed, most of those who came showed, by their addressing themselves almost exclusively to one or the other, a partisanship in the matter. Various bargains were struck by either partner; but whatever was done by Ben invariably produced unfavourable comment from Rube; while Ben did not attempt to conceal his dislike of nearly all transactions managed by his partner.

So the day wore on, with no increase of good-will in the tent; and the interchange of conversation grew less and less, while it became more irritating in its tone. Had the men remained together all day, a quarrel must certainly have arisen; but this was not the case, one or other being absent from the tent for the greater part of the time.

It was while Rube was absent towards the close of the afternoon, that a miner drew near to the tent, and from the repeated glances he threw around him, and the deliberate manner in which he approached, he seemed to be on his guard against some danger. At last, when he was very close to the tent, Ben came to the opening, and being busied in arranging some of the household gear which he was removing from the interior, would not have noticed this new-comer, but that the latter, in a lower voice than appeared to be requisite, exclaimed: 'Ben! hist! Are you alone, Ben?'

Ben looked up, and apparently recognised the man, for he smiled as he replied: 'Yes, Absalom, I am alone; and quite at your service, if you want me upon any business.'

The stranger was a little spare man, with a sufficiently comical cast of features; yet he did not respond to Ben's smile, but with a very grave face, came closer.

'Why, Absalom!' exclaimed Ben with a grin of amusement spreading over his face, as he noticed the little man's gravity, 'what is the matter now? Been playing at "monté" again, I suppose?'

This allusion to the gambling weakness which was known to be a feature in poor Absalom's character, also failed to diminish the serious cast of the little man's countenance.

'Let us go into the tent and talk,' said the stranger, still without any responsive smile on his lips; and as, with the freedom of camp-life, he led the way, Ben followed him, wondering and smiling still at Absalom's important air.

'Now, then, Ab,' he continued, 'what is it? Let us have your news first; then we will take a drink.'

'Do you know that Bill Dobell is in camp?' asked Absalom, putting more mystery and importance into his manner than before.

'No; I guess I did not know it,' replied Ben. 'If so, he had better clear out soon; or before I go, I will leave a message which will send a dozen of the boys after him, and will teach him that the Vigilantes are not dead yet.'

'It will be too late,' said the other.—'Now tell me, Ben, has not Indian Peter offered to buy the mules and wagon that you have in Fandango Gulch? And are you not to meet him there at sundown to settle the trade?'

'Certainly,' replied Ben, still wondering, but with much less disposition to smile. The little man's earnestness had impressed him, and he, moreover, began to regard the conjunction of names as ominous.

'Well, then, Ben,' continued Absalom, glancing nervously around him and dropping his voice to a whisper, 'it is all a planned thing with Rube, your pardner, and these other two. You will go to Fandango Gulch; but you will never leave it alive! Bill Dobell is to have five hundred dollars in gold-dust for shooting you; and Indian Peter is to have something for trapping you down there.'

'And Rube?' asked Ben, in a voice which told how far he was from doubting this strange story.

'Wal, Rube of course is to be the paymaster. He says you have a sight of plunder in—in those two valises,' said Absalom, pointing to a couple of old but strong travelling-bags in a corner of the tent. 'You know best if he is right.'

'How do you know all this?' demanded Ben sternly.

'I have been having drinks with the boys at Rattlesnake Claim,' returned Absalom, 'and so have not gone to my own shanty lately. You know that is a long way outside the city. Two nights ago, I slept at Big Donald's. Last night, I felt real bad, and so I got into Indian Peter's shanty. I thought he had left the camp for a day or two, so I crept under some buffalo robes to have my sleep. I was woke by some men talking, and I was about to crawl out, when I recognised Bill Dobell's voice; and you know he has threatened to shoot me at sight, for telling how he broke the stamp-mill. So I lay low, and heard Rube settle with them other two. Of course I made up my mind to tell you, and have been hanging around here all day to get a chance of seeing you by yourself. And it is my belief, Ben, that Rube met Californy Jones on the night that scallawag went off with your gold-dust.'

'I feel considerable certain he did,' returned Ben; 'and I have told Rube as much.'

'I saw Rube meet a man at the Big Loaf Rock, in the cañon,' continued Absalom. 'I knew the man somewhere, but could not remember him at the time, and I only saw his back. He had a dog with him too, which was a good deal on the growl, so I daren't go nigh.' And here Absalom detailed the adventure with which the reader has been made acquainted.

'Bill Dobell in camp! Rube in league with him and Indian Peter! and Californy Jones hanging about the cañon!' exclaimed Ben. 'Then my first suspicion was right, and Rube *did* send some men into the cañon to shoot me! I thought he was a long time getting his posse together; and a pretty collection they were! He had plenty of time to send his desperadoes on first, and they were Dobell and Indian Peter, you bet.'

'I think it's very likely,' returned Absalom; 'for Rube is a bad man; and if he ever knows what I have told you to-day, he will mark me.'

'All right, Absalom. The span of mules and the wagon in Fandango Gulch are yours; you can fetch them in the morning. I reckon Rube won't interfere with you then,' said Ben. 'It is near sundown now; so do you clear out, and send Van Boldvert from Pennsylvania Claim up here, and the Englishmen from Happy Jack Gulch. Go quickly.'

The little miner vanished; and Ben waited until the arrival of the men whom he had summoned, casting many a glance meanwhile in the direction from which his treacherous partner should appear.

Looking out westward across the plains, the broad red disc of the sun was seen just touching the horizon, and everything bathed in his last rays was golden, yet not dazzlingly bright. A peculiar softness and repose was in the light of the setting orb. It was almost the time at which he was to keep his appointment; so, when the men arrived, wondering at the urgent summons delivered, he hastily told them the gist of the information he had received, and suggested that some steps should be taken to get rid of Bill Dobell, who was acknowledged to be the most desperate ruffian of all who infested the mines.

Van Boldvert, who, with all the phlegm and external apathy of the genuine Pennsylvanian Dutchmen, had their quiet resolution too, said a few words indicative of the treatment he intended to adopt—a process which boded no good either to Dobell or his accomplice Indian Peter.

'And how about Rube?' said one of the Englishmen from Happy Jack Gulch. 'What is to be done with him? It seems to me that he is the worst of the lot; and if there is to be any stringing-up, why, string him up first, *I* say.'

'You sees how it is,' responded the Dutchman. 'Rube is de vorst; dere is not no doubt about dat; but he has had a good character as yet, and so far as the miners knows, it is his first offence. So ve shall shust varn him off; and if he comes more closer nor sixty miles to dese diggings, ve shtrings him up. But dese oders—vell, dey are shust de two vorse men ve ever had here, and ve settles dem anyhow.'

As it was Ben's own case, it was thought better that the Vigilantes should work without him. Had they decided otherwise, not his intended departure or anything else would have been allowed to stand in the way; on forfeit of his own life, he must have accompanied them.

The visitors disappeared; and so short a time had the conference occupied, that the last rays of the sun still brightened the evening clouds, when Ben saw, from the door of his tent, fourteen or fifteen men leave the city, and stealthily and in several parties take the line which he well knew would lead them to Fandango Gulch, where the treacherous ambush was to have been set for him.

Taking with him the two valises to which Absalom had made so startling a reference, Ben strode across to a hut, mean-looking enough, but which was somewhat larger than common, and which was dignified by the words 'Bank, Post-office, Mail Depôt,' being inscribed on boards as large as the front and sides of the building would conveniently hold. Having deposited his luggage with the clerk, he was about to return to his own tent, when he muttered: 'I will have a last look at the old place;' then turning at once into one of the numerous ravines which ran close up to the town, he was speedily at the foot of the low hills; and a few score yards, easily threaded by him, amid the intricacies of trenches, mounds, and pools, brought him to the scene of his last speculations.

The moon was rising. It is hardly possible to say so much without adding that it had risen, as the full-moon, of a size and splendour not seen in northern climates, would rise there completely in five minutes; while its light, although softer and less penetrating than it would be when the disc was high in the heavens, was enough to render even the smallest objects visible.

'I guess there is a deal more metal in this placer than has ever come out,' half-murmured Ben, as he looked at the spot; 'and I am leaving a good thing. But it is all for the best. I have realised more dollars than I shall ever spend, and I am not so young as I was; and some of the people here are getting a little tired of me. That p'isonous Rube was the first, maybe; but he would not be the last, if I stayed here, to try how thick my skin is. And I remember that, more 'n a month ago, a bullet was sent through my hair by accident. There would be another such accident soon, I reckon, and as before, no one could guess whose bullet it might be. Wal, this is the last time I shall take a survey of this or any other mine. The water is high to-night.' He turned, as he spoke, to look at the pool by which he was standing; but as he did so, he suddenly ceased his speech, and instinctively recoiled.

The pool was a little below where he stood—only some two or three feet; but a kind of beach or margin lay between him and the water; and as he turned round, the figure of a man, coming from behind a mound of earth, which lay on this margin like a small cliff, emerged into the full moonlight. The start and broken exclamation of Ben were repeated by the other.

'Wal, is that Ben?' exclaimed the voice of Rube. 'Why, hadn't you got to meet Indian Peter at the Gulch, to settle about them mules?'

'Yes,' returned Ben briefly; 'I had.'

'Ha! you have not been, I estimate,' continued Rube. 'Is the trade off?'

'I have sent some friends to transact my share of the business for me,' said Ben; and either the ambiguous character of the reply, or its tone, roused Rube's suspicions; for he glanced quickly up at the speaker, with the same cunning, dangerous look which his face had worn earlier in the day.

'I see there 's a good many handles and broken tools about here, Ben,' he said, changing the subject. 'Before I take another pardner, I shall have a clearing-up.'

'I think it 's very likely,' said Ben drily, and his tone again caused the quick, dangerous look to come on Rube's face. The latter had by this time approached almost to where Ben stood, and he turned to look, as it seemed, across the pool and out over the deserted diggings, to the rising moon; but as he did so, with an almost imperceptible movement he brought his revolver further to the front. To any but a practised eye, the movement would have been entirely concealed; but Ben saw it, and knew its meaning.

'Air you going to Fandango Gulch, Ben?' asked Rube, turning again to his ex-partner. 'I reckon Peter will be considerably riled if you don't.'

'As you say, there 's a sight of useful things lying about here,' returned Ben, stooping, and looking at some of the broken implements; 'and I had no idea we had left so much. Indian Peter won't miss me.'

'Ain't you going to meet him, then, and why?' demanded Rube, with another sinister glance upward, and another slight hitch forward of his scabbard—as revolver holsters are usually termed in the west.

'Because Indian Peter is in the hands of the Vigilantes by this time, you traitor and hound!' burst forth Ben, his smothered passion appearing to overcome him. 'So is Bill Dobell; and so'——

His sentence was never finished, for both men dashed savagely at each other at the same moment. Rube, when he heard the words which told him that his plot was discovered and defeated, with a bitter oath jerked his pistol from its scabbard, cocked, and fired; but though he did it almost instantaneously, the hawk-eye of Ben was too quick for him, and the aim, which must have been deadly, so close were they together, was balked by a powerful stroke with the handle of a pick, which Ben had secured under the feint of examining the refuse implements. As Rube levelled his pistol, Ben dealt him a desperate blow on the back of the head. The weapon exploded harmlessly in the air; and Rube, with a single groan, stumbled forward and fell senseless and motionless on his face.

He lay on the margin or beach described as being between the elevated ledge and the pool; and there was something in the helpless, inanimate figure which convinced Ben that his stroke had taken deadly effect.

'I believe he is dead,' he said, after a pause, during which he grasped his club in readiness for another blow. 'I was sorry I had left my six-shooter behind, when I saw what he was after; but this has done as well. Let me make sure.'

He lifted up the prostrate man's arm; and when he released it, it fell heavily and clod-like, just as it was dropped. He turned the body half round and placed his hand over the heart, but could feel no pulsation.

'The Vigilantes have been saved some trouble, either now or at another time, anyhow,' he continued. 'I hope they have caught Indian Peter and Bill Dobell, and then the camp has got quit of the three worst characters in it. I shall say nothing about this before I clear out. I have so many dollars in my satchels, that a very little would serve as an excuse to Rube's friends for lynching me.'

Acting on this determination, he quietly returned to the camp, or city, where he soon learned that justice had overtaken Bill Dobell and Indian Peter. In further confirmation, the driver of the mail, as he drove from the town, some hours later in the night, showed him, as an object of interest, two figures pendent from the boughs of a solitary tree some hundred and fifty yards from the roadside, which tree had, it appeared, often served such a purpose before.

The driver, having come on from a distant station with the coach, was not so well acquainted with the antecedent particulars of this demonstration of justice, as was the passenger who sat by his side on the box; nor did he know the latter's interest in the matter.

'I do hear,' continued the driver, 'that Rube Steele was looked for to make a third; but it is calculated he made tracks in time. It is a good thing to get rid of such desperadoes as Bill Dobell and Indian Peter; but it's an awful pity they missed Rube.'

The outside passenger kept his own counsel, being very well satisfied that his partner's fate should remain unknown until he had placed at least a hundred leagues between himself and the mining town.

CONCERNING LOVE.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART I.

Love is a stupendous paradox. You cannot elaborate a theory with regard to it which shall be at once entirely consistent in itself and all-comprehensive in its application. You may note its manifestations, estimate its force, trace its progress, and speculate upon its potentialities; but how can you hope to reduce to a self-consistent philosophy its thousand-and-one contrarieties and its endless shades of diversity—its glowing triumphs, its merry comedies, its sad irrevocable catastrophes—its sweet reasonableness, its wild infatuation, and its incomprehensible eccentricities? There is perhaps no subject under the sun which has been a more constant theme of poets, essayists, and philosophers; but what is the net result of all that these have told us? It is a long category of heterogeneous and conflicting dicta or speculations, comprising, it is true, many sage reflections, accurate observations, and charming fancies, but, as a whole, presenting rather the aspect of a kaleidoscopic view than that of an intelligible and harmonious picture.

Though the praise of love has been more common than its disparagement, there are not wanting those who have been disposed to treat the subject with irony and ridicule. It was Laurence Sterne who said that the expression 'fall in love' evidently showed love to be beneath a man. This was no doubt intended for nothing more than a facetious play upon the words; but there are numerous writers, both before and after Sterne, who have ridiculed the votaries of the tender passion and disparaged the god Cupid. Bacon speaks of love as 'this weak passion,' and quotes with approval the remark, that 'it is impossible to love and be wise.' Cervantes satirises the extravagances of the amorous passion to the top of his bent in the adventures of his mad hero Don Quixote, in whose fantasy and mock-heroic panegyrics love is a never-absent theme; indeed, it is an essential element of his madness, for he is made to declare that 'the knight-errant that is loveless resembles a tree that wants leaves and fruit, or a body without a soul.'

Certain of Shakspeare's creations also join in this detraction, and the lover and the lunatic are placed in the same category, as—with the poet—'of imagination all compact;' while one of his characters—the fair Rosalind—declares: 'Love is merely a madness; and, I tell you, deserves as well a dark house and a whip as madmen do.' The affinity of love and madness has formed the subject of much learned disquisition, and the general testimony would seem to show that there must be numerous instances in which it might be said, adapting Dryden's couplet on the subject of 'great wits:'

> Great love is sure to madness near allied,
> And thin partitions do the bounds divide.

Carlyle remarks that 'love is not altogether a delirium; yet it has many points in common therewith.' From the illustrations that are constantly set before us, it would appear that the chief point in common between love and madness or delirium is that in both cases the victim becomes more or less devoid of the power of self-control, and, in his or her infatuation, indulges in the most serious or ludicrous extravagances.

The evidence would seem to indicate that Reason, in the presence of Love, is obliged to descend from her throne, and pay tribute to what has become the dominating motive. When Love takes possession, it subsidises and controls the judgment, tastes, faculties, and inclinations of the individual, and is not to be argued down, even by the subject himself, much less by others. In the words of Addison:

> Love is not to be reasoned down, or lost
> In high ambition, or a thirst of greatness;
> 'Tis second life—it grows into the soul,
> Warms every vein, and beats in every pulse.

From whatever point of view we approach this theme, we soon encounter what is, perhaps, after all, the most prominent and least dubitable characteristic of love—namely, its far-reaching, all-pervading potency. Bacon, with all his philosophical acumen, is obviously wrong when he describes love as a 'weak passion;' indeed, the phrase itself is a contradiction in terms. Voltaire is much more just in his estimate when he says: 'Love is the strongest of all the passions, because it attacks at once the head, the heart, and the body.'

What Bacon evidently intended to refer to was

the weakness, not of the passion, but of the will which could not repel or subdue it. This view is borne out by the context, which is, that 'great spirits and great business do keep out this weak passion.' This contention, however, is no more tenable than his characterisation. All the evidence goes to prove that love is not to be conquered by great spirits, or smothered by great business, any more than it is to be reasoned down. As the French proverb says: 'Close the door in Love's face, and he will leap in at the window;' and the aphorism is equally applicable to mental and material obstructions. In the same way Shakspeare teaches that 'stony limits cannot hold love out;' that 'the more thou dam'st it up, the more it burns;' and that 'Love is your master, for he masters you.'

There is, indeed, no aspect of this passion regarding which so great unanimity prevails as that expressed in those last quotations. It is Scott who declares that

> He who stems a stream with sand,
> And fetters flame with flaxen band,
> Has yet a harder task to prove,
> By firm resolve to conquer Love.

Southey, who is convinced that 'love is indestructible,' goes so far as to assert that

> They sin who tell us Love can die.

If further evidence of the vitality and power of this passion were required, an appeal might be made to the language of Hebrew Scripture, which teaches that 'Love is strong as death . . . Many waters cannot quench love, neither can floods drown it.'

In view of testimony like this, one might be pardoned for supposing the point in question satisfactorily established. We shall not, however, have proceeded far in the consideration of other phases of the subject, before we shall come upon views which it is by no means easy to reconcile with the above conclusions. Take, for example, the theory that a man or a woman can truly love but once. This would seem to be the natural corollary of the belief that love is indestructible. The argument, of course, is that the love which departs is not love at all. As the old lines run:

> Pray, how comes Love?
> It comes unsought, unsent.
> Pray, how goes Love?
> That was not love that went.

Carlyle homologates this view. In *Sartor Resartus*, he says: 'As your Congreve needs a new case or wrappage for every new rocket, so each human heart can properly exhibit but one love, if even one; the "first love which is infinite" can be followed by no second like unto it.'

This is certainly a strong case for the first-and-only-love theory. But let it not be supposed that we shall here miss the inevitable differences of opinion. Among others who raise a strong protest against this view is George Eliot, who believes there is a second love which is greater, because more mature, than the first. 'How is it,' she asks, 'that the poets have said so many fine things about our first love, and so few about our later love? Are their first poems the best? or are not those the best which come from their fuller thought, their larger experience, their deep-rooted affections? The boy's flute-like voice has its own spring charm; but the man should yield a richer, deeper music.' Many other quotations to a similar purport might be given; but the whole argument is a futile one. It is simply reasoning in a circle, because, whatever may be advanced on this side of the question, it is of course perfectly open to those who maintain the opposite to fall back upon the contention that the love which was vanquished was not love at all, and that its subjugation sufficiently proves that it was spurious.

It may be said that this is a somewhat rough-and-ready method of disposing of a profound and delicate psychological problem, and the point may be further raised in connection with the kindred proposition, that love is not incurable. Those who hold that love is indestructible must also, in consistency, maintain that it is likewise incurable, and inconsolable when scorned and rejected. Then, of course, they are met with declarations like that of Shakspeare when he says: 'Men have died from time to time, and worms have eaten them, but not for love;' or like that of Thackeray, when he remarks that 'Young ladies have been crossed in love, and have had their sufferings, their frantic moments of grief and tears, their wakeful nights, and so forth; but it is only in very sentimental novels that people occupy themselves perpetually with this passion; and, I believe, what are called broken hearts are very rare articles indeed.'

At the same time, there are not many who agree that

> 'Tis better to have loved and lost,
> Than never to have loved at all.

Guarini, in his *Faithful Shepherd*, expresses a directly opposite opinion, holding that it is far harder to lose his lady-love than never to have seen her or called her his own. Hamlet speaks heavily enough of 'the pangs of despised love;' and it would be idle to deny that a large proportion of the tragedies of real life, as well as of fiction, have turned upon love rejected, abused, or betrayed. When Dryden says that

> Pains of love be sweeter far
> Than all other pleasures are,

he must not be supposed to refer to the love that has been blighted by cold neglect or open disdain. Burns describes the pains of love when parted from its object in very different language—as 'A woe that no mortal can cure.' Dryden's reflection is rather in the same strain as that of the love-sick Hibernian who said it was 'a moighty recreation to be dying of love. It sets the heart aching so delicately there's no taking a wink of sleep for the pleasure of the pain.' Moore gives a less paradoxical and more serious exposition of the case than his love-sick compatriot:

> Yes—loving is a painful thrill,
> And not to love more painful still;
> But surely 'tis the worst of pain
> To love and not be loved again.

Various specifics have been prescribed for the cure of love, and among these, matrimony has been suggested as an infallible cure. A grim joke, my masters! but one in which there is only a certain modicum of truth. Whether, because

the love is spurious, or because its fire is less unquenchable than the poets would have us believe, it is yet too true, and one of the saddest facts of human experience, that the love which glows so bright and radiant on the wedding morn, may, before many years have flown, be cold and dead as the ashes of a fire that has long gone out.

When the idol is shattered, and love neither dies nor breaks the heart, it sometimes—and here is another enigma—changes its nature; becomes, in fact, the opposite of itself. The operation is not without analogy. The arch-fiend himself was once an angel of light, and so we may find adoring love become venomous hate.

It is a profitless task to apply the why and the wherefore to love-affairs. Byron, who himself knew so much about love, says:

> Why did she love him? Curious fool, be still;
> Is human love the growth of human will?

To assume that it is, would only remove the problem still further from the point of solution, and would seem, in many instances, to bring the lover and the madman into still closer relationships. It is the infatuation of love, and not the prompting of reason, that causes men and women—but how much more frequently the latter!—to give up, often for a worthless object, friends, happiness, reputation, wealth, and all that life holds dear—even, in some cases, life itself. 'The hind,' says Shakspeare, 'that would be mated with the lion, must die for love;' yet such unions and such sacrifices are by no means uncommon—not in the lower animal kingdom, but in the more exalted and more tangled scheme of human affairs. Still, despot as he is, with all his huge blunders and strange tyrannies, Love is perhaps the most welcome and beneficent guest that knocks at the door of the human heart. Reason has her own place and her own functions; but it is to Love, after all, that we must look for the most generous impulses, the noblest inspirations. It is Love that redeems our life from cold prosaic dullness, that sweetens and enriches all its springs. There is no more refining and ennobling influence in the life of man than that of a pure unselfish love. From such flows every kind of mutual sympathy, mutual comfort, mutual helpfulness. It is the highest realisation of human bliss.

A NEW PROCESS OF WHITE-LEAD MANUFACTURE.

In two former articles (June 16 and November 10, 1883) we noticed the dangers to life and health which accompany the manufacture of white-lead as at present carried on, and we reviewed the several attempts made to find a substitute. We are still of opinion that such substitutes will prove effectual in their measure; but we cannot shut our eyes to the fact that the enormous production and consumption of ordinary white-lead must nevertheless continue, chiefly on account of its cheapness, for its enduring qualities, and for its capability for purposes in jointing, calking, machinery and hydraulic use, which other substances fail to fulfil. In these circumstances it is interesting to know that almost coincident with the Report of Mr Redgrave, C.B., Her Majesty's chief Inspector of Factories—to which we alluded in a former article (June 16), and which so forcibly shows the evils under the old 'stack' process of white-lead manufacture, as usually carried on—there has been discovered, and brought into full operation, a process by which white-lead of the purest and best quality is produced in one-sixth the time, and at considerably less cost than under the old process. The necessity for the work of women is also avoided, and the operatives completely secured from contact with the dangerous white-lead dust.

It may help our readers to an understanding of the subject if we quote first a brief description of the 'stack' process, from a *previous* Report by Mr Redgrave: 'The lead is received in "pigs." These are melted in a furnace, and then cast in water or in moulds of various forms best suited for the action of the acetic acid. The acid is placed in pots of earthenware, on which the moulded lead is placed; and the pots are then arranged in large chambers, called "stacks," and covered with tan. Row after row of pots and tan are placed one above the other, until the stack is full, in which condition the stack remains for about three months. Carbonic acid gas is evolved during this time, escaping through the ventilators, and causes the deposit of white-lead on the moulds of lead. If the above were the only process, it would be comparatively innocuous; but it is the work that succeeds from which the evil of lead-poisoning arises. The tan is carefully removed from layer after layer; white-lead is found caked upon the moulds of lead; but a very little motion causes it to break up into powder. The lead, loaded with this deposit, is then carried in trays, and emptied into cisterns of water, through which, by agitation, the white-lead passes to the grinding-mills, and the blue lead is raked out of the cisterns for further use. After being ground in the wet state, the material is placed in pans and carried into the ovens to be dried; it is then carried from the ovens to the warehouse, to be packed in barrels. Such are the principal processes in which females are employed, and which are most prolific of disease and death. The injuries to health arise from the external contact with the skin of the white-lead, whether in the dry or moist condition, and the inhalation of the dust or powder into the lungs, or its being imbibed into the stomach through the mouth. As for the prevention, external or internal, no means have yet been discovered by which this could be attained. The mitigation of the evil lies in excessive and enforced cleanliness, with the use of special clothing and appliances when at work.'

When, however, the testimony given in Mr Redgrave's *later* Report is considered, it will be seen that the 'excessive and enforced cleanliness, with the use of special clothing and appliances,' fail to accomplish their object, the chief reason being, as testified by one sufferer: 'The air of the factory was always full of white-lead dust.' Another, speaking of her clothes, said: 'Dust came from them like a miller, and used nearly to choke me.' And managers of factories state to Mr Redgrave: 'Respirators are provided, but work-people as a rule will not wear them. The respirators are troublesome.' The fact is, there is this dilemma: without the respirators, lungs and

stomach get filled with the dangerous white-lead dust; with the respirators, the perspiring, half-choked women cannot work. The problem really is how to produce white-lead without raising this poisonous dust, as it is well known that the grinding in oil is with any ordinary care perfectly innocuous. The very stringent legislation lately authorised does not touch this point.

Attempts have been made to produce white-lead by precipitation, and thus to avoid some of the dangers; but the product is an inferior one, being composed of minute crystals which will not blend with the oil, and are deficient in the most important qualities necessary for paint, and for the other purposes for which true white-lead is largely used. The precipitated lead has also to be washed and stored, as the white-lead from the stack process.

Happily, just at this juncture a simple but wonderful process has been discovered, perfected and patented by Professor E. V. Gardner, of 44 Berners Street, London, W., for many years Director of the Scientific Department, and Professor of Chemistry to the Royal Polytechnic Institution, and who marches with the age in the application of the wonderful power of electricity to this branch of manufacture. He avails himself to the full of that great representative of all energy in forming what is called a galvano-electric combination in the process of manufacture of white-lead, as follows:

The metallic lead, cast into the form of gratings, and bent into narrow arches, is closely ranged in order upon wooden trays covered with pure sheet-tin—the most practically useful electro-negative to be had. Dipped by mechanical contrivance into a certain acid mixture, to give a chemically clean surface, and to promote the after-process of corrosion, they are placed in chambers built of brick, from twelve feet square and upwards, having a glass roof and windows for observation, and having a floor of the electro-negative and highly electro-conductive tin heated from beneath by steam to the necessary temperature of about one hundred and twenty degrees Fahrenheit. These chambers may each contain as small a quantity as from eight to ten tons of lead, and range up to eight hundred or a thousand tons. Gases, composed of a mixture of acetic acid vapour and atmospheric air at a similar temperature, are introduced by stoneware pipes from an ingenious apparatus where they are generated; and passing through holes in the pipes a few inches from the tin-covered floor of the chamber, they pass upward, and permeating the whole chamber, electric action commences. At the end of the second day, there is a beautifully white surface. On the third day, carbonic acid vapour is introduced by the same means, hastening still more the formation of white-lead. This goes on for two weeks, at the close of which time, so active has been the action of the substances engaged, by reason of the electrical energy, that there is more white-lead formed than under three months' working of the same amount of lead by the old process. The gases are then shut off, the chamber cooled, ventilated, opened, and the contents withdrawn, the trays being emptied through a special hopper into the 'agitator,' a horizontal cage of round iron bars revolving in a closed case. After being rotated a few minutes, the whole of the white-lead is disengaged, and falls into a pit underneath, leaving the cores that have not been converted in the cage, from which they are collected and remelted for further use. From the pit, the white-lead is conveyed to the mill by an endless band, on which are fixed a number of small buckets, which, filling themselves with the white-lead as they pass through the pit at the bottom, discharge it into the mill as they turn over at the top, whence, after passing through the crushing-rollers, the white-lead falls into the mixer, and issues forth, when combined with oil, in the shape of white-lead of one unfailing quality, being of perfect character as to body and testing powers, and of the purest colour.

The work is continuous from first to last. As all the apparatus is carefully closed in, there is no dust, nor do the hands of the operatives once touch the material. *The Sanitary Record* (October 1883) says: 'Professor Gardner has completely revolutionised the manufacture of white-lead. Not only has he rendered it a comparatively innocuous industry, but he has made it a much simpler process, and reduced the time hitherto required for its production in an extraordinary manner, and so facilitated its rapid make, and at a much lessened cost of production. But these great advantages of the process sink into insignificance when compared with its hygienic working in rescuing hundreds of poor creatures from lingering illness, not taking into account the attendant expense of their treatment and support, which falls on various local authorities.'

Mr Redgrave, having carefully inspected the working of the process, has written to Professor Gardner as follows: 'I think it right to state that having carefully inspected your works at the bottom of Rolt Street, Deptford, it appears to me that the process of the manufacture of white-lead there is free from nearly all the objections on the score of exposure of the persons employed to the injurious effects, hitherto deemed to be inseparable from the occupation. The material and the product are alike isolated, there is an absence of dust, and handling or manipulating is unnecessary.'

As the white-lead manufacturers of our country are not only an influential and wealthy body, alive to their own interest, but also most anxious for the welfare of their operatives, they must hail this new process with much interest, and adopt it gladly. The general public will rejoice to be assured that the valuable and useful white-lead is no longer prepared at the cost of life and health to many, especially women, as has hitherto been the case.

THE SENSITIVE PLANT.

THE singular phenomenon exhibited by this well-known exotic has long been the admiration of the curious, a puzzle to the botanist, and a standing marvel in the vegetable kingdom. The plant has the property of contracting certain parts of its structure when touched, and is not only sensible to the application of force, but appears to be influenced by the surrounding elements. Sudden degrees of heat or cold, steam from *boiling* water, sulphur-fumes, the odour of volatile liquids, in fact anything that affects the nerves of animals, appears also to affect the sensitive plant. It is

in the highest degree a nervous subject, and, like that species of the genus *homo*, is in this country a thorough hothouse habitant. The subject of our present consideration was originally introduced from Brazil, and, along with other varieties possessing the same faculty in different degrees, is common to other parts of South America. The stem of the plant is cylindrical, and of a green or purplish colour, with two spines at the base of each leaf, besides a few others scattered about the branches. The leaves are pinnatifid, or divided into pairs, supported on long footstalks, and each pinnule is furnished with fifteen or twenty pairs of oblong, narrow, and shining leaflets. From the base of the leaf-stalks proceed the peduncles or flower-stalks, each of which supports a bunch of very small white or flesh-coloured flowers. The seed-vessels are united in packets of twelve or fifteen each, and are edged with minute spines, each husk containing three little seeds.

Dr Hook, Dufay, Duhamel, and other naturalists, have studied this plant with equal attention, and from their observations we learn that it is difficult to touch a leaf of a healthy mimosa —under which name the sensitive plant is also known—even in the most delicate manner without causing it to close. The great nerve which passes along the centre of the leaf serves as a hinge for the sides to close upon, and this they do with great exactness, the two sides exactly opposing each other. If the pressure is made with considerable force, the opposite leaf of the same pair will be affected at the same time and moved in the same manner. Upon squeezing the leaf still harder, all the leaflets on the same side close immediately, as if resenting the affront. The effect may be even carried so far that the leaf-stalk will bend to the branch from which it issues, and the whole plant collect itself as it were into a bundle.

As soon as evening approaches, the sensitive plant begins to lower its leaves, till at length they rest upon the stem. With the morning light, they gradually re-open. When the leaves have even faded and turned yellow, the plant still continues this action, and retains its sensibility when agitated by external influences. A fine rain will not disturb the mimosa at all; but should the rain fall heavily, and be accompanied by wind, the plant becomes immediately affected. When irritated and made to close by force, the time necessary for the leaves to recover their usual position varies from ten to twenty minutes, according to the season and the hour of the day.

Though heat and cold contribute greatly towards its alternate motion, yet the plant is more sluggish in its movements and less sensitive in winter than in summer. After a branch has been separated from the shrub, the leaves still retain their sensibility, and will shut on being touched. If the end of the detached branch is kept in water, the leaves will continue to act for some time.

If the sensitive plant be plunged into cold water, the leaves will close, but will afterwards re-open; and if touched in this state, will again shut themselves, as if in the open air, but not so quickly. This experiment does not seem to injure the plant. If the extremity of a leaf exposed to the rays of the sun is burned with a lens or a match, it closes instantly; and at the same moment, not only the leaflet which is opposite to it follows its example, but all that are upon the same stalk. If a drop of sulphuric acid is placed upon a leaf so as to remain stationary, the plant is not immediately affected; but when it begins to spread, the irritation is communicated from one leaflet to another, till the whole of them on the affected stalk are closed. Although a branch of this wonderful plant be cut through three-fourths of its diameter, yet the leaves belonging to it retain the same degree of sensibility, and open and shut with their usual freedom. The vapour of boiling water affects the leaves in the same manner as if they were burned, and for several hours they appear benumbed—in fact, seldom recovering during the remainder of the day.

These are some of the principal phenomena connected with this very singular plant. No doubt, other experiments have been made; but these will serve to show how much akin is the delicate organisation of this plant to that of the animal kingdom.

Many conjectures have been formed and many theories raised to account satisfactorily for the working of this exquisite machine; but the mainspring is still hidden, and has, as far as we know, eluded the search of the naturalist. It has been supposed by some that the mimosa is endued with a power of perception which actuates all its motions, and is the connecting link between the animal and vegetable kingdoms. But at least an equally rational theory is, that its movements are purely mechanical. To enter into a discussion as to the relative merits of these and other theories would exceed the limits of this article. We can only contemplate the plant as one of those natural wonders which add to our admiration of mother Nature and her products.

LOVE LIGHTS.

Pretty dreamer, far away,
Where the sheaves are golden,
Listen to a tiny lay
Puck hath late unfolden.

Once a brier loved a rose,
At her feet adoring;
Sweet she glanced from high repose,
Deaf to his imploring.

Came a certain one, yclept
Eros, heaven's grafter,
Stole a rose-twig, and adept
Fashioned it with laughter—

Fixed it soft with cunning whim
On that hopeless brier,
Till the season saw his stem
Lordly grow, and higher.

Then the maid-rose loved him true,
Wedded to her glory:
Sleep, Mellilla's eyelids blue;
I have told my story.

B. C.

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'HAPPY EVER AFTER.'

By firelight, the children had heard a traveller's tale about the mirage of the desert—the distant vision of tufted palms and green herbage, the promise of water, and shade, and rest. They had heard how the delusion flies, baffling pursuit, always seeming to stand at an attainable distance across the hot sands, always infinitely far, till it fades, because on their path it has no tangible existence. It is the delusive image of something existing elsewhere, and elsewhere perhaps unasked and uncared for by others, who reckon the oasis worth but little when their ambition is restless for the object of their journey.

'That story won't do!' piped a little voice from the hearthrug, where golden hair was glistening full in the light like a heavenly aureola about an earthly dissatisfied face.

From within a cluster of boys and girls clinging to the armchair, the victim had of course to tell a fairy tale instead, down to the inevitable ending, 'And they were happy ever after.'

'Perkly happy?' asked the small voice from the hearthrug.

'Perfectly happy.'

'Was there *never a wet day?*'

'No; there was never a wet day in their part of the world.'

(Immediate flank attack and strategic surprise:) 'Then their seeds wouldn't come up. How did they manage?'

'They were perfectly happy all the same.'

'Maybe they didn't care much for their seeds and things,' said the golden-haired mortal of the real world, pensively. 'One can't care much for one's "Tom Thumbs," and be perkly happy when the "Tom Thumbs" don't come up after setting 'em.'

There was a whole philosophy in these hearthrug speeches. Six years old in the cosy home-light, and the world was already incomplete! Even fairyland did not bear close inspection. If one asked questions about it, one found out that it had its drawbacks. Of course, fairy princes and princesses were perfectly happy, but only under conditions of existence that put them out of our sympathy. Carrying one's human heart along with one, Fairyland wouldn't do. This, in much simpler words, and no words at all, was the course of the firelight reflections on the rug. The victim, who had succumbed, followed out in another way his own idea of the problem of happiness in this complex world.

In disguise, most of the stories told to the world's grown-up children have the same ending as the nursery tales—happy ever after. One wonders whether the ending is imaginable, or would it fall to pieces in detail; one wonders, too, whether this is an unfair delusion, saddening real mortals, suggesting impossible hopes and contrasts that have no lawful standing, because one side is only the 'baseless fabric of a vision.' Lastly, one wonders if the modern stories that insinuate happiness ever after, suggest that their hero and heroine are no longer meant for human sympathy, because they belong henceforth to fairy nature—or, shall we say, to the mangold-wurzel tribe?—and are not, like us, small creatures of hope and love, who 'care much for our seeds and things.'

If we have skimmed many times the course of love that refuses to run smooth till it has got through three volumes, we have foreseen the marriage, and pinned our faith to what *would* come out at the end of volume three. Our confidence was unshaken, though occasionally it suffered twinges. The future bridegroom was reported dead abroad: instinctively our hope strengthened. He was said to be drowned at sea: our mind was easy—the marriage was as good as promised. Even when the bride was engaged to somebody else, it did not make the least difference in her feelings or ours. Of course that marriage was to be; it would leave us content, and the hero and heroine happy. For Bella Millefleurs and that distinguished Italian, the Count del Cucchiajo, there was certainly a future like the melodist's Vale of Avoca, where the storms that we feel in this cold world should cease, and their hearts, like its

waters, be mingled in peace. Their life before had been shifting, rugged, uncertain; they attain their life's object early, and there they rest.

Most of the after-marriage novels are histories of lives that go down a few steps or altogether into a upas valley. In healthy air, we are given to understand that the most natural end of the story is the marriage-day. We must not ask to follow through the golden gates; beyond these is a bright level of peace—that region where, as we have been reading, the Count del Cucchiajo and Bella—who had the violet eyes, you remember—are gone. They have found the *summum bonum;* their marriage has made them perfectly happy; and so the story ends.

Happy ever after! As much delusion implied at the end of three volumes, as told in words at the end of a nursery tale. Given the conditions of our life, it is impossible. Not that a happy marriage is impossible—the Fates forbid we should teach such heresy! But the happiest marriage is not a rounded sphere of contentment; it is not 'one entire and perfect chrysolite.' Experience answers for itself that the sweetest wife and the most devoted husband are not always in the same position which—as the book and our own minds told us—the Count del Cucchiajo and his violet-eyed bride had secured, when they drove away from the imaginary St George's, Hanover Square, a while ago; or from the country church, whose imaginary gateway we saw so plainly at the imaginary roadside, among the golden-green branches of that spring-time that never was.

'Ah! well,' says some one wiser than the rest, piling up the three volumes, and thinking about an afternoon reviver of tea as a stimulant to the dreary return to this unsatisfactory sort of a world, 'you can't expect a story to go on into all about everything. One reads for pleasure; it should end happily. We don't want a fourth volume about lawsuits and income tax, bursting water-pipes, or kitchen chimney on fire on the day of the dinner-party. We don't want to read on to the measles and the boy's tin trumpet, and the lady's first gray hairs, and perhaps the Count crusty with the gout—his family's fault, and not his. You must flavour with all those minor matters according to taste.'

But nobody flavours, nobody mars the feast with prosaic troubles. And precisely there the mischief lies. The impression given by the climax of the story, and the idea left in the reader's mind, is life's object attained, and perfect happiness henceforth. The characters that point the moral and adorn the tale do not pass away from it into the married life of this commonplace world. Like the Prince and the awakened Beauty of the Laureate's verses, they go forth independent of occupation, and where the Directory-makers cease from troubling. Their future is exquisitely beautiful, vague as a dream; we only know that

> Across the hills and far away
> Beyond their utmost purple rim,
> And deep into the dying day,
> The happy Princess followed him.

Now, what is the effect of this custom of ending the story with the old clap-trap 'happy ever after?' Poor Polly Brown, who has had the three soiled loose-leaved volumes from the village library, looks out at our poor familiar world in fading wintry light, and decides that the one prize worth winning is her wedding-day. The world's winters, the wild black boughs and barren fields, will then be seen no more; it will be a romantic existence, with no dull relations to be civil to, no tiresome household work, no dusting of that shut-up drawing-room with its faint smell of carpet and fire-grate and musty roses. She has dreamed her dream; all her efforts are turned towards attaining it. In a certain sense, she is selfish already. Poor Polly, impatient to escape from the homely parlour and the sanctum of dried roses! Bella Millefleurs, who never lived, will yet cause her real pain in the days of disillusion. She will shed real tears, not as heroines do, but with the prosaic human sorrow of red eyes.

Somebody else, two seasons ago, held the same book with dainty white hand, when, from a great London lending library it came in its first freshness, with stainless cover, and pages smelling deliciously of 'new book.' This pretty girl had danced till three that morning, and had a new ring on her finger, which she kissed when she was sure nobody would see her. Of course she was only resting in curtained firelight in a gem of a boudoir; it would be cruel to expect so graceful and fragile a creature to do anything after such a night; and idle to expect her to do more than skim and skip the chapters, when her own real tale was so much sweeter. She had dreamed her dream from fifty other stories of the same ending. She had attained her life's object in securing a lover with a coronet; and the happy marriage is the coming rest without sorrow or change. If poor Polly Brown could have seen her, she would have been ready to cry for envy; and yet two seasons after, when we saw the homely girl devouring that same story from the same pages, perhaps my lady with the coronet was beginning to feel the heartbreak of disillusion, the unfitness for a life that was misunderstood.

Smith, Brown, and Jones, who are good fellows in their way, and untroubled by romance, are not likely to have new opinions formed by a tired hour of fiction with an after-dinner cigar. But Mrs Smith, Mrs Brown, and Mrs Jones are not so lucky. They may yet have their moments of mental pain, their hidden anguish about imaginary contrasts, their secret storms in a teacup. Their marriage, with its thousand cares, did not raise them to transcendent bliss, as it seems other people's marriages do. Smith, or Brown, or Jones, has not been to them what that man with a soul, the Count del Cucchiajo, was to his wife. Inferred regretful verdict on Jones who is innocently puffing, and reading through the second volume! The love and good-fortune of the violet-

eyed heroine would not by itself have left this sad impression; it has come from the insinuation of happy ever after, which the history of heroines with eyes of all colours has gradually completed. It has given a false impression of life, leading through the magic of the happy marriage into a state of complete contentment and rest, a satisfaction of the insatiable power of loving, a rest from the almost infinite capacity for suffering. All this the real life has not found. Nor could it have been found, for it belongs to another world. Had that felicity been reached, it would have proved, in such a world as this, a heart neither capable of much love nor of much suffering, and therefore ignoble, because unfeeling. We can fancy a mangold-wurzel with such an experience, but not a human being.

Closely associated with the false view of life is that mirage of the heart—the complete happiness that seems attainable if only life had advanced to some change of circumstance. This vision leads on many a one in the straining of hope from the cradle to the grave. We know that others have precisely what we want; it exists somewhere, and they hardly care for it. The shadow only is ours. We forget that another and a greater mirage has risen before them farther on; and that if we stood where they stand, we too would be straining onward. Only, let not the mirage of nine-tenths of the novels delude us. The hero and the heroine have reached no land of perfect happiness, if they are still in this world of patience and of effort. If we believe they have found an El Dorado, we shall follow with selfish steps, with a false ideal of the winning of the prize, and with a morrow of disillusion yet to come. By all means let them show us the bravery and the mutual faith that make at last of love the crown of life; but let them not tell us that it is ever in this world a tearless diadem. Nor can it be likened to a secure rest, an imperishable home; it is rather the tent on the battle-plain, and the dwellers there have not the prospect of court and feast, but the joy of brave natures, blithe as soldier-comrades in the strength of union.

And now, after finding, like the child on the hearthrug, that 'happy ever after' is an untrue ending, what are we to do with our human thirst for rest? Where are we to look, if the vision of happiness farther on is only a mirage? And a mirage it is in many cases. There is but one true answer. This is not the world of perfect happiness.

Our plans for abiding happiness in the future must be laid, in a far different sense from the fairy poem, beyond the world's 'utmost purple rim, and deep into the dying day.' Meanwhile, the best thing we can do for our contentment is to seize upon the golden Present. Oh, that golden Present! how despised it is; yet there is no El Dorado of this world's future that can compare with it. Mingled with the wear and tear of every day, it is perhaps this day and hour the time that we shall look back to in future years as a bright vanished dream. We shall be at too great a distance then to see its small anxieties, its commonplace imperfections; why should we see them now? Again, the golden Present is the time full of the affections that may be cut off before the future has become a sadder present. Let us take the every-day love that we already have, though it be gold roughly wrought. Our treasures may pass away, while we are weaving dreams and following shadows.

BY MEAD AND STREAM.

CHAPTER XVII.—A TURNING-POINT.

THE task which Madge had undertaken would have been simple enough, if she had not heard that sad story about the old time when her mother and Philip's uncle stood in the same relationship to each other as she and Philip now. Then she would have had nothing to do but to write a letter according to her instructions.

Knowing, however, what painful recollections her name would suggest to Mr Shield, the task became a little complicated. Old wounds would be uncovered, old passions roused again, and who could tell what might be the consequences to Philip? She had formed her idea of Mr Shield from Aunt Hessy's account of the manner in which he had received the tidings of her mother's marriage, and from Philip's account of the feud between his father and him. And the idea was that of a man who never forgot an offence, even if he forgave it. His years of exile and of silence to those friends and relatives showed how implacable his nature must be.

She had thought of this the moment Philip told her what she was to do; but in his present condition she could not venture to explain it to him. Fortunately, there was one to whom she could express her doubts, and fortunately Aunt Hessy always saw the best in everything: if she had been thrown to the bottom of a pit, she would have lifted her eyes to the disc of sky above and taken comfort. She was endowed with that boundless faith which makes one happy in one's self and the cause of happiness in others.

'Do not trouble thyself, child. We make more worries for ourselves than are made for us. Like enough the two great troubles of Austin's life may be redeemed in thee and Philip. That would be great joy to me. Send thy letter as it is; and I'll put a few words to him in the same envelope, so that he may understand thou art no stranger.'

It was only a few words Aunt Hessy wrote: 'This is to tell thee that after many years thou art still kindly borne in mind. It is our fervent hope that time hath brought thee peace as well as riches. The letter which this short greeting goes with is from our Lucy's child, Madge. If all go well with them, Madge and thy nephew Philip Hadleigh will one day marry. I think it well that thou shouldst know this, and trust that it may please thee. I would be glad to tell thee more if any sign be given me that thou carest to hear it.'

Madge wrote a succinct account of the accident which had befallen Philip and a clear statement of all that she had been directed to say. Before this letter was closed, Dr Joy called, and a post-script became necessary.

'The doctor who is attending Mr Philip Hadleigh has been here. He says that it would be positively dangerous for him to move from his

room for two or three weeks; and that to undertake a journey to Griqualand in less than three or even four months would be "positively suicidal." The doctor also says that Mr Hadleigh's anxiety to keep his engagement with you is likely to retard his recovery very much. My fear is that he will attempt to travel before he is fit to do so safely. Could you not assure him that the delay will cause you no inconvenience?'

She did not hear what Dr Joy said to Aunt Hessy, or her fear that Philip in his impulsive way might act without due heed to the voice of medical wisdom would have been greatly increased.

'The fact is, Mrs Crawshay, there is no great danger in the case itself, although two ribs are broken. The real danger lies in his impatience to be away and home again. I think your niece has something to do with that. He let it out to me to-day when he told me that he was not so impatient to go as he was impatient to be back. You must persuade Miss Heathcote to use her influence to keep him quiet.'

Madge went to the village post-office herself. Even the posting of this letter had obtained what at the moment appeared to be a somewhat undue importance. However, it was safely placed in the box by her own hand, and she experienced a sense of relief as if she had got rid of a burden. There were so many things she might have said, and had not, so many phrases she might have altered or modified to suit the peculiar associations which it revived, that so long as it remained in her possession there seemed a probability of being constrained to go back and write it all over again. If on the contents of this letter had depended the most fateful turning-point in her life, and she had been aware of it, she could not have been more exercised in mind about them, or more relieved when the die was cast into the post-box.

Now she turned with lightened steps towards Ringsford. In the fields on every side the ploughs and harrows were at work; occasionally there was the crack of a gun, and in the distance she could see the blue smoke wreathing up into the air and the sportsmen following their dogs. A soft russet tinge like a great brown cobweb lay upon the Forest, and leaves were fluttering hesitatingly to the ground, as if uncertain whether or not it was yet time to quit the branches. These were the tokens that the harvest-time was over, and the fat ricks in the farmyards told that there had been a goodly ingathering.

When she reached the Manor, the young ladies had barely finished breakfast. They had been dancing until daylight shamed the lamps in the marquee, and consequently they were still at their first meal long after the forenoon dinner had been finished at Willowmere.

'Why did you not tell us about poor Philip last night, Madge?' was Miss Hadleigh's salutation, adding, with a shrug of the shoulders which might represent a shudder: 'It is so dreadful to think of us all enjoying ourselves while our brother was lying at death's door.'

'Not so bad as that, unless there has been some great change since the doctor was here,' said Madge.

'There will be such scandal about it all over the country,' exclaimed Caroline.

'Everybody will know that you were purposely kept in ignorance of the accident.'

'I am sure I wouldn't have laughed or danced at all, if I had only known,' half-sobbed the conscience-stricken Bertha.

'That is exactly why he insisted you should not be told about it until after your party.'

'But it wasn't our party: it was his party; and everybody will think we are such unfeeling creatures,' was the petulant comment of Caroline, who appeared to be more occupied about what 'everybody' would say than about her brother's injuries.

And everybody did say a great deal, of course—particularly everybody who had not been invited to the festival. The explanation satisfied those who had shared in the night's merriment and those who had not pretended to be satisfied. So all was well, and the Misses Hadleigh found a doleful interest in receiving the numerous callers and answering their inquiries. They felt a little chagrin at first that Madge should have the privilege of seeing their brother, whilst they were forbidden access to his room for several days. But this was speedily overcome, for none of them had a partiality for a sick-room, and their visitors kept them fully occupied.

The most regular inquirer was Wrentham, who not only presented himself daily at the Manor, but also contrived to see Dr Joy and obtain from him precise accounts of the progress of the case.

The progress was all that could be expected under the circumstances. Philip had a strong constitution; he was soothed into a degree of calmness, as soon as he learned that Madge had carried out his wishes; he 'kept his head' all the time; but his strength rendered his unavoidable restraint the more tantalising, and the sailing of the *Hertford Castle* without him the more vexatious.

Then Madge said, with a make-believe look of reproach:

'Are you so *very* sorry, then, that we are together for a month or two longer than you expected?'

'You know I am not; but then they have to be tacked on to the other end; and by so much delay my return.'

She was obliged to own that it was irksome for a man of active spirit to be bound down to his bed for weeks, when he had so much to do, and his spirit felt strong enough to do it. Besides, as he put it:

'We had screwed our courage to the sailing-point, and now, when we have to wind ourselves up again, how do you know but I may fail? Maybe I shall give it up altogether, and take that little trip to the church we spoke about, and my father wants us to make.'

Then she spoke very decisively:

'No, Philip, you will not fail; and in any case, we shall not take that trip until next harvest is over.'

'Next harvest!' ejaculated the invalid, pretending to groan. 'How old shall we be then?—or rather, how old shall I be? for I don't believe you will ever grow old.'

'We shall both have added exactly one year to our experience,' she said cheerfully, 'and we shall begin life so much the more wisely.'

'Shall we? Well, you can have the experience and the wisdom. I should like to have a Rip van Winkle sleep till then, and waken up just in time to give the necessary answers to the vicar. I say: have you been studying *the* service?'

'What a question!' she answered, blushing.

Of course she had gone over The Service more than once, with that sweet tremulous wonder—compound of curiosity, timid, only half-acknowledged anticipation and awe—which is inspired by those mysterious words that have the power of making two lives one. Was there ever a maiden passed her teens without doing and feeling so? Was there ever a maiden who has not strained her eyes into the misty future that overhangs the altar, and speculated upon the shape in which her fate was to appear? And what maiden was ever ready to make frank confession to her lover of those vague day-dreams in which he has had no definite existence?

'To be sure you have,' says Philip gaily, notwithstanding the feebleness of his voice; 'but I have not. So you will have to coach me for the exam.—I mean the occasion.'

The sunshine of youth was still in their hearts, and they could talk with gay fearlessness of the responsibilities they were to take upon themselves by-and-by. That 'By-and-by' makes such a difference in our views of things: even the coward is brave whilst the battle is to be fought by-and-by.

In spite of broken bones and disappointment and restraint, they were pleasant days those to the lovers. Pleasanter still when Philip was declared out of danger, and was permitted to spend two of the sunny hours daily in the garden, which was still brilliant with flowers. 'Nature and me to keep the place bonnie all the year round,' Sam Culver used to say, and in the autumn especially, the combined forces produced marvellous effects.

Madge was with Philip in these little outings, wheeling his chair herself, in order that they might escape the tyranny of a servant's attendance.

A dense high hedge of ancient boxwood, trimmed into the shape of a castle's rampart, screened the kitchen-garden from the pleasure-grounds. A wide gravel-path divided this screen from a thicket of variegated evergreens. In the centre of the thicket was an open space where stood two silver beeches, and beneath them was a circular rustic seat.

This was a favourite resting-place of Philip and Madge—to read, to dream of the golden future; and it was here he first rebelled against the restraint of his wheel-chair. Autumn had faded into winter, when upon a certain day the lovers were seated together busily reading the letters which had been received that morning from Austin Shield.

The first was to her, and the coldness of its tone tended to confirm the impression she felt of the man's nature:

'I am obliged to you for the information contained in your letter to hand. I trust that my nephew's accident may not entail any permanent injury. Again thanking you, &c.'

'That's dry enough,' muttered Philip, annoyed by this curt acknowledgment of Madge's service.

'But he had nothing more to say, and he does not know me,' was her generous comment. 'What more could he say than thank you?'

'I don't know—but there are different ways of saying thank you; and Uncle Shield does not seem to understand the most gracious way. Some people never do understand it, although they may try all their lives. But he does not mean any harm. I should say the wilds of Griqualand do not afford many opportunities for the cultivation of sweetness and light. Here is what he says to me:

'"I have received Miss Heathcote's letter. I regret what has befallen you, and hope you will speedily recover. The attention you have given to my business is satisfactory. Meanwhile, your inability to sail on the date fixed does not cause me so much disappointment as it might have done a few days ago.

'"It was my determination never to visit England again. Circumstances, however, have recently come to my knowledge which induce me to alter that determination. As soon as my affairs here can be put in order I shall start for London. You need not write again here. Place Mr Wrentham's papers in the hands of my solicitors for safe custody till my arrival. I shall communicate with you when I reach London, and shall expect to see you as soon afterwards as you may be able to get about.

'"One thing I must ask you to bear in mind—that I do not wish to meet any of the family except yourself. A meeting would not be agreeable to me, and it could not be pleasing to them. It was about you my sister wrote to me, and my pledge to her concerned you alone."'

This was subscribed with the most formal of all subscribing phrases—'Yours truly;' and even that he seemed to consider of so little importance, that it was only suggested by a series of strokes, which would have been absolutely meaningless to any one not acquainted with the form. Yet those two words ought to mean a great deal.

After the message had been read twice, Madge sat thoughtfully gazing at the paper. Philip's cheeks had flushed, and his eyes became bright with satisfaction.

'Well!' he exclaimed at length, 'this disposes of the whole bother. I can do what my mother wished without having to run away from you. Are you not glad?'

'Yes, I am glad,' she answered slowly; 'but, do you know, I am almost afraid of your uncle.'

'Nonsense. He is an odd fish, and dry as a roasted coffee-bean in his letters. But he must be the right sort at bottom, or *she* would never have cared so much for him, or have asked him to take an interest in me.'

Philip was thinking of his mother; Madge was thinking of hers; and she also came to the conclusion that Austin Shield must be a good man at heart, or he could not have won so much affection, and he would not have been so faithful to the pledge he had given his sister years ago. The vision of the hard unforgiving man vanished from her mind, but no new conception took its place. Some instinct impels us to create a mental portrait of any person about whom we hear much or with whom we correspond. As a rule, the portrait is entirely erroneous; and we

are disappointed, agreeably or the reverse, as may be, when we meet the original in the flesh. Yet these portraits of the imagination often exercise a permanent influence on our conduct towards the unconscious sitters.

'Have you ever formed any notion of what he can be like personally?' she asked by-and-by.

'Well, no. . . . I cannot say that I have—that is, any particular notion of him. There is no portrait of him anywhere about the house, and my father never spoke about him till that evening when he tried to persuade me not to go to him. I should say he is a big chap, with a thin face and a keen eye to business, but good-natured in the main. What is your idea?'

'I cannot say now. I *had* my idea; but something has driven it quite out of my head within the last few minutes.'

'Well, we shall soon see what he is like without cudgelling our brains about it. He will be here in a week or two, if he is as sharp about coming as he was about my going. Of course he will meet you, even if he persists in refusing to see anybody else; and I hope he won't do that. Our plan must be to bring him to reason somehow; and I am ready to submit to a good deal in order to bring that about. . . . But I say, Madge, now that we have had just as much worry as if I had really gone away for ever so long, you are not going to stick to that stupid idea of putting off till next harvest?'

'We are to wait till then—at least,' she answered, shaking her head and laughing.

But Philip did not regard this decision as irrevocable.

THE SHADY SIDE OF MONEY-BORROWING.

A SHORT time ago, an English County Court judge made some remarks on money-lending, which apparently were listened to by those who heard him with considerable interest, and perhaps with a certain amount of surprise. The case upon which he was adjudicating was one of those money-lending bills-of-sale transactions that so frequently come before County Court judges, and with which the public are unfortunately only too familiar. The judge said that he would take that opportunity of making some observations on the general question of money-lending, suggested by the particular case before him.

There was, he said, one important matter forgotten by persons who indiscriminately denounced money-lenders, which was, that 'poor people must have loans.' He did not see how, in special circumstances, they could get on without loans. Nor did he believe that borrowers were the innocent, ignorant victims—the deceived, foolish, and unsuspecting 'flies' lured into the 'spider's web'—that they generally were represented to be. He would say there what he had already said to the Government. The Board of Trade had requested all County Court judges to give their experience relative to usury, loan societies, and bills of sale. The object of the President of the Board of Trade in applying to County Court judges was of course to obtain guidance in some prospective and promised legislation on the above subjects, intended more effectually to protect inoffensive and worthy men from the wolves and Shylocks of society. The judge of whom we are speaking gave as his answer, that borrowers of money were quite competent to look after their own interests. His experience had led him to the conclusion that in bills-of-sale transactions there were as many knaves among the borrowers as there were among the lenders. For if the money-lender was often unscrupulous, extortionate, and ready to take every undue advantage of his needy clientèle; the borrower was as frequently a tricky, lying rogue, who misrepresented his circumstances, who rarely intended to repay the loan, and who thought there was nothing very far wrong in cheating and defrauding the Society or the person who lent him money.

He knew that his opinion was different from that of some of his brother-judges. But his experience in a large circuit, and extending over many years, had compelled him to come to this conclusion. In these most disagreeable trials, he had generally found that it was 'diamond cut diamond.' Often the borrower, by various means, got the money advanced on securities of insufficient value, occasionally on goods belonging to other persons; and the usurer never saw more than a small portion of his money again.

Being asked by counsel if he would give an opinion on newspapers inserting money-lending advertisements which were calculated to entrap the unwary, the judge declined, remarking that he did not feel it to be his duty to lecture the proprietors of newspapers on commercial morality.

Coming as these remarks do from a gentleman whose official position and long experience entitle him to speak with authority on this subject, they possess considerable weight. If they do not exactly throw entirely fresh light on this social evil, yet they reveal and emphasise a deplorable state of morality, or rather immorality, among a class of persons who perhaps hitherto have been considered fitter objects for pity than for blame. Many people who are always ready to hurl the fiercest anathemas at the head of a money-lender, have only words of sympathy and commiseration for the money-borrower. We think that usurers deserve all the severe censure which they get—they are the vampires and the vultures of society; at the same time, it seems indisputable that a certain class of borrowers are men of the loosest principles. They will resort to the meanest devices—to wilful misrepresentation, to fraud, to perjury, and even to forgery, in order to obtain loans of money, which they never can, and which in many cases they never intend to repay.

One common device of borrowers is to feign ignorance. Both principals and sureties do this.

When pressed for payment in the court, they go into the witness-box and swear that they did not know the meaning of the document which they signed. The promissory-note or the bill of sale was not read over or explained to them. If this were true, their position would be strong; for the law directs that a bill of sale shall be explained to the person who gives it. Sometimes, of course, it is true that the holder of the bill of sale has taken a mean advantage of his client's ignorance. But often it is untrue; for the Loan Office brings forward two or three witnesses who declare that the document was read over and explained to the defendant in their presence. The verdict in such cases is given against the borrower; and he is moreover liable to be indicted for perjury.

While on this point, we may express our astonishment that there are so many people foolish enough to sign documents which they do not fully understand; that there are so many persons who are constantly making themselves surety for sums of money, which, if called upon, they could not pay. Without going so far as to say that such people deserve all the punishment they get, when they have to suffer for their folly, we would earnestly warn everybody against these ruinous practices. No man should be bond for money which, if required to pay, he could not pay. Some men, acute enough on other subjects, are very simple in money matters. But simplicity and ignorance are not a sufficient excuse for acts of reckless stupidity. If persons do not know the purport of a document which they are asked to sign, they ought to know before signing it. In reference to sureties for loans of money, very often the explanation is patent enough. The pre-arrangement or stipulation between the persons is that the borrower shall give the surety a part of the money for signing the bond.

Another device of money-borrowers is to go in cliques, and for the different members of the same clique to become sureties for each other. For this scheme to be successful, of course the borrowers must apply to several Loan Societies. It does not always succeed; for money-lenders are usually very particular in making inquiries about their customers. But the probability is that if a clique of men apply for half-a-dozen loans, they will effect at least one or two. A plan almost identical with this is called 'kite-flying.' A few needy men, acquaintances, in position above the lowest classes, put their heads together to 'raise the wind' by manufacturing fictitious bills of exchange. As its name signifies, a bill of exchange represents a trade transaction. It is not a genuine bill unless there is exchange of some kind between two persons; work done, services rendered, or goods sold, by one person to another. Usually, the acceptor gives a two or three months' bill for goods bought from the drawer. This simply means that it will be more convenient at the end of three months to pay for the articles purchased than to pay cash. But with those 'kites' there is no transaction of trade whatever; it is only a scheme to borrow money. The *modus operandi* is for one to 'accept,' another to 'draw,' and for the other members of the party to indorse the bill. They then issue, circulate, or discount this bit of blue paper, which has cost them one shilling, as a genuine trade bill, given in payment for goods bought by the acceptor from the drawer, worth, say, one hundred pounds. Of course respectable bankers will not discount these 'kites;' but money-lenders will, as they frequently take some collateral security.

Another very common practice among money-borrowers is for one man to be surety for a whole party. This is done in the following manner. Number one takes and furnishes a house in a respectable locality, representing himself as carrying on a thriving business in some specified trade. Number two applies for a loan, giving the name of number one for his surety. The agent of the money-lender goes to the house of number one. He sees that his house is well furnished, and that he seems to be doing a good business; so, either with, or sometimes without, a bill of sale, he advances the sum of money asked for. In large towns, this process is repeated with several Loan Societies whose offices are at a long distance from each other. If his clients come from another part of the city, the money-lender does not object; for he knows that some of his best customers do not like to borrow money in the neighbourhood of their homes. When those who got the money fail to pay one of their monthly instalments, the agent of the Loan Office goes again to number one, when he finds the house shut up, and the furniture and the surety missing. Or if any of the furniture be left, probably the landlord claims it for rent.

Borrowers of money, too, are frequently guilty of the most perverse and wilful misrepresentation. They misrepresent their circumstances, their salaries, the profits of their business, their property, their furniture, stock-in-trade, &c., in the most barefaced manner. Not unfrequently they make themselves liable to a criminal prosecution for obtaining money under false pretences. A case was recently reported of a farmer and son who got a heavy loan on the security of the live-stock on their farm. But it was proved that they had sold two fields of turnips to some neighbouring farmers, which turnips were to be eaten in the fields by the sheep belonging to the farmers who had bought the turnips. The father and son told the money-lender that the sheep were their own property. They were apprehended, convicted, and sent to jail. Sometimes, however, the Loan Office will not prosecute, so the fraudulent borrower entirely escapes. Knowing this, a few borrowers of money will even run the risk of forgery. They forge promissory-notes, trusting to make good their escape out of the country; or if caught, they conclude that the money-lender will not prosecute; for money-lenders know very well that their business is condemned by public opinion, and they avoid as much as possible the expense, the trouble, and the publicity of a criminal prosecution.

Occasionally, the members of this needy fraternity of borrowers perform some very smart tricks. We have heard of an audacious knave who went to an auctioneer, and in a few minutes succeeded in effecting a loan of thirty pounds by depositing as security a picture not worth a guinea. He represented it as a valuable work of art by a painter of repute, whose name he had painted on one corner of the picture. The

price of the miserable daub, he said, was fifty guineas; but he did not want to sell it—he only wanted a loan of thirty pounds for a month, when he would redeem his art treasure. By the end of the month he was in America; and the auctioneer still has the picture, unless he has thrown it on the fire through vexation of spirit.

THE MINER'S PARTNER.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER III.

SHOWLE and Bynnes—dry goods and general store—were well known for a hundred miles around Cincinnati, in which city they were located, no house standing higher for solvency, promptness, and for that indefinable but yet easily understood quality, smartness. With the tenacity with which business men in the United States cling to their work, never contemplating the luxury of retirement and ease, which to them would be penance, Mr Bynnes, who was much advanced in years, would probably have continued in the store as long as he lived, but for his purchase of some land fully a thousand miles away. He had never seen this property, having bought it upon the representation of an agent in whom he had confidence; but believing that its value would be much enhanced by his personal supervision, he at once decided to go out and reside upon it. Mr Bynnes was near seventy years of age; his new acquisition was in a wild, bleak, unsettled part of the country; but such considerations did not weigh with him for a moment; the property required his presence, so he resolved to go there, 'right away.'

This change involved the taking of a fresh partner by Mr Showle, as the business was too large for one person to manage; while, as a new warehouse, apart from the original store, was being built, it was clear that in time a third partner must be added, or a manager employed. As Mr Showle had a decided aversion to managers, or to the allowing any one to have potential authority in the business who was not vitally interested in it, there was no doubt that the addition would be in the form of a partner. For the present, however, but one was taken in, although there was a rumour that Mr Bynnes had recommended a relative of his own, who would appear shortly as a third in the firm.

The new partner, Mr Ben Creelock, was a brusque, somewhat hot-tempered man, although he must have been approaching fifty years of age; but he was well enough liked by the employees of the firm, when once they were used to him. (The reader will please to notice that in United States' matters of business, 'employees' is the proper word.) The new partner was a very liberal master, considerate and kindly where he saw any anxiety to please, though apt to be passionate when he thought he detected a skulker or 'loafer.' He had not been used to a store, as he frankly owned; but he was naturally quick and shrewd, and devoted himself to the business with so much zeal, that in a few months Mr Showle declared himself highly satisfied with the new partner. Consequently, the business went on smoothly; and while Mr Creelock made no secret of the fact that for years past he had been a miner, he gave promise of making a first-rate storekeeper.

It would be affectation to suppose that the reader has not identified the new partner as Ben, the miner of Fandango Gulch. They were the same. The gold-hunter, carrying out an idea he had long entertained, had left his wild life, and had settled in Cincinnati, with a determination to spend the remainder of his days among peaceful, law-abiding people. His bankers had introduced him to Mr Showle; and as he was only anxious to find a permanent, respectable employment for himself and his capital, the business preliminaries did not occupy much time.

He was a bachelor; but from certain indications, which are as quickly observed in transatlantic society as they are nearer home, it seemed probable that he did not intend to remain so. The governess at the nearest school to the store—the 'schoolmarm,' as she would be regularly and quite respectfully called there—was a woman who when young must have been more than pretty; and although her bloom had somewhat faded now, and her eyes were more pensive than brilliant, she yet was by many persons thought to be more than pretty still. The years that had brought her to mature thirty-five, and had robbed her of her freshness, had brought also a quiet thoughtfulness which to some was not less beautiful. So, among others, thought Mr Benjamin Creelock.

He had first noticed her as she went, quiet and solitary, to and from her duties; and on inquiring who she was, heard comments in her favour, which increased the interest he had felt when he first saw her. But Ben, rough hardy miner as he had been, was timid in the presence of women, as is not uncommon with rough hardy men of any grade; and although he continued to meet Miss Ruth Alken every day, he might have gone on so long without mustering up sufficient courage or ingenuity to effect an introduction, that his old bachelorship would have become irremediable; but a happy chance befriended him.

Having no acquaintances in Cincinnati, he was glad to vary his somewhat scanty evening resources by frequent visits at Mr Showle's house. The senior partner was a married man with a family, and kept up an old-fashioned habit of quiet social gatherings at home. Here Mr Ben was always welcome, not only as being a partner in the store, but because his tales of the mines, the mountains, the prairies—of Indians, buffaloes, and Vigilance Committees, were interesting, not only to the seniors of the party, but to the younger members also; and Ben was

often surrounded by a circle of bright-eyed girls and active striplings, who hung on his words as to a new series of *Arabian Nights*. To the dwellers in orderly cities in the States, stories which interest us in England, of life and adventure in the Far West, are positively fascinating—more so indeed than are such narratives to the residents of London.

One night, on his arrival at Mr Showle's, his host, who was speaking to a lady as Ben entered, turned and said: 'I don't think, Mr Creelock, you have met Miss Alken before. She is our schoolmarm, and a very esteemed friend.'

So then, without a moment's notice, without having a single idea prepared, he found himself face to face with, and holding the hand of the lady he had been secretly watching and admiring for months. Perhaps Ben did better by blundering into a conversation with Miss Alken, than he would have done by preparing an elaborate speech after *his* standard of eloquence. At all events, the lady was pleased with his narratives, and took a special interest—or so Ben thought—in the details of mining life.

She left early; and as soon as possible after her departure, Ben asked Mr Showle what he knew of her, where she was 'raised,' and so forth, after the style in fashion in the West. Mr Showle did not give much information in reply to these queries, merely saying that his late partner, Mr Bynnes, had taken a great interest in her, and by his influence, had procured for her the situation she now held. Her friends, he believed, had resided in one of the New England States.

This was about all Mr Creelock learned in reference to the 'schoolmarm.' It was quite enough, however; for in the States, people do not make needlessly minute inquiries about the relatives, and still less about the ancestors of those they come in contact or fall in love with.

Feeling that a man who is a long way on in the 'forties' has not much time to spare, Ben soon made his admiration of Miss Ruth known to that lady, who, timid and retiring as she was always, was even shyer—more frightened, it seemed to Ben—on the revelation being made, than he had expected. But a middle-aged man, who had served a long apprenticeship in the mines of California and Colorado, was not likely to be easily checked when once he had broken the ice; and so Ben persevered, until it became at last an understood thing that he was engaged to the schoolmarm, and that as soon as the new partner arrived, and was fairly initiated in the business, so that Mr Showle might have some assistance, the pair were to be married, and take a trip east, to see Ruth's native village and what friends she had remaining.

Miss Alken had expressed a great wish not to live in Cincinnati after they were married; and Ben, who had been so long used to a far wilder and lonelier life than any Ohio or Kentucky village could furnish, cared not how quiet his home might be. So he entered into treaty for purchasing and enlarging a pretty little homestead at a village some eight or ten miles from the city—an hour's drive for the fast trotter he meant to buy. He sometimes wondered at this whim on Miss Alken's part, as not in accordance with her usual manner, so calm, and so easily pleased. There was another little odd way she had, too, which attracted his notice; for several times he fancied she was about to say something to him of special importance; but nothing had ever come of it, so he decided at last that it was only her manner.

Just now, it was announced that the new partner—the distant relation of Mr Bynnes, previously mentioned—was really coming, the delay in his joining the firm having arisen from a severe illness under which he had been labouring. In brief, he did come; and the new warehouse having just been completed, he was put in charge of it. It so happened that his arrival in Cincinnati took place during the temporary absence on business of Mr Ben Creelock. Ben returned later-on on the very day of the other's arrival, but missed him at the time; and as he had much to do on his return, while the new-comer was immersed in his duties, they did not meet on the first day.

We need hardly stop to explain that Ben saw Miss Alken on the day of his return; but he was alarmed to see how unwell she looked. There was a dark, swollen look about her eyes, which seemed to tell of weeping or sleeplessness. But she smiled when he spoke of it, and declared she was quite well. Ben was only half satisfied, and decided that she required a change, that her duties were too heavy for her, and therefore—as the new partner had come—she had better give in her notice to the school; and he would arrange for their marriage, so that the desired change of air and the release from her duties would be at once secured. This he determined should not be delayed; he would begin the very next day by mentioning the matter to Mr Showle.

Like nearly everybody in business there, Mr Creelock dined at a hotel; it saved trouble, and saved the expense of servants; the latter being no trifling item in Cincinnati. On the day after his return, he went at mid-day to the *Ocean House*, his favourite hotel, to dine. He took his seat at his accustomed table. The reader probably knows that it is the usual custom in the States for the hotels to be furnished with a number of small tables, accommodating from two to four persons each; and at one particular table in the *Ocean House*, Mr Ben was wont to seat himself. He took his usual place and began his dinner; as he did so, a stranger seated himself in the chair opposite to him. Ben glanced involuntarily at the new-comer; but the latter's head was turned away, while speaking to an attendant, so Ben did not see his face. Being a matter of no consequence, he went on with his dinner, and the stranger proceeded with his meal.

In a little time, Ben had occasion for a sauce cruet, and reached out his hand mechanically to where it had been a moment before. The bottle was gone; but the stranger saw his movement, and with some indistinct syllables, pushed it towards him. Ben lifted his head and parted his lips to thank him, the stranger smiling pleasantly as Ben moved. But not a sound proceeded

from the lips of the latter. Had he been struck suddenly dumb—had he gazed upon the head of the Gorgon, he could not have been more petrified by amazement, by terror, by a chaos of uncontrollable emotions; for the man before him, separated only by the breadth of the narrow table—the man into whose eyes he was looking straight and close—the man who was smiling pleasantly in anticipation of his thanks, was the man who had been his most implacable foe—was none other than the man whom he had last seen lying stark and apparently dead on the banks of a mining pool in Colorado—was Rube Steele!

There was no doubt about it; there was no room for speculating upon a strong accidental resemblance. The man was Rube Steele, his partner at the mine, and no one else.

'I see you have the *New York Beacon* there,' said the stranger, nodding, with another easy smile, to the journal which Ben had been reading. 'Your own paper, I reckon, as they do not keep it on file here. I should be much obliged, stranger, by a sight of it.'

Ben stretched his hand to the journal, and passed it to the speaker without removing his eyes from his face for an instant; and with the slightest gesture or change of position on the part of the stranger, perpetually recurred the thought: 'Now he knows me! Now for the plunge!' But the other moved not from his seat. He took the paper with another easy smile and nod, then, first saying a few words about the great heat of the weather, at once commenced its perusal.

It was worse than any horrible dream or nightmare under which Ben had ever suffered. The certainty that this pleasant civil stranger was Rube Steele, became stronger and stronger, for not only was his whole aspect and his every feature sufficient proof of his identity, but his voice alone would have been enough to convince Ben, had his face been wholly hidden. The tone and certain little peculiarities in his speech, of which every man has some—easily to be recognised by those who know him well, although indescribable in themselves—were there, just as Ben had heard and noticed them, hundreds of times in days gone by, in the voice and manner of his former partner. And yet—and yet he sat opposite to him now, smiling amicably, and without, so far as Ben could see, the faintest recognition of the man with whom he had lived so long in close intimacy—an intimacy which had found its end in a deadly struggle.

The meal was concluded leisurely, and apparently with complete satisfaction on the part of the stranger; but Ben had been unable to swallow a mouthful from the moment he recognised him. Then Rube—if Rube it were—rose, nodded civilly, bade him 'good-evening,' as is the western fashion, after early morning is past, and left. By an enormous effort, Ben, on his return to the store, mastered himself sufficiently to avoid questioning on the part of Mr Showle, who nevertheless told him that he was looking somewhat scared.

Ben turned the conversation from his looks, a diversion he was able to effect the more easily as Mr Showle was particularly anxious for him to come round to his house that evening to meet Mr Morede, the new partner, who was certain to be there, and who was most desirous of seeing Mr Creelock. 'He wants,' concluded the old merchant, 'to hear all about the West and the mines. I thought he had once been there himself; but seems not, and he wants to hear all about them.'

Ben returned a dubious answer. He could not pledge himself to go to the merchant's house that night, as he really felt too unwell. His nerves—articles of which he had not previously had the slightest idea that he was the possessor—had received such a shock, that he felt he was not fit for general company—that the slightest incident would jar and upset them.

He called at the house where Miss Alken boarded, to explain that he should not be at the merchant's that night, for he knew she was going there; and when he saw her, he was struck by the increased haggardness of her aspect.

'Say, Ruth, what is the matter?' began Ben. 'If you have heard no bad news, and have nothing to upset your mind, it is time we had Doctor Burt to see you; that is so.'

Miss Alken hesitated a moment, and then said: 'Mr Creelock—well, Ben, then!'—as the ex-miner made a gesture of impatience; 'I have indeed something on my mind, which I ought to have told you earlier, and which I see I had better tell now.—Nay; do not look so alarmed. It is nothing which ought to give me pain, or yourself, yet it does distress me. Shall I go on?'

'Go on!' echoed Ben; 'of course you must go on. And you know, Ruth, that if it is in the power of man or money to relieve you, I am the man—and ought to be the man—who will do it.'

Miss Alken smiled faintly, then proceeded: 'I had thought to keep back the information until you had met the person most concerned in it; but as I learn now there will be another delay, and as the suspense is terrible to me, I will hesitate no longer. The new partner in Showle and Bynnes—Mr Morede—is my brother. My half-brother, I should say,' continued Ruth. 'I had hoped, until his arrival actually took place, that he would not come; for he has been uncertain and unreliable all his life. But he has kept to his purpose now, it seems. He has been the bane of our family. His recklessness and extravagance brought down our home, from which, eventually, his quarrelsome and revengeful spirit forced him to fly to save his life. I suffered, as did my sisters; and but for the kindness of Mr Bynnes, who was distantly akin to my mother, it would have been worse for us. Very strangely, however, Mr Bynnes never quite lost his liking for Morede, and has, I believe, supplied part of the capital necessary to make him a partner here. But stranger still, although he has reduced me, with the rest of the family, to poverty, I believe my brother, as we have always called him, is, in his way, really fond of me. Yet I dreaded his presence here, as being certain in some sort to bring evil with it. I cannot tell how, but I dread it. Yet, now I have seen him, he appears changed. It may be that added years have given him reflection and steadiness; yet I do not think it is *that*. There is something utterly inexplicable in him, which of course no stranger could see. He is entirely silent about his life of late years, although willing enough to speak of early days at home. He has

heard me speak of you, and says he knows he shall like you, and is anxious to know you. And all this is so very different from what I remember of him, that I hope he is changed.'

'Changed! Of course he is, Ruth!' exclaimed Ben. 'As they say in the old country, he has sown his wild-oats. Don't think that because a boy has once been bad, he is never to be good; or once wild, that he will never be steady. I shall like him for his own sake, and for yours too, Ruth, I am quite certain. I cannot see him to-night, for a reason I have; but to-morrow I will meet him, and reckon I shall have gained a fresh friend in Ruth's brother.'

THE TROUBADOURS.

THERE is a charm in the very name of the troubadours that surrounds those wandering minstrels of old with peculiar interest. Their canzons, sirventés, and pastorelas carry us back to the picturesque ages of colour and splendour, and are almost our only source of information as to those heroes of medieval romance whose names have acquired a legendary fame. During the brilliant period in which they sang, the country of the Langue d'Oc was awake with the din of arms, the stir of thousands in the crusades against the Saracens, which had their origin in the south of France; and in the chivalrous character of the holy wars, the quarrels of rival families, the gorgeous pageantry of the tournaments, and above all, in the glorification of love and martial fame, were found inexhaustible materials for descriptive poetry.

The troubadours—harbingers of reviving culture in the middle ages—displayed in their highly finished literature a refinement and splendour of imagination, an intensity and warmth, which, with the power they wielded, gradually changed the life, the tastes, the manners, of their times; whilst the quaint imagery, with the richness of colouring of Provençal song, left traces of its ascendency in the works of more than one celebrated Italian poet, as well as in English poetry long before the Elizabethan age. It was between the tenth and thirteenth centuries that all the varied forms of Provençal poetry flourished, affording the means of livelihood—even, in some instances, the acquisition of considerable wealth—to many wandering minstrels. Thierry says: 'In the twelfth century, the songs of the troubadours circulating rapidly from castle to castle, and from town to town, supplied the place of periodical gazettes in all the country between the rivers Isère and Vienne, the mountains of Auvergne and the two seas.'

By far the greater number of troubadours known to us were nobles of high birth, or soldiers who had won knighthood on the field, with whom poetry was a passion, and who devoted themselves with enthusiasm to the cultivation of the gay science. Such were the Barons of the March, the Dauphin of Auvergne, the Viscounts of Limoges, Ventadour, and Camborn, with many other renowned princes and knights. Who has not heard of the lays of Richard Cœur-de-Lion, and of Alfonso, king of Portugal—those paladins of old, whose heroic exploits against the Infidel were the theme of wandering minstrels in every Christian court throughout Europe? In those days, when chivalry surrounded woman with an atmosphere of sacredness, and love was looked upon as a sort of feudal service, wherein the knight played the part of vassal, and the lady that of suzerain, it was part of the code of honour to become the champion of some one mistress, whose charms were extolled in verse; and each powerful châtelain, in the intervals of war, after ruthless slaughter, battles, and treason, would indite to his lady-love pastorals full of tender sentiment, and redolent of the fragrance of fields and flowers.

The aristocracy of fair Provence, in its hey-day of glory and prosperity, was, notwithstanding this addiction to verse, perhaps the most reckless and profligate the world has ever seen. One of the foremost Barons of the March was Bertrand Von Born, a typical war-like troubadour of the twelfth century. Prominent in the political quarrels of the day, a perfect firebrand of war, he was courted and dreaded by princes and kings; ever in search of new lands and new loves, wielding with equal vigour the lyre and the sword, in the science of war and the art of love he was without a rival. Sometimes fighting with Cœur-de-Lion, sometimes against him, this true child of the Langue d'Oc, after many gallant defences, was captured, but through the extraordinary influence he exerted over his captors, escaped with life and liberty. After a long and stormy career, Bertrand Von Born ended his days as a monk in the monastery of Coteaux.

In the gallery of noble and stately figures furnished by Provençal poetry, we have a picture of enduring historic interest left us by the troubadour Rambaud of Vaquieras, of the famous Boniface, Marquis of Montferrat, one of an heroic family of crusaders, who was himself a troubadour and the *beau-idéal* of a knight-errant, comforting the afflicted, punishing the wicked, and relieving distressed damsels. When the preaching of Fulk of Neuilly roused the chivalry of France, Champagne, and Flanders to a new crusade, Rambaud followed the banner of his brother-in-arms the Marquis to Palestine, winning knighthood, singing and fighting his way through all the perils of the holy war. His songs are a record of splendidly dramatic incidents; and in the vivid sketches of his surroundings, we are enabled to trace the events in the life of the great soldier-poet, in whom all the virtues and vices of his ancestors seem to have been personified.

To Raymond de Miravals, who, Nostradamus informs us, was 'deeply learned in the science of love,' we are indebted for a series of life-like portraits of some of the loveliest women of the period. This fashionable poet, notorious for his misfortunes in love, died 'poor, and worn out in body and mind,' after spending many years of his life sighing in the train of a noted beauty. An old French chronicler writes: 'Through the songs of Raymond, was Adelais admired and

sought of all the barons far and near, and she became the subject of curiosity even at the courts of Aragon and Toulouse, and the king and the count sent her messages and presents of jewels, which she willingly accepted.'

The great ambition of ladies in the days of chivalry was to be eulogised in song, and made famous by the canzons and madrigals of the troubadours; so long as they were the theme, it mattered not how gallant and equivocal was the poetry. The Countess of Tripolis was the cause of the melancholy and dramatic episode which cut short the brilliant career of Rudel, a minstrel attached to the service of Cœur-de-Lion, who 'became beyond measure the lover' of this lady, whom he had never seen! Having sung her praises through all Provence, he set out on a pilgrimage in search of the far-famed beauty; but after enduring many miseries on his disastrous journey, he reached the shores of Palestine only to die in the arms of his ladye-love. The Countess, who had hastened to welcome him on his arrival, placed his body, we are told, 'in a rich and honourable tomb of porphyry, on which were inscribed some verses in the Arabic tongue.'

Another minstrel in the train of Richard was the world-renowned Peter Vidal, unrivalled as an improvisatore, and gifted with an exquisite voice. He travelled far and wide, scattering canzons and sirventés over Christendom; and his Jongleur's Story produces perhaps a greater impression, and clings to the memory with more strange fascination, than any lyrical composition of the period. Vidal was for some time in the household of the lord of Baux, whose fame as a troubadour was also great. It was in return for the lays of this high-born minstrel that Frederick Barbarossa presented to him the ancient city of Orange. Conquered by the Saracens, re-conquered by Charlemagne, this interesting old place boasts of one of the most romantic histories in the annals of French towns, and its vicissitudes were commemorated in Provençal song. Marseilles, Toulouse, Carcassonne, were all famous cities of the Langue d'Oc; but perhaps the favourite haunt of the wandering troubadours was Aix, the ancient capital of Provence, where the richest rewards of jewels, money, arms, &c., besides unbounded hospitality, were sure to follow the exhibition of their skill. Who could imagine that this little moribund town, a few miles from Marseilles, was at one time the dwelling-place of a noble family, the centre of the most brilliant circle in Southern France? Who can realise in its picturesque decay, the pomp and pageantry of its old historic aspect in the days of chivalry, when Giovanni the troubadour Count of Provence, the last inheritor of a mighty name, sang in his court at Aix? The fondest and proudest memories have gathered round the name of Count Giovanni, his country, his people, his valour.

It is curious to note in the records of the troubadours how many successful followers of the 'gentle craft' were connected with the cloister. The witty and dissolute monk of Montaudon was known as a fashionable poet; whilst his superior, Folquet, afterwards Bishop of Toulouse, from a gay troubadour became a fierce religious despot. Many ecclesiastics were sent from the monasteries to preach a sort of musical crusade against the heretics in the Langue d'Oc, who also had their champions in the land of song. Some even became military chiefs of high renown. Conspicuous amongst them was the monk Louis Lascaris, a son of the Count of Ventimiglia. To quote from Nostradamus, who discourses much on this member of an ancient and noble family: 'He was of such a happy wit, not only in the poetical Provençal, but also in the vulgar dialects, that nobody could equal his sweetness or his invention. While yet a youth, he took holy orders in a monastery; but afterwards falling in love with a lady of the neighbourhood, the sister of the great Isnard of Glanderes, he married her, and had five children. The queen Giovanna having a powerful army in Provence for the expulsion of the free-companies, gave the command thereof to Lascaris, who was valiant and skilled in war. At the end of the campaign, the envy and malice of his ill-wishers caused him to be persecuted by Pope Urban V., who desired that he should return to his convent. But he, who would rather have chosen death in preference, and who saw that the pope was every day becoming more and more exasperated against him, went with a fine equipage to the court of the queen Giovanna, whose protection he claimed.' The queen of Naples 'duly considered the services that the poet had rendered, and those that he might yet render her crown. Seeing, besides, that he was a gentleman of handsome person and gay and generous disposition, she wrote so earnestly in his favour to the pope at Avignon, that His Holiness consented to fix a period of twenty-five years at the end of which the poet was to return to his cell.' Lascaris, however, did not outlive the allotted time.

In this cursory sketch of the troubadours, it would be impossible to enumerate each of the fifty-seven poets whose names are associated with Provençal literature; but we must not forget two or three of those best remembered of their age and country. The unfortunate Luc de la Barre, whose songs reflecting on Henry II., roused the vengeance of that monarch, was hunted from place to place and blinded, when he refused all sustenance, and died of famine and despair. The love-affair of Bertrand of Pezers, a professor of Provençal poetry, with a young and lovely girl in his school, whom he married in spite of all opposition, excited great sympathy and interest. The adventurous couple commenced a life of wandering minstrelsy; and the 'Monk of the Golden Isle' informs us that before entering a château, they would make inquiries as to the occupants; and 'then, with wonderful quickness, they would compose a song ornamented with the memorable deeds in love, war, and the chase, of the châtelain and his progenitors.'

Another wandering couple were the celebrated Raymond Ferrand and the lady of Courbon, who retired from the world, after some years of joyous minstrelsy, to convents within sight of each other. This lady of Courbon was notorious as one of the presidents of the 'Court of Love,' held in the castle of Romanini. Queen Eleanor, wife of Henry II., the Countess of Champagne, the Countess of Narbonne, and many noted beauties, gave sentences in these courts, which Hallam speaks of as 'fantastical solemnities where ridiculous questions of gallantry were debated.' To borrow the language of Sismondi—

the noble ladies of that period 'instituted courts of love, in which questions of gallantry were gravely discussed and determined by their suffrages; in a word, they had brought the whole of the south of France into a state of carnival, which forms a singular contrast to the ideas of reserve, virtue, and modesty which we ascribe to the good old times.'

In Provence, during the middle ages, the serenade was a custom, with the charming alba and serena—morning and evening songs. Many chivalrous singers were adepts in this light and characteristic form of Provençal poetry.

An old proverb says, 'The Arabs' registers are the verses of their bards;' and so these medieval canzons and madrigals—which are inseparably connected with a most romantic era—present the old life with all its grand ideas and great actions; bringing many illustrious names out of the dim mists of fable into the clear daylight of history.

'HOME! SWEET HOME!'

'Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there 's no place like home.

The hearts of thousands have thrilled at these words, so pregnant with home-love—words that have made home dearer and more precious than it was before—words expressing the tenderest feelings of thousands, to whom expression had previously been denied. Many a sweet singer, as she warbles the familiar song, knows not who was its author; therefore, it may be well to give a slight sketch of his character and somewhat sad career.

John Howard Payne was born in 33 Broad Street, New York, on the 9th of June 1791; and a large portion of his childhood was passed amidst the peaceful verdant scenery of East Hampton, in that State, where his father was principal of a small academy. When John was five years old, his father moved to Boston in a similar scholastic capacity, and there remained eight years; after which, the subject of this memoir returned to New York, and entered the counting-house of a firm in which an elder brother had been partner. But he never took to the dull drudgery of a mercantile life. When only thirteen years old, he contributed a dramatic criticism to a juvenile paper of which he was editor, and it was republished in the columns of the *New York Evening Post*. Soon after this he entered Union College, but only remained a year; after which, owing to the pecuniary difficulties of his father, he found himself under the necessity of pushing his fortune in the world alone and unaided.

Payne now devoted his time to studying for the stage, for which he displayed considerable aptitude; and made his first public appearance at the Park Theatre, New York, as Young Norval in the tragedy of *Douglas*. This *début* was a complete success. From New York he went to Boston, where he again appeared as Young Norval, and also as Romeo, Rolla, and other characters. In cultured Boston, he became even more the rage than in the great emporium of commerce. After a time he returned to New York, thence he visited Baltimore—where he was enthusiastically received; subsequently proceeding to South Carolina and other Southern States. He came to Washington in 1809, and attracted great attention, one admiring critic declaring that 'a more extraordinary mixture of softness and intelligence was never associated in a human countenance; and his face was an index of his heart—he was a perfect Cupid in beauty.' In January 1813, Payne sailed for England, and in Liverpool was welcomed by William Roscoe, who presented him to John Kemble, Coleridge, Campbell, Southey, Byron, and others; and got for him an engagement at Drury Lane Theatre, in the character of Young Norval. Great applause greeted the youthful American actor, particularly in the death-scene at the end of the play.

Payne performed for a month in London, and then went the round of several of the principal English cities, after which he proceeded to Dublin, where, in conjunction with the celebrated Miss O'Neil, he played in various well-known dramas. He now visited Paris, where he met and became intimate with his distinguished countryman, Washington Irving; and formed a friendship with Talma, the French tragedian. Once more he returned to England; but on this occasion he was less of a novelty, and did not retain his former success.

About this time he commenced his career as a dramatic author, one of his first efforts in this line being the tragedy of *Brutus*, produced at Drury Lane Theatre in 1818, the famous Edmund Kean taking the principal part. The play was a success, being performed to crowded houses for seventy-five nights. Upwards of fifty plays of various descriptions were written by Payne, and their pecuniary returns enabled him to live comfortably during his nineteen years' residence in Europe. But the production which has achieved such a world-wide fame, and rendered its author an honoured name in many a household, was his *Home! Sweet Home*. This beautiful song was composed in Paris one dull October day when Payne was living in humble lodgings near the Palais-Royal. The depressing influences of his surroundings, something in the atmosphere which seemed to harmonise with his own feelings, and his solitary lot in life, were instrumental in drawing forth the simple pathos and tender yearnings of the song. As originally composed, it ran, according to some accounts, as follows:

'Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there 's no place like home;
A charm from the skies seems to hallow us there
(Like the love of a mother
Surpassing all other),
Which, seek through the world, is ne'er met with elsewhere.
There 's a spell in the shade
Where our infancy played
Even stronger than time, and more deep than despair.

An exile from home, splendour dazzles in vain:
Oh! give me my lowly thatched cottage again;
The birds and the lambkins that came at my call;
Those who named me with pride,
Those who played by my side,

Give me them! with the innocence dearer than all.
The joys of the palaces through which I roam,
Only swell my heart's anguish—there's no place like home.

The *Boston Congregationalist*, however, has given the following as the authentic form in which the author sent out his immortal song—the original manuscript being in the possession of an old lady in America, to whom at one time John Howard Payne was greatly attached:

'Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home;
A charm from the skies seems to hallow us there,
Which, seek through the world, is ne'er met with elsewhere.
Home! home! sweet, sweet home!
There's no place like home, there's no place like home.

An exile from home, splendour dazzles in vain:
Oh! give me my lowly thatched cottage again;
The birds singing gaily, that come at my call;
Give me them with the peace of mind, dearer than all.
Home! home! &c.

How sweet, too, to sit 'neath a fond father's smile,
And the cares of a mother to soothe and beguile.
Let others delight 'mid new pleasures to roam,
But give me, oh! give me the pleasures of home.
Home! home! &c.

To thee, I'll return, overburdened with care;
The heart's dearest solace will smile on me there;
No more from that cottage again will I roam.
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home.
Home! home! &c.

The song was afterwards rewritten by its author, and introduced into an opera called *Clari, the Maid of Milan*, a play sold by him, in 1823, to Charles Kemble, of Covent Garden Theatre, for two hundred and fifty pounds; the music being composed by Sir Henry Bishop. In the opera, the song ran as we now know it:

'Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home;
A charm from the sky seems to hallow us there,
Which, seek through the world, is ne'er met with elsewhere.
Home! home! sweet, sweet home!
There's no place like home, there's no place like home.

An exile from home, splendour dazzles in vain:
Oh! give me my lowly thatched cottage again;
The birds singing gaily, that came at my call;
Give me them—and the peace of mind, dearer than all.
Home! home! sweet, sweet home!
There's no place like home, there's no place like home.

Clari had a great run, the chief *rôle* being taken by Miss Maria Tree, whose singing of the simple song caused a wonderful sensation, gifted as she was not only with a beautiful and expressive face, but with a fine voice which thrilled her hearers. More than one hundred thousand copies of the song as set to music were sold by the publishers within a year of its publication; but poor Payne reaped no pecuniary benefit from this source, nor did even his name appear as the author.

A story is told by the American newspapers that the power of the song once liberated its author from captivity. John Howard Payne was a warm personal friend of John Ross, the famous Cherokee Indian chief, and they were together when the Cherokees were ordered to remove from their home in Georgia to the prairie-lands west of the Mississippi River. Many refused to go; so the militia were ordered to scour the country and arrest all who stayed behind. Payne and Ross were seated before the fire in a miserable log-cabin, when seven or eight militiamen burst in, secured their prisoners, mounted them on horses, and led them away. As they left the hovel, rain began to fall, and continued all night, so that every man was thoroughly drenched. Towards midnight, one of Payne's escort, to keep himself awake, began humming 'Home! home! sweet, sweet home!' and Payne said: 'I never expected to hear that song under such circumstances and at such a time. Do you know the author?'—'No!' said the soldier. 'Do you?'—'Yes,' answered Payne; 'I am.'—'Ho! ho!' laughed the soldier. 'You composed it, did you? Oh! tell the horse that! Look here. If you composed it—but I know you didn't—you can say it all without stopping. It says something about pleasures and palaces, and cottages and birds. Now, pitch into it, and reel it off; and if you can't, you'll have to walk.' Payne 'pitched' into it, and 'reeled it off' greatly to the satisfaction of his guardian, who vowed the composer of such a song should never go to prison if he could help it. When the party reached Milledgeville, the headquarters, they were, after a preliminary examination, and much to their agreeable surprise, discharged.

In the summer of 1832, Mr Payne returned to New York at a time when cholera was desolating the city, and was joyfully received by his many friends, a complimentary benefit being arranged for him at the Park Theatre, where he first made his bow as an actor. For the next ten years he resided in America, during which he engaged in a considerable amount of literary work, and travelled extensively both in the North and South, until in 1842 he was appointed to the post of American consul at Tunis. However, he was not permitted very long to enjoy his new post, for in less than three years he was recalled by President Polk, who, to gratify a political associate, gave the appointment to another.

This was a great disappointment to Payne, who had ably fulfilled his duties, and was engaged in writing a history of Tunis, which he had now to abandon; but to console himself, he made a tour in the continent, visiting Italy, France, and other places, returning to Washington in 1847. During this, his last sojourn in the capital, he gathered around him an extensive circle of friends, and kept up a correspondence with many of those eminent in literature and art, whose acquaintance he had formed both in his own country and in Europe. The exertions of those who knew his worth, and the claims he had upon his country, were at last successful, and Mr Payne was again appointed to the post he had before filled, being re-installed as consul at Tunis.

In May 1851, the author of *Home! Sweet Home!* bade farewell to his country for the last time, and in a few weeks afterwards entered upon the duties of his office at Tunis, with high hopes of continuing his former career of usefulness. But it had been otherwise decreed, for ere another year had passed, John Howard Payne had ceased from his wanderings, while his country had to lament the loss of one of her gifted sons. He died on the 9th of April 1852, and his body was laid in the Protestant cemetery of St George at Tunis, the grave being covered by a white

marble slab, with a simple epitaph, and on the four edges of the marble the four lines—a line to each :

> Sure, when thy gentle spirit fled
> To realms beyond the azure dome,
> With arms outstretched, God's angels said :
> 'Welcome to Heaven's Home ! sweet Home !'

After lying more than thirty years in a foreign tomb, the last remains of John Howard Payne have now been transferred to a grave in his native land. To Mr W. Corcoran, a well-known and philanthropical citizen of Washington, is due the initiation of the scheme and the credit of defraying all the expenses connected with the bringing home of the remains of his countryman from Tunis, after the necessary permission had been obtained from the Secretary of State. Payne's grave in the cemetery at Tunis had been well kept, and, besides the marble slab above mentioned, was indicated by a large pepper-tree which had been planted by one of his friends who was present at his death and burial. Two of the small company who witnessed the interment of the poet, M. Pisani and an old Arab dragoman who was deeply attached to Mr Payne, were present at the exhumation of his body. The coffin was found to be much decayed, and little more than the skelcton, and some portions of the uniform in which the lonely exile had been buried, rewarded the reverential care with which the sad duty was performed. After being inclosed in a leaden and two outer wooden coffins, the honoured remains were deposited in the small Protestant church until the vessel which was to transport them to Marseilles was ready to sail. As the body was being carried into the church, the poet's own immortal song was sweetly sung by an American lady who was present, with a pathos which deeply affected the little gathering of friends and mourners—an appropriate *requiem* to the kindly and gentle spirit whose cherished dust was once more to be borne back to his native land. On the 9th of June 1883, the remains were laid in their last resting-place in the Oak Hill Cemetery, Washington ; and of all the monuments to distinguished men in that distinguished city, none surely will attract more visitors than that erected to the memory of the author of *Home ! Sweet Home !*

COMMON COLDS.

It is impossible, with the prevalence of damp, fogs, and frost, to keep entirely free from colds. It is easy to say : Avoid all exposure to their causes ; don't go out in wet weather ; don't sleep in damp bedclothes ; and don't get overheated by exercise. The majority of people, both old and young, are obliged to go out, and occasionally to do risky things, however much they may wish to avoid the unpleasantness of a cold. So colds are 'caught,' as the saying goes, and people find a difficulty in getting rid of them. Those who have coddled themselves before its arrival, do not derive much benefit from an extra coddling ; and those who do not care to take precautions, allow the cold to run its course, rather than make a fuss over it.

To both, perhaps, an explanation of what a cold really is may be useful, not only for prevention, but for cure. The cause is simply this : The skin, with its myriads of perspiration pores, becomes contracted by long exposure to damp or cold, and thereby prevents the secretion which is necessary to health being carried off in the natural manner. The amount of insensible perspiration in a healthy person daily is about two pints. Thus, when it cannot pass off through the outer skin, it is diverted inwardly upon the mucous surfaces of the body, and the first symptoms of a cold in the head set in. There is a tightness in the nose and forehead, sneezing, and watering at the eyes, and a redness in the interior of the nose, from excess of blood. After a day or two, a thin running from the nose sets in, and the salts in it, which should pass off by the skin, make the upper lip red and sore. The question is, therefore, knowing the nature of a cold, what is the best way to restore the natural action of the skin, and get rid of its substitute as soon as possible ? Many ways are recommended. A Dover's powder—which consists of ipecacuanha and opium—is without doubt one of the best remedies at the commencement, for if taken at night with a good basin of gruel or tumbler of negus, it sets up a strong perspiration, and the skin, forced into action, may thus regain its tone. However, this is not always successful, unless the sufferer can remain indoors for a few days, and keep a room at an equable temperature of about sixty-five degrees Fahrenheit. Another good remedy—if the patient's constitution admits of it—is a Turkish bath, where, after an hour in a heat of one hundred and thirty to one hundred and fifty degrees, the tepid douche should be used instead of the cold, because the object in view is not only to open the sweat-pores for a time, but to keep them properly relaxed. Cold water would of course cause them to contract. Perhaps the best, and one of the easiest, is to abstain as much as possible from liquids. By this means the supply of fluid which goes to keep up the running cold is cut off, and with it the discharge. If persevered in for a day, this remedy may completely cure a slight cold, and keep a bad one very much under.

Colds are either pooh-poohed or made much of. Too much care, however, cannot be taken to prevent a cold getting worse and gaining a hold. People of the most robust constitutions have succumbed to them ; and apart from the inconvenience and waste of time which they entail, there is always the probability of more serious symptoms manifesting themselves. The air-tubes may become congested, and a bad cough result before they are relieved ; or the person may have become debilitated by the head-cold, and, unable to resist the further progress of its effect, may be victimised by inflammation of the lungs, bronchitis, or serious congestion of the lungs. The most sensible plan, in so variable a climate as ours, is in the first place to harden one's self as much as possible by not being too much afraid of cold when one is perfectly well ; and next, when a cold, however slight, has been caught, to do one's hardest to get rid of it by one of the above-mentioned remedies.

Damp as a cause of cold is very hard to avoid. We all know that wet feet or damp clothes are injurious ; but we cannot always provide for emergencies. A traveller may suddenly find that

he is put into a damp bed, and has no alternative but to sleep there. Now, hydropathy has taught us that people do not necessarily catch cold from sleeping in wet or damp things, provided a sufficient amount of dry clothing is put over that which is wet, to prevent any chilliness being felt. This, then, is a safe principle to act upon; and a traveller thrown into such awkward circumstances, may make the best of a bad job, and sleep with impunity in his damp bed, provided he puts all available coverings on the outside, and so insures a tolerable amount of warmth and comfort; at the same time he ought to lay aside the sheets and sleep in the blankets. It is easier to guard against damp feet; for with woollen socks—which are the best non-conductors of heat, and the least liable to retain perspiration—and a pair of cork soles placed in good strong boots, no fear need be entertained of moisture affecting the skin. In rain or snow, no doubt the moisture may penetrate through the upper leather. The best precaution against this is to rub them with vaseline, or oil, or melted fat, before setting out. Damp feet are the most prominent causes of colds and chilblains amongst children. Those, therefore, who have to go to and from school in all weathers, should not only have cork soles inside their boots and the outer surface well greased, but should take warm slippers to school with them to change. If every schoolmistress could only be induced to make this change a rule with every pupil, there would be far fewer absentees with bad colds. A good plan, when a child has chilblains or a cold, is to make a little flannel over-dress, which draws over the feet, and buttons at the neck; no kicking off of the bedclothes will then be very serious; whilst a cup of warm milk or arrowroot or gruel, drunk when the little one is put to bed, is the best thing for keeping up the circulation in the feet and hands and preventing the discomforts of broken chilblains.

These remarks of course apply principally to healthy children and people. The delicate of all ages must obey their medical advisers, and not risk a wet walk, however well secured against it, if they have been forbidden to go out.

With all people, food is at the same time one of the principal aids in combating colds and coughs. More heat-giving foods are required in winter, to keep up sufficient warmth, and many people suffer simply because they do not look upon the matter in this light. Parents will tell you that their boys and girls will not eat fat meat or fat bacon, or take salad dressed with oil, or take their porridge. Variety might perhaps tempt them. They might be induced to eat bread crisply fried in dripping either for breakfast or supper; or they might have gruel or arrowroot just before going to bed, which would both warm and sustain them; or, supposing they turn from all with dislike, a very good investment would be to buy two or three dozen cheap boxes of chocolate, and then dole out the boxes one by one, for the children to take to school or eat with their lunch. Chocolate is both nutritious and heat-giving, and nearly every child likes it. Care, however, should be taken that pure chocolate is eaten. Thick soups, such as pea, lentil, or potato soup, are very wholesome, and contain plenty of heat-giving materials, whilst they are perhaps cheaper than chocolate. Many children, indeed, might be saved from the doctor's hands, if their tastes were more consulted as to food, and they were given heat-giving foods, which they liked, and would eat, instead of suet puddings or fats, which they disliked.

'NOT BEAUTIFUL!'

They say thou art not beautiful.
To *me* thou art most fair!
And shrined within my faithful heart,
Thine image dear I wear.
In every glance, in every smile,
I see a nameless grace;
For love of mine, an angel's soul
Shines through thy mortal face!

Thy hand is rough, and brown with toil,
Yet soft as summer rain;
With light and soothing touch it falls
Upon the brow of pain:
The sufferer feels its healing power
Rob death of half its sting,
And deems that little toil-stained hand
White as an angel's wing.

And, sweetheart mine, no wildering lights
Flash from thy modest eyes;
Too timid is their downcast glance,
To startle or surprise;
Yet would I have them shining near,
To watch me when I pray,
To keep my heart from worldly thoughts,
Sweet eyes of gentle gray.

No modern fashions mar thy robe,
So softly flowing down;
Yet hangs a nameless dignity
Around that simple gown.
No pretty simpering queen of art,
Nor slave to fashion thou;
Thy pure and gracious womanhood
Is written on thy brow.

A throne of thought, that virgin brow
Hides in thy clustering hair,
Of ample breadth, that life may trace
Its noblest records there.
'Not beautiful!'—my peerless queen!
What idle words they speak!
Who may not mark Love's dawning blush
Shy mantling o'er thy cheek?

'Not beautiful!'—my best beloved!
If sweet and humble worth
Crowns not with perfect loveliness,
Then nought is fair on earth.
The children fly from fairer forms,
To cluster round thy knee;
And that *they deem thee beautiful*,
By their fond looks I see!

My only love! I would not dare
To change thee if I could;
To me thou art most beautiful,
Because thou art so good.
To me thy gentle face must be
The loveliest ever seen—
The fairest face in all the world,
My love, my star, my queen!

FANNY FORRESTER.

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THE TRANSVAAL GOLD-FIELDS.

BY ONE ON THE SPOT.

The gold-fields of the Transvaal, which have been heard of by fits and starts during the last twelve years, have of late begun to excite considerable attention both at home and in South Africa; and as the future of the Transvaal, and indeed a great portion of South-eastern Africa, depends very much on their proper development, a short description of the gold-bearing region may prove interesting to readers of this *Journal*.

Gold has been found scattered over a considerable extent of country here, and indeed is known to extend up to the Zambesi; but the part most frequented by the gold-seeker is a belt of country running almost north and south, commencing on the Kaap River, a few miles east of the village of Middleburg, in the Transvaal, and terminating about ten miles north of Pilgrim's Rest, in the Lydenburg district. The principal 'farms' on which gold has been found in the Lydenburg district are Pilgrim's Rest, Berlin, Lisbon, Graskop, Mac-Mac, Spitzkop, Elandsdrift, and Hendriksdal—these so-called 'farms' being merely tracts of ground surveyed, but in scarcely any case used for actual farming purposes. There are numerous other 'farms' on which gold has been found; but the above-named have, up to the present time, produced the largest quantity. From the Kaap River gold-fields, about fifty miles from Lydenburg, a considerable quantity of gold has also been extracted, partly on unallotted government ground, and partly from the 'farms' of private owners; but this district has not been so extensively worked of late, owing to its unhealthiness in the lower reaches of the river, and also to the difficulty of working in such a broken country.

At the present time, comparatively little work is being carried on in either of the above districts, from causes which will be explained presently; but that gold exists in considerable quantities, there is not the shadow of a doubt, as the returns of banks and merchants for native gold purchased can show; and although no capitalists have until recently made their appearance on the gold-fields, yet several exceptionally lucky diggers who came here with nothing beyond experience and stout hearts, have realised a competence, in spite of the disadvantages and troubles which such a rough life implies.

All the gold hitherto found, with very few exceptions, has been of the kind known as alluvial—that is, existing in the ground, and capable of being extracted by means of water alone, without the intervention of machinery; but at present there are two Companies with machinery starting work-crushing quartz, the returns from which are looked forward to with much interest, as it will then be seen whether it will pay to import machinery on a large scale or not. When the gold-bearing ground lies at a comparatively low level, enabling water from any of the numerous streams running through the country to be brought on it, the process of gold-washing is very simple, the ground being merely picked loose and thrown into the water, or washed away by the water, which is then conducted through a long box, or race, about eighteen inches in width and depth, open on top, and paved with hard rock or quartz on the bottom, falling gradually for a distance of from twenty to two hundred feet in length, according to the strength of the stream running through the ground, and the quantity of ground washed per day. Once or twice a day the water is turned off from this race and a small stream of clean water run through it; the race is then carefully examined from end to end; and any nuggets or particles of gold which, by the action of the water and their greater specific gravity, may have been deposited in the ripples or inequalities of the bottom-paving, are then picked up, and the work resumed. In cases where the gold is of a fine nature, and liable to be carried away if the race alone were used, the coarser stones are sifted from the ground, and the combined ground and water run over coarse blankets, which, from the nature of their texture, catch all the

fine particles of gold and allow the lighter soil to flow away. These blankets are periodically washed out; and the fine particles of gold resulting are combined with quicksilver, which, from its affinity to gold, brings the whole into one mass, which is then placed in a retort, and the quicksilver evaporated off and recaught for future use, leaving the gold in a solid mass behind.

The above process, costing very little in the way of outlay, has been of necessity almost the only one adopted by the diggers, who for the most part have been working-men, with little or no money; and in cases where the alluvial ground has lain so high above the level of the rivers as to prevent it being worked in the same way, the only difference has been that the ground has had to be excavated and brought to the water-race by carting or otherwise, the process of washing being the same. But in the case of quartz containing gold, the quartz has to be reduced almost to a powder in water by means of machinery; the crushed quartz then flows over plates coated with quicksilver, which catch the greater part of the gold; and that which escapes the quicksilver is caught by means of the blankets before mentioned, which receive it after passing the silvered plates.

It has struck many people who are acquainted with gold-mining in both Australia and California, that in no two places in the Transvaal are the indications of gold the same. In one place it is in vain to look for it except on the top of a hill; in another, the valley alone will yield gold; and not a few geologists and so-called mining experts who have visited the gold-fields lately, for the purpose of reporting on properties for intending purchasers, have been much at fault regarding the possibility of finding payable gold, and confessed that it is necessary to spend a considerable time before a property can be even cursorily examined. In most cases, it seems that the diggers themselves, through their actual experience, are better acquainted with the payable and non-payable ground than any stranger, however experienced otherwise, can be.

From 1873, the gold-laws of the Transvaal permitted a digger to take out a license for a claim on any gold-bearing property held to be the property of the government, and the digger paying the amount of this license for his right to dig for gold. When a claim was exhausted or found not payable, the digger was at liberty to abandon it and mark out another, in the event of this other not being occupied. This law, in a sparsely populated country, where scarcely any agriculture was carried on, worked very well and harmoniously; but on the retrocession of the Transvaal by the British government, a new order of things sprang into existence. In order to increase the revenue—which fell rapidly off on the departure of the British government, and has in consequence caused a widespread distress ever since amongst those who were the first to rise against British authority—the Volksraad or Boer Parliament granted concessions for every manufacture that could be carried on in the Transvaal—that is, allowing one man, on the payment of a certain sum per annum, the sole right to manufacture spirits; another, gunpowder; another, wool, &c.—in each case imposing a countervailing duty on articles of the same kind coming from Europe, so as, if possible, to insure the sale of the Transvaal-made article. It is to be remarked, *en passant*, that the European articles, though thus hampered, still continue to have by far the largest sale. Amongst other concessions, a gold concession law was passed, specifying that the owner of any gold-bearing farm could, on the payment of a sum to be agreed upon per annum, obtain the sole right to work for gold on his farm, on condition that he compensated any diggers who might be on his property, working under the old government license.

The consequence of the promulgation of this last law has been that nearly every owner of a gold-bearing farm who could pay a year or two's concession rental for his property, has taken out a concession, with the idea of disposing of both concession and farm at a high profit in the European market, and in few cases with the intention of digging for gold. As nothing is stated in the gold concessions about the time in which the original diggers are to be compensated, or any fixed basis on which their claims are to be valued, this has almost led to a dead-lock in the gold production, and caused much litigation in the High Court at Pretoria. The diggers decline to enhance the value of any concessionaire's property by further exploring and opening it up, and the concessionaires in but few cases have the capital wherewith to compensate the diggers. As European investors, however, are not so easily influenced by a high-flown prospectus as formerly, it is probable that before long the owners of the farms bearing gold will see the propriety of again throwing them open at a rental to diggers, and thereby increasing their own revenue and that of the country generally; for, with a large mining population, both merchants and farmers find a ready sale for their goods and produce; the natives are taught to work, which is by far the most civilising influence that can be brought to bear upon them; and money will be circulated in a country where the want of it has never been felt more than at present.

There is not throughout the country what can be called a mining town, the nearest approach to one being Pilgrim's Rest, about thirty-five miles from the district of Lydenburg. This is on the property of a London firm, who appear to be sparing no expense, either in money or machinery, to test their property thoroughly. The town is situated in a most picturesque valley, reminding one more of Switzerland than South Africa; and the old fashion amongst Australians and Californians of giving odd names to places is observable here, in such names as Jerusalem Gully, Tiger Creek, &c. As usual, the Scotsman is here in force, as may be naturally expected in the most out-of-the-way place where there is a chance of making money. Indeed, one of the camps near Pilgrim's Rest is named Mac-Mac, after the number of Macs who formerly lived there; one of them, who is buried near here, being the unfortunate Mac whose strange story was related in the account of St Kilda published some years ago in this *Journal*.

The country, although very picturesque and well watered in the valleys, is very rough to travel over, and, without exception, has the worst roads traversing it in South Africa. From Lydenburg to Spitzkop, another mining camp, the road

would make a London cab-driver's hair stand on end; and the trouble and danger of conveying machinery along these roads by the cumbersome bullock-wagon can only be understood by those having experience of South Africa. From May till October it is possible to obtain goods from Delagoa Bay through the Portuguese port of Lorenco Marques, the road being fairly good in that direction; but during the remainder of the year, the dreaded tsetse fly abounds on the road, and the rivers are so swollen by the rains that transport is impossible.

Those Companies intending to start work on the gold-fields are endeavouring to arrange to work their machinery by water-power, the cost of fuel being very great here. Timber exists in considerable quantities in the kloofs or valleys of the mountains, but of a kind of little use for fuel, and almost inaccessible. Coal is found near Middleburg; but the cost of transport along these roads would almost prevent its use, although the distance does not exceed one hundred miles. Water, apparently, will be the greatest difficulty in regard to any scheme of comprehensive working here, as for gold-working generally it is necessary to obtain a good water-supply at a high level, which is extremely difficult to obtain. There are numerous streams in the valleys; but their sources at a high level are very few, and owing to the broken and diversified nature of the ground, would cost large sums of money to convey to any distance.

One very striking instance of perseverance in the above way is that of a miner over sixty years of age, who, unaided, has spent five years in bringing a watercourse on towards his claims at Spitzkop, and expects to take three years longer to finish it. In spite of numerous difficulties in the way of rocks and boulders, he has steadily persevered, and has now got through the worst of the work, and makes good progress, taking his age into consideration. The length of this watercourse will be about eleven miles when finished, although the distance from point to point does not exceed four.

The diggers are a wonderfully law-abiding community as a whole; and it is astonishing to see what a slender staff under the Boer government is employed to maintain order, one solitary constable at Pilgrim's Rest being sufficient for twenty miles round. Much trouble was caused from 1876 to 1879 through the war with the native chief Secocoeni, and digging operations were almost suspended; but his defeat by Sir Garnet Wolseley in 1879 left them free to work again until the end of 1880, when the war between the Boers and the British caused another cessation of work. All these things, together with their present troubles with the concessionaires, before alluded to, would naturally lead one to expect impatience and turbulence amongst a community many of whom come from Australian and Californian diggings, where the revolver is the readiest argument; but, strange to say, it is not the case here.

Unless the working of the gold-fields brings more money into the country, it is very difficult to see what the future of the Transvaal will be. The late war with the native chief Mapoch has considerably impoverished the people; the exports of the country are very trifling, and the low state of the market at the Diamond Fields has done away with a large source of income in the sale of produce and coal. The revenue of the country has steadily fallen since the retirement of the British troops; the natives are either unable or unwilling to pay taxes; and the Boers themselves, with very few exceptions, wish the British were back again. Pretoria and Potchefstroom, the two principal towns, look almost deserted, and have numerous empty buildings. When we add to this the high price of living, owing to the duties imposed on goods, &c., the lookout does not seem cheerful. It is not probable that the British government will again resume its sway here, even if invited unanimously by the Boers, but it is possible that some system of Union or Confederation will before long take place amongst the different states of South Africa; and should the railway be constructed from Delagoa Bay, *viâ* Pretoria, to Kimberley, it is certain that the country would benefit much by the improved means of communication. These, however, are prospects of the far future; and until the gold-fields are further developed by the present owners, and the government capable of paying its way and seeing its course fairly before it on a firm basis, it would be unwise for intending investors to place too much faith on the representations of promoters. Gold *is* in the Transvaal, and in considerable quantities, but not everywhere, and as yet comparatively little real exploration has been carried on below the surface to any depth. The crushing now commencing at Pilgrim's Rest and Ross Hill will be the first real test as to the gold in the quartz, and it is to be hoped will be satisfactory to those who have had the courage to lead the way.

BY MEAD AND STREAM.

CHAPTER XVIII.—THE SEALED LETTER.

PHILIP drew his breath more freely. He experienced that delightful sense of relief which rewards one who has been long overstrained, when the strain is relaxed before the stage of exhaustion is reached. But such is the perversity of human nature, that his gladness was tinged with something resembling a degree of disappointment. Certainly the tinge was so delicate that he was not thoroughly aware of its real character. To Madge the shade was revealed in this way.

'I wish the accident had been a little more serious,' he said.

She opened her eyes in astonishment. 'What a wicked wish,' was her reproachful comment.

'We have made such a fuss about my going,' he went on, turning things over in his mind, 'that we shall look ridiculous to everybody when it becomes known that a stupid tumble off a horse has stopped me.'

'I think we should only be ridiculous if we minded the foolish people who thought us so,' she answered very wisely.

'Ah, you never heard the story of *the curate* who in a moment of enthusiasm declared his intention of making a pilgrimage to Jerusalem.'

'What about him?'

'"What about him?" The poor beggar was so worried by everybody he met afterwards asking in surprise how he had managed to get back from Jerusalem so soon—then why he hadn't gone—when he was going—and looking as if he had perpetrated a fraud—that he was forced to make the pilgrimage in order to escape being called a humbug.'

'But you are not a curate, and—I don't think you are a humbug, Philip,' she said with a twinkle of fun in her eyes.

'I hope not,' he rejoined, laughing. 'But what *can* have induced Uncle Shield to change all his plans so suddenly?'

That question was a source of much marvel to them both. During the afternoon, an idea occurred to Madge, which seemed so extravagant, that at first she only smiled at it, as one smiles at the revelation of some pretty but absurd dream.

This was the idea: that in some way this sudden change of plans by Mr Shield was associated with her and the memory of her mother. She was nearer the truth than she imagined, although the more she thought over it, the more she was impressed by the possibility of the surmise finding some foundation in the motives which actuated Mr Shield's present conduct.

She did not, however, think the surmise of sufficient importance to speak about yet; but she asked Aunt Hessy to tell Philip on the first opportune occasion about her mother and his uncle. Philip ought to know about it, whether or not there was anything in her fanciful idea.

Aunt Hessy, with a little smile of approval, gave the promise, and, passing her hand affectionately over the girl's head, added: 'Thou 'lt be a happy woman, dearie; and bring peace to sore troubled breasts. There never was ill but good lay behind it, if we would only seek and find it. That 's an old saying; but there 's a deal of comfort in most old sayings. Seems to me as if they were the cries of folk that had proved them through suffering.'

'What did Mr Shield say in his letter to you, aunt?'

The dame shook her head, and although still smiling, looked as she felt, awkward.

'I am not to tell thee—anyway, not now. By-and-by, when I come to understand it myself, I will tell thee; but do not thou ask again until I speak. It will be best.'

And Madge knew that whatever Aunt Hessy chose to do—whether to speak or be silent—would be best. So she said simply: 'Very well, aunt.'

'I am going into the oak room to wrestle with the spirit, as my father used to say when he wanted to be left quite by himself. I want to be quite by myself till I get the right end of this riddle. I have been trying it two or three times since you went out, but the answer has not come yet. I am to try again. Be not you afraid, though I do not come out till tea-time.'

She spoke as if amused at herself; but when she had closed the door of the oak room and seated herself in a big armchair beside one of the gaunt windows, the smile faded from her kindly face, and her expression became one of mingled sadness and perplexity.

But everything Dame Crawshay had to do was done sedately—with that perfect composure which can be obtained only by a mind at rest with itself and innocent of all evil intention. She put on her spectacles, and quietly took from her pocket the two letters she had received from Mr Shield. One was open, and she had studied it many times that day, for it presented the riddle she had not yet been able to solve: the other, which had been inclosed in the first, was still unopened.

She settled herself down to make one more effort to find the right thing to do.

'Dear Friend,' said the open letter, 'in telling me that I have still a kindly place in your memory, you have given me a pleasure which I am glad to have lived long enough to experience. Thank you. And I ask you to take this "Thank you" in its full sense of respect and gratitude.

'I knew that'—here there was a word scored out, but the dame deciphered it to be 'Lucy'—'*she* had left a daughter under your care. I have thought of her—very often thought of her; and wished that it might be in my power to serve her as I would have served her mother, had I known of her misfortunes in time. But whenever I thought of writing to you about her, my pen was stopped by the same strange stupor—paralysis or whatever it may be that affects my brains whenever certain memories are stirred—the same which rendered me dumb and incapable of listening to you, when you might have given me explanations that would no doubt have made my suffering less. I do not ask for explanations now; perhaps it would be best to give me none. I am sure it would be best; and yet I have a longing to know anything you may have to tell me about Lucy. Time has taken the sting from memory: there is no bitterness in my thought of her—I do not think there ever was any bitterness in my thoughts about her. Looking back, I only see the bright days when we were so happy together, dreaming of our future. Then there is the black day when you told me she was married. Somebody died that day—my better self, I always think. Since then, I seem to have been toiling through a long tunnel, so numbed with cold and sunk in darkness that I have felt nothing and seen nothing.

'But the information contained in your note about the intended marriage of Lucy's child to Philip Hadleigh has brought me back into the daylight. The change was so sudden, that for a little while my eyes were dazzled and my mind confused. I see clearly now. Here is my opportunity to serve Lucy. There can be nothing you can tell me which can affect my craving to serve her; and I can only do it by guarding her daughter. I proceed to England by the next steamer which leaves the nearest port.

'I am aware that you will find it difficult to understand me from what I have written here. I have tried to make my purpose plain to you

in the packet which is inclosed with this; but what is put down there is for the present intended only for you. Before you break the seal, I ask you, in Lucy's name, to keep my confidence from your niece, and even from your husband, until we meet. Should this be asking too much, I beseech you to put the packet into the fire without opening it. Let me assure you at once that in withholding my purpose for a time from others, you will in nowise harm—or even run the risk of harming the living or the dead, whilst you may be able to assist me greatly in the service I wish to do for your sister's child.

'Decide as you will: I trust you shall be satisfied that the grounds for your decision are as sufficient as mine are for the course I have adopted.'

Here was the question she found it so difficult to answer: could she accept this trust? It was contrary to all her notions of right that she should have any thought which she might not communicate to her husband. She had never had a secret; her life had run so smoothly that there had been no occasion for one. She was grateful for having been spared the temptations to falsehood, which a secret, however trifling in itself, entails. But she took no special credit to herself on this account. Indeed, the good woman found it hard to understand why there should be any mysteries in the conduct of people at all. The straightforward course appeared to her so much easier to travel than the crooked ways which some choose or fall into unawares, that she wondered why, on purely selfish grounds, they should continue in them, when the way out was so simple.

At this moment her theory was put to a severe test. She was asked to keep a secret, but it was not her own or of her seeking. Then she should refuse to accept the trust. On the other hand, she was assured by one in whose honesty she had every reason to place implicit faith, that the secret meant no harm to any one—that she was only required to keep it for a time, and that by so doing she would aid him in carrying into effect his design for the welfare of Madge.

She took a practical view of the mode in which he proposed to benefit the child of the woman he had loved long ago. He was rich, he was childless: of course his purpose must be to make her his heiress. Then why should he make such a mystery of such a generous act? She had heard of people who took the drollest possible way of bequeathing their fortunes. Maybe it amused them: maybe they were a little wrong in the head, and were therefore to be pitied. Why, then, should she not humour him, by letting him have his own way so long as it was harmless, as she would do with any person whose eccentricity could not be agreeably dealt with otherwise? This was coming nearer to a settlement of her doubts.

Now she could either burn the sealed letter, or send it to him at his lawyer's, whose address he gave her for further communications. But the argument was in favour of opening it; and what lingering hesitation she might have on the subject was decided by that strain of curiosity which the best of women have inherited.

She deliberately cut the envelope with her scissors and unfolded the paper on her lap. The contents were somewhat of the nature she expected; but the way in which he purposed benefiting Madge was different from anything she could have guessed.

'Although events which in the first hours of their occurrence appeared to be too hard for me to live through have become in time only sad memories, flitting at intervals across my mind without causing pain or interfering with my ordinary ways, your letter has brought me so close to the old times, that I seem to be living in them again. The old interests—the old passions are as strong upon me at this moment as they were when I still possessed the greatest of all fortunes—Youth and Hope.

'Even when I knew that *she* was lost to me, there remained the prospect that some day she might need my help, and I should find consolation in giving it. Her death took that comfort from me, and I settled down to the dull business of living without a purpose. Luck, not labour, brought me *money*—that is why I am indifferent to it. This was how it came.

'You remember the old hawthorn tree in your father's garden, where so many glad hours were spent with Lucy? Well, on a green patch of this land which I was lazily farming here was an old hawthorn tree, and associating it with the one which had such deep root in my memory, it became my favourite resting-place. I made a seat beneath it as like the old one as possible, and there I used to sit reading or thinking of the dead man who was my former self. Under this tree I found a diamond: it was the first of many. But you have read about the diamond fields—and now you know the source of my wealth.

'My intention has been from the first that Lucy's daughter should benefit by my luck. I could not feel, and you could not expect me to feel, much active interest in her childhood, knowing that she was under your protection, and therefore well cared for. Your information that she is engaged to marry Philip Hadleigh has roused me from a long sleep. I have formed a good opinion of the young man from his letters. I purposed having him here with me for a year or so, in order to judge of his character before deciding in what manner I should best fulfil the promise given to my sister, to do what I could for him in the future. The fact that you and your husband regard him with so much favour as to give your niece to him, would be in the case of another a sufficient guarantee that he is worthy of all trust.

'*But he is Lloyd Hadleigh's son.*

'What that means to me, I do not care to explain, and it is unnecessary to do so. It is sufficient to tell you that it compels me to make him *prove* that he is worthy of trust—above all, that he is worthy of Madge Heathcote.

'I intended to judge of him by observing his ways during his stay with me. Now I intend to put him to the severest test of human nature—the test of what is called Good Fortune.

'You love your niece. You cannot trust the man if you object to let him prove his worth.

AUSTIN SHIELD.'

CHAPTER XIX.—THE FIRST INTERVIEW.

A few days had passed when Philip startled little Dr Joy with the information that he

had walked two miles and felt equal to two more.

'But you must not try it, though,' said the doctor quickly; 'you are a strong fellow, but you must not be in too great a hurry to prove it. We must be economical of our strength, you know, as well as of everything else. You are getting on nicely—very nicely and with wonderful rapidity. Don't spoil it all by too much eagerness.'

'Don't be afraid—I'll take care.'

The afternoon post brought him a note from Mr Shield, announcing his arrival at the *Langham Hotel*, and inquiring if he felt strong enough to call there next day at eleven.

'I am quite strong enough to be with you at the time mentioned,' was Philip's prompt reply; and he kept the engagement punctually.

Being expected, he was conducted immediately to the sitting-room of one of the finest suites of apartments on the first floor. Evidently Mr Shield had an idea of taking advantage of all the comforts of the old country, to make up for whatever inconveniences he had submitted to in his colonial life.

Standing at one of the windows was a big brawny man, dressed in dark-brown tweed. He turned as Philip entered, and showed a face covered with thick, shaggy hair, which had been black, but was now plentifully streaked with silver. Of his features, only the eyes and nose were distinguishable, for the shaggy hair fell over his brow, too, in defiance of combs and brushes.

Philip's idea of Mr Shield's appearance had been vague enough; but somehow this man was so unlike every preconceived notion of him, that he would have fancied there was a mistake, had not all doubt been at once removed by the greeting he received.

'How do you do, Philip? Glad to see you.'

He held out a big horny hand, which betokened a long friendship with pickaxe and spade. His manner was somewhat rough, but it was frank and good-natured. Still it was unlike the manner of one who had received some education and had been accustomed to move in ordinary society. All this, however, Philip quickly accounted for by recalling the fact, that Mr Shield had been living so many years on the outskirts of civilisation, that he must have forgotten much, and unconsciously adopted some of the characteristics of his uncouth associates.

'I am glad to see you at last, sir,' he said, grasping the extended hand cordially.

'That's right. I like a man who can give you a grip when he does shake hands. If he can't, he ought to leave it alone. I don't bother much with hand-shaking. A nod's as good in our part. But coming so far, you see—— Oh, all right' (the last phrase was like a private exclamation, as he suddenly remembered something). . . . 'Sit down. Have anything?'

'No; thank you.'

'Ah, right, right. Under orders, I suppose. Forgot your accident. How's the ribs?'

'Pretty well, I am happy to say,' answered Philip, smiling at the droll, gruff, abrupt style of his uncle, and appreciating the kindliness which was clearly visible through it. 'The doctors tell me I shall never know that the accident happened.'

'That's good. Now you know what we are not to speak about, and what we are to speak about is yourself.'

'That is generally an agreeable subject.'

'Should be always to a youngster like you. Now, I want to start you in life. That was my promise, and I am able to keep it. What is your notion of a start?'

'I have not decided yet. The result of my journey to you was to settle what was to follow. As that journey is now unnecessary, I think of entering for the bar or medicine.'

'Stuff. Too many lawyers and doctors already. You keep in mind who it was wished you to come to me? . . . You needn't speak.—I see you do. Then will you obey her, and become my partner?'

'Your partner!' ejaculated Philip, astounded by the abruptness of this extraordinary proposal.

'Don't you like the notion? Most young fellows would snap at it.'

'I am aware of that, Mr Shield; but I have no capital except what my fa'——

'That's all right. You go to Hawkins and Jackson. They will satisfy you that you have plenty of capital, and will explain to you that there is a chance for you to become one of the biggest men in London—M.P.—Lord Mayor—anything you like, if you only enter into partnership with me.'

'I am a little bewildered, sir, and would like to understand exactly'——

'Hawkins is waiting for you,' said Mr Shield, looking at his watch; 'he will make everything plain to you before you leave him. He has full orders—instructions, that is to say. I have somebody else to see now. You'll write and tell me how you take to the plan, and I'll let you know when we are to meet again.'

'I ought to thank you; but'——

'Don't bother about that—time enough for it—time enough. Good-bye.'

The interview was over. Philip was metaphorically hustled out of the room by the brusque, good-natured relative he had just found. He felt confused and bewildered as he walked slowly down Regent Street, trying to realise the meaning of all the suggestions which had been made to him. There was something humorous, too, in having a fortune thrust upon him in this singular fashion. For he knew that to become the partner of Austin Shield was equivalent to inheriting a large fortune.

In their correspondence of course, Mr Shield had told him that he meant to 'see what could be done for him;' but he had added that everything would depend upon how they got on together, after they had lived for a time under the same roof. Now everything was given to him when they had been only a few minutes together—indeed had been given before they met at all, for all arrangements in reference to the partnership had been already made, and only awaited his acceptance.

'He is an odder fish in person than he has shown himself in his letters,' thought Philip. 'We'll see what Hawkins says.'

He took a cab, and as he was driving to the office of the solicitors, his thoughts cleared. There

was no doubt that the prospect so freely offered him was a brilliant one; but there was a cloud upon it. How would his father regard this arrangement?

A PRACTICAL SCIENCE AND ART SCHOOL.

GORDON'S COLLEGE, ABERDEEN.

Our Minister for Education, Mr Mundella, in a recent visit to Glasgow and Edinburgh, delivered a series of speeches remarkable not only for the interesting accounts he gave of the progress of elementary education under the national system established by the Education Acts, but for their strong advocacy of the necessity of providing still higher and more useful education by means of secondary and technical schools. He indicated that this might in some measure be attained by a judicious reform of existing educational endowments, and he instanced one case of such reorganisation, which he held up as a model worthy of imitation. The case referred to was that of the institution now known as Robert Gordon's College, Aberdeen. The 'reform' achieved by this institution has been so thorough and so successful, and has been conducted so much in the direction indicated by Mr Mundella, that some details of its nature and the work now being accomplished by its agency may prove interesting in themselves, and advantageous as furnishing an illustration of how our general educational system may be improved and perfected.

The institution was founded by a Robert Gordon, who had been at one time a merchant in Danzig, but ultimately settled in Aberdeen, where he died in 1731. He bequeathed all his property to certain trustees, for the building of a hospital, and for the maintenance and education of young boys whose parents were poor and indigent, and not able to maintain them at school or put them to trades and employments. Owing to the civil disorders of the time, the hospital was not opened till 1750. The trust funds, together with the value and revenue of a separate estate bequeathed in 1816 by a Mr Alexander Simpson of Collyhill, now amount to an annual revenue of over eight thousand pounds. There were latterly two hundred boys in the hospital, forty of these being nominated by the Collyhill trustees. The period of residence was five years; the education imparted was a fairly good, sound, elementary one, with a little instruction in mathematics and chemistry, and a smattering of Latin and French. The bulk of the boys drifted into mercantile pursuits.

The passing of the Educational Endowments Act of 1878 opened up for the institution a new and wider sphere of usefulness. In June 1881, the governing body obtained a Provisional Order under the Act, greatly altering the constitution and objects of the original trust, and constituting the hospital a College, in which the chief subjects of study shall be English Language and Literature, History and Geography, Modern Languages, Mathematics, and the Elements of Physical and Natural Science. The number of foundationers was reduced to one hundred and twenty, and the 'hospital' system was almost entirely abolished. The hospital buildings were converted into a day school; the standard of education was raised; evening classes were established; and provision was made for the amalgamation with the College of any mechanics' institute, scientific or technical school, or other educational institution.

The College, therefore, as now constituted consists of a day school and an evening school. It is not necessary for our purposes to detail the work of the day school in the junior department; but in the senior, the work branches off into three divisions, the studies being specialised with a regard to the line of work the boys intend pursuing on leaving school. In the Commercial School prominent attention is given to modern languages (French and German), mathematics, arithmetic, book-keeping, and letter and précis writing, the studies in science being also continued. In the Trade and Engineering School the studies carried forward are English and one foreign language (French or German); but most of the time is devoted to mathematics, experimental science, and drawing; applied science and technical drawing being the features of the second year. The teaching in both years is accompanied by systematic instruction in the workshop (in wood and iron); while for intending young engineers there is a special course in steam and the steam-engine; and for those aiming at the building trades, a special course in building construction and drawing. The workshop, which is under the superintendence of a practical man, is large and well equipped. It has thirteen benches and a lathe, and a forge and three vice-benches; and a proposal is about to be submitted to the governing body for the further development of this practical department by providing a steam-engine and other appliances. The third division of the school —the Classical—is for boys intending to proceed to the university.

At the present time, there are five hundred and eighty day scholars, one hundred and twenty of whom are foundationers. Ninety day scholars are receiving instruction in the workshop in relays of fifteen at a time, one hour being devoted to the workshop, and four hours to ordinary teaching. The school-hours are five per day, and most of the school-work is done in that time, the pupils, though not altogether exempt from home-work, not being oppressed by it. Plenty of time is thus given for exercise and enjoyment; and there is no complaint of 'over-pressure,' either on the part of teachers or taught.

The evening school, which is open to adults, and to girls as well as to boys, is divided into two sections. There is a General and Commercial section, in which instruction is given in such subjects as English, arithmetic, French, German, theory of music, phonography, and political economy. Then there is a Science and Technology section, having classes for practical plane and solid geometry, machine and building construction and drawing, applied mechanics and steam, metal working tools, carpentry and joinery, magnetism and electricity, electrical engineering, inorganic chemistry, and botany. To the Physics and Chemistry lecture-rooms are attached a large apparatus-room and commodious laboratories; and the means and appliances are enlarged from time to time, one hundred pounds being devoted this year to the purchase of scientific apparatus and chemicals. In the Applied Mechanics class, the

strength of materials and the strains in structures are investigated experimentally; while the class meets occasionally on Saturday afternoons for experiments in practical mechanics in the laboratory, or to study the actual applications of mechanics in some of the engineering works in the town.

The classes in the Science section are specially adapted for students qualifying for the examinations of the Science and Art Department and of the Society of Arts, and for the City and Guilds of London examinations in Technology; and the College—under the able direction of the head-master, the Rev. Alexander Ogilvie, LL.D.—is now beginning to take a high position in connection with these examinations. Dr Ogilvie first instituted Science and Art classes in Gordon's Hospital in 1875, not only for boys in the hospital, but also for those who had completed their education there and were serving apprenticeships in Aberdeen. The beginnings were small, classes for magnetism and electricity and physical geography being first started. In course of time, however, botany was added, followed by mathematics, theoretical mechanics, and inorganic chemistry; and soon half-a-dozen classes were in full swing, yielding by-and-by very satisfactory results, all the more satisfactory as teaching in these special subjects was given out of school-hours, or, as the inspector reported, 'Science has taken its place in the institution, and has displaced nothing.'

The reorganisation of the College, which came into practical operation in August 1881, gave a new impetus to the evening classes and the science teaching. During session 1881–82, two hundred and four scholars attended the evening classes, of whom one hundred and seventy-one presented themselves at the examinations of the Science and Art Department. Of these, sixty-nine gained eighty-eight Queen's prizes, value twenty-eight pounds ten shillings, and first-class certificates; eighty-seven gained second-class certificates; and fifteen failed. The total Department (government) grants that fell to the teachers amounted to three hundred and forty-six pounds ten shillings. In session 1882–83, the number of tickets issued for the evening classes was—For General and Commercial classes, six hundred and eighty-two; for Science classes, five hundred and eighty-seven: total, twelve hundred and sixty-nine. Of this number, three hundred and eighty-one individual students attended the Science classes, of whom two hundred and thirty-five were present at the examinations. Ninety of these gained one hundred and twenty-two Queen's prizes, of the value of thirty-nine pounds five shillings, with first-class certificates; one hundred and four gained second-class certificates; and forty-one failed. The grants earned from the Department amounted to three hundred and sixty-five pounds. In the Society of Arts' examinations, sixty-nine candidates were examined—the largest number from any institution, except the Birmingham and Midland Institute—and fifty-three passed, four gaining first-class certificates, and twenty second-class certificates. In the City and Guilds' examination, the number presented in technology—metal working tools—was eight, of whom two gained first-class honours, five stood first-class in the ordinary grade, and one second-class. One student so distinguished himself, being second in the examination of all the candidates in the United Kingdom, that he was awarded a prize of three pounds and a bronze medal.

Within the past year, the Science teaching in the College has been largely developed by a provisional amalgamation with the Aberdeen Mechanics' Institution, in connection with which there has been for many years a School of Art and Science classes. The Science classes and the scientific apparatus of the Mechanics' Institution have been transferred to the College, which has become thereby the Science school for the city. The amalgamation—almost certain to be permanently ratified—coupled with the more complete and systematic instruction in Gordon's College, promises to be fruitful of good results, which may, indeed, be already anticipated, for no fewer than fifteen hundred and forty-seven students have enrolled themselves in the various evening classes for the current session.

The value of the work which the College is accomplishing can hardly be over-estimated. The objects of the institution, as now recast, are—in addition to the education of foundationers—to afford a good elementary education at fees so small as to make it within the reach of the sons of working-men even; to help its own scholars, and boys leaving Board Schools, to a knowledge of subjects not otherwise readily attainable; and to furnish to the apprentice and the artisan instruction in science and technology of a higher grade. The College, in short, aims at being a complete and efficient secondary school, and really forms for the city of Aberdeen the much-desiderated link between elementary and university education—a link that will be more apparent and more serviceable when the universities come to be reformed, and when more attention will likely be paid to scientific than to classical studies. Even as things are, a number of the scholars have already found their way to the university, and have been successful in gaining bursaries and other honours; and two of them—educated partly in the Hospital and partly in the College—have recently passed the competitions for the Indian Civil Service without the preliminary 'coaching' in London, generally regarded as essential. One of the two is now in receipt of one hundred and fifty pounds a year during his two years of probation, after which he will become one of Her Majesty's civil servants in India. The Commercial School provides an education well suited for young men who intend engaging in the various occupations and industries of the town and district; while in the evening classes they have every opportunity of continuing their studies as their inclinations or their pursuits dictate.

But the most important work of the College is the scientific and technical education it imparts. The object here is to furnish in the day school such an elementary practical knowledge as will prepare boys to become intelligent apprentices; in the evening school, on the other hand, to furnish higher theoretical instruction to boys and men really at work. The workshop is for the use of day scholars only; the evening pupils find their practical training in their daily work, and come to the College to learn the theory. The day school aims at teaching the pupils on

the technical side the elements of the constructive arts and the character of materials, concurrently with thorough education in the interpretation of working drawings. It is explicitly intimated that 'it is by no means intended that a boy should learn his trade in the College, but only that he should lay the foundation of the scientific and technical knowledge which has become an essential concomitant of trade experience and manual dexterity.' This distinction has to be borne in mind; for Gordon's College is not an 'apprenticeship school,' such, for instance, as the one maintained by the Paris municipality in the Boulevard de la Villette, which turns out its pupils, at the end of a three years' course, as having finished their apprenticeship, and as being ready for employment as journeymen, or even as foremen. The fault of this system of training artisans is that it underrates what is to be learned in the ordinary workshop; and instead of having recourse to it, the governing body of Gordon's College set to work on the lines just mentioned.

It is obviously impossible as yet to discern the effect which this improved technical education will have upon the arts and industries of the town; but some estimate of the actual work accomplished may be formed from the following account of models exhibited at the last distribution of prizes, which we take from a local paper:

'A large number of drawings by the pupils attracted much attention, and a special feature was an exhibition of models executed in the workshop in the course of the year. These models were the work of the pupils, and an examination showed that they were highly finished, and that in every instance the greatest care had been taken, down even to the most minute detail. The models were large in number, and diverse in character. One was a very fine sample of a suspension bridge, measuring twelve feet in length, and weighted so as to show the strain it was capable of sustaining. There was also what is known as a roof-truss, an arrangement for finding what, under given circumstances, would be the strain put upon the rafters and the rods. Then there was a model crane adjusted for a precisely similar purpose, and very neatly finished apparatus for experimenting with the inclined plane, the lever, and friction coil, &c. A number of well-finished specimens of electrical apparatus formed part of the exhibits, including one or two very good galvanometers and a small electrical engine. In woodwork the variety was large. A walking-stick was shown which on occasion could be transformed into a tripod stand for surveying. There were also models of the various jointings employed in woodwork, and several excellent specimens of work both in wood and iron. Possibly the most striking feature of the whole display was a sectional model of a steam-engine, which measured some thirteen feet in length and showed all the working parts. It was also provided with means of adjustment to find by experiment the effect of varying the dimensions of the various parts. The entire model was coloured in accordance with the ordinary rule in engineering works. Among the ordinary articles shown were a grindstone frame, a vice-bench, and a number of smithy tools. It may be mentioned that the whole of the work in connection with the models was not only executed by the boys themselves, but that in every case they had also prepared the working drawings.'

It is not too much to infer that elementary instruction which produces such results as these will prove an important factor in the work of after-life; and we may safely conclude that the College is not unlikely to realise a large measure of the success which it deserves, besides serving as an example to other scholastic and commercial communities.

THE MINER'S PARTNER.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.—CONCLUSION.

NEVER before had Ben from mental excitement passed a sleepless night; his seasoned, iron nerves had borne him through a multitude of perils—from hostile Indians, from white enemies; from the bear, the wolf, the snake; from fire and flood; and when the time had come for him to sleep, he slept soundly; when his rough meals were prepared, he ate well. But it was different now. The recollection of the face which confronted his own at the restaurant, haunted him, broke his sleep into fitful dozing, and filled these unrefreshing snatches with terrible dreams. Yet, when the bright morning came, he persuaded himself that he must have been mistaken—that he had exaggerated some chance resemblance into the identity of his dead partner.

Ben's reflections touched upon what was growing into another dreadful form of mental excitement. He began to fear that he had not seen the man at all, that it was merely a delusion, a vision of the brain. And that such a delusion should take the form of Rube Steele was not surprising, bearing in mind the fact, which was never long absent from his thoughts, that he had given this man a blow which, if it had not, as he formerly supposed, caused the man's death, must have very nearly done so. No doubt the blow was struck in self-defence; but even murder in self-defence is not a thing which a man can in his calmer moments recall without some sense of remorse.

He was early at the hotel, and taking his regular seat, waited with a nervous anxiety, such as he had rarely experienced before, the appearance of the stranger. He had not long to wait. Almost as soon as he was seated, a figure entered the saloon which there was no mistaking, and all Ben's consolatory theories as to a casual resemblance deceiving him, fled on the instant. The stoop of the long body and neck, the crafty glance the man threw around on entering, his very step—these were all Rube Steele's; and to the dismay of Ben, the new-comer evidently glanced round the saloon in search of *him*, for the moment he saw him, his face lighted up with a smile, and he came to the table.

'Glad to see you again!' said he, extending a hand which a horrible fascination compelled Ben to seize and shake; but the familiarity of the touch was more horrible still. He felt—he knew for a certainty, he had touched that hand a thousand times.

'I thought mebbe you made this your regular dining location,' continued the other; 'and I have kinder taken a fancy to you.'

'In-deed!' gasped Ben, wondering as to what would come next.

'Yes, I have; that is so,' replied the stranger. 'I reckon you have not been located in this city very long?'

'Not very long,' said Ben, who had not once removed his eyes from the other's face. 'I came from the West—from the mining country.'

'Possible!' ejaculated the stranger. 'Wal, now, I take a great interest in the mining countries, and like to hear tell of them. Were you from Californy, or Nevady, or'——

'From Colorado,' gasped Ben, who almost began to fancy that he was losing his senses, so certain was he that the man was Rube, and yet so inconsistent with this belief was the whole of his conversation, especially his liking for Ben, and his anxiety to hear of the mines.

When they separated, it was with another shake of the hand, and a strongly expressed hope on the part of the stranger that they might meet again the next day. 'Either the critter is a ghost,' thought Ben—'and in that case there *are* ghosts—or I am going crazy; or he is Rube Steele; and I know that is impossible. I won't go to this hotel any more; and soon as we get married, Ruth and I will live out of the city, and that is a comfort.'

Fortified by this reflection, he was able to bear up somewhat better on this day, and to accept Mr Showle's invitation with a calmer mind. He arrived early at the merchant's house. Ruth came in soon afterwards, and he was pleased to see that she, too, looked more cheerful. Ruth had relieved her mind, as she confessed to Ben, by telling him her trouble; and now he knew it, she felt that the worst was over. It was to avoid her half-brother, she owned, that she had wished Ben to live so far from town, and as he had now really arrived, he was glad they had agreed upon this precaution.

They were conversing cheerfully enough, when a knock was heard at the outer door, and Mr Showle, rising, exclaimed: 'There is Morede! I know his knock. Indeed, he takes care we shall hear him.—I am sure you will like him, Creelock, and he is very anxious to see you.—Ah! Mr Morede! you are punctual, then! Come in, and let me introduce you to our friend Creelock.' Saying this, he shook hands with the new arrival, and led him to where Ben was standing.

'I think,' said Mr Morede, as he took Ben's hand with a smile, 'I am not entirely a stranger to Mr Creelock. I have had the pleasure of dining with him more than once at the *Ocean House*.'

Yes, he had; of course he had. Of course he was not a stranger to Ben—far from it, and Ben knew it well; for here was his mysterious companion at dinner, the new partner in Showle and Bynnes, and Ruth's half-brother, all turning out to be not only one and the same person, but were also each and every one Rube Steele, his treacherous partner, whom he had left for dead in Colorado! And why did he not recognise Ben, as Ben had recognised him? Of all the strange features in this bewildering matter, this was the strangest.

Ben shook hands, as an automaton might have done, and spoke as though in a trance; the odd tone and character of his replies, and his fixed stare, evidently attracting the notice of Ruth and Mr Showle.

'Come, Creelock!' cried the latter presently; 'you are not yourself to-night. Where are your mining stories and your prairie adventures? I have been praising you all the time to our friend Morede here, as a sort of live volume of entertainment on these matters, and you are not saying a word about them.'

'Mr Showle is entirely right; he is so,' said Morede; 'and I reckon I shall be quite pleased to sit around and hear somethin' about the western mines. I always do like to hear tell of them.'

'Do you?' exclaimed Ben, rousing himself in a species of desperation, and resolving to bring this horrible torture to a finish. 'Shall I tell you an adventure of my own?'

'Just so,' returned Morede, with a pleased smile. 'I should like it above all things.'

'Then,' said Ben—and his answering smile was of a somewhat grimmer character, in spite of himself, than Morede's had been—'then I will tell you how my pardner at the mines introduced a stranger, who robbed me of fifteen hundred dollars. This stranger came, I should tell you, with information about Indians on the war-path who were likely to be around our camp. But it was an arranged plot. He was a mean cuss, this stranger; he or his friends robbed the placers and broke the stamp-mill. It was either him or my pardner that shot at me from a gully; and the bullet went through my hat and cut away some of my hair. That was not the only time my pardner got his desperadoes to shoot at me; so I will tell you about *him*.'

Thereupon, stimulated by the desperate impulse we have alluded to, Ben proceeded to relate a part of the plot which had been devised for his ruin by his crafty partner; the incidents attendant on which greatly excited, and sometimes almost appalled his hearers, none among whom listened with more palpable interest than did Mr Morede. Ben told all, up to the action of the Vigilantes, but could not bring himself to speak of the final scene at the pool; there was something too horrible in the idea of describing *that* to his listeners. When Ben had finished, which he did by saying, 'What do you think of that, Mr Morede?' and looking his new partner straight in the face, the latter exclaimed, in what seemed the most genuine manner possible: 'First-rate, Mr Creelock! I admire you. I see you have the real grit; and I wish I had been there to help you in such a fix. But, to my thinking, your partner was the worse of the two.'

'He was,' said Ben drily.

'And he ought to have had his reward,' continued Morede.

'He had it,' said Ben, with increased dryness.

'Good! Good!' cried Morede; and other comments being made, the conversation became general.

Morede bore his part all through the evening without a single allusion which could induce Ben to suppose he had the slightest remembrance of him, or had ever before heard a syllable relating to the dangerous stranger or the robberies. When they parted for the night, too, he was particularly demonstrative in his friendliness to Creelock, making quite a 'smart oration,' as Mr Showle

afterwards remarked, on the agreeable evening he had passed, and the pleasure it would give him to be associated in business, and as he hoped, in still closer relationship with a man whom he admired and liked so much at first sight as he did Mr Creelock. Ben went home after this speech in doubt as to whether it was himself or every one around him that was going mad.

Day after day passed, and the new partners in the firm met frequently, with no diminution in the friendship which Mr Morede had from the first professed for Ben. They did not meet at the hotel, however; the strain on Ben's nerves was bad enough when they met as part of a group. A *tête-à-tête* was more than he could stand with a man whom he believed to have killed, but who was now walking about as unconcernedly as though he had never been stretched by the side of that Colorado pool.

So confounded had Ben been by the apparition, that he had never thought of asking the Christian name of Mr Morede, and it came upon him as a new shock when he received a note from the warehouse on some business matters signed 'Reuben Morede,' while he could have sworn to the handwriting in a court of justice. This did not increase his certainty, for it could admit of no increase; he *was* certain, and could not go beyond that; but it seemed to make the position more dreadful and complicated. Now and then, too, he would find, if he turned quickly round, Mr Morede gazing fixedly upon him—an earnest gaze, as though he were striving to recall something to his memory; and this was not agreeable to Creelock.

He asked Ruth, as guardedly as possible, about her brother's past career; but she knew nothing of it since he had left home. He had gone West, she knew; but he would not now utter a syllable in explanation, or even say how he had been employed. Ben could not press her very much upon the subject, as it was evidently a painful one. His departure from home had been caused by some disgraceful, possibly fatal broil—that was clear; so Ben forbore to question her.

The day of his wedding drew nigh. Ruth had left her school; their home was so far advanced in its improvements that it would be quite ready by the time they returned from their trip; and then—to add still greater pleasure and éclat to the festivities—the gallant energetic old gentleman Mr Bynnes paid a short visit to Cincinnati. Like the restless Yankee he was, he had already sold his new estate at a very considerable profit; so was now, at seventy years of age, looking out for some fresh investment for his dollars, and employment for his time. He had seen Ben before leaving Cincinnati, and appeared to like him then; and seeing him a little more at leisure now, he liked him more. The bluff, straightforward, perhaps rough manner, which Creelock could never shake off, seemed to please the old man mightily, and he was never so happy as when in his company. Ben, with his nightmare always oppressing him, had asked a little about Reuben Morede, who he knew was a connection of Mr Bynnes. But the latter was not communicative about the new partner, although there was a tantalising hesitation in his manner, which made Ben think he could a tale unfold, did he choose.

Well, the wedding-day came; and the simple ceremony performed in Mr Showle's drawing-room, made Ben and Ruth man and wife. Then came what answers to the wedding-breakfast of the Britisher, and this was on a scale, for variety and display, to put the old country on its mettle, although it was only given by an American storekeeper. After the first part of the feast was over, Mr Bynnes got Ben by himself and insisted upon having a final glass of champagne with him. 'I know you have got just the best wife in the States,' said the old gentleman; 'and you are the kind of man to make a good husband, *I* can see. I feel as glad to see little Ruth Alken happily settled, as if she was a gal of my own—I do. After all these years, too, to think her brother is going to clear up and quit his tricks! I always liked the boy; but he has had some real bad ways. You asked me about him, you know.'

'Yes, I did,' said Ben.

'Wal, I did not like to let out agen him,' pursued Mr Bynnes; 'but it can't do harm now anyway, that I can see. He has been mining in Colorado, and has been up to some queer tricks there. He was nigh killed by his partner—he was; that is so.'

'Nearly killed!' echoed Ben.

'Ah! most oncommon nigh,' said Mr Bynnes. 'Also he was nigh upon lynched by the Vigilantes. His partner found out that he was—Rube was, I mean—playing him false, planning to rob and perhaps murder him; so it is supposed from the mark on his head that he hit him down with some blunt instrument, possibly a club, and left him for dead at the mine. He was found lying by some of the miners, who carried him to Flume City, and I heard all about it from the doctor who attended him. It is a real extraordinary case. He recovered, as you see; but his memory from a certain time has entirely gone. His boyish days he remembers quite well; but does not appear to have the least idea that he ever went to the mines or was ever injured. We have tried him in every way; but his mind is a perfect blank. Strange, is it not?'

'Very strange,' assented Ben, who, we need hardly say, was listening with breathless interest.

'His brain is injured, no doubt,' continued the elder; 'for his skull was fractured. The doctor says it is to be hoped that he will never recover his memory; for if he does, he will probably go mad, and do some more mischief before he dies. It is a strange case.—Here we are! just having a friendly drink at parting.' This was in reply to one or two of the party who came to interrupt the lengthened gossip, and the conference was broken up.

Often, during his eastern trip, did Ben recur to the strange story he had heard, and often did he debate with himself whether or not he should tell his wife what he had learned; but he thought it better on the whole to be silent. It was with a great feeling of relief, however, that he found, upon his return to Cincinnati, that Morede was absent, having just left to accompany Mr Bynnes in his inspection of a property in Colorado.

In about a week after this time, Mr Showle received a letter from Mr Bynnes announcing the almost sudden death of Morede! 'And we had

a bad time with him,' said the writer. 'Perhaps it was because we came to Colorado that he all at once got back his mind; but whatever it was, he woke one morning like a fiend or a wild Indian. He raved about the mines, talked of horrible things he had done; said the fellows here would tremble even now at Rube Steele's name; and we have found out that he, or some one like him, was known in these parts as Rube Steele, a year or two back. Tell Mr Creelock that he was frantic against *him*. He was sensible enough in other things; but he was always calling for his pistol, and vowed that he would shoot Ben Creelock on sight! Told me that Ben was the man who had broken his skull and had set the Vigilantes on his friends. I tell you, Abel Showle, it was real frightful, and we were all glad when he died; though my heart ached for him, when I recollected the bright, clever boy he was; his mother's only son, too. But he is gone now; and bad as he may have been, I don't think we will tell Ruth of his later life, as he had caused her a deal of misery, and she don't need to think any worse of him.'*

The kindly, shrewd old merchant's advice was followed; and Ruth Creelock, although she did not feign passionate grief for the half-brother who had so injured all who ought to have been dear to him, yet spoke of him with a softened feeling, which must have been changed had she known of the deadly enmity which once existed between the dead man and her husband.

MISS MARRABLE'S ELOPEMENT.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER I.

Miss Martha Marrable, a spinster lady of five-and-fifty, is the last of her race. Her only brother, Mr Clement Marrable, never married, and died twenty years ago at Baden-Baden, whither he had gone to drink the waters; and her two sisters, Maria and Lætitia, although they did marry, did not live to become middle-aged women. The elder, Maria, after becoming the wife of Mr Langton Larkspur, of the firm of Scrip, Larkspur, and Company, bankers, of Threadneedle Street, gave birth to a single child, a daughter, who was named Lucy; and the younger, Lætitia, having been led to the altar by Mr Septimus Allerton, of the firm of Allerton, Bond, and Benedict, brokers, of Pancake Lane, presented her husband with twin girls, of whom one only—and she was called Amy—survived her extreme infancy. It is therefore not astonishing that Miss Martha Marrable, a well-to-do woman without family ties, is exceedingly fond of the daughters of her two dead sisters. She usually has them to stay with her at least twice a year—once in the early summer at her house in Grosvenor Street; and once in the autumn at the seaside, or in Italy, whither she goes occasionally, accompanied—to the great wonder of the foreigners—by a courier, a man-servant, two maids, eleven boxes, and a green parrot. And as she is very kind to her nieces, and denies them nothing, it is not surprising that they are fully as fond of her as she is of them. But Miss Martha Marrable is growing old; whereas Miss Lucy Larkspur and Miss Amy Allerton are both young, and intend to remain so for some years to come. It is not, therefore, to be expected that the three ladies should invariably think exactly alike on all subjects. And indeed, I am happy to say that there are not many women who do agree with Miss Marrable upon all questions; for although she is as good-hearted an old spinster as ever breathed, she is, unfortunately, a man-hater.

I have looked into the dictionary to see what the verb 'to hate' signifies, and I find that it means 'to despise,' or 'to dislike intensely.' Let it not, however, be supposed that the word 'man-hater' is a stronger one than ought to be applied to Miss Marrable; for I am really not quite certain that it is altogether strong enough. She regards men as inferior animals, and looks down upon them with lofty contempt. 'Who,' she once said to her niece Lucy, 'has turned the world upside down, filled it with poverty and unhappiness, and deluged it with blood? It is Man, Lucy. If woman had always governed the earth, we should have had no Cæsar Borgias, no Judge Jefferieses, no Bonapartes, and no Nana Sahibs.' And yet Miss Martha Marrable can never see a vagrant begging in the street without giving him alms. The truth is, that although she detests and despises man, she pities him; just as she pities the poor idiot whom she sometimes sees grinning and gibbering by the wayside in Italy.

These being her sentiments, Miss Marrable has not, of course, many male acquaintances. She is on good, but not affectionate terms with her widowed brothers-in-law, Mr Langton Larkspur and Mr Septimus Allerton. She once a year invites her man of business, Mr John Bones, of Cook's Court, to dine with her and them in Grosvenor Street; and she is civil to the rector of her parish, and to the medical man whom she would call in to attend her in case of illness. Yet Mr Larkspur once told Mr Allerton that this feminine dragon had had a violent love-affair when she was nineteen; and Mr Allerton—whose connection with the Marrable family is of much more recent date than that of Lucy's father—actually declared that he could well believe it. If, however, Miss Marrable did have a love-affair in her youth, I am not inclined at this time of day to cast it as a reproach in her teeth. Boys will be boys; and girls, I suppose, will be girls, though they may live to see the error of their ways, and be none the worse for their follies. One thing is certain, and that is, that at the present time, and for at least five-and-twenty years past, Miss Martha Marrable has ceased to dream of the tender passion. She still occasionally talks vaguely of going up the Nile, or of visiting the Yellowstone Region, ere she dies; but she never contemplates the possibility of getting married; and I believe that she would as soon think of allowing a man to believe that she regarded him with anything but polite aversion, as she would think of going into business as a steeple-jack, and learning to stand on one leg on the top of the cross at the summit of St Paul's Cathedral.

And yet Miss Martha Marrable was last year the heroine of a terrible scandal; and many of her misanthropic female friends have never since been able to completely believe her professions of

* For a similar case of lapsed memory, see Carpenter's *Mental Physiology*, 4th edition, pp. 460–465.

hatred of man. The affair gave rise to many whispers, and was even, I understand, guardedly alluded to, with just and virtuous deprecation, in the columns of the *Woman's Suffrage Journal*, as a terrible but happily rare instance of womanly weakness and frivolity; and since the true story has never been told, I feel that it is only fair to tell it, and by telling it, to defend Miss Marrable from the dastardly charges that have been made against her established reputation for good sense and unflinching contempt of the rougher sex.

Towards the end of August, Miss Marrable and her two nieces left London for North Wales, and after a long and tiresome journey, reached Abermaw, in Merionethshire, and took rooms at the *Cors-y-Gedol Hotel*. They were accompanied, as usual, by the two maids and the green parrot; but the courier and the man-servant, being males, and their services not being imperatively required, they were left behind in London. Lucy had just celebrated her twenty-third birthday, and Amy was just about to celebrate her twenty-first; and—although I am sorry to have to record it—I am by no means astonished that they were both in love. Lucy, during the whole of the previous season, had been determinedly flirting with a designing young artist named Robert Rhodes; and Amy, younger and less experienced than her cousin, had been carrying on, even more sentimentally, with Mr Vivian Jellicoe, who, being heir to a baronetcy, found that position so arduous and fatiguing, that he was quite unfitted for any active occupation of a laborious character. Of course Miss Marrable knew nothing of these affairs. Had she suspected them, she would perhaps have not taken her nieces with her to Abermaw; for it happened that at that very watering-place, Sir Thomas Jellicoe and his son Vivian were staying when the three ladies, the two maids, and the green parrot arrived. But no foresight on Miss Marrable's part could have prevented Mr Robert Rhodes from following Lucy to North Wales. That adventurous artist had made up his mind to spend the autumn in Miss Larkspur's neighbourhood; and even if Miss Marrable had carried off her elder niece to Timbuctoo or the Society Islands, Mr Rhodes would have gone after the pair by the next train, steamboat, diligence, or caravan available.

Upon the morning, therefore, after Miss Marrable's arrival at Abermaw, she and her nieces were comfortably installed at the *Cors-y-Gedol Hotel;* while at the *Red Goat*, close by, Sir Thomas Jellicoe and Vivian occupied rooms on the first floor, and Mr Rhodes had a bedroom on the third.

In the course of that afternoon, Miss Martha Marrable, accompanied by her nieces, and followed at a respectful distance by the two maids, walked in the sunshine upon the hard sands that stretch, for I do not know how many hundred yards at low water, between the rocky hills behind the little town and the margin of Cardigan Bay. The weather was hot and sultry, and the unrippled sea looked like molten lead in the glare. Much exercise was therefore out of the question; and ere long, the three ladies sat down on the seaward side of a rush-grown sandhill to read, leaving the two maids to stroll farther if they chose to do so, and to explore at their leisure the unaccustomed wonders of the seashore.

Miss Martha having arranged her sunshade to her satisfaction, opened a little volume on *The Rights of the Slaves of England*, while Lucy devoted herself to one of Ouida's novels, and Amy plunged deep into Keats. In five minutes *The Rights of the Slaves of England* fell heavily to the sand; and in three minutes more, Miss Marrable was emitting sounds which, but that I know her to be a woman who has no weakness, I should call snores. From that moment, Lucy and Amy, as if by common consent, read no more.

'Lucy,' said Amy mysteriously to her cousin, 'I have seen him.'

'So have I,' said Lucy.

'What a curious coincidence!'

'Not at all. He told me that he intended to follow us.'

'What! Vivian told you?'

'O no! Bother Vivian! You are always thinking of Vivian. I mean Robert.'

'He here too!' exclaimed Amy. 'I meant Vivian. I saw him half an hour ago, with his father.'

'Well, I advise you not to let Aunt Martha know too much,' said Lucy. 'If she suspects anything, she will take us back to London this afternoon.'

Miss Marrable murmured uneasily in her sleep. A fly had settled on her chin.

'Hush!' exclaimed the girls in unison, and then they were silent.

Not long afterwards, they caught sight of two young men who were walking arm-in-arm along the sand, a couple of hundred yards away.

'Look! There they are!' whispered Lucy. 'Aunt must not see them. We must go and warn them.' And, stealthily accompanied by her cousin, she crept away from Miss Marrable, and ran towards the approaching figures.

I need not describe the greetings that ensued. Such things are the commonplaces of seaside encounters between young men and young women who have likings for each other, and they have been described a thousand times. Suffice it to say that, a few minutes later, Lucy and Robert were sitting together under the shadow of a bathing-machine, while Amy and Vivian were confidentially talking nonsense a dozen yards off. More than half an hour elapsed ere the girls returned to Miss Marrable; but fortunately the excellent spinster was still murmuring sleepily at the fly on her chin; and when she awoke, she had no suspicion that she had been deserted by her charges. As she walked back with them to the hotel, nevertheless, as if with a strange intuitive comprehension of danger in the air, she held forth to them upon her favourite topic—the unfathomable baseness of man; and gravely warned them against ever allowing themselves even for a single moment to entertain any feeling, save one of polite aversion to the hated sex.

Thus matters went on for a week or more, Lucy and Amy meeting their lovers every day in secret, and Miss Marrable suspecting nothing. Although she knew Sir Thomas Jellicoe and his son, she treated them, whenever she encountered them, with such freezing courtesy, that they did not seek her society. As for Robert Rhodes, she did not know him; and he therefore escaped her lofty slights.

But in due time a crisis arrived; and in order

that the full bearings of the situation may be properly understood, I must briefly explain the characters of Miss Martha Marrable's undutiful nieces.

Lucy Larkspur has but little romance in her composition; she has strong feelings, but not much sentiment; and she is one of those girls who are perfectly open with their hearts. She loved Robert Rhodes, and, as she knew quite well that he also loved her, she made no secret to him of her affection for him. Amy Allerton, on the other hand, is, and always has been, sentimentally inclined. She believes, rightly or wrongly, that it is a very charming thing to

> Let concealment, like a worm i' the bud,
> Feed on her damask cheek;

and she would as soon have thought of permitting Vivian Jellicoe to think that she loved him, as of attempting to win and woo the Sultan of Turkey. The consequence was that Miss Marrable, who fondly imagined that she knew all the thoughts of her elder niece, trusted her much more than she trusted her younger. She regarded Lucy as an open book that might be easily read, and Amy as a kind of oracular voice that, while saying or appearing to say one thing, might mean exactly the opposite. Miss Marrable was destined to discover that she was to some extent wrong in her estimate, so far, at all events, as Lucy was concerned; and her discovery of her error was, I grieve to say, accompanied by a good deal of pain and mortification.

Ten days had passed; and the two pair of lovers had made considerable progress. Amy, it is true, had not declared herself to Vivian, who, being a bashful young man, had, perhaps, not pressed her sufficiently; but Lucy and Robert understood one another completely, and were secretly engaged to get married at the earliest opportunity. Vivian's bashfulness could not, however, endure for an unlimited time. One morning, he and Amy found themselves together on the rocks behind the town, and the opportunity being favourable, he screwed up his courage, told her that he had never loved any one but her; and obtained a coyly given promise that she would be his.

Natures like Amy's, when they once take fire, often burn rapidly. On Monday, she became engaged to Vivian Jellicoe; on Tuesday, Vivian begged her to name a day for the wedding, and she refused; and on Wednesday, Vivian, knowing the peculiar sentiments of Miss Martha Marrable, and doubtful also, perhaps, whether his father would not throw impediments in the way of his early marriage, proposed an elopement; and Amy, with some hesitation, consented.

When she returned from her secret meeting with her lover, she of course confided her plan to her cousin. 'How foolish you are,' said Lucy; 'you know that your father would not have you do that for the world; and you will make an enemy of Aunt Martha, who is like a mother to us girls.'

'But she would never agree to our marrying, if we consulted her,' objected Amy; 'and if she knew anything of our plans, I am sure that she would manage to frustrate them. She is a dear old thing, but—— Well, she is peculiar on those points.'

'I have told you what I think,' said Lucy, with an assumption of wisdom that was perhaps warranted by her superior age. 'Don't be foolish.'

But Amy was already beyond the influence of counsel. She persisted in her intention, and even claimed Lucy's sympathy and assistance, which, of course, Lucy could not ultimately withhold.

Ere an elopement can be successfully carried out, in the face especially of the jealous watchfulness of a man-hating spinster lady of middle age, numerous preparations have to be made; and, in the case of Vivian and Amy, the making of these preparations involved correspondence. Amy, therefore, bribed one of her aunt's maids to act as a go-between; and the maid in question, with a fidelity that is rare, and at the same time a treachery that, I fear, is common in her kind, promptly carried Vivian's first letter to her mistress.

Miss Martha Marrable without scruple tore open the envelope and angrily perused its contents. 'My own Amy,' ran the audacious communication—'Let us settle, then, to go on Wednesday. At nine o'clock in the evening, a carriage-and-pair shall be ready to take us to Harlech, where you can stay for the night with the Joneses, who are old friends of ours; and on Thursday by mid-day we shall be married, and, I trust, never afterwards parted again. We can arrange the details between this and then. But write, and tell me that you agree.—Your ever devoted Vivian.'

A FEW WORDS ABOUT THE POLECAT.

Of the several interesting animals which constitute the weasel tribe in the British Isles, not the least noteworthy is the polecat. It is at once the largest and most predaceous of the three most common *mustelidæ*, and one of the greatest natural enemies of game with which preservers have to contend, and at the same time a most persevering and successful poultry-yard thief. It is, notwithstanding all these unfavourable traits in its character, but scantily known as far as its appearance and general mode of existence are concerned; gamekeepers, for obvious reasons, not wholly unconnected with the animal's bodily discomfort, seeming to possess almost a monopoly of information concerning the natural characteristics and habits of this somewhat sturdy varmint.

The polecat is popularly supposed to be, as far as outward form goes, a larger type of stoat, while actually it is a very different-looking animal, although possessing the peculiar formation of body and litheness of limb so typical of the weasel tribe. In several details it offers some not inconsiderable difference from the generality of weasels. The somewhat more thickly set head and the bushy tail are the most prominent divergences. But taken as a whole, its appearance imbues one with the idea that it might form a very satisfactory connecting link between the *mustelidæ* and the *felidæ*—the weasels and the cats. Hence, probably, its name. In colour, polecats vary to some extent, on account of the nature of their furry covering. This consists of two lengths of fur; the one—which

lies close to the skin—being thick and woolly, of a pale yellowish brown; and the other, long and of more hair-like texture, a bright deep brown, darkening into a shiny black. As these two furs do not grow and are not shed simultaneously, but are regulated in this respect by the seasons, it is sufficiently obvious that superficial observation of these animals at different times of the year might lead one to suppose that polecats were of various and irregular colouring.

The polecat is yearly becoming rarer and rarer in the more cultivated districts of the country; while its numbers are also slowly but seemingly very surely diminishing in those parts which the hand of man has permitted to remain in a state congenial to its tastes and habits. We need not be at any pains to enumerate the districts throughout the United Kingdom where it is still to be found, because, when the nature of the haunts which it loves are presently set forth, such districts will naturally suggest themselves. The stoat and the weasel are both to some extent gregarious; but the polecat seems to prefer a more solitary mode of existence; and it rarely happens that if some few of them are found to frequent any particular spot, many more of their kind have taken up their abode in the near neighbourhood. The polecat chiefly haunts small dark fir-woods, where the surface is rough and broken, and much overgrown with tangled and inhospitable brake. If such a clump of trees be situated at the corner of a field or along some irregular farm-road, it has additional recommendations. In the hilly uncultivated parts, the streams invariably pursue a troubled course through rough and broken ground, where large boulders and low thickly bristling brake alternate with gorse and bracken-covered level ground. Here the polecat also finds a congenial haunt, away from the abodes of man, and in a situation where provender, in the shape of rabbits and hares and winged game, is likely to be plentiful and easily obtained. When nothing else will grow on the steep and barren hillside, large areas of oak are often planted, not to grow into large spreading trees, but only into oak-coppice, which may afford oak-bark for the tanner, and firewood for the dwellers in the country. Amongst this copse the polecat has many inducements to form its lair, and there it will find many animals and birds upon which to prey. In fact, it is not particular as to its haunts, if it can only be situated in rough and tree-grown parts, where it may obtain that security from observation and molestation which seems a necessity of its existence.

The actual lair of the animal may be anywhere—in any crevice of a rock, in a hollow tree or hole in the ground; but the place where its young are born and reared, is chosen after seemingly greater deliberation, and with an evident object. It prefers for this important purpose a burrow in the soil, and as a rule, adapts to its use and occupation that of some departed rabbit. Failing this, it will be at evident pains to scoop out a burrow for itself; though this is but a poor affair beside the convenient and more secure subterranean dwelling usually formed by the ubiquitous and nimble rodent in question. But if rabbit-burrows be scarce, and the polecat disinclined for burrowing, it will perforce seek out some warm, secure nook amongst the interstices of some boulders, or beneath some irregular heap of large stones collected by the industrious agriculturist, and set about forming its lair in that. This lair resembles to some extent the breeding-place formed by the rabbit, but is usually distinguishable from that by the greater regularity and evenness with which the dry leaves, dry grass, moss, and the like are formed and worked together to afford a suitable receptacle for the young when born. These are usually five or six in number, occasionally more, not unfrequently less. The months of May and June seem to be about the time when they are brought forth; but they rarely make their appearance above ground till some time after they are born. It is uncertain whether, while the young are being reared, the male becomes the sole provider of food; but we fancy not, and that when the female can snatch an occasion, she exercises her predatory desires in common with her mate.

Polecats are not by any means night-hunters, although, no doubt, they filch a good deal of their prey under cover of the darkness. Their favourite time for hunting seems to be the early morning; and as soon as they leave the shelter of their domain they, as a rule, set off for some rabbit-burrow—whether tenanted or not is immaterial—and indulge in a run through its winding tunnels. After this, they will get to some hedgerow, and hunt it down. If there be any old palings or a gate adjacent, they are sure to stop and rub themselves against the woodwork; and if several of the varmint be together, they may throw off their sober exterior, and indulge in a little play; and then they set off in serious fashion to obtain their food, which they draw, as a rule, in small portions from many victims. Like all the weasel tribe, the polecat seems to possess an extreme and bloodthirsty rapacity. It is never content to capture and kill sufficient for its own immediate use, but will destroy often as many birds and animals in one day as would serve it for a week, nay, ofttimes for a month's sustenance. Hence the large amount of damage this predaceously inclined little creature will commit. The catalogue of what is to its taste in the shape of birds and animals is a long one—all kinds of furred and feathered game, poultry even, to turkeys; rats and some kinds of mice; frogs, eels, and fish. The rabbit, where plentiful, is its most common victim, for it finds bunny a somewhat easy capture in its burrow, where, lying probably unconscious of impending danger, it may suddenly find the enemy at its throat, whence in a few seconds the marauder will have sucked its life-blood.

Possessed of powers of scent far keener than any hound, the polecat can and will track hares long distances in their wanderings, and eventually effect their capture. Upon the little nut-brown partridge or the more sober-looking grouse it will steal in the early dawn or at 'even's stilly hour;' and sometimes, before the former is aware of the polecat's presence, it will have, by a sharp irresistible bite into its brains, transferred it and perhaps several others beyond the reach of the sportsman's gun. Being at need a *strong* and rapid swimmer, the polecat has often been known to take eels and other fish from the streams; but unless other food be scarce, it

usually refrains from entering the unstable element in search of food. Amongst poultry, its operations are often wholesale, and must be disheartening to a degree to the industrious henwife; for, as we said before, it does not confine itself to supplying its actual wants, but, given the chance of some wholesale killing, it indulges its cruel instincts apparently more for the pleasure than for the necessity of the thing. It is this habit, common to all the animals and birds coming under the definition 'vermin,' which renders them so extremely destructive. One thing may be said in the polecat's favour, which is, that it is a very determined enemy of the rat, although the latter's fierceness often prevents the former from bringing to a successful conclusion any crusade it may have opened against it. But the polecat is all the same a most courageous little animal; and its fierceness when attacked, the pluck with which it will fight against superior odds, and the wonderful amount of activity it can bring to bear, prove it to be no mean enemy for a terrier of two or three times its size. Moreover, it does not disdain when 'cornered,' or when its progeny are threatened, to attack human beings. Under the circumstances, it is a dangerous creature to deal with, its bite being very painful and lasting.

In addition to these qualities for attack, the polecat is possessed of a peculiar and very disagreeable means of defence. This consists in the secretion of a liquid substance of disgustingly fetid odour, which the animal has the power of emitting at will. This it uses in case of attack chiefly by men or dogs; and as we fancy it is as objectionable and intolerable to its canine as to its human enemies, the benefit it derives from this possession may be better imagined than described. Owing doubtless to this habit, the animal frequently goes by the name of foulemart in England, and foumart in Scotland.

No one who has any actual knowledge of the habits of the polecat can come to any other conclusion than that it is a most destructive animal, and one whose presence is not to be tolerated, much less desired, either in the game preserve or in the neighbourhood of the poultry-yard; and yet one of the most ridiculous of superstitions obtains amongst many farmers and country-people as to this animal. It is said to be capable of appreciating hospitality, and acting in accordance with the unwritten laws of such, so that if one encourage the animal and afford it shelter, it will refrain from destroying the live-stock of the person who so amiably entertains it. This is, one must admit, a very pretty little piece of nonsense. But, notwithstanding this, polecats are unmistakably becoming fewer and fewer every year, and we shall soon see it a very rare animal.

AN OLD, OLD STORY.

A CASUAL meeting—one of merest chance;
An introduction—bows, a smile, a dance.
'Twas thus we met; and little dreamed I then
He would be more to me than other men.
Of course I thought him handsome, bright, and gay;
But so were others—he not more than they.
My heart, that might the future have revealed,
Was stilled and sleeping, all its secrets sealed.

To meet so coolly seems a mystery now;
To part so gaily—ah, I wonder how!
To clasp his hand, to lean upon his arm,
Yet no soft flutterings fill me with alarm;
To stand beside him, close beside his heart,
Nor dream that of my own it formed a part—
'Twas all so natural! Oh, we little knew
What fate was shaping out betwixt us two;
What each to each, what heart to heart might be,
What I should be to him—what he to me.

. . . . . .

A moment when I first had dared to feel
Emotions which my pride would fain conceal,
When sudden thoughts across my mind were cast,
And sudden flutterings made my heart beat fast;
When fancies strange as sweet, and sweet as strange,
Sought shy admittance, through my heart to range.
O timid hopes, soft doubts, and tender fear!
O coy concealment from the one most dear!
O burning blushes that unbidden rise!
O faltering tongue, and traitorous tell-tale eyes!
O sweet anxiety, and pleasing pain,
To love—to love; and not to love in vain!
To watch his eye, and half in wonder see
'Twas always brightest when it fell on me;
To mark, when by my side, his tender tone,
His hand's soft pressure when it held my own;
O thus to watch, and wait for him to tell,
What my heart whispered that it knew full well!

. . . . . .

A summer evening, calm, and bright, and fair;
A moonlit garden, he beside me there;
My trembling hand above my heart was pressed,
To calm its thrills of happy, sweet unrest.
I longed so much his tale of love to hear,
Yet when he spoke was filled with fluttering fear—
A fear lest I might all unworthy prove
Of his affection true, of his deep love;
And something of my fears he seemed to know,
His manly voice had grown so soft and low.
Ah! what a tale he whispered in my ear,
So hard to answer, but how sweet to hear!
I could not answer; all my heart seemed filled
With language, but my recreant tongue was stilled.
And oh! so tender was his melting mood!
He clasped my hand—the clasp I understood;
He sought my eyes—but oh! I dared not raise
Those little tell-tales to receive his gaze;
'One little word,' he said, with fond caress.
I spoke; that word, that little word was—'*Yes!*'

. . . . . .

A morning when the sunshine seemed to be
The fairest thing on this fair earth to me,
For—so at least old tales and stories run—
The bride is blessèd whom it shines upon.
Assembled friends with presents rich and rare;
A laughing group of girlish bridesmaids fair;
A father—mother, clasping to their heart
The darling child with whom they fear to part,
The daughter who, like timid bird caressed,
Prepares to flutter from the parent nest.
And dearer, dearest to that blushing bride
Is he whose place till death is by her side.
Ah, ever side by side, and hand in hand,
And heart to heart, henceforth those twain must stand.
Then many a fond caress mid tearful smiles;
Bells pealing, holy altar, flower-strewn aisles;
A wreath—a snowy robe—a bridal veil—
A happy bride, who tells this 'old, old tale!'

FLORENCE NIXON.

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INTERNATIONAL FORESTRY EXHIBITION, EDINBURGH, 1884.

In this age of International Exhibitions, which, when usefully directed, form what the newspapers pleasantly call 'a wholesome mania,' it is well to inquire into the causes, more or less urgent, which call these undertakings into being—the good they are expected by their promoters to effect not only to the towns or countries in which they are held, but to all the nationalities who take part in them; and the probable results of their success, if they are successful. It is of course open to objectors to deny the soundness of all these premises, and to question the logical deduction of their usefulness, in the case of all the projected Exhibitions which are brought under their notice. And when—as is almost necessarily the case—an appeal is made to the pockets of the public in the initiatory stage of the undertaking, objectors are not few in number, and not particularly partial, or even moderate, in the nature of their criticisms. Within due bounds, indeed, it is well that it should be so. Exhibitions got up mainly or entirely for the purpose of advertising any particular branch of trade, may be advantageous to that trade individually; but the end and object is not so much an harmonious and wholesome impetus to trade and manufacture generally, as a rivalry more or less rancorously conducted amongst the exhibitors.

The prospectus, classification, and other papers relating to the proposed Forestry Exhibition to be held in Edinburgh in the months of July, August, and September 1884 are now before the public; and it may be useful to inquire how the idea was suggested, and whether or not it is likely to be worked out with advantage to the community at large.

The primary cause which appears to have called forth the project has been no sudden or ephemeral one. To grasp it rightly, we must go back for at least a score of years, and carry our readers with us to the government of our Eastern Empire. There we shall find that a long course of unrestricted spoliation and waste had denuded the banks of rivers in proximity to the seaboard of all their protecting vegetation. The river-sources, far up in the inaccessible hills, had indeed been safe from the inroads of the timber merchants, and had been preserved from too rapid evaporation by the virgin forests which surrounded them. But in the low country the trees could be easily cut and floated down to the coast during the annual floods. A country deprived of its trees is doomed to drought; and India soon began to suffer from the reckless destruction of its forests. The officials of the government, while fully aware of the vast waste of capital and revenue going on under their eyes, were quite unable successfully to cope with it. They therefore delegated their duties to subordinates, who in many ways winked at, if they did not countenance the continuance of the evils which they were supposed to counteract and uproot. The absolute necessity of a higher-paid and more capable class of officials, whose duty should be confined to the conservancy and replanting of the forests, forced upon the government of India the formation of a Forest Department.

But when it was sought to construct this Department from the resources of Great Britain—the natural nursery for Anglo-Indian officials—these were found wholly inadequate; and more humiliating still, there was not even the means necessary to train efficient forest officers. It was decided by the government, and tacitly conceded by the public, that Great Britain could not supply finished cadets for the Forest Department of India. And from that day to this, young men with a smattering of botany have been packed off to the Forest seminaries of France and Germany for the peculiar education required.

It is not now our object to show how the government of India has suffered in the interval by the want of a proper system of forest training in Great Britain. Waste and spoliation went on,

of course, uncontrolled. But we think that the *raison d'être* of a Forestry Exhibition will now be tolerably apparent to at least the majority of our readers. Indeed, the wonder is that Great Britain has so long remained quiescent under the implied reproach of neglecting what is not only a useful but a profitable branch of estate management. This reproach, which had long weighed on the minds of all those who had the good of the country at heart, at length found public expression at the meetings of the principal Societies of Scotland who represent the landed interest of the country, and resolutions were passed pledging their members to the support of a Forestry Exhibition.

Meanwhile, the great success of the Fisheries Exhibition in London had induced the executive Committee there to try and achieve for other industries similar benefits to what they had conferred on the fishermen of England. And they, too, pitched upon forestry as a branch of science well worthy of encouragement. But when it was represented to them that the same idea, first mooted in Scotland, had already assumed practical shape there, they courteously gave way, and conceded to Scotland the well-deserved right of holding in her capital the first Forestry Exhibition of Great Britain.

Nearly all the foreign powers and the representatives of our colonial and Indian empire are to be found in the list of those who have joined the undertaking as members. And the following letter, which has been sent to our diplomatic representatives abroad, rightly expresses the consensus of official and public opinion on the merit of the undertaking:

(CIRCULAR-COMMERCIAL.)

FOREIGN OFFICE, *October* 27, 1883.

The attention of Her Majesty's government has been directed to a project for an International Exhibition of Forestry to be held in Edinburgh in the summer of 1884, the organisers of which are desirous of securing the co-operation therein of such foreign countries as the matter may concern. There is reason to believe that the proposed Exhibition, for which the necessary funds have been guaranteed, will be influentially and ably supported. The object is one which in the opinion of Her Majesty's government deserves every encouragement, scientific forestry having hitherto been much neglected in this country; and I have therefore to request that you will bring the Exhibition in question to the notice of the government to which you are accredited, as being one in which their participation might be attended with advantage to both countries. I inclose for communication to the proper quarters copies of programme and other documents connected with the proposed Exhibition, which have been supplied by the Committee.

I am, with great truth, your most obedient humble servant,

Signed (for Earl Granville)

EDMOND FITZMAURICE.

With this letter, we may fitly close the contemplation of the causes which have led to the idea of a Forestry Exhibition being held in Great Britain. They are, in fact, briefly summed up in the short but comprehensive dictum, which, we fear, cannot be contradicted or gainsayed, 'scientific forestry having hitherto been much neglected in this country.' And the inverse of this proposition leads us by no indirect steps to the consideration of the good results which may be expected to accrue from the Exhibition, if it is successfully conducted.

To the capital of Scotland, a country lying between the two great fields of the 'lumbering' interest of the world—the one in Northern Europe, and the other on the continent of America, the results, if only from the influx of visitors, whether these are scientifically disposed or otherwise, can hardly fail to be beneficial. But there are wider interests involved. The landed proprietor anxious to utilise his present wastes and to make up for deficient rents by profitable planting—the political economist inquiring into new sources of revenue—the botanist uncertain of the right names and uses of some of his specimens of timber or of flowers—the geologist, the sportsman, and the naturalist, will find here a common ground of instruction and amusement. For we may hope to see gathered together the forest products of the world, carefully examined and authentically named; the various descriptions of machines used in different countries for preparing timber for constructive purposes; the timber slips placed on the hills, the sluices, dams, and embankments formed on the rivers for the transporting of wood by land or by water; the mechanical appliances used for moving growing trees, and the saw-mills for cutting them into sections when felled. Here, too, will be exhibited the various textile fabrics manufactured from bark; materials for the making of paper; tanning and dyeing substances; drugs and spices; gums, resins, wood-oils and varnishes. Another section will embrace botanical specimens, fungi and lichens, forest entomology and natural history; with fossil plants and the various trees found in bogs.

The literature of the subject will be illustrated by the Reports of Forest schools, the working plans of plantations, which show the age of the various woods on an estate, and the stage of growth at which they may most profitably be thinned or felled. Remarkable or historical trees will be represented by paintings, photographs, and drawings; and there will be sketches of the usual forest operations.

Collections of forest produce, specially illustrating the sources of supply, and the methods of manufacture in different provinces, with accompanying Reports, are solicited by the Committee. And essays on all subjects touching on the value of growing trees or timber are invited to competition for prizes. Here, again, is opened a very wide field of useful inquiry for all those interested in the planting of woods in our own or foreign countries; for the cultivators of cinchona and other barks in our Crown colonies; for wood-engravers, whose supply of hard wood for the purposes of their trade is now very limited; for ship-builders, anxious to get a substitute for teak, or to obtain an increased supply of that most useful timber; and for all who use wood or forest produce in any of the many forms of manufacture in which they are applied.

We may not enter into any further categorical enumeration of the purposes and objects of the

Forestry Exhibition of 1884; for, if the contemplation of the great cause which primarily led to the idea of the undertaking has brought us insensibly to the enumeration of the good that may be expected to accrue from its successful issue, it seems needless to insist that the probable results of that success will benefit the commercial interests and the scientific knowledge of the world at large. [Particulars of the Exhibition may be obtained from Mr George Cadell, secretary, 3 George IV. Bridge, Edinburgh.]

BY MEAD AND STREAM.

CHAPTER XX.—PAVED WITH GOLD.

It was not probable that Mr Hadleigh would object to his son being endowed with a fortune by a wealthy uncle, whatever might be his feelings towards the donor. He would no doubt have been ready with congratulations if the endowment had come from any other quarter. As the case stood, Philip anticipated some difficulty in reconciling him to the arrangement, unless he should succeed in making the two men forget and forgive that old feud. However, there would be time enough to consider these details after the consultation with the solicitors.

He found Mr Hawkins and Mr Jackson together in the senior partner's room—a rare circumstance for any client to find them so, for acting separately, they might cancel or amend opinions after private conference without loss of prestige. On the present occasion Philip's affairs had been the subject of discussion.

'Let me offer you my best congratulations, sir,' said Mr Hawkins, a thin, grave-looking old gentleman in speckless black broadcloth, and with gold-mounted glasses on his prominent nose.

'Accept the same from me, Mr Hadleigh,' interjected Jackson. He was a sharp gentleman of middle age, with small mutton-chop whiskers, and dressed in the latest City fashion—for there is a City fashion, designed apparently to combine the elegance of the west end with a suggestion of superhuman 'cuteness.'

'Thank you, both. I must be a lucky fellow when you say so.'

'In the course of my experience,' said Mr Hawkins solemnly, 'I have never known a young man start in life under such favourable auspices. We wish you success, and we believe you will find it difficult to fail.'

'It is wonderful what a fool can do,' said Philip, laughing; 'but I will try not to fail. At present, I am a little in the dark as to the terms of the proposed arrangement, and Mr Shield referred me to you for the particulars.'

'The particulars are simple,' the lawyer proceeded slowly, as he turned over a number of papers on which various notes were written. 'In the first place, I have great—very great—pleasure in informing you that a sum of fifty thousand pounds has been paid into your credit at the Universal Bank; and a second sum of the same amount will be at your command whenever you may have occasion for it, provided Mr Shield is satisfied with the manner in which you have disposed of the first sum.'

'This is scarcely the kind of arrangement I expected. I had a notion that it was to be a partnership,' said Philip.

'The arrangement is so simple and so complete, Mr Hadleigh, that you will have no difficulty in comprehending every detail presently.' Mr Hawkins went on leisurely, as if he enjoyed prolonging the agreeable statement he had to make. Mr Jackson nodded his head at the close of every sentence, as if thereby indorsing it. 'We have often read in story-books of rich uncles coming home to make all their friends comfortable. You have the exceptional experience of finding a rich uncle in reality—one who is resolved to pave your way with gold, as I may express it.'

'But what does he want me to do with all this money?' asked Philip, desirous of bringing the loquacious old gentleman to the point.

Mr Hawkins was not to be hurried. Like a connoisseur with a glass of rare wine, he was bent on making the most of it. Every symptom of eagerness on Philip's part added zest to the palate; and he was graciously tolerant of his client's impatience.

'As regards the partnership, that will come afterwards. In the meantime, he desires you to consider this handsome fortune as absolutely at your own disposal. He imposes no conditions. You are free to give up all thought of profession or trade, and to live as you please on the income of this capital, or on the capital itself, if you are so inclined.'

'That, of course, is nonsense. He must wish me to do something.'

'Certainly; and although he imposes no conditions, he has expressed two wishes.'

'And what are they?'

Mr Hawkins polished his eye-glasses and consulted his notes. Mr Jackson nodded his head pleasantly, as if he were saying: 'Now it is coming, you lucky dog.'

'The first is,' Mr Hawkins went on, 'that you should enter into commerce: the second is, that you should take time to consider well in what direction you will employ your capital and energy—time to travel, if you are inclined, before deciding. Then, when you have decided, he will find whatever capital you may require beyond that already at your command. But there is to be no deed of partnership. You are to be prepared to take the full responsibility of your own transactions.'

Philip was silent. It required time for the mind to grasp the full meaning of this proposal. That it was a magnificent one, he felt; indeed it was the magnificence of it which perplexed him. He was to be hoisted at once into a prominent position in the commercial world, although he was without experience of business, and was not conscious of possessing any special aptitude for it. His father knew him better than his uncle did, and had declared him unfitted for commercial pursuits.

He mentioned these objections to his uncle's plan; but the lawyers only smiled at the idea of a man even thinking of such disqualifications as obstacles to his own immediate gain.

'I have known many men who were slow enough to give away a fortune,' said Mr Hawkins, emphasising his words by rubbing his bald head with the eye-glasses, as he gazed almost reproach-

fully at this singular young man; 'but I never before met a person who was slow to accept one.'

'I daresay; but this position is a little curious. You may set aside at once the project that I should take the money and do nothing for it. Mr Shield's wish is sufficient to bind me to go into trade of some sort; but in doing so, I may make ducks and drakes of his gift in no time.'

'My dear sir, money always makes money if it be guided with even moderate prudence; and I give you credit for possessing that quality to a sufficient degree.'

Philip bowed in acknowledgment of this good opinion.

'Besides, Mr Shield does not mean that you should be set adrift without rudder or compass. He will be always ready to advise; and I need not say that you may always command our best attention. Also he would expect you to appoint some competent person as your manager, who would be capable of directing the course of your affairs.'

'Ah—Wrentham would be the man, if we could only make it worth his while to join me.'

'We have no doubt, from what we know of Mr Wrentham, that he would consider it much to his advantage to undertake any charge with which you may be disposed to intrust him.'

'I must have time to think over it all,' said Philip, whilst a thousand visions were dancing before his mind's eye, like the dazzling spray of sparks struck from iron at white-heat by a blacksmith's sledge-hammer.

'Certainly, certainly. It is especially mentioned that you are to take whatever time you may require to settle how you shall proceed. Mr Shield is anxious to see you begin operations, but he has no desire to hurry you.'

'I will write to him as soon as I see my way. I suppose this is all you have to tell me?'

'There is only one other trifling matter. I hope we have made you clearly understand that Mr Shield does not insist upon anything. He merely expresses a wish.'

'And I have told you how I regard his wishes—as fixed conditions of my being thought worthy of all this generosity.'

'He is emphatic in desiring that you shall not regard them as conditions, but as mere indications of what he would be most pleased to see you do.'

'Well, what is the remaining wish or condition? It is all the same what we call it.'

'It is, that in the event of your entering into business, he would like you to remember how much more freely and independently a man may act when unshackled by domestic ties. In short, he would like you to remain a bachelor for the first two or three years, until you have firmly established your position.'

'Oh!' exclaimed Philip in a soft crescendo scale; whilst Mr Jackson nodded and grinned, as if there were a good joke somewhere. 'I cannot promise that.'

'No promise is required; and Mr Shield would not consider it binding if you made it.'

'I am not likely to make it,' was the reply, with a hesitating laugh; 'but this may seriously affect my decision.'

Mr Hawkins was unable to conceive any possible decision except one, and was again gravely effusive in his congratulations. Mr Jackson, shaking hands with Philip at the door, expressed his unqualified approval of the whole scheme in one short phrase: 'You *are* a lucky dog.'

Philip was not sure whether he was a lucky dog or not. His uncle's proposal was liberal and generous beyond all expectation; but there was something—he did not know what—about it that was perplexing. Probably, it was the fact that for the first time he was brought face to face with the necessity of deciding promptly in what course his whole future was to be directed. Hitherto there had been no hurry; and at the time when thoughts of Madge had brought him to serious consideration of how he could most rapidly win a position for her, the invitation from his uncle had arrived. The final decision was again postponed, as it was his duty to obey that call for his mother's sake.

Now his future had been decided for him; and the prospect was in every way a tempting one. There would have been no hesitation on his part, but for the strange position which his father and Mr Shield occupied towards each other. The question Philip had first to settle with himself was, how he should act in order to bring about a reconciliation between them. He knew that if he could accomplish this, he would fulfil his mother's dearest wish—an object nearer his heart than even the possession of a fortune.

As for business, although he had no special inclination for it, he did not dislike it. He had heard and read of millionaires—their struggles and victories, as desperate and as glorious as any recorded in the history of battlefields. Life and honour were as much at stake in doing the daily work of the world as in shooting down the foes of the nation or the foes of the nation's policy. Our merchants, our inventors, our educators, our labourers, were the true soldiers, and their victories were the enduring ones. There was the great enemy of mankind, Poverty, with his attendant demons Ignorance and Laziness, still to conquer; and there were legions of starving people crying out to be led against him. Vast territories lay untilled, vast resources of earth, air, and water still unused, to be called forth to content and enrich the hungry and poor. What noble work there was for men to do who had sufficient capital at command!

He had never before speculated upon such a career. Now that it was presented to him, his imagination was stirred by thoughts of the great deeds that were yet to be done to bless humanity and ennoble life.

(*To be continued.*)

SUAKIM.

THE intense interest with which all eyes have been turned upon the Soudan—that is, Country of the Blacks, or Negroland—gives a special value now to any information about that region, particularly if it refer to such towns as Khartoum, or that named at the head of this paper. The former place has been pretty fully described of late in the newspapers, while little has been told us of the latter beyond actual war-news. This is

the greater pity, as Suakim possesses a good deal of historical interest, and Khartoum does not.

Suakim—the word is spelt in a variety of ways—is not only one of the most important towns of Nubia, but the chief port of the Soudan and of the whole western coast of the Red Sea. It came into the possession of Egypt in 1865 by cession or purchase from Turkey—along with Massowah and one or two other towns and the districts around them—and now appears to be regarded by the British government and every one else as an integral part of the Egyptian dominions. Similar subjection of Suakim to Egypt, as we shall presently see, existed in very remote times. The town proper lies on a small island about eight miles and three-quarters in diameter—almost as long as the little bay in which it is placed, a mere tongue of water separating it from the mainland.

Crossing the inlet southwards to the mainland, we step into the large suburb called El Gêf, with a much larger population than the insular town, very irregular streets, and the houses mere native (Bishareen) huts. There is also a very lively bazaar, and, in the north-west of the place, the barracks, one section of which, a few years ago, was armed with three pieces of cannon. In the outskirts are the wells—surrounded by gardens and date plantations—which supply the people with drinking-water, although, from the nearness of the wells to the sea, this is brackish, and would scarcely be considered palatable by foreign troops. El Gêf is really an oasis; all round it, save seawards, extend many miles of salt and arid wilderness. Indeed, the whole distance from Suakim to Berber—two hundred and eighty miles inland—is for the most part desert, the route garnished here and there with wells of water and encampments of the wandering Bishareen, who, with the Haddendowa, a similar set of people, possess the whole wilderness from east of the first cataract of the Nile up to Kassala and the boundaries of Abyssinia. These tribes, though sometimes called Bedouin, whom in many respects they resemble, are really a very different people. Bedouin proper are Arabs of the Semitic, while the Bishareen are of the Hamitic family.

The chief articles of export are cotton, gum-arabic, cattle, hides, butter, tamarinds, senna leaves, and ivory. The imports consist of cotton goods, iron, wood, carpets, weapons, steel, and fancy wares. Berber in the east, and Kassala in the south, are the great centres for all the caravan traffic of Suakim, which is also the port on the one side for the whole Soudan—an inland country as large as India—and on the other side, for Arabia. Hence it is much visited by Mohammedan pilgrims to Mecca, their port of Jeddah occupying a corresponding position on the Arabian to that which Suakim does on the African coast. Twenty years ago, from three to four thousand slaves per annum were shipped from here to Jeddah, and though this monstrous traffic has been much crippled of late years by the Egyptian government, out of regard for English feeling, it is to be feared that it is not yet extinct. Oddly enough, Hassan Mousa Akad, one of the ring-leaders in Arabi's recent rebellion, and the greatest slave-merchant in Egypt, was exiled to this very slave-port of Suakim, hence his complicity in the Soudan disturbances is not unnaturally suspected. The total population of the town and suburb is estimated by Schweinfurth—one of our greatest authorities—at from eleven to thirteen thousand. The port is now in regular communication with Suez by steamer—four days' journey—and with Europe by telegraph. The Egyptian governor (Mudeer) and vice-governor (Wakeel) live at Suakim, and the budget for the district in 1882 was—income, £25,945; expenditure, £20,492—thus being one of the few districts of the Soudan which yielded a surplus.

In ancient times, the whole of what we may call the Suakim seaboard—extending northwards along the coast as far as a line drawn from the first cataract, and southwards as far even as Bab-el-Mandeb—was known as the Troglodyte country. The Troglodytes, as the name implies, dwelt in caves, were by occupation herdsmen, and often uncivilised and wretched in the extreme. A graphic picture of the hard life of another Troglodyte people, dwelling in the rocky fastnesses east of Jordan, is preserved for us in the thirtieth chapter of the book of Job. 'For want and famine,' it says, 'they are solitary; fleeing into the wilderness in former time desolate and waste. Who cut up mallows by the bushes, and juniper roots for their meat. They were driven forth of men (who cried after them as after a thief), to dwell in the cliffs of the valleys, in caves of the earth, and in the rocks.'

Perhaps the Troglodytes of the Nubian shore were a superior stock of their kind; at anyrate, they appear to have been impressed into the army of the ancient Pharaohs, and to have shared in the first invasion of the kingdom of Judah, and the first spoliation of Solomon's Temple. The name of the Pharaoh of that time was Shishak, and two accounts of his expedition have come down to us: one is in the historical books of Scripture (2 Chronicles, xii., also 1 Kings, xiv.); and the other, remarkably enough, is by Shishak himself. That of the Egyptian king is contained in the famous hieroglyphic inscription on the walls of the temple of Karnak at Thebes, in Upper Egypt, a great part of which is still legible, after the lapse of nearly three thousand years! The book of Chronicles tells us with what an immense army of charioteers, cavalry, and infantry, Shishak overran Judea. He marched against it 'with twelve hundred chariots, and threescore thousand horsemen: and the people were without number that came with him out of Egypt; the Lubims, the Sukkiims, and the Ethiopians.' Of these three allies, the first are probably the Libyans (as in Daniel, xi. 43), and the last the same as the modern Abyssinians. For the middle name of 'Sukkiims,' the old Greek translation of the Bible—made by Jews a century or two before the birth of Christ—substitutes the word *Troglodytes*, the very people of the Nubian coast whom we have been considering, and who are now known as Bishareen. But yet more, Pliny the elder, an old Latin writer, who died A.D. 79, mentions, in his enumeration of places on this Troglodyte coast, a town called Suche, which, according to the general opinion of scholars, is

identical with the modern port of Suakim, at present (while we write) governed by an English admiral, and its fortifications manned by British sailors and marines.

MISS MARRABLE'S ELOPEMENT.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER II.

Miss Marrable, who, when she received this love-letter, was sitting in her bedroom, was thunderstruck. At first, she thought of going to Amy and charging her with baseness and ingratitude; but after some reflection, she decided to let matters, for the time at least, take their course, and to confound the schemes of the rash couple by means of a grand stroke at the final moment. She went, however, at once to Lucy, in whom, as I have said, she had great confidence, and told her all.

'How foolish of her,' said Lucy.

'Yes, my dear! how foolish, and how wicked!' assented Miss Marrable. 'I feel it my duty to prevent the carrying out of this mad plan, and also to make Amy suffer for her folly. I shall therefore send her this letter; and allow the hare-brained pair to mature their schemes.—And what, Lucy dear, do you think that I propose to do? You will never guess. Listen! Amy and I are of much the same height. I shall personate her by concealing—ahem—my face, and drive away with this vile young man; and then, when he believes that he has left me far behind, I shall overwhelm him with shame and confusion.'

Lucy could not help laughing. 'That would really be good fun, aunt,' she said. 'Yes, send the letter to Amy; and by all means let matters take their course for the present.'

Miss Marrable did send the letter; and Amy duly received it, unsuspectingly; but five minutes later, Lucy revealed the whole plot to her, and threw her into the deepest trepidation.

Here, however, Lucy's superior coolness came in most usefully. 'You need not despair,' said the elder cousin. 'If aunt thinks of having fun with you and Mr Jellicoe, why not turn the tables, and have fun with her? You must find some other way of carrying on your correspondence; but at the same time answer this letter by the old medium. Your answer will of course fall into aunt's hands. You must mislead her, and then'——

'But,' objected Amy, 'how am I to make matters turn out properly?'

'Listen!' said Lucy. 'Aunt proposes to personate you. Very well. Put off the time of your elopement, say, for half an hour; and meantime Mr Jellicoe must find some one to personate him. My idea is for aunt to elope with the billiard-marker, and so give you time to get away. Do you see?'

Amy could not at first grasp the significance of this bold proposition; but when she succeeded in doing so, she was delighted with it.

'I shall tell Mr Rhodes,' said Lucy, when she had sufficiently explained the plan; 'for I know that he will gladly help you; and Mr Jellicoe can talk it all over with him and have the benefit of his advice.'

'But what will aunt say when she discovers how we—how you—have deceived her?' asked Amy.

'Ah!' said Lucy slily, 'I must talk about that too with Mr Rhodes. But never fear!' And she went off to rejoin Miss Marrable, who was still much flurried.

Later in the day, Lucy met Robert on the beach, and told him what had happened. 'And now,' she said in conclusion, 'I am going to make a dreadful proposition to you. We must also elope together!'

'I am sure I don't mind,' said Mr Rhodes. 'After hearing your news, I was going to propose as much myself. It would take you out of the reach of your aunt's reproaches, when she finds out the trick that has been played upon her.'

'You are a dear old love!' cried Lucy with enthusiasm. 'I wouldn't for the world have Amy made unhappy; and I feel that I must help her, although I don't approve of elopements. Now go and talk to Mr Jellicoe; and don't forget to have the licenses ready. Perhaps Mr Jellicoe can arrange for both Amy and me to sleep that night with the Joneses, whoever they may be; or perhaps, after all, we had better not go there, since aunt knows of that part of the scheme.'

'I daresay,' said Robert, 'that I can arrange for both of you to sleep at the Browns at Llanyltid. They have a large house, and, curiously enough, my sister Dora, whom you have often met in town, is staying there with them; so you will have a companion and sympathiser. And now I will go and talk to Jellicoe.'

I need not follow in detail the progress of the new scheme of double elopement. Suffice it to say that the bogus correspondence destined to mislead Miss Marrable, was steadily kept up; that Amy and Vivian found other means of safely communicating with one another; that the Browns were written to; that the licenses were obtained; that three carriages-and-pairs were engaged, one to call at the hotel at nine o'clock P.M., and two at half-past; that coachmen were liberally feed; and finally, that the billiard-marker at the *Cors-y-Gedol*, a spruce young fellow of some education, was bribed, at considerable cost, to personate Vivian Jellicoe and to run away with Miss Marrable.

At length, Wednesday morning arrived; and with it came the last of the billet-doux that were to fall into the cunning spinster's hands. One of them had been composed by Vivian and Robert, and written by the former on pink paper, folded billet-doux-wise. It ran as follows:

My own Amy—I have satisfactorily arranged everything. The carriage will be at the door of the hotel at nine o'clock. I shall not show myself, for your aunt may be about. Be careful, therefore, to avoid her; and enter the carriage as quickly as possible. In order that there may be no mistake, I have told the driver to wear a white choker round his neck. I hope that you will be punctual. Everything depends upon punctuality. Till nine o'clock, good-bye.—Your most devoted Vivian.

Miss Marrable, after reading this note, refolded it as usual, and took care that it reached Amy. Then, with the consciousness that she was about to perpetrate a great and good action, she sat down in her own room, and waited for

Amy's reply to be brought to her by the treacherous maid. The note, which was very brief, came to Miss Marrable in less than half an hour. 'DEAR VIV,' wrote Amy, 'I will be ready, and will look out for the white choker.—Your loving A.'

In spite of the ordeal which was before her, the good old spinster was perfectly calm and unflurried. At one o'clock she made a very hearty luncheon; at half-past two she took her nieces for a walk, and talked to them with extraordinary affability about the emancipation of women; and at half-past six she appeared at the *table d'hôte*, and, just as if the occasion were an ordinary one, complained of the soup being too peppery, the fish too cold, and the mutton too underdone. Her coolness was admirable. Lucy and Amy, on the other hand, could scarcely conceal their excitement and agitation. They each looked at least a hundred times during dinner at the clock upon the mantel-piece; and they each started and turned red whenever the noise of carriage-wheels without was heard. After dinner, Miss Marrable went again to her room and began to make her preparations.

'How sad it will be,' she thought to herself, 'for poor young Jellicoe when I discover myself and overwhelm him with reproaches. Men are but poor creatures. Perhaps he will faint. Yes; I will take my salts-bottle.' She wrapped herself in an ulster belonging to Amy, and having shrouded her face in a thick veil, took a seat at her window, which happened to be immediately above the front-door of the hotel.

Meantime, Edward Griffiths the billiard-marker was ill at ease. He knew Miss Marrable by sight, and looked forward with terror to the prospect of an encounter with her at close quarters. Nevertheless, he had Vivian Jellicoe's five-pound note in his pocket, and he was determined to see the affair bravely through. He felt, however, that his natural bravery would not be sufficient to support him; and he therefore, at about six o'clock, began to swallow a succession of potent doses of whisky-and-water, with the object of laying in a stock of Dutch courage. Whether the whisky was bad or the water was too powerful, I cannot say; but at ten minutes to nine, when Vivian Jellicoe arrived to give final directions and counsel to his substitute, he found Edward Griffiths decidedly the worse for liquor. Fortunately the young fellow was neither quarrelsome nor noisy in his cups. His main ambition seemed to be to go to sleep in peace; and no sooner had Vivian bundled him into one corner of the carriage, which was in waiting in the stable-yard, than Mr Griffiths incontinently slumbered. The carriage was then driven round to the front-door of the hotel. Miss Marrable, from her post of vantage, saw it, and, remarking that the coachman wore a white choker, descended at once, and listened, as she went, outside Amy's room, to satisfy herself that that young lady had not forestalled her. The porter with alacrity opened the carriage-door. In the dark shadows of the interior, Miss Marrable caught sight of the figure of a man; and making sure that all was right, she entered at once. An instant later she was being whirled northward along the lonely Harlech Road.

Half an hour afterwards, two other carriages left the hotel, but in the opposite direction. In one of them were Lucy and Mr Rhodes; and in the other, Amy and Mr Jellicoe. It was nearly midnight ere they arrived at the Browns' house at Llanyltid; but the Browns were all up and waiting for them, and the two runaway couples were warmly welcomed, and hospitably taken care of.

Miss Marrable was less fortunate. As soon as the carriage in which she sat had been driven beyond the lights of the town, she threw aside her veil, and gazed with magnificent scorn towards the dim form upon the seat in front of her. The look eliciting no response of any kind, Miss Marrable ventured to cough, at first gently, and then with considerable violence; but still the figure took no notice.

'This is exceedingly strange,' thought the spinster lady. 'I must adopt more active measures.' And with great tenderness, she prodded Mr Griffiths with the point of her umbrella. The billiard-marker groaned in his sleep. 'Mr Jellicoe!' she exclaimed in her deepest and most threatening tones. She had counted upon this exclamation producing an instantaneous and astonishing effect upon her companion; and she was wofully disappointed when he merely groaned again.

'Gracious!' she said to herself: 'he is ill. He would never go on like that, if he were not ill. The fright has been too much for him. Oh, how sorry I am! These men are such weak creatures. I must stop the carriage!' And, throwing down the sash of the window, she put out her head and cried to the driver to pull up his horses. But the driver, like the billiard-marker, had been very liberally feed; and he was determined that nothing should stop him until he reached Harlech; he therefore cracked his whip, to drown Miss Marrable's voice, and drove down the next hill at a pace which threatened to shake the carriage to pieces.

'Stop, stop! For goodness' sake, stop!' shouted Miss Marrable; but finding that her words were not listened to, she drew in her head, and strove to revive the wretched man in front of her. She held her salts-bottle to his nose; she chafed his hands; she fanned his brow; and she allowed his feverish head to rest upon her shoulder; but she could not awaken him.

'If he should die!' she thought. 'I intended to frighten him; but not so much as this. Oh! this *is* terrible!' And once more she tried to prevail upon the driver to stop; but in vain. The sight of distant lights, however, gave her at length some satisfaction. The carriage entered a long avenue, the gate of which lay ready opened for it; and about an hour and a quarter after leaving Abermaw, it drew up before the Joneses' house near Harlech.

With a sigh of relief, Miss Marrable threw open the door and sprang out, to find herself in the presence of half-a-dozen people who were congregated upon the steps.

'Quick!' she cried; 'don't ask questions! He is ill; he is dying. Take him out!'

The Joneses, who had not been prepared for the apparition of a middle-aged spinster, and who were expecting Mr Jellicoe and Miss Allerton, were somewhat astonished.

'Who is inside?' asked Mr Tom Jones, the son and heir of the family.

'Oh! Mr Jellicoe! Be quick! For mercy's sake, be quick!'

'You don't mean it!' cried Tom, rushing to the carriage to succour his friend. But an instant later he burst into a violent fit of laughter. 'Why, it's not Jellicoe at all!' he said. 'It's Griffiths, the billiard-marker from the *Cors-y-Gedol;* and he is hopelessly drunk. Nice companion, indeed!'

Miss Marrable is, as I have already said, a woman without weaknesses. On hearing this announcement, however, she fainted away. When, thanks to the kind attentions of the female members of the Joneses' family, she revived, she indignantly charged those estimable people with having deliberately plotted her discomfiture; and she insisted upon at once returning to Abermaw; but the carriage (and Griffiths) had gone; so Mr Jones, senior, who grasped the situation, volunteered to drive Miss Marrable back to the *Cors-y-Gedol Hotel;* and by twelve o'clock, or shortly afterwards, she was again in her own room. It was then that she learned of the desertion of Lucy and Amy. I need not describe how she received the news, and how she declared that her abandoned nieces should never again behold her face; nor that, although she is a woman without weaknesses, she passed the greater part of the remainder of the night in violent hysterics. She telegraphed next day to Mr Larkspur and Mr Allerton; and repairing to the *Red Cow,* furiously denounced Sir Thomas Jellicoe as the basest and most heartless of men!

Three weeks afterwards, however, the edge of her anger had worn off. Lucy and Amy were married. It was foolish, but, perhaps, it was not wholly inexcusable; and thus reasoning, Miss Marrable, in the goodness of her heart, determined to gradually receive them back into her favour. But she has never wholly forgiven Lucy for suggesting the substitution of the billiard-marker for Vivian Jellicoe.

'My dear,' she says, when she retells the story of her drive to Harlech, 'the wretched man was perfectly saturated with whisky, and I really don't know what he might not have done if I hadn't kept my eye steadily on him. But beneath my gaze he cowered, my dear, positively cowered! I never saw a savage brute so completely tamed.'

And to this day Miss Marrable believes that but for her Eye, the billiard-marker might—horrid thought!—have run away with her too.

A CURIOSITY IN JOURNALISM.

In the case of such a curiosity in official journalism as the *Police Gazette,* formerly known as the *Hue and Cry,* the public will be interested to learn a little more than the newspapers have briefly announced about the changes made in it by government authority. The paper itself, which was commenced shortly after the formation of the metropolitan police force in 1828, is not allowed to circulate beyond constabulary circles; but its efficiency of management unquestionably concerns the general community. Previous to the year 1828, the metropolis, like other centres of population, was under the care of the old parochial Watch, who, as corrupt as they were feeble, became an absolute street nuisance. Far from being a terror to evil-doers, their notorious negligence and inefficiency enabled the midnight burglar or daring footpad to pursue his criminal avocation with comparative impunity. Peel's Act introduced a greatly improved *régime;* and the new police, nicknamed after their originator, were for a long time popularly known as 'Peelers.' The newly established force required new methods of working, and one of these was the starting of an official newspaper which, though it is perhaps the only one the public never see, has nevertheless often done them good service, and is now to be made of still more value.

It is probably known to few that there exists in connection with the Detective department at Scotland Yard a regular printing establishment, from which sheets are issued four times a day containing information as to persons 'wanted,' current offences, property stolen, lost, or found. A daily list of property stolen is also printed, and distributed to all licensed pawnbrokers. Particulars received from country constabulary forces are inserted in these publications, which are carefully read at parades and studied by the detectives. This, however, only applies to the metropolis; and a strong desire has long prevailed at headquarters to make that larger medium of publicity, the *Police Gazette,* more useful as a means of intercommunication between the whole of the two hundred and ninety police forces of the kingdom. Until the beginning of the present year, that wretched print had shown scarcely any progress or improvement since it was commenced. Its direction has hitherto been nominally in the hands of the chief clerk at Bow Street police court. In the past, much of its space has been wasted by the frequent repetition of details as to trifling cases; and no systematic arrangements were made for the widespread circulation of the paper among those for whom it is specially intended. The editorship has now been committed to Mr Howard Vincent, director of criminal investigations, who will be assisted by Chief-inspector Cutbush of the executive department at Scotland Yard. It is to the initiation of Mr Vincent that the improvements now made are chiefly due; and it may be remembered that in his presidential address to the Repression of Crime Section of the recent Social Congress at Huddersfield, that gentleman explained his intentions. The proposals he made were so favourably received, that subscriptions amounting to nearly one thousand pounds were placed at his disposal. These, however, have not been needed, as it happens that the improvements have been accompanied by an actual reduction of expense; and the Home Secretary has determined that the costs, limited within a certain moderate sum, shall still be borne entirely by the public funds.

In addition to being much better printed, the new *Gazette* already shows decided improvement both in the selection and arrangement of its contents. For convenient reference, particulars are not only grouped according to the usual categories of crime, but are now classified under special headings for the various districts to which cases belong. Illustrations have also been introduced as a new feature. These take the form of woodcuts from photographs of persons 'wanted' on various charges, or of valuable articles stolen. The first number of the *Gazette* contains the likeness of several criminals of whom

the authorities are in pursuit. In one instance, so as to aid identification, the subject is shown not only with beard and moustache, but also as he would appear when clean shaved. Some of these faces, it is true, seem decent and commonplace enough, such as one sees almost every hour of the day in the public streets; but others, 'an index of all villainy,' are unmistakably those of dangerous characters whom none of us would like to meet alone in a quiet road on a dark night. But it is in the police album* that we can best study the variety of expression by which the human countenance can betray every shade of criminal depravity.

Meantime our business is only with the *Gazette*, which, among other changes, has altered its days of publication. Hitherto it has been issued three times every week; but now that the space is more carefully utilised, twice a week is found sufficient. The War Office and Admiralty have always had the privilege of inserting in its pages a list and description of deserters from the army and navy. In future, the Tuesday's issue will be entirely devoted to these matters; and when it is known that last year the total number of deserters was only one short of six thousand, it may be inferred that the weekly list does not leave much space to spare in a small four-page paper. The Friday's issue extends to eight pages, and is reserved exclusively for police information, with the exception of two pages now set apart by contract for advertising purposes. As far as increased circulation is concerned, arrangements have been made to send supplies of the *Gazette* not only to every police force in the United Kingdom, but also, through the government offices, to the guardians of the peace in the British colonies and India. From the public generally, the *Gazette* is withheld.

The early issues of the *Gazette*, especially between 1829 and 1831, bear significant testimony to the labour disturbances and political excitement which immediately preceded the passing of the great Reform Bill. Every number was then largely occupied with royal proclamations in the cause of order, and offers in Lord Melbourne's name of government rewards for the arrest of incendiaries and disturbers of the public peace. Again we are on the eve of parliamentary reform, but without any symptoms of rioting; and the improved columns of the *Hue and Cry* are now left more free for ordinary police information as to the appearance and lawless doings of the 'incorrigible' class.

THE MONTH:

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

From the Report issued by the Committee appointed to consider the best way of rebuilding the houses at Casamicciola destroyed in the recent earthquake, we learn that that terrible catastrophe occasioned the deaths of no fewer than two thousand three hundred and thirteen persons, and injury to seven hundred and sixty-two more. Although these unfortunates did not all actually belong to the island, there were among them only fifty-four who could be called foreigners. It will probably be found advisable to rebuild the ruined habitations on the pattern adopted in certain places of Central America, where earthquakes are common. The houses there are built of such light materials, that when a shock comes, they rattle down like a veritable house of cards, and can almost be rattled together again as easily when the danger has for the time passed. In London and some other of our cities and towns, the houses are so shamefully run up that a very mild shock of earthquake would suffice to shake them to pieces.

We are apt to look upon these jerry-built houses as the result of competition and the continual cry for cheap houses. On the other hand, we regard our cathedrals as solid monuments to the more honest work of former times. But this notion must be dispelled. The Peterborough Cathedral architect has been examining the foundations and piers of the tower of that fabric, which it will be remembered he some time ago reported to be in a dangerous condition, and they turn out to be as perfect an example of jerry-building as could be found in our own enlightened times. The piers were found to consist of a thin facing of stone, the interior being filled in with small rubble-stone and sandy earth. He tells us that 'it is impossible to conceive a worse piece of construction, and it is equally impossible to understand how it is that these piers have stood so long.' The piers have simply been enabled to hold together by the strength of their exterior clothing. It is some small satisfaction to the modern householder that dishonest building has not been invented for his especial torment, but was practised as long ago as the fourteenth century.

Another far more valuable relic of the past is, as we recently indicated, exciting attention on account of its decaying condition. Westminster Abbey, which may justly be regarded as the most important ecclesiastical building in the kingdom, is wasting away piecemeal under the effects of London smoke and atmospheric agencies generally. The sum required for its restoration is estimated at eighty thousand pounds, and this is probably short of the real amount which will be required to do the work effectually. For such a national purpose, the purse of the nation ought undoubtedly to be responsible.

The complete Report of Professor Hull's labours, as chief of the little band of scientific explorers who have just returned from a geological survey of Palestine, will be looked forward to with unusual interest, for he brings back with him materials for constructing a far more complete map than has ever before been possible. The ancient sea-margins of the Gulfs of Suez and Akabah have been traced at a height of two hundred feet above their present surfaces—indicating that the Mediterranean and Red Seas have been at one time in natural connection with one another. Professor Hull believes that this was the case at the time of the Exodus. The terraces of the Jordan have also been examined, the most important of these ancient margins being six hundred feet above the present level of the Dead Sea. Besides his scientific Report, the learned Professor is preparing a popular account of his pilgrimage, which will duly appear in the Transactions of the Geological

* For an account of this interesting repository of crime, see 'The National Album' in *Chambers's Journal* for October 18, 1879.

Society. His journeyings will cover much of the same ground traversed nearly fifty years ago by David Roberts, whose drawings of the places visited aroused so much interest at the time, and which have never since been surpassed.

Not very many years ago, a map of Africa presented in its centre a blank space, which was explained to inquiring children as indicating a country so hot that nobody had been there or could live there. This benighted region has now an atlas all to itself. Under the auspices of the Geographical Society, Mr Ravenstein has just completed their map of Eastern Equatorial Africa; it is of large size, and contains altogether twenty-five sheets. He will now commence a similar work for Western Africa, and has proceeded to Portugal in order to take advantage of the materials in the possession of that government bearing upon the subject. This work is also undertaken for and at the expense of the Geographical Society.

The official Report of the late census in British Burmah is not without interest to dwellers in Britain. Only two languages had to be used in the process of enumeration—namely, Burmese and English. The people at first thought that the strange proceedings heralded the advent of a new tax, and one tribe fled across the frontier so as to be out of the way. Another idea that occurred to the people was that the English made use of human heads for inquiring into the future. But these difficulties having been smoothed over, the census was taken satisfactorily. British Burmah is, roughly speaking, of the same area as Great Britain and Ireland, with a population less than that of London. This population, under British rule, has doubled in twenty years, and there is every sign of its continued increase. The males are far in excess of the females, and what seems a very important key to the wonderful prosperity of the country is the fact that there are ten acres of cultivated land for every eight persons living in it.

It is reported that Baron Nordenskïold, whose recent explorations in and around Greenland aroused so much interest in scientific circles, is contemplating a voyage next year to the south polar regions. The cost of the projected expedition is nearly two hundred thousand pounds, but this seemingly large sum will include the expense of building a ship of special construction, to meet the requirements of the explorers.

International courtesies are so very few and far between, that when one occurs it is worthy of the most honourable mention. Many years ago, a band of English Arctic explorers abandoned their ship, the *Resolute*, for it was hopelessly frozen into the ice-pack. The ship, however, at last floated free, and was taken by an American whaler to New York. The gallant Americans thereupon put the vessel into splendid order, and presented her to Queen Victoria. It was but the other day that the old ship was broken up, when a desk was made from her timbers and presented to the American President. The British government have now presented the *Alert*, which has also seen Arctic service, to the United States government for the use of the Greeley relief expedition. The ship has long ago been strengthened with teak for protection against the ice, and is thus well fitted for the purpose in view.

The recent experiments at Folkestone once more proved the value of throwing oil on troubled waters, the efficacy of which operation in stormy weather we described last month. In addition to the oil-shell there mentioned, another invention falls to be noticed, by which the same gun from which the oil-shell is discharged may be also employed for projecting a heavy solid cylindrical shot, to which is attached a flexible tubing. Upon firing the gun, the shot is carried a long distance out to sea, pulling the tube after it. The shot sinks to the bottom, and the tube thus anchored can be used with a pump for forcing the oil to any spot in the neighbourhood. This contrivance, like that of the oil-shell, is the invention of Mr Gordon.

The preparations for the International Health Exhibition to be opened in London in May next, proceed very rapidly. The eight water-companies which supply London, and which just now are being so roundly abused on the score of overcharges, will exhibit the various apparatus employed by them for the supply, filtration, &c., of water. They will also combine in erecting an immense fountain in the grounds, the jets of which will be brilliantly illuminated at night by electricity.

An American paper gives an interesting account of the manufacture of 'Yankee sardines,' which may be explained to the uninitiated to mean small herrings preserved in oil and flavoured with spices, to imitate the sardines of French preparation. To begin with, the fish are laid in heaps on long tables, where they are rapidly cleaned and decapitated by children. The herrings are then pickled for one hour, to remove a certain tell-tale flavour which they possess, after which they are dried. The next operation is to thoroughly cook them in boiling oil; and finally, they are packed in the familiar square tins, and duly furnished with a French label, such as, 'Sardines à la Francaise,' or, 'A l'huile d'olive.' The free, or rather the true translation of this latter inscription would be, 'cotton-seed oil,' and, sad to say, not always of the first quality.

A paper dealing with an outbreak in a German town of that terrible disease known as trichinosis was recently read before the French Academy of Medicine. It is worthy of attention as going far to prove that this disease, usually contracted by the consumption of unwholesome pork, is avoidable, if the ordinary precaution of thoroughly cooking the food be resorted to. In the case in question, more than three hundred persons were attacked with the disease, and of these nearly one-sixth died. It was proved beyond question that all the victims ate the meat absolutely raw, it being the custom to chop it fine and to spread it like butter on slices of bread. One single family, which consumed some of the same meat in the form of cooked sausages, exhibited no trace of the disease. It may be mentioned that a certain dose of alcohol exercised a most favourable effect in diminishing the virulence of the complaint.

A new system of railway signals which is worked by electricity, instead of by mechanical leverage, has lately been experimented upon with great success, but like most other things of an electrical kind, its ready adoption must depend upon its expense as compared with that of the older-fashioned plant. Hitherto, the ordinary

electric magnet has been found unequal to this class of work, principally because its power of attraction is only great when very near the object to be attracted, and also because its impact on its armature is so violent as to lead to risk of deranging the apparatus employed. By use of what is known as the long-pull electro-magnet, recently invented by Mr Stanley Currie, these difficulties have been obviated, and signals of every kind can be worked most perfectly through the medium of conducting wires. The system has been at work for the past two months at Gloucester, and is being adopted experimentally in other directions.

The volcano at Krakatoa will long be remembered, if only on account of the wide area over which its products have been distributed. To say nothing of the dust particles which are supposed to have found their origin there, and which are credited with having been the active cause of our late gorgeous sunsets, undoubted volcanic particles have lately been found at Philadelphia. By melting and evaporating the snow upon which these tiny fragments were found, a residue of solid particles was apparent, which the microscope at once pronounced to be of a volcanic nature. It seems difficult to believe that solid matter could thus be carried in the air for four months, during which it must, if it came from Krakatoa, have covered the enormous distance of ten thousand miles. Another supposition is that the volcanic particles found at Philadelphia may have been wafted thither from Alaska, in the north-west corner of North America, where a great eruption has occurred. According to our authority, a submarine volcano shot up there last summer, and has already formed an island in the Behring Sea, from eight hundred to twelve hundred feet high. It is therefore possible that volcanic dust may have found its way, from this source, to the southern states of America, and even to Great Britain. The enormous distances traversed by these glassy particles may be thus accounted for: when steam is forced through a mass of glassy lava, the molten material is shot up with it in the form of thin filaments, just like spun glass. These, like so many pieces of spider web, would be borne aloft by the air for a very long period.

It seems only yesterday that iron furnace slag was looked upon as a waste product, for which no possible use could be found. It is now made into bricks, into cement, into wool-packing for steam-boilers, and more recently it has been found a most effective material for making all kinds of vases and other things of an ornamental nature. For this purpose, the slag is freed of its coarser particles, mixed with a certain quantity of glass and colouring matter, and when in a molten condition, is stirred about so as to present a veined appearance. It is then moulded into various forms, and is ready for sale.

We lately had an opportunity of visiting the Fine Art Loan Exhibition at Cardiff, which has been opened for three months, for the purpose of collecting funds in aid of the projected Cambrian Academy. The Exhibition includes works by some of our most eminent artists, both living and deceased, as well as a collection of such articles as can be grouped under the head of Art. But a novel feature of the Exhibition is its complete array of telephonic and telegraphic apparatus. By the co-operation of the telegraphic authorities, communication has been opened up by telephone between the Exhibition and Swansea, a distance of fifty-two miles. Not only is speech quite easy over this distance, but the voices of those acquainted with one another are readily recognised. At the time of our visit, the apparatus was connected with the theatre at Swansea, and we had the curious experience of listening to chorus, band, and solo voices, which were rendering a popular opera more than half a hundred miles away.

Mr J. C. Robinson, in the course of an interesting article contributed to the *Times* on the conservation of Sir Joshua Reynolds's pictures, concludes with a recommendation which all owners of valuable oil-paintings should take note of. He strongly advocates the use of glass as a covering for such pictures, and is glad to see that the practice of thus framing them is on the increase. 'This plan,' he says, 'almost entirely obviates the necessity for the periodical rubbing up and cleaning the surface of pictures with the silk handkerchief or cotton-wool, inasmuch as the protecting glass, and not the painted surface of the picture, receives the rapidly accumulating deposit of dust and dirt.' But even this he considers to be only a half-measure. The back of the picture should be stretched over with a damp-resisting sheet of india-rubber or American cloth, for it requires protection only second to the painted face of the canvas.

In presenting the gold medal of the Royal Astronomical Society to Mr A. Common for his wonderful photographs of celestial objects, the President of that honourable body gave a most interesting history of the medallist's gradual progress in the difficult work in which he so much excels. Mr Common commenced work with a modest reflecting telescope of five and a half inches; but he was not satisfied until he had obtained one measuring no less than three feet across its mirror. He has also turned his earnest attention to the clockwork for driving the instrument, so that as the busy world turns on its axis, the objects focused remain stationary. This is highly necessary, when it is remembered that sometimes a star photograph occupies as much as an hour and a half in the taking, even with the most sensitive plates. This long duration of the action of the feeble light from stars so remote that they cannot be seen by the naked eye, has the effect of impressing the chemical surface so that the invisible is pictured! It is evident that a new field of research is thus opened out; and the President did well in pointing out what great services can be rendered to knowledge by the amateur worker who, like Mr Common, has the means and the ability to employ his time so well.

In these days of oleomargarine, bosch butter, and other mixtures which are supposed to furnish excellent substitutes for the genuine article, it becomes highly necessary to have some means of distinguishing the true from the false. A contribution to microscopical science towards this end is a test discovered by Dr Belfield of Chicago, which will at once identify a fat if it consist either of lard or tallow. Pure lard crystals exhibit thin

rhomboidal plates, while those of tallow are quite different, and are of a curved form somewhat resembling the italic letter *f*.

A paper on the Ventilation of Theatres was lately read by Mr Seddon at the Parkes Museum of Hygiene, London. In some crowded theatres, the air has been said by a competent authority to be more foul than that of the street sewers. The intensely heated air would seem to act as a kind of pump, and to extract the vitiated atmosphere from the drains below the building. The successful introduction of the electric incandescent system of lighting to more than one metropolitan theatre has done much to mitigate the evil complained of; but it is quite certain that the ventilation of public buildings generally does not receive the attention which it so imperatively demands.

Another important consideration that is too often neglected is the acoustic properties of public buildings. Even in the last great work which has, after years of labour, been finished in London—we refer to the new law-courts—complaints are constant from those who have to work in them, of the great difficulty both in making their voices heard and in appreciating what is said by others. Public speakers whose duties carry them to various towns and cities throughout the kingdom, know very well that it is the exception, and not the rule, to find a room which is comfortable to speak in. Either the voice falls dead and flat, as if absorbed by a screen of wool; or it reverberates from every wall with such confusing echoes, that the syllables must be uttered with painful deliberation. A Committee appointed by one of our learned Societies to inquire into the reason why some rooms should be acoustically perfect, while others are quite the reverse, would do a vast amount of good. Until such an inquiry is set on foot, architects will continue to design buildings in which this necessary property is quite neglected.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

INTERESTING NOTES ON TROUT-LIFE.

At a recent meeting of the Scotch Fisheries Improvement Association, held at Edinburgh, Mr Harvie-Brown communicated some notes on trout-life, which the Association considered of so much scientific interest, that it was resolved to engross them in the minutes. The notes are as follow:

'The subject of coloration of flesh of trout is a much more intricate one than at first appears. I know of trout holding largely developed spawn in June and July in a loch in Sutherland, whose flesh is not pink only, but bright red like a salmon's, and yet are not fit to be eaten. I know, also, in a limestone burn the very finest trout, which on the table are perfectly white in the flesh, whatever size they grow to; but in another limestone burn from the same sources, or nearly so, the trout are quite different in appearance externally, but equally white in flesh and equally delicious for eating.

'I put a quarter-pound trout, along with others, into a previously barren loch. In two years some of these trout attained to four and a quarter pound-weight, developed huge fins and square or rounded tails, lost all spots, took on a coat of dark slime, grew huge teeth, and became *feroces* in that short time. The common burn trout, taken from a very high rocky burn up in the hills, in two years became indistinguishable from *Salmo ferox*. The first year they grew to about a pound, or a pound and a half, took on a bright silvery sheen of scales, were deep and high shouldered, lusty and powerful, more resembling Loch Leven trout than any others. This was when their feeding and condition were at their best; but as food decreased, and the trout rapidly increased in number, spawning in innumerable quantities, and with no enemies, the larger fish began to prey on the smaller, grew big teeth, swam deep, and lost colour, grew large fins and a big head, and became *Salmo ferox* so called. In two years more the food-supply became exhausted; and now the chain of lochs holds nothing but huge, lanky, kelty-looking fish and swarms of diminutive "black nebs," neither of the sorts deserving of the angler's notice. The first year they were splendid fish—rich and fat. Now they are dry and tasteless.'

LABOUR AND WAGES IN AUSTRALIA.

It would appear from the latest statistics that during the past few years wages have risen in some trades, and in a few only, have fallen. In the skilled branches of labour especially the tendency has been upwards, and the same thing is also noticeable in agricultural labour. For example, the rates for married couples on stations have risen from fifty-five to sixty-five pounds in 1876 to sixty or eighty pounds in 1883. The wages of farm-labourers have risen to fifty pounds or thereabouts, while only in the case of country blacksmiths have wages declined, the rates for such being now seventy-five to eighty pounds per annum. The colony is stated to be capable of readily absorbing any amount of skilled agricultural labour, especially that of the handy kind, without affecting the current rates of wages. Agricultural labour is in more demand than artisan labour, and good industrious hands would do excellently, as compared with the same class in England, both in regard to food and pay. With regard to other occupations, the following rates are paid on the New South Wales railways: clerks, two hundred to one hundred and fifty pounds per annum; foremen, five pounds ten shillings to three pounds seven shillings per week; draftsmen, four pounds fifteen shillings per week; timekeepers, three to two pounds per week; fitters, 12s. 4d. to 8s. per day; blacksmiths, 12s. 8d. to 10s. 4d. per day; turners, 12s. 2d. to 10s. 2d. per day; pattern makers, 11s. 10d. per day; brass-moulders, 11s. 4d. per day; plumbers, 11s. to 10s. per day; tinsmiths, 11s. to 10s. per day; brass-finishers, 9s. 6d. to 9s. per day; carpenters, 11s. 6d. to 8s. per day; painters, 11s. to 9s. 8d. per day; strikers, 7s. 4d. to 7s. per day; and cleaners, 7s. per day. The working day in the case of many trades does not exceed eight hours.

THE RUSSIAN CROWN ESTATES.

While so much is written of the internal economy of Russia, many will be surprised to hear of the extraordinary extent of the lands which form the

estates of the Crown. The extent of the possessions of the Russian emperor may be gathered from the fact that the Altai estates alone cover an area of over one hundred and seventy thousand square miles, being about three times the size of England and Wales. The Nertchinsk estates, in Eastern Siberia, are estimated at about seventy-six thousand six hundred square miles, or more than twice the size of Scotland and Wales put together. In the Altai estates are situated the gold and silver mines of Barnaul, Paulov, Smijov, and Loktjepp, the copper foundry at Sasoum, and the great iron-works of Gavrilov, in the Salagirov district. The receipts from these enormous estates are in a ridiculously pitiful ratio to their extent. In the year 1882 they amounted to nine hundred and fifty thousand roubles, or a little more than ninety-five thousand pounds; while for 1883 the revenue was estimated at less than half this sum, or about four hundred thousand roubles. The rents, &c., gave a surplus over expense of administration of about a million and a half of roubles, or about one hundred and fifty thousand pounds. On the other hand, the working of the mines showed a deficit of over a million; hence the result just indicated. A partial explanation of this very unsatisfactory state of things is to be found in the situation of the mines, which are generally in places quite destitute of wood, while the smelting-works were naturally located in districts where wood abounds, sometimes as much as three hundred and four hundred miles distant from the mines. The cost of transport of raw materials became considerable in this way. By degrees, all the wood available in the neighbourhood of the smelting-works became used up, and it was necessary to fetch wood from distances of even over one hundred kilometres. Formerly, the mines were really penal settlements, worked by convicts, who were partly helped by immigrants, whose sons were exempted from military service on the condition of working in the mines. But since the abolition of serfdom this system has been quite altered, and there is now a great deal of free labour on the ordinary conditions.

HYDROPHOBIA—IMPORTANT EXPERIMENTS.

M. Pasteur, who has already made so many valuable discoveries in connection with diseases that are propagated by germs, has, in his own name and that of his assistants, MM. Chamberlan and Roux, communicated to the French Academies of Sciences and Medicine the results of his experimental inoculations with the virus of rabies. He finds that the virus may remain in the nervous tissues without manifestation for three weeks, even during the summer months. Virulence is manifested not merely in the nervous tissues, but in the parotid and sub-lingual glands. The granulations observed in the fourth ventricle, when in a state of virulence, are finer than the granulations in the fourth ventricle when in a healthy state, and they can be coloured by means of aniline derivatives. The virus of rabies injected into the veins or beneath the skin produces paralytic rabies, while inoculations into the spinal cord or the brain produce the paroxysmal form. Inoculations with quantities of the virus too small to be effective, have no preservative influence against subsequent inoculations. Whether the virus is propagated by means of the nervous tissues or by absorption through the surfaces of the wound, has not been ascertained. Finally, the experiments have shown that the protective 'attenuation' of the virus is possible. The energy or the nature of the virus varies in each species of animals. By passing the virus through different animals, 'cultures,' or varying qualities of virus, are obtained, whose precise effects can be predicted. Thus a 'culture' has been obtained which certainly kills a rabbit in five or six days, and another which certainly kills a guinea-pig in the same time. Other things being equal, the virulence varies inversely with the duration of the incubation. M. Pasteur and his assistants have good reason to believe that by means of a special culture they have succeeded in making twenty dogs absolutely proof against rabid inoculations. M. Pasteur, with his usual caution, asks for a little longer time before finally pronouncing on the condition of the dogs in question. To devise a means of making the dog proof against rabies is, of course, to devise a means of almost certainly preserving man (including children) from this frightful disorder; for hydrophobia is almost invariably communicated to man and other animals by the bites of rabid dogs.

THE ELECTRIC LIGHT IN RAILWAY CARRIAGES.

An interesting experiment was commenced just after Christmas last by the District Railway Company, on the short branch line which connects Kensington and Fulham, passing through Earl's Court and Walham Green. On the 2d of January last, the carriages running on this short line were lighted for the first time, each with a small Swan burner, inclosed in a little glass globe; and although only a very small coil of fine wire, thin as a hair, shaped something like a letter U, was employed, the light was so brilliant and steady that the smallest print could be read by it easily. The experiment lasted about a fortnight or three weeks, and was worked from a luggage van attached to the rear of the train, and fitted up for the purpose. This experiment is interesting, and the result has been most successful, not a slip, nor a hitch of any kind, having occurred; while the reports as to cost are, it is understood, perfectly satisfactory.

Let us hope that this beautiful system of lighting may speedily be introduced on the different railways throughout the country; and especially on the District line of the Metropolitan Railway, where the bad blinking gas is so terribly trying to those who have to make two journeys a day by it, and who desire to employ the time of transit with their book or their paper, which becomes a work of difficulty under the present gas arrangements, but which may possibly be explained by one word, 'economy;' for it is a well-established fact, patent to all, that gas is light and brilliant enough for most purposes, provided a proper and sufficient *quantity* is used.

DISSECTION AFTER DEATH.

Amongst the strange institutions which have been started within the last few years is that

of 'The Society for Mutual Autopsy,' which commenced its existence in Paris in the year 1876. No balloting or any elaborate system is necessary to become a member. A proper introduction with a fee of five francs suffices, and an engagement to will your body to the Society for the purpose of dissection after death. In order to prevent the friends and relatives of the dead from frustrating the intentions of the testator, by disposing of the corpse in the usual manner, a proper legal form has been drawn up and inscribed in the Rules. This Society, which consists of about two hundred members, a dozen of whom are ladies, contains amongst its members many men eminent in the medical world in Paris, as well as distinguished in science and art. The theory of the founders is, that in consequence of the difficulty of obtaining for post-mortem examinations any other subjects but those of the lowest classes, whose faculties are naturally warped or otherwise undeveloped, much benefit must accrue to science by an opportunity being given for the dissection of persons of cultivated understanding, and particularly by making observations on the brain. Between twenty and thirty of the members of this Society generally dine together once a month at a restaurant near the Halles, where they pass a congenial evening, although there is a touch of ghastliness in the gathering. When one of their community is missing at the banquet, instead of lamenting over his departure, every one listens with rapt interest to the surgeon's explanation of the post-mortem examination he has made.

PREVENTION OF BLINDNESS IN INFANCY.

The Manchester and Salford Sanitary Association recently issued a paper, based upon the directions of the Society for the Prevention of Blindness. From it we learn that one of the most frequent causes of blindness is the inflammation of the eyes of new-born babies. Yet this is a disease which can be entirely prevented by cleanliness, and always cured if taken in time. The essential precautions against the disease are: (1) Immediately after the birth of the baby, and before anything else is done, wipe the eyelids and all parts surrounding the eyes with a soft dry linen rag; soon afterwards wash these parts with tepid water before any other part is touched. (2) Avoid exposing the baby to cold air; do not take it into the open air in cold weather; dress the infant warmly, and cover its head, because cold is also one of the causes of this eye-disease. When the disease appears, it is easily and at once recognised by the redness, swelling, and heat of the eyelids, and by the discharge of yellowish white matter from the eye. Immediately on the appearance of these signs, seek the advice of a medical man; but in the meantime, proceed at once to keep the eyes as clean as possible by very frequently cleansing away the discharge. It is the discharge which does the mischief. The cleansing of the eye is best done in this way: (1) Separate the eyelids with the finger and thumb, and wash out the matter by allowing a gentle stream of lukewarm water to run between them from a piece of rag or cotton-wool held two or three inches above the eyes. (2) Then move the eyelids up and down and from side to side in a gentle rubbing way, to bring out the matter from below them; then wipe it or wash it off in the same manner. This cleansing will take three or four minutes, and it is to be repeated regularly every half-hour at first, and later, if there is less discharge, every hour. (3) The saving of the sight depends entirely on the greatest care and attention to cleanliness. Small pieces of clean rag are better than a sponge, as each rag is to be used once only, and then burnt immediately; sponges should never be used, except they are burnt after each washing. (4) A little washed lard should be smeared along the edges of the eyelids occasionally, to prevent them from sticking. Of all the mistaken practices which ignorance is apt to resort to, none is more ruinous than the use of poultices. Let them be dreaded and shunned as the destroyers of a new-born baby's sight. Tea-leaves and sugar-of-lead lotion are equally conducive to terrible mischief, stopping the way, as they do, to the only right and proper course to be taken.

CARD-TELEGRAMS.

Great as have been recent improvements in our postal service, we have yet to learn something from the Parisians, whose system of Card-telegrams is worthy of notice. The cards are of two kinds—namely, yellow similar to our own, and blue, which, when secrecy is desired, may be closed. By dropping the card into the Card Telegram Box at the nearest telegraph office, it is shot through one of the pneumatic tubes which are now being extended all over Paris, and is delivered at its destination within half an hour. Fifty to seventy words can be written on the card, the cost of which is threepence. It is further intended to permit of cards being dropped into the boxes up to fifteen minutes of the departure of the mail-trains, a boon which merchants in Great Britain may well envy.

HOW AND WHERE THE HERRING SPAWNS.

According to a contemporary, we learn that Professor Cossar Ewart, Edinburgh University, convener of the Scientific Investigation Committee of the Board of Fisheries, was at the beginning of March at the well-known fishing-ground off the coast of Ayrshire known as the banks of Ballantrae, when some interesting investigations were made into the nature of the sea-bottom and spawn deposited on that famous herring-bed. The banks were dredged from a depth of eight to twenty-two fathoms. At a depth of eight to eleven fathoms the bottom was composed of clean gravel, with very little sea-weed; beyond the eleven fathoms, clay, mud, and shell. On the stones lifted by the dredge, portions of herring spawn were found firmly attached to the surface of the stones in different stages of development, the more advanced manifesting, in lively action, the embryo herring. Spawn was also taken from the living herring and placed on glasses in hatching-boxes, and these also showed the eggs in progress of development. From a small stone of a few inches of surface as many eggs were found as, if allowed to arrive at maturity, would have yielded crans of herrings. The information obtained by Professor

Cossar Ewart, during his recent dredgings, will be of the greatest importance in throwing light upon a hitherto but imperfectly understood question in natural history.

The banks in the evening presented a scene of lively interest, for as the sun began to set, a school of at least forty whales and porpoises began to play, and, circling around the margin of the fishing-banks, rose and fell in graceful plunges, their black fins and backs rising in curves for a moment, and then disappearing, while the porpoises made wild leaps many feet clear out of the water. Their presence was accounted for next morning, when a good many of the seine trawlers entered Loch Ryan and Girvan with from one to three hundred baskets of herrings each.

Professor Cossar Ewart has since had some more successful dredgings. He has also made some important discoveries regarding natural and artificial spawning, and deposited live herring and a quantity of spawn in the aquarium at Rothesay.

A FLOURISHING FRUIT-FARM.

At Toddington, in Gloucestershire, there has been going on for a few years the cultivation of fruit on a very large scale; a fruit-farm of five hundred acres having been planted by Lord Sudeley, and which, we are glad to know, has proved so successful, that its area is about to be enlarged to the extent of other two hundred acres. An enormous number of fruit-trees of many kinds has been planted, along with thousands of currant-bushes, whilst upwards of a hundred acres of the land are devoted to the growth of strawberries. A noteworthy feature of the scheme consists of a market being found for the smaller fruits on the ground on which they have been grown. In other words, Lord Sudeley has, with great foresight, erected a suite of boiling-houses and packing-rooms, which have been let to an enterprising person, who manufactures genuine jams and jellies from the fruit grown at Toddington. In fruit-preserving, the English and Scotch boilers—and the latter class have largely increased during the last few years—have a great advantage over their brethren of the continent and the United States, because of the greater cheapness of the sugar, which is required in large quantities. It is to be hoped that the example set by Lord Sudeley will be speedily followed by some of his territorial brethren. As a nation, we could manage to consume much more fruit than we do at present, if we could obtain it at a moderate price. In the orchards at Toddington have been planted as many as thirty-two thousand plum-trees, nine thousand damson trees, and three thousand nine hundred pear and apple trees, while there are no fewer than two hundred and twenty-eight thousand black-currant bushes.

THE GRAPE AND PEACH IN AMERICA.

The old saying about the inutility of carrying coals to Newcastle receives a new rendering in the fact that vine plants are being brought from America to replenish the vineyards of France, which have been in some instances devastated by the phylloxera. Grapes are now extensively grown in the United States both for dessert and wine-making. A lady who has recently been travelling in California, where the grape family is wonderfully numerous, and many of the vines exceptionally prolific, sometimes obtaining a 'luxuriance which sounds almost incredible'—this lady—C. F. Gordon-Cumming—tells us, among other facts, of bunches of grapes which have been found to weigh as high as fifty pounds! The vineyards of Colonel Wilson, in the neighbourhood of the garden-city of Los Angelos, cover two hundred and fifty acres of ground, and the grapes yield one thousand gallons of wine to the acre. In another vineyard, there grow upwards of two hundred varieties of grapes; and in the cellars of its proprietor are stored two hundred thousand gallons of grape-juice, ripening into wine, of which many kinds are made in the state of California. Need it be said that grapes in these regions are cheap—a hatful can be purchased for a few cents! Only think of the above-named Colonel Wilson having 'two and a half million pounds of grapes, hung up by their stalks, to keep them fresh for the market'! That fine fruit, the peach, is equally cheap in the peach-growing districts of the United States. The annual value of the American peach-crop is estimated at eleven and a half million pounds sterling. In some seasons, peaches are so abundant, that, to prevent their being lost, they are used in immense quantities for the feeding of pigs. Cannot this fruit be utilised for consumption in Europe? Supplies of the fresh fruit might be sent to us in the refrigerated chambers of the steamboats.

BOOK GOSSIP.

One of the most interesting books of travel issued of late years is that entitled, *Arminius Vambery: His Life and Adventures* (London: T. Fisher Unwin), which is now in the third edition. This Hungarian traveller is a man of rare courage and will, and possessed of high literary accomplishments; and the narrative of his wanderings in various capacities in Asia and Europe is told with a graphic and picturesque power which is extremely captivating.

Vambery, who was born in 1832, had a singularly hard up-bringing, and the story of his early years is quite as interesting as his later adventures in foreign lands. His father died a few months after the birth of the boy, leaving the family in extremely poor circumstances. When he was twelve years of age—up to which time, from lameness, he could only walk with the help of a crutch—his mother thought him old enough to shift for himself. He had previously been three years at school, where he had drawn attention upon himself by his precocity. But the inexorable poverty of his parent stood in the way of further education, and at twelve he was apprenticed to a ladies' dressmaker, but only stayed long enough in this employment to learn to stitch two pieces of muslin together. He left the shop of the 'dress-artist,' and did a little teaching in the family of an innkeeper, 'occasionally waiting on thirsty guests.' When he had saved up eight florins, he hastened from the Island

of Schütt, where he had spent his years, to a gymnasium in the vicinity of Pressburg, and here began a strange struggle for existence and education. His money was just sufficient to buy the necessary books, and he had to depend on the kindness and charity of others for his food. Seven different families each gave him one day in the week a free meal, adding to it something for breakfast and luncheon; and he got the cast-off clothes of the wealthier school-boys. Notwithstanding all drawbacks, he made great progress in his studies, and took a high place in the Latin class—he was indeed able at fourteen years of age to speak Latin with considerable fluency. We cannot follow his career further, but can with confidence commend the singular story of his life and adventures to all readers, both young and old.

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Literature and angling would seem to have something in common. The number of books that have been written on the 'gentle art,' and that by men of striking ability, is too well known to require enumeration. To this list we must now add *Sprigs of Heather, or the Rambles of 'Mayfly' with old Friends*, by the Rev. John Anderson, D.D., Minister of Kinnoull. Mr Anderson is a veteran angler, and is able to look back to days spent by the river-side with the great Christopher North, and with others who, though of less note in the angling and literary world, were still such as to afford to the author the opportunity of telling many amusing and characteristic stories regarding them. He is, as many, perhaps most, anglers are, delighted with the scenes of rural beauty into which his pursuits have led him, and he describes them with the pen of a ready and accomplished writer, and with somewhat of poetic fervour. Mr Anderson is a strong advocate of fly-fishing, and almost scornfully speaks of those who use bait, as 'ground-fishers,' and the like. We are not sure but his indignation on this point is misplaced, as all bait-fishing is not done in muddy or discoloured water, and perhaps as much skill is required to fish successfully a small clear stream with worm as with fly. Stewart and other well-known anglers have long since acknowledged this. In other respects, however, Mr Anderson's little volume is such that lovers of the rod and line will find it entertaining reading.

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Those who love Scottish music and Scottish dances will hail with pleasure the appearance of two handsome volumes entitled, *The Athole Collection of Dance Music of Scotland* (Edinburgh: Maclachlan and Stewart). These volumes have been compiled and arranged by Mr James Stewart Robertson (Edradynate), who has done his work in a most efficient manner. He, as an unprofessional musician, apologises for having undertaken such a work, which, he says, was only done by him because he did not expect, from the disfavour into which, for the present, Scottish music and dances have unfortunately fallen, that any professional musician, competent for the task, 'could be induced to devote the time, and to run the chances attending the production of such a work.' So far as Mr Robertson's execution of the work is concerned, no such apology was required; while his devotion to the task which he has so satisfactorily accomplished renders his services to his country almost patriotic. He has selected his airs with admirable taste and skill, and the two volumes contain within them specimens of almost every characteristic of Scottish dance music. No better or more acceptable present could be sent from Scotch folks at home to Scotch folks abroad than this *Athole Collection*.

AMONG THE DAISIES.

Lay her down among the daisies,
With the fringes of her eyes,
Softer than their silver petals,
Closed for blissful reveries.
Fold her little hands in whiteness
As in prayer on her breast;
Fear not for their folded lightness
On the heart unmoving pressed,
For that heart of angel brightness,
Tired so early, lies at rest.

Tired so early!—when the dawning
Glimmered white-winged through the room,
And the skies were half awaking,
Half in fading starlit gloom,
From the heaven of the starlight
Came the angels of the dawn;
And the morning winds were sighing,
And the curtains eastward drawn,
And her sleeping face looked brighter,
And a whispering sob said—'Gone!'

All the daisies were unfolding
In the fields, where never more
Shall the rapture of her child-life
Run in shout and laughter o'er.
Tired so early!—she has gathered
All her gladness in swift space,
She has sung her song and ended,
Childlike turning pleading face
Back to home when joys are weary—
Toward the one familiar place.

Lay her low among the daisies:
Angels knew her more than we;
They have led her home from wandering,
Tired with earthly revelry.
And above her daisied pillow
Let her simple tale be told:
Here the Lover of the lilies
Bade a little blossom fold;
He that wakes the flowers shall wake her,
White as snow, with heart of gold.

HELEN ATTERIDGE.

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GOLD.

The fable of Midas, whose touch transformed even his food into gold, testifies that the ancients felt the limits, while they adored the virtues of the wonderful metal. Since the morning of the world, gold has been the chief object of desire of mankind; and it is highly probable that a very large percentage would still make the same selection as the son of Gordius, were the opportunity afforded, even with the knowledge of all it implied. For from the days of Midas until now this gold,

> Bright and yellow, hard and cold,
> Molten, graven, hammered, and rolled;
> Heavy to get and light to hold,

has been

> Hoarded, bartered, bought and sold,
> Stolen, borrowed, squandered, doled;
> Spurned by the young, but hugged by the old
> To the very verge of the churchyard mould.

No other material object has retained in a like degree the united devotion of man in all ages. And not merely because gold is the synonym of money. By money we mean that by which the riches of the world can be expressed and transferred. But money may exist in various forms. It may be rock-salt, as in Abyssinia; cowries and beads, as in Africa; tobacco, as formerly in Virginia. Gold is greater than money, because gold includes money, and makes money possible. Upon gold rests the whole superstructure of the wealth of the world. Let us consider for a moment why this is, and how this is.

And first of all, it is desirable because it is scarce. Abundance begets cheapness, and rarity the reverse. That is most valuable which involves the greatest amount of effort to acquire. But we must not jump from this to the conclusion that were gold to become as plentiful as iron, and be as easily obtained, it would recede in value to the equivalent of iron, bulk for bulk. Gold has an intrinsic value superior to that of all other metals because it has *useful* properties possessed by none other. It is more durable than any, and is practically indestructible, as Egyptian excavations and Schliemann's discoveries in Greece have shown. It may be melted and remelted without losing in weight. It resists the action of acids, but is readily fusible. It is so malleable that a grain of it may be beaten out to cover fifty-six square inches with leaves—used in gilding and in other ways innumerable—only the twenty-eight thousand two-hundredth of an inch in thickness. It is so ductile that a grain of it may be drawn out in wire five hundred feet in length. The splendour of its appearance excels that of all other metals. Its supereminent claims were symbolised by the Jews in the golden breastplates of the priests, as they are by the Christian in his highest hopes of a Golden City hereafter. We signalise the sacredness of the marriage-tie with the gold-ring.

Professors of what Carlyle called the 'dismal science' have not unfrequently expressed a contempt for gold; but in doing so, they have regarded it merely as the correlative of money. As money, according to them, is merely a counter with little or no intrinsic value, therefore gold has no intrinsic value beyond its adaptability in the arts. John Stuart Mill held that were the supply of gold suddenly doubled, no one would be the richer, for the only effect would be to double the price of everything. Stanley Jevons went so far as to say that the gold produced in Australia and California represented 'a great and almost dead loss of labour.' He held that 'gold is one of the last things which can be considered wealth in itself,' and that 'it is only so far as the cheapening of gold renders it more available for gilding and for plate, for purposes of ornament and use other than money, that we can be said to gain directly from gold discoveries.' Another writer, Bonamy Price, asserts that it is a 'wonderful apostasy,' a 'fallacy full of emptiness and absurdity,' to suppose that gold is precious except as a tool. We might multiply quotations all tending to show that while a certain class of philosophers admit a limited value in gold as a

metal, they claim that it loses the value immediately it is transformed into a coin.

This contention is not tenable in reason. It is directly against the concentrated faith of the ages. Gold is desirable for the sake of its own special virtues, and it becomes additionally valuable when employed as the medium of exchange among nations. It is because of the universal desire of nations to possess it, that it enjoys its supremacy as money. By its comparative indestructibility it commands and enjoys the proud privilege of being the universal standard of value of the world. It is, therefore, elevated, instead of being degraded, by the impress of the mint stamp, for to its own intrinsic value is added that of being the passport of nations. This is a dignity attained by no other metal. It has been urged that the government guarantee of a solvent nation stamped upon a piece of tin, or wood, or paper, will form a counter quite as valuable as gold for a medium of exchange. So it might, but the circulation would only be within certain limits. A Scotch bank-note is passed from hand to hand with even more confidence than a sovereign—in Scotland. But take one to England and observe the difficulty and often impossibility of changing it. The pound-note is worth a sovereign, but its circulating value is local. Even with a Bank of England note, travellers on the continent occasionally experience some difficulty in effecting a satisfactory exchange. But is there a country in the most rudimentary condition of commerce, where an English sovereign, or a French napoleon, or an American eagle, cannot be at once exchanged at the price of solid gold?

It is true that a nation may form a currency of anything, but only a currency of the precious metal can be of universal circulation; and that is simply because the metal *is* precious.

Now, when Bonamy Price said that gold is only wealth in the same sense as a cart is—namely, as a vehicle for fetching that which we desire, he said merely what could be said of wheat or cotton, or any other product of nature and labour usually esteemed wealth. You cannot eat gold, nor can you clothe yourself with wheat; and the trouble of Midas would have been quite as great had his touch transformed everything into cotton shirts. Wealth does not consist in mere possession, but in possessing that which can be used. Wheat and cotton constitute wealth, because one can not only consume them, but in almost all circumstances can exchange them for other things which we desire. But they are perishable, which gold is not—at least for all practical purposes. At the ordinary rate of abrasion, a sovereign in circulation will last many years without any very perceptible loss of weight. Gold, as a possession, is a high form of wealth, because one can either use it or exchange it at pleasure. The fact of there being cases where a man would give all the gold he possesses for a drink of water, does not prove that gold then becomes valueless, but simply that something else has become for the time-being more valuable.

Again, if it be true, as Jevons says, that gold is one of the last things to be regarded as wealth, and the labour expended in its production almost a dead loss, and therefore a wrong to the human race, the world should be very much poorer for all the enormous production of the last half-century. On the contrary, the world has gone on increasing in the appliances of wealth, in conditions of comfort, and in diffusion of education.

The addition to the world's stock of gold has permitted the creation of an enormous amount of gold-certificates, as bank-notes and bills of exchange may be regarded, the existence of which has facilitated commercial operations which otherwise would not have been possible. In theory, we exchange our coal and iron for the cotton, wheat, &c., of other countries; but as we cannot mete out the exactly equal values in 'kind,' we settle the difference nominally in gold, but actually in paper representing gold. But the gold must nevertheless exist, or the operation would be impossible. It is as when a man buys, let us say, five hundred tons of pig-iron in Glasgow. He does not actually receive into his hands five hundred tons of iron, but he receives a warrant which entitles him to obtain such iron when and how he pleases. Though the purchaser may never see the iron which he has bought, the iron must be there, and producible at his demand. On the faith of the transaction, he knows that he has command over five hundred tons of iron; none of which may perhaps, save the 'sample,' have come under his cognisance.

Of course there is no complete analogy between an iron warrant and a paper currency, but it serves for the moment as a simple illustration. To discuss the differences would lead us beyond the design of the present paper.

Probably one great reason why gold so early in the history of the world assumed its leading position as a standard of value is, that it is found in a pure state. So also is silver, which is the nearest rival of gold. Primitive races used these metals long before the art of smelting was discovered. These two metals were both rare, both found pure, both easily refined, both admitting of a splendid polish, both malleable and ductile, both durable. Silver is more destructible than gold, less durable, less rare, and even less useful in some respects. It has, therefore, always had a lower value than gold.

It has been shown by several writers, among whom may be named William Newmarch and Professor Fawcett, that up to the year 1848, the world had outgrown its supplies of the precious metals, and that commerce was languishing for want of the wherewithal to adjust the exchanges of communities. Previous to that year, the principal sources of supply were South America, the West Coast of Africa, Russia in Europe and Asia, and the islands of the Malay Archipelago. According to the calculations of M. Chevalier, the total production of both gold and silver from these sources between 1492 and 1848 was equal in value to seventeen hundred and forty millions sterling. The importation of gold, however, was small; and the total stock of the metal in Christendom in 1848 is estimated to have been only five hundred and sixty millions sterling. The production since that year has been very remarkable. Most of us are familiar with the gilded obelisks or pyramids erected in various International Exhibitions to illustrate the bulk of gold yielded in different quarters of the globe; but these things only arrest the eye

for the moment. Let us look at the figures. In 1848 Californian gold began to come forward; and in 1851 the Australian fields were opened. Between 1849 and 1875 the production of the world is estimated at six hundred and sixteen millions sterling, so that in twenty-seven years the stock of gold was more than doubled. The average annual supply previous to 1848 was eight millions sterling; in 1852 the production was thirty-six and a half millions sterling. An Australian authority estimates the yield of the colonies from 1851 to 1881 as two hundred and seventy-seven millions sterling; and Mr Hogarth Patterson gives the total production of the world between 1849 and 1880 as seven hundred and ten millions sterling. The old sources of supply have not, we believe, increased in yield, so, if we calculate their production on the average at eight millions annually, we shall easily arrive at the donation of the American and Australian mines.

The statisticians of the United States Mint estimate that the total production of gold in the world during the four hundred years ending in 1882 was ten thousand three hundred and ninety-four tons, equal in value to £1,442,359,572. During the same period the production of silver was one hundred and ninety-one thousand seven hundred and thirty-one tons, of the value of £1,716,463,795. On the basis of the last three years, the average annual production of gold in the world is now twenty-one and a half millions sterling. Taking 1881 as an illustration, the largest contributors were—

United States	£6,940,000
Australasia	6,225,000
Russia	5,710,200
Mexico	197,000
Germany	48,200
Chili	25,754
Colombia	800,000
Austria	248,000
Venezuela	455,000
Canada	219,000

We need not give the smaller contributions of other countries. There are twenty gold-yielding countries in all, but eight of them yield an aggregate of little over half a million sterling.

As regards the employment of gold, it is estimated that fifteen million pounds-worth annually is required for ornament and employment in the arts and manufactures. This, on the production of 1881, would leave only six and a half million pounds-worth for coining purposes each year.

No greater proof of the universal desire of man to possess gold could be afforded than by the heterogeneous mass of peoples who flocked to the gold-diggings. Men of every colour, of every religion, and from every clime, were drawn thither by the attraction of the yellow metal. It is not too much to say that nothing else could have concentrated on one object so many diverse elements. And it may be said further, that but for the discoveries of gold, the rich wheat-plains of California and the verdant pastures of Australia might have been lying to this day waste and unproductive.

Mr Hogarth Patterson has attempted to prove that to this increase in our supplies of gold is due the unparalleled expansion of the commerce of the world within the present generation. We do not need to accept this extreme view, while we can clearly perceive that the volume of gold has not proved the dead-weight to strangle us, which other writers had predicted. Mr Patterson may to a certain extent be mixing up cause and effect, but he is nearer the truth than those who refuse to consider gold as one of the first elements of wealth.

But the increase in the supply of gold has had another effect. It has, concurrently with an increase in the production of silver, helped to reduce the relative value of the latter metal. The consequences are curious. Previous to 1816, silver was what is termed a legal tender in England to any amount; but in that year the sovereign was made the sole standard of the pound sterling. In other words, if one man be owing another, say, a hundred pounds, the latter is not legally bound to accept payment doled out in either silver or copper. Other countries have since de-monetised silver, which has thus become so depreciated in relation to gold, that Mr Leighton Jordan, in an able book called *The Standard of Value*, affirms that the interest on the National Debt has now to be paid in a currency fifteen to twenty per cent. more valuable than was in the option of the lender prior to 1816. According to the bi-metallists, the de-monetisation of silver has depreciated the metal, and unduly appreciated gold, or at all events has prevented the cheapening of the latter metal, which should have resulted from the greater abundance of silver.

Against the plea for a dual standard there is a great deal to be urged. The question, however, is too wide to be entered upon at this stage, and we will content ourselves with stating one great objection to bi-metallism, and that is, that it would be inoperative unless its adoption were universal; and that so deeply is gold rooted in the affections of mankind, the universal adoption of silver also, is practically hopeless. Into the world of commerce, into the arena of industry, into the storehouses of wealth, 'tis Gold which buys admittance.'

BY MEAD AND STREAM.

BY CHARLES GIBBON.

CHAPTER XXI.—DREAMS.

And there was a night of happy wonderment at Willowmere—for, of course, it was to Madge that Philip first carried his story of the Golconda mine which had been thrown open to him. The joy of Ali Baba when the secret of the robbers' cave was revealed to him was great—and selfish. He thought of what a good time he would have, and how he would triumph over his ungracious brother. Philip's joy was greater; for his treasure-trove set him dreaming fine dreams of being able to 'hurry up' the millennium. On his way from the city his mind was filled with a hailstorm of projects of which he had hitherto had no conception.

Naturally his imagination grew on what it fed; and as he earnestly strove to shape into words his visions of the noble works that could, would,

and should be done in the near future, his pulse quickened and his cheeks glowed with enthusiasm.

They were in the oak parlour; the day's work done; and the soothing atmosphere of an orderly household filling the room with the sense of contented ease. Aunt Hessy was sewing, and spoke little. Uncle Dick smoked one of his long churchwardens—a box of which came to him regularly every Christmas from a Yorkshire friend—and listened with genial interest, commenting in his own way on Philip's schemes.

After the first breathless moment of astonishment, Madge's eyes were as bright with enthusiasm as her lover's: her face was alternately flushed and pale. She approved of everything he said; and she, too, was seeing great possibilities in this new Golconda.

'The world,' quoth Philip, 'is big enough for us all; and there is work enough for everybody who is willing to work. It is not work which fails, but workers. We have classified and divided our labour until we have fallen into a social system of caste as rigid as that of the Hindu, but without his excuse. Men won't turn their hands to whatever may be offered nowadays. They clamour that they starve for want of a job, when they mean that they cannot get the job which pleases them best. Everybody wants exactly what is "in his line," and won't see that he might get on well enough in another line till he found room again in his own.'

'Human nature has a weakness for wanting the things it likes best, and that it's most in the way of doing,' said Uncle Dick, pressing down the tobacco in the bowl of his pipe with a careful movement of the left hand's little finger.

'But human nature need not starve because it cannot get what it likes best,' retorted Philip warmly. 'If men will do with their might what their hands can find to do, they will soon discover that there is a heap of work lying undone in the world.'

And so, taking this principle as the basis of his argument, he went on to expound his views of the future conservative democracy of Universal Co-operation.

The first step to be taken was to start some enterprise in which every class of workmen should find employment—the skilled mechanic and the unskilled labourer; the inventor, the man of brains, and the mechanical clerk; the spinner, the weaver, the tailor; the butcher, the baker, the candlestick-maker—all would be required. Their banner would bear the homely legend, 'Willing to work,' and no man or boy who enlisted under it should ever again have a right to say: 'I have got no work to do.'

There would be no drones in the hive; for every man would reap the full reward of what he produced according to its market value. No man should be paid for spending so many hours daily in a fixed place. That was an erroneous system—the incubator of strikes and of the absurd rules of trades-unions, by which the dull sluggard was enabled to hold down to his own level the quick-witted and industrious. Every man should have a direct interest in doing the best he could, and the most he could or the most he cared to do. Hear him!—the young heart beating with the fond hopes which others have proved so futile; and Madge listening with a smile of joyful conviction and confidence.

'Another thing we shall sweep away altogether—the petty deceits—the petty strivings to overreach another by lies and tricks of trade, as they are called.'

'And how may you be going to do that, I'd like to learn?' was the sceptical query of the yeoman.

'By making men feel that it isn't worth while to tell lies or invent tricks.'

'Seems to me you want to invent a new world,' said Uncle Dick, a placid wreath of smoke encircling his brow, and a contented smile intimating that he was pretty well content to take things as they were.

'Not at all,' rejoined Philip. 'I only want to bring the best of this world uppermost.'

'But doesn't the best find its own way uppermost?' interposed Aunt Hessy; 'cream does, and butter does.'

'So does froth, and it ain't the best part of the beer, mother,' said Uncle Dick with his genial guffaw; 'and for the matter of that, so does scum.'

'They have their uses, though, like everything else,' was the dame's prompt check.

'Not a doubt, and there's where the mystery lies: things have to be a bit mixed in this world; and they get mixed somehow in spite of you. There ain't nobody has found out yet a better plan of mixing them than nature herself.'

That was the counter-check; and Madge gave the checkmate.

'But Philip does not want to alter the natural order of things: he only wants to help people to understand it, and be happy in obeying it.'

This pretty exposition of Philip's purpose seemed to satisfy everybody, and so it was an evening of happy wonderment at Willowmere.

As he was about to go away, Aunt Hessy asked Philip how his uncle looked.

'Oh—a good hearty sort of man,' was the somewhat awkward answer, for he did not like to own even to himself that he had been somehow disappointed by the appearance and manner of Mr Shield; 'but awfully quick and gruff. You will like him, though.'

'I like him already,' she said, smiling.

CHAPTER XXII.—HOME AGAIN.

Three passengers and the newspapers were brought to Dunthorpe station by the early London train on Wednesday morning. One of the passengers was a tall old gentleman, with straight silvery hair, a clean-shaven fresh face, and an expression of gentle kindliness which was habitual. But there was a firmness about the lips and chin which indicated that his benevolence was not to be trifled with easily. He stooped a little, but it was the stoop of one accustomed to much reading and thinking, not of any physical weakness, for his frame was stalwart, his step steady and resolute.

He asked the porter who took his travelling-bag in charge if there was any conveyance from Kingshope waiting.

'There's only one fly, sir, and that's from the *King's Head* for Mr Beecham. That you, sir?'

'Yes.'

'Then here you are, sir: it's old Jerry Mogridge who's driving, and he can't get off the seat easy owing to the rheumatics. The Harvest Festival is on at Kingshope to-day, and there wasn't another man to spare. But you couldn't have a surer driver than old Jerry, though he be failed a bit.'

Mr Beecham took his place in the fly; and after inquiring if the gentleman was comfortable, old Jerry drove away at an easy pace—indeed, the well-fed, steady-going old mare could not move at any other than an easy pace. A touch of the whip brought her to a stand-still until she had been coaxed into good-humour again. It was the boast of the *King's Head* landlord that this was a mare 'safe for a baby to drive.'

There was something in Mr Beecham's expression—an occasional dancing of the eyes—as he gazed round on the rich undulating landscape, which suggested that he had been familiar with the scene in former days, and was at intervals recognising some well-remembered spot.

September was closing, and stray trees by the roadside were shorn of many leaves, and had a somewhat ragged, scarecrow look, although some of them still flaunted tufts of foliage on high branches, as if in defiance of bitter blasts. But in the Forest, where the trees were massed, the foliage was still luxuriant. The eyes rested first on a delicate green fringed with pale yellow, having a background of deepening green, shading into dark purple and black in the densest hollows.

The day was fine, and as the sun had cleared away the morning haze, there was a softness in the air that made one think of spring-time. But the falling of the many-coloured leaves, and the sweet odours which they yielded under the wheels, told that this softness was that of the twilight of the year; and the mysterious whisperings of the winds in the tree-tops were warnings of the mighty deeds they meant to do by sea and land before many days were over.

'You have been about Kingshope a long time?' said Mr Beecham, as the mare was crawling—it could not be called walking—up a long stretch of rising ground.

'More 'n eighty year, man and boy,' answered old Jerry with cheerful pride. 'Ain't many about as can say that much, sir.'

'I should think not. And I suppose you know everybody here about?'

'Everybody, and their fathers afore 'em.' As Jerry said this, he turned, and leaning over the back of his seat, peered at the stranger. Then he put a question uneasily: 'You never 'longed to these parts, sir?'

'No, I do not exactly belong to these parts; but I have been here before.'

'Ah—thought you couldn't have 'longed here, or I'd have known you, though it was ever so many years gone by,' said old Jerry, much relieved at this proof that his memory had not failed him. 'Asking pardon, sir, I didn't get right hold of your name. Was it Oakem, sir?'

'Something of that kind,' said the stranger, smiling at the mistake. 'Beecham is the name.'

'Beecham,' mumbled Jerry, repeating the name several times and trying to associate it with some family of the district. 'Don't know any one of that name here away. May-happen your friends are called by another.'

'I have no friends of that name here.'

'Hope it ain't makin' too bold, sir, but may-happen you're a-goin' to stay with some of the Kingshope families?'

'I am going to stay at the *King's Head*, for a few days,' Mr Beecham replied, good-naturedly amused by Jerry's inquisitiveness; but wishing to divert his garrulity into another channel, he put a question in turn: 'Shall we be in time for the Harvest Service in the church to-day?'

'Time and to spare—barrin' th' old mare's tantrums, and she don't try them on with me. You'll see the whole county at the church to-day, sir. Parson's got it turned into a reg'lar holiday, and there's been mighty fine goings-on a-deckin' the old place up. Meetings morn and even, and a deal more courtin' nor prayin', is what I says. Hows'ever it's to be a rare thanksgivin' time this un, and the best of it is there's some'at to be thankful for.'

Jerry nodded confidentially to the stranger, as if he were letting him into a secret.

'Is that such a rare occurrence?'

'Well, sir,' replied Jerry cautiously, and peering round again with the manner of one who is afraid of being discovered in the promulgation of seditious doctrines, 'there be times when it is mighty hard to find out what we are to be thankful for, when the rot has got hold of the taters, and them big rains have laid wheat and barley all flat and tangled, and the stuff ain't barely worth the cuttin' and the leadin' and the threshin', and wages ain't high and ain't easy to get—them be times when it takes parson a deal of argyfying to make *some* people pretend they're grateful for the mercies. But Parson Haven knows how to do it, bless ye. He gives 'em a short sermon and a long feed, and there's real thanksgivin' after, whats'ever the harvest has been like.'

Jerry chuckled with the pleasures of retrospection, as well as of anticipation, and made a great ado putting on the skid as they began to descend towards the village.

Mr Beecham listened to this gossip with the interest of an exile returned to his native land. Whilst everywhere he meets the signs of change, he also finds countless trifles which revive the past. Even the comparison of what is, with what has been, has its pleasure, although it be mingled with an element of sadness. The sweetest memories are always touched with tender regret. We rejoice that sorrow has passed: who rejoices that time has passed?

He watched with kindly eyes the people making their way across the stubble or round by the church. The latter was a sturdy old building with a solid square tower, that looked as if it had foundations strong enough to hold it firmly in its place whatever theological or political storms might blow.

Old Jerry Mogridge had reason to be proud of that morning's work, and made his cronies of the taproom stare with his descriptions of the strange gentleman's friendly ways and liberal hand.

After seeing his rooms at the *King's Head*, Mr Beecham sauntered slowly towards the church. When he reached the porch, he paused, as if undecided whether or not to enter. The people had assembled and the bells had ceased ringing. He passed in, and despite the courtesy of an ancient verger, who would fain have given the stranger a conspicuous place, he took a seat near the door.

The ordinary aspect of the inside of Kingshope church was somewhat bare and cold-looking: at present it was aglow with sunbeams and rich colours. The pillars were bound with wisps of straw and wreaths of ground ivy, while the capitals were sheaves of wheat and barley, with a scarlet poppy here and there, and clusters of dahlias of many hues. On the broad window ledges, half-hidden in green leaves, lay the yellow succulent marrow, the purple grape, the ruddy tomato—bright-cheeked apples and juicy pears: giant sunflowers and ferns guarded the reading-desk; and on the altar was a pile of peaches and grapes, flanked by early Christmas roses—deep-red, orange, white and straw-coloured.

But the pulpit attracted most attention on this bright day. Madge and Philip had been visited by an inspiration; and, with the vicar's sanction and the aid of Pansy and Caleb, had carried it into effect. The entire pulpit and canopy were woven over with wheat and barley, giving it the appearance of a stack with the top uplifted. Round the front of the stack-pulpit were embroidered, in the bright scarlet fruit-sprays of the barberry, the opening words of the anthem for the day, 'The earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof.' There was a feeling of elation in the air, to which the organist gave expression by playing the Hallelujah Chorus as the opening number. And then it was with full hearts and vigorous lungs that all joined in the hymn,

> Come, ye thankful people, come,
> Raise the song of harvest home.

As he listened to the voices, rising and falling in grateful cadence, old times, old faces, old scenes, rose out of the midst of the past, and the stranger dreamed. Was there any significance to him in what he saw and heard? Was it not a generous welcome to the wanderer home? Home! His thoughts shaped themselves into words, and they were sung in his brain all the time he sat there dreamily wondering at their meaning:

'Home again, in the twilight of the year and of my life.'

He could see the Willowmere pew, and his eyes rested long on Dame Crawshay's placid face; still longer on that of Madge. On the other side he could see the Manor pew, which was occupied by the three ladies, Alfred Crowell and Philip. Mr Hadleigh and Coutts were not there. Coutts considered it hard enough to be expected to go to church on Sunday (he did not often go); but only imbeciles, he thought, and their kin—women—went on a week-day, except on the occasion of a marriage or a funeral.

Mr Beecham's gaze rested alternately on Philip and Madge. They occupied him throughout the service. He retained his seat whilst the people were passing out, his eyes shaded by his hand, but his fingers parted, so that he could observe the lovers as they walked by him. He rose and followed slowly, watching them with dreamy eyes; and still that phrase was singing in his brain:

'Home again, in the twilight of the year and of my life.' But he added something now: 'It is still morning with them.'

INDIAN SNAKES.

A REMINISCENCE.

We have it on good authority, apropos of the climate of India and the chances of life there, that the British soldier who now serves one year in Bengal encounters as much risk in the mere fact of dwelling there, as in fighting three battles such as Waterloo (see Dr Moore's *Health in the Tropics*); and that the mortality amongst children up to fifteen years of age is eighty-four per thousand, as against twenty-two per thousand in twenty-four large towns of England. Statistics such as these tell their own tale. A soldier's life, as compared with a civilian's, whether official or unofficial, is by no means an unhealthy one, regulated as it is by all that experience and scientific sanitation can suggest. But what, after all, are the risks to life in a battle such as Waterloo? We can form some notion of this by a sort of analogy, if we are content to accept the statement of Marshal Saxe, said to be a high authority on such matters, who lays it down as a truth, that for each man killed in battle the weight of an average-sized man is expended in lead. This is said to have been verified at Solferino, where the Austrians fired eight million four hundred thousand rounds, and killed two thousand of the enemy, which gives four thousand two hundred rounds per man killed. Taking a bullet at one ounce weight, we have four thousand two hundred ounces, or over eighteen stone—about equal to one average man and a half; so the Marshal was under the mark. If these figures are reliable, it would seem that in battles, as with pugnacious dogs, there is noise out of all proportion to the amount of damage done; and the risks to life in war, as compared with those incidental to ordinary life in Bengal, need not seriously alarm us. The weapons of precision now in use have wrought a change, perhaps, to the great saving of lead. Still, these are stubborn figures to deal with; and a mortality of eighty-four per thousand children, and a proportionately high rate for adults, in the Indian plains, shows that, all precautions notwithstanding, the white man in the tropics or under an Eastern sun is in the wrong place.

It is estimated that nine to ten thousand *natives* are killed annually in Bengal alone by snakes; and throughout India, at a rough calculation—probably very much under the mark—twenty thousand persons lose their lives from this cause every year. There is no perceptible diminution in the number of these deadly reptiles; on the contrary, they are seemingly increasing, notwithstanding that government puts a price on the head of every snake

destroyed; and small though the reward may be, indigent peasants are not slow to avail themselves of it, and a snake that ventures to show itself rarely survives the discovery. The cry of *Sámp!* (snake) has a magical effect on the most apathetic and inert of natives.

Those whose experience of snakes is acquired in the 'Zoo,' can form but a faint idea of the rapidity with which the indolent-looking ophidian can move when so inclined; and were one to escape from its glass cage in that interesting collection, the agility of its movements would only be equalled by that of the astonished spectators towards the outer air. Were the habits of the snake family more aggressive and less retiring than they are, this sprightliness would be inconvenient beyond measure; and but for this tendency to shun man and escape from him at all times, the bill of mortality, which Sir Joseph Fayrer has shown us is frightfully large, would be infinitely greater than it is. Happily, self-preservation is an instinct as strong in serpents as in the hares of our fields.

But to return to the European in India and his share of risk incurred. There are obvious reasons why so large a percentage of our Aryan brethren fall victims. Barefooted and barelegged, and with that belief in *kismet* (fate) which, sometimes to his advantage, oftener to his prejudice as a man of the world, imbues the soul of 'the mild Hindu,' he trusts his bronzed nether limbs unhesitatingly in places where snakes are known to abound, and it is only a question whether or not he happens to touch one. With that sublime indifference to the danger, acquired by custom and a familiarity with it from his babyhood, he coils himself up, with or without his scanty garment of cotton stuff, on the bare earthen floor of his mud-hut, or beneath the spreading branches of a tree, and falls into a sleep, from which neither mosquitoes nor the chorus of predatory jackals, nor the screech-owls in the branches above, can rouse him. Many a time, perhaps, he has seen a snake killed on that very spot. But what does it matter to Ramcherrun or Bojoo? Are not snakes in other places too? In one minute he is snoring out the watch of night. He dreams of his rice and paddy fields, mortgaged at ninety per cent. interest, and ever likely to remain so; he dreams of his *mahájon* (banker), whose superior knowledge of the three Rs enabled that rascal to so circumvent his neighbours. Then he turns over, and rolls quietly on the top of the deadly *krait;* or stretching out his brown hand, grasps the tender back of a passing cobra, which bites him, and he dies! The gods had it so. His time was come—*kismet! kismet!!* Toolsi Kándoo is re-thatching his house, and in uplifting the old rotten grass, squeezes a roof-snake (*sankor*) reposing therein, which resents the intrusion with its sharp teeth, and Toolsi is gathered to his fathers. Then there is Sirikisson Beldar cutting bamboos for his new roof, or the jungle grasses which are to furnish his house with matting, and the foe is molested, and makes his bite felt—before retreating to safer quarters. Gidari Teli has gone in the gloaming or in the darker night to fill his *lota* at the village well hard by, and returns only to tell his child-wife to run for the *byd* (native doctor), who will apply his nostrums, and the Brahmin to sing his incantations and perform sundry mystical rites whilst he, poor Gidari, passes away to the happy land. But even of white men there are few indeed who, after some years in the Indian plains, return home without a lively recollection of one or more escapes, for which at the moment they were thankful to Providence.

In large towns like Bombay or Calcutta, snakes are not unknown; whilst in and about the bungalows of most, if not all country stations, they are common, and pay visits to these habitations at inconveniently short intervals. There are few bungalows the thatched roof of which is not the occasional abode of one objectionable species—the *sankor*, or roof-snake; whilst round about, in the hollows of old trees, or beneath the flooring of the rooms, or in the garden hard by, come at intervals specimens more or less dangerous to human life. It will serve to show the nature of the danger from this source, if I relate a few of my own personal experiences during a residence of some years in Bengal.

Of the many snakes killed by me—some hundreds—I retain the liveliest recollection of the first my eyes beheld. I was then living in a small three-roomed bungalow, the flooring of which was almost on a level with the ground outside. Amongst other annoyances, the place was infested with rats; and being so low, the number of little toads that made free use of every room was incredible. My *sweeper* would in a short time fill and refill a *gylah* (a sort of round earthen pot capable of holding more than a gallon) up to the brim with toads. We called them frogs, but they were really toads of a jumping kind; and the only thing to be said in their favour was their capacity for swallowing mosquitoes, beetles, and other kinds of creeping and flying insects. But as a set-off against this advantage comes the fact that snakes with equal avidity swallow and relish toads, and are ever in quest of these dainty morsels. The rats, however, troubled me most. They destroyed my shoes, drank up the oil of my night-lamp—a very primitive arrangement, known as the *tel-buttee*, that carries one back to the time of Moses—sometimes extinguishing the light in the process; and made sad havoc of my cotton-stuffed pillows, the contents of which I would often discover, after an absence of a few days from home, strewn about the floor, and the pillow-cases ruthlessly destroyed; and it was not an uncommon thing to find a fat rat, which had effected an entrance through the mosquito curtains, nibbling away within an inch of my nose as I lay in bed. They held high revels in an old sideboard stored with sundry eatables, and so loud was the noise amongst the crockery therein, that often I had to get up and put the rebels to flight. In desperation, I determined one night to try what smoke would do to keep them out. Accordingly, I placed a piece of smouldering brown paper in the cupboard, watching, stick in hand, for the first rodent that should be caught in the act of sliding down the leg-supports on which this piece of furniture stood. I had not long to wait. Out came rat No. 1, and met his death on the spot. Chuckling over my

success, I stood expectant of No. 2; but in place of him, came a brown snake about twenty-four inches long, close to my bare feet. This was much more than I bargained for. My stick was down on him in a second; but, unluckily, so was the *tel-buttee*, held in the other hand; and the brown snake and I were together in total darkness, a most unpleasant predicament for both of us.

I knew nothing of the habits of this or any other specimen of the snake family, so that, as a matter of course, a bite, to be followed by death in fifteen minutes, seemed to me quite inevitable! And I did, on the spur of the moment, about the very worst thing I could have done under the circumstances, that is, groped for the door at all hazards, and shouted for a light. It was five minutes before this could be obtained; the sleeping Hindu will stand a lot of waking, and is some time collecting his wits from the realms of slumber; and the snake was gone. We found a hole in the corner of the room, through which the experienced eyes of my servants at once discovered he had made his exit. But as this only led into an inner wall dividing the rooms, I had the discomfort of knowing that he shared my bungalow, and would certainly come again some other day. And so he did—or one like him—three days later, and was squeezed to death in the hinges of the door, and in broad daylight.

My next snake, I remember, was a large cobra—whose bite is certain death. Being fresh to the country, and determined not to be imposed upon, I had not grown to the habit of handing over all my belongings to the care of native servants, of whose language I scarcely knew a word, and of whose integrity and honesty I had heard none but the worst reports; and I strove manfully to keep a tight hand over everything and every one, and, from personal observation, to know how I stood in regard to supplies and household requisites of all kinds; and in particular, for financial reasons, to guard jealously my stock of wines and beer—expensive commodities in the East, and apt to disappear miraculously. In a word, I kept the keys of my own stores, and did not intrust them absolutely, as I afterwards saw the wisdom of doing, to my *khansama* (butler); and it was my custom then to issue a certain number of bottles of wine or beer or tinned meats, &c., from out the *go-down* or storeroom, as occasion required. One end of the bungalow veranda was bricked up, to form a small storeroom for such commodities; and it had ever been my custom to enter this somewhat dark chamber with caution, owing to its being rather a favourite haunt of scorpions and centipedes; and the latter being my pet aversion, I always kept a sharp lookout. On one occasion, however, I was pushing aside a large empty box which had contained brandy, when, to my horror, I saw a large snake reposing therein. Escaping with great rapidity, he coiled at bay on the floor, with hood expanded and eyes glistening savagely at me. Seizing the box, I threw it at him and on him; whilst my servant ran to the other end of the veranda for a stick, with which he was soon and easily despatched. On another occasion, I remember, in opening a bathroom door, a small but deadly snake, by some means or other perched on the top of it, fell straight on to my wrist, and thence to the floor; and similarly, whilst seated one morning on a pony, inspecting some repairs in an outbuilding used as a stable, the same species of snake fell from the bamboo and thatch of the inner roof right on to my head, thence to my left arm and the saddle-bow, and so to the ground, where he escaped in some straw. Some time later, in picking up a handful of fresh-cut grass to give a favourite Cabul horse, I felt something moving in my hand; and dropping the grass, out wriggled a *krait*, a snake that for deadly poison ranks nearly next to the cobra.

I have heard of snakes, though I have never seen one, lying concealed beneath bed-clothes and under pillows. Twice, however, on awaking in the morning I have found that I have been honoured with the company during the night of an adder in my bedroom; and one morning, on taking my seat at my writing-desk, I discovered a very large cobra—nearly four and a half feet long—lying at full length at my feet close against the wall. He made for the open door, and I killed him in the veranda with a riding-whip; whilst the natives, as usual in such emergencies, were rushing wildly about, and searching in the most unlikely corners for a more effective weapon. It was always a salutary habit of mine, for which I have to thank the sagacity of an old and faithful attendant, to shake my riding-boots, preparatory to putting a foot into one—to eject a possible toad ensconced therein; or, as would frequently happen, old Ramcherrun boldly thrust his bronze fingers in for the like precaution; and *when* there happened to be a toad or frog inside, how the old rascal used to make me laugh at the precipitate way in which he would withdraw his hand, exclaiming, with a startled countenance: 'Kuchh hai bhitar!' (There is something inside.) On one occasion, as luck would have it, he adopted the shaking process, when out dropped a small snake, which I identified as a roof-snake (*sankor*). After this, I took care where I put my boots and shoes at night, and Ramcherrun, where he put his fingers.

Snakes are frequently found in what would seem to be the most unlikely places. As an instance, a lady of my district very nearly put her hand on a live cobra in reaching an ornament from the mantel-piece; the reptile was lying quietly next the wall, behind a clock. How he got there, was a mystery never solved. A friend of mine, who had set a country-made wooden trap for rats, caught a cobra instead, much to the horror of his *mehtur* (sweeper). But, more curious still, a snake was discovered by a lady whom I knew, a few years ago, on a drawing-room table of a station bungalow. It was of a small venomous species, and was hiding beneath a child's picture-book. On this occasion, the lady on taking up the book was bitten; but after suffering considerable pain, recovered.

Some very odd notions and superstitions regarding snakes obtain amongst the natives. There is a large snake called the *dharmin*, said to be a cross between the cobra and some other species. It is said to refrain from biting; but when pursued, strikes with its tail, which, according to the natives, can inflict painful and even dangerous wounds; and the belief obtains that this snake is quite innocuous on Sundays and Thursdays! It is considered unlucky to speak of any venomous snake by its proper

name—nicknames or roundabout expressions being considered preferable; just as the correct word for cholera morbus is avoided, as in the highest degree dangerous to employ, and likely to bring the disease. Many natives who walk about after dusk repeatedly strike the ground before them with their *lathee* (a bamboo staff), and go at a slow pace; and the *dâk*-runners or rural postmen, who run stages of five or six miles carrying the mail-bags, invariably carry a number of loose iron rings on their shoulder-pole, to make a jingling sound as they trot along. There are several versions of the object of this; the primary object being no doubt to scare away snakes and other noxious animals; but the noise also gives warning to the next stage-runner of the approach of the mail-bags.

Snakes are said to avoid approaching a naked light or flame of any kind. This is an error, as I have more than once discovered, and very nearly to my cost. I perceived, on one occasion, almost encircling the oil-lamp on the floor of one of my dressing-rooms, what appeared to be a stream of spilt oil as it were staining the matting; and I was in the act of lowering the candle which I carried, for a closer inspection, when the dark line moved off within three inches of my shoeless feet. It was a black snake, three feet long, called the *bahrá sámp*, literally *deaf* adder or snake.

Strange as it may seem, there are people—few though they may be—who never saw a snake in India. I was lately solemnly assured by a friend who had spent three years in the Mofussil, frequently camping out, that he had never once seen one dead or alive. At one bungalow where I resided a few years—a bungalow admirably situated, and well raised from the ground—I killed, or saw killed, during three months of one monsoon rains, between eighty and ninety poisonous snakes on the premises, of which more than one-third were either in the rooms or the veranda. My successor, who lived there about twelve months, encountered no more than four snakes! He was succeeded by a man who, in June, July, and August, killed over one hundred. One bungalow in a station may be infested with them, whilst another, a couple of hundred yards off, is completely free. Places the most likely-looking for the habitation of snakes, on account of jungle and dense vegetation close by, are often the most free of them. And so it often is with those pests the mosquitoes. Vast numbers of fowls are destroyed by snakes, and the cook-room is a place which seemingly has great attractions. The largest cobras I ever saw I have killed—sometimes shot—in the *bawarchi-khána* (cook-house).

I have spoken of the fondness of snakes for frogs and toads. There is a well-known cry of a very plaintive and peculiar description often heard, especially during the rains, uttered by these unfortunate frogs when being set at by a snake. 'Beng bolta hai, kodárwand!' (A frog is shouting) was the information frequently imparted to me by my little servant-boy Nubbee, as I lay beneath the punka enjoying my post-prandial cigar, ever ready, as he knew me to be, to kill the snake and save the frog. Out we would sally, he holding my kerosene table-lamp, and I armed with a polo-stick; and we rarely failed to find amongst the bushes adjacent to the bungalow the object of our search—a krait or a *ghoman* (cobra) besetting a terrified frog, that had not shrieked in vain, and which, by a timely rescue, lived to return to the bosom of its family once more.

A WITNESS FOR THE DEFENCE.

IN THREE CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER I.

It had been raining steadily all day. It was still raining as I stood at the corner of a great London thoroughfare on that wretched November night. The gutter babbled, the pavement glistened, humanity was obliterated by silk and alpaca; but the night-wind was cool and fresh to me, after a day spent in a hot police court, heavy with the steam of indigo-dyed constables, of damp criminals, and their frowsy friends and foes. I was later than usual. That was why I stood hesitating, and turning over and over the few shillings in my pocket, painfully gathered by a long day's labour as a young and struggling legal practitioner. I thought of my poor little sick wife, waiting so longingly for me in the dull lodgings miles away. I also considered the difficulty of earning two shillings, and the speed with which that sum disappeared when invested in cabs. I thought of the slowness and uncertainty of the 'bus, crowded inside and out; again of the anxious eyes watching the clock; and my mind was made up. I called a hansom from the rank just opposite to me, and jumped in, after giving my directions to so much of the driver as I could make out between his hat and his collar.

I felt tired, hungry, and depressed, so that I was glad to drop off to sleep, and forget weariness and worry for a little while; and I remained unconscious of bad pavement and rattling rain, blurred glass and misty lights, until the stoppage of the cab roused me. Thinking that I had arrived at my journey's end, and wondering why the glass was not raised, I smote lustily on the roof with my umbrella. But the voice of the driver came down to me through the trap in a confidential wheeze; and at the same time I saw that there was a great crowd ahead, and heard that there were shouts and confusion, and that my cab was one of a mass of vehicles all wedged together by some impassable obstacle.

'P'liceman says, sir,' explained cabby, 'as there's bin a gas main hexploded and blowed up the street, and nothin' can't get this way. There's bin a many pussons hinjured, sir. I'll have to go round the back streets.'

'All right,' I replied. 'Go ahead, then.'

Down slammed the trap; the cab was turned and manœuvred out of the press; and I soon found myself traversing a maze of those unknown byways, lined with frowsy lodging-houses and the dead walls of factories and warehouses, which hem in our main thoroughfares. I was broad awake now, excited by the news of the accident, speculating on its causes, and thinking of the scenes of agony and sorrow to which it had given rise, and of my own fortunate escape. The hansom I was in was an unusually well-appointed one for those days. It was clean and well cushioned; it had a mat on the floor instead of mouldy straw. Against one side was a metal match-holder, with a roughened surface; bearing,

as the occasional street lamps showed me, the words 'Please strike a light. Do not injure the cab.' On each side of the door was a small mirror, placed so as to face the driver; so that I could see reflected therein, through the windows, those parts of the street which the cab had just passed.

We careered up one dreary lane and down another, until, having just turned to the left into a rather wider thoroughfare, we were once more brought up. This time it was a heavy dray discharging goods at the back entrance of a warehouse. It was drawn up carelessly, occupying, in fact, more room than it should in that ill-lighted place. We were almost into it before we could pull up. To avoid accident, the cabman threw his horse half across the road; and in this position proceeded gently but firmly to expostulate with the drayman after the manner of cabmen on such occasions. The surly fellow would take no notice, and made no attempt for some minutes to give us room. I was too listless to interfere, and lay back in the cab, leaving the driver to get over the difficulty as he might.

In the right-hand glass, owing to our slanting position across the road, I could see reflected, a few yards off, the corner of the street out of which we had just turned, with the lamp which stood there, and above the lamp the name of the street, which, though reversewise on the mirror, I made out to be 'Hauraki Street.' The queer name attracted me; and I was wondering what colonial experiences could have led the builder to select it, when I saw the reflected figure of a man come into the light of the lamp along the road in which we stood. He was young, but dishevelled and dirty, and evidently wet through. His clothes, bad as their condition was, looked somehow as if their wearer had been, or ought now to be, in a better condition of body than his present one. He stared desolately about him for a while, as if to see whether there could be any other creature so miserable as to be lounging purposelessly about, without an umbrella, in such a place on such a night. A neighbouring clock struck eight, and he seemed to turn his head and listen till the clangour ceased. Then he inspected the sleeves of his coat, as people always do when unduly damp, and drew one of them across his forehead, taking off his hat for the purpose, as though hot from exercise. Then he carefully produced from inside the sodden and melancholy hat a folded piece of paper and a clay-pipe. He filled the pipe from the paper, restored the latter to the hat, and put the hat on his head. Then he looked helplessly at the pipe. I guessed that the poor wretch had neither a match nor a penny to buy one. A thought seemed to strike him. He looked up suddenly at the lamp, and I saw his face for the first time. I am an observer of faces. This one was peculiarly short and broad, with a projecting sharp-pointed chin, a long slit of a mouth, turned down at the corners; as it was now half open in perplexity, it disclosed a conspicuous blank, caused by the loss of one or more front teeth. The eyes were small and dark, and half-shut with a curious prying air. This was all I noticed; for now the man began awkwardly and laboriously to 'swarm' the lamp-post; evidently with the view of getting a light for his pipe. Having got about half-way to the top, he incautiously stopped to rest, and instantly slid to the bottom. Patiently he began all over again; and I now saw that if he was not altogether tipsy, he was something very like it. This time his efforts were so ill-judged that he caved in the melancholy hat against the cross-bar of the lamp; and the last I saw of him as my picture vanished at the whisking round of the hansom, he was blindly waving his pipe at the lamp-glass, his head buried in the wreck of his hat, as he vainly endeavoured to introduce the pipe through the opening underneath, and beginning once more to slide impotently down the shaft.

I got home without further adventure in time not to be missed by my little invalid; but for several days the queer street-name abode with me, as the merest trifles *will* haunt an over-anxious mind, such as mine then was. I repeated it to myself hundreds of times; I made it into a sort of idiotic refrain or chorus, with which I kept time to my own footsteps on my daily tramps. I tried to make rhymes to it, with indifferent success; and altogether it was some weeks before the tiresome phantom finally departed.

Also, I often wondered whether the drenched young man with the crushed hat had managed to get a light after all.

Twelve years had gone, and with them my troubles—such troubles at least as had been with me at the time of the beginning of this story. I was now a prosperous solicitor, with a large and varied practice, and with a comfortable home on the northern heights of London, wherein to cherish the dear wife, no longer sick, who had been my loving companion through the years of scarcity. The firm's practice was a varied one; but personally I devoted myself to that branch of it in which I had begun my professional life—the criminal law. In this I had fairly won myself a name both as an advocate and a lawyer—often very different things—which tended to make me a richer man every day. And I am glad to be able to say that I had added to this reputation another yet more valuable—that of being an honourable and honest man.

Late one afternoon, as I sat in my office after a long day at the Central Criminal Court, making preparations for my homeward flight, a stranger was shown in to me. He sat down and began his story, to which I at first listened with professional attention and indifference. But I soon became a trifle more interested; for this, as it seemed, was a tale of long-deferred vengeance, falling after the lapse of years upon the right head; such as we lawyers meet with more often in sensational novels—of which we are particularly fond—than in the course of practice.

Some dozen years ago, he said, there had lived in a remote suburb of London an elderly maiden lady, named Miss Harden, the only daughter of a retired merchant skipper, who had got together a very tolerable sum of money for a man of his class. Dying, he had left it all to his only living relative and friend, his daughter; and on the interest thereof she managed to live comfortably, and even to save quite a third of her income. These moneys she—being, like many maiden ladies, of a suspicious nature—always declined to invest in any way,

but kept them in an oaken cupboard in her sitting-room, which cupboard she was accustomed to glorify for its impregnable nature, when the danger she ran by keeping so much money about the house was represented to her. Perhaps she was fortified in her obstinacy by the consideration that she was not entirely alone and unprotected, though most people thought that such protection as she had was worse than none. It consisted in the presence of an orphaned nephew, to whose mother, on her deathbed, Miss Harden had solemnly promised that she would never forsake the child. She had been as good as her word, and better—or worse; for she had treated the boy with such foolish indulgence that he had grown up as pretty a specimen of the blackguard as could be found in the neighbourhood. After being expelled from school, he had never attempted to improve himself or earn his own living in any way, except by betting (and losing), and by making free with certain cash of his first and only employer; which questionable attempt at providing for himself would certainly have led to his being for some time provided for by his country, but for the tears and prayers of his aunt, and the sacrifice of a round sum out of her hoardings. From that time he lived with her, and she cherished and endured him as only women can. Scolding him when he came home tipsy at night, putting him carefully to bed, and forgiving him the next morning, only to scold and put him to bed again the same evening; so, with little difference, went on their lives for years.

But at last this loving patience began to wear out, and as the aunt got older and more irritable, the nephew's little ways caused louder and more frequent disagreements. One morning, things came to a climax. She caught him actually trying to set free the imprisoned secrets of the impregnable cupboard with a pocket-knife. Being interrupted and violently abused—the old lady was very ready with her tongue—he turned and struck her. She did then and there what she had threatened often of late; ordered him out of the house, and what was more, saw him out. There was rather a scene at the street-door, and the lookers-on heard him say, in answer to her vows that she would never see him again, 'When you do see me again, you'll be sorry enough;' or words to that effect. The last time he was known to have been in the neighbourhood was about three o'clock that afternoon, in a public-house close by, which he used to haunt. He was then in a maudlin state, and was descanting to a mixed audience on his wrongs and on the meanness of his relative. He further produced the knife with which he had attempted the cupboard, and was foolish enough to say that 'he wished he had tried it on the old woman herself, and he would too, before the day was out.'

All this greatly amused his rough hearers, who supplied him well with liquor, and generally kept the game alive, until the landlord, becoming jealous of the reputation of his house, turned him out of doors. From that moment he disappeared; but the same night a horrible murder was committed. The aunt had sent her one servant out for half an hour. The girl left at a quarter to eight, and returned at a quarter past, to find the poor old maid lying dead on the floor, while the oak cupboard was open and empty. Screaming with horror, the girl called in help; and one among the crowd that filled the house before the police came picked up on the floor a knife, which he identified as the very one which the nephew, whom he knew well, had exhibited that afternoon at the public-house. He repeated this evidence at the subsequent inquest, and it was confirmed by many others who knew both the knife and its owner. A verdict of wilful murder was returned against the nephew, whom we will call John Harden, but who had disappeared completely and entirely. Inquiries, advertisements, and the minute description of him which was posted, together with the offer of a heavy government reward for his apprehension, throughout the three kingdoms—all were useless. In the course of time the affair died out, except as an occasional remembrance in the minds of those who had been most intimately connected with it.

But on the afternoon of the very day on which the stranger waited upon me, John Harden had been recognised in the Strand by my informant. He wore a well-fitting suit of dark clothes, and was, in fact, the confidential servant of a retired Australian millionaire, who had come to England to spend the rest of his days there. On being addressed by his name, he had at first appeared surprised, though in no way alarmed; but almost immediately admitted that he had formerly gone by that name, though he had for years borne another. His accuser straightway gave him into the custody of the nearest constable, charging him with the murder. Then indeed the unfortunate man showed the greatest horror and disturbance of mind, protesting that he did not even know his aunt was dead; that he had intended to go and see her as soon as he could be relieved from attendance on his master; that he had even written to her several times, but having received no reply, had concluded that she was determined to renounce him entirely. He was locked up at the station for the night, and was to be brought before the magistrate in the morning; and my informant's object in coming to me was to instruct me to prosecute, not being content to leave that duty to the police. He was, it seemed, the very man who had, as already stated, picked up the knife with which the murder had been committed; and he expressed himself as being extremely anxious that justice should be done, and that the murderer should not escape. He stated that, though badly enough off twelve years ago, he had since succeeded in trade; that he knew the poor old lady well, having done many an odd job about the house for her; and that he was willing, for justice' sake, to put his hand as reasonably far into his pocket as could be expected. As he sat opposite to me, his face burning with indignation, I could not help thinking that it would be well for the country and the lawyers if all citizens were as prompt as my new client to spend their means in exposing and punishing crime in which they had no individual interest. I said something to this effect, and my remarks were received with a proper pride, tempered by modesty. 'He hoped he knowed his dooty as a man, and tried to do it.'

It so happened that I was obliged to leave town

next day, to attend to certain matters connected with an estate of which I was a trustee, in another part of the country. I told him this, adding that the magistrate would certainly send the case for trial, and that I should be back in town in time for the next Old Bailey sessions, and that I would be responsible that the case should receive proper attention in the meantime. He merely said that he left the matter in my hands, and that if I said it would be all right, he was content, and so departed, engaging to attend to have his evidence taken down next morning. I went to the office of a brother practitioner on whom I knew I could rely, handed him my written instructions, requested him to take up the case and work it until my return, and then did what every business man should be able to do—wiped the subject altogether out of my mind for the present.

LITERARY SELF-ESTIMATES.

THE question, Can an author rightly criticise his own work? has been variously answered. Gibbon emphatically says in his Autobiography that a writer himself is the best judge of his own performance, since no one has so deeply meditated on the subject, and no one is so sincerely interested in the event. Samuel Johnson did not go quite so far as this. In his Life of Dryden, he writes that, in the preface to one of his plays, Dryden 'discusses a curious question, whether an author can judge well of his own productions; and determines, very justly, that of the plan and disposition, and all that can be reduced to principles of science, the author may depend upon his own opinion; but that in those parts where fancy predominates, self-love may easily deceive. He might have observed, that what is good only because it pleases, cannot be pronounced good till it has been found to please.'

Certainly, from some points of view, nobody can be a better judge of an author's productions than the author himself. He alone knows fully the difficulties he had to contend with; he alone knows the places where he wrote with full knowledge and deep insight, and the places where he wrote carelessly and with no clear understanding; he alone can tell exactly how much he owes to other writers, and how far his work is the result of his own toil and thought. But that merciful dispensation of providence which prevents us from seeing ourselves as others see us, frequently so far affects an author's judgment of his own writings, that it has become almost a commonplace of criticism that the greatest of writers occasionally prefer their own least worthy works. They are apt to measure the value of what they have done not by its intrinsic merit, but by the difficulty of doing it; and knowing the pains it has cost them, and being, as Hazlitt says, apprehensive that it is not proportionately admired by others, who know nothing of what it cost them, they praise it extravagantly. Moreover, severe criticism often tempts an author to praise some neglected work of his above what he is conscious to be its real deserts; just as, when her chickens are attacked by the kite, the fond hen rushes straightway to defend the one which seems most in danger.

Milton's preference of *Paradise Regained* to *Paradise Lost* has often been instanced as an example of the false judgments writers form of their works. As a matter of fact, however, this opinion attributed to Milton is overstated. As has recently been pointed out by Mr Mark Pattison, all we know about the matter is, that Milton 'could not bear to hear with patience' that it was inferior to *Paradise Lost*. Of a writer who formed the most exaggerated and erroneous notions about the merits of his works, no better example could be given than Southey. He was indeed, as Macaulay remarked in his Diary, arrogant beyond any man in literary history; for his self-conceit was proof against the severest admonitions, and the utter failure of one of his books only confirmed him in his belief of its excellence. When William Taylor asked him who was to read his massive quartos on Brazil, he replied: 'That one day he should by other means have made such a reputation that it would be thought a matter of course to read them.' About *Kehama*, he wrote: 'I was perfectly aware that I was planting acorns while my contemporaries were planting Turkey beans. The oak will grow; and though I may never sit under its shade, my children will.' To one of his contemporaries, he writes in 1805: 'No further news of the sale of *Madoc*. The reviews will probably hurt it for a while; that is all they can do. Unquestionably the poem will stand and flourish. I am perfectly satisfied with the execution—now, eight months after its publication, in my cool judgment. William Taylor has said it is the best English poem that has left the press since *Paradise Lost*. Indeed, this is not exaggerated praise, for there is no competition.' On another occasion Southey writes: '*Thalaba* is finished. You will, I trust, find the Paradise a rich poetical picture, a proof that I can employ magnificence and luxury of language when I think them in place. One overwhelming propensity has formed my destiny, and marred all prospects of rank or wealth; but it has made me happy, and it will make me immortal.' In a letter written in 1815, he modestly remarks that nothing could be more absurd than thinking of comparing any of his pieces with *Paradise Lost;* but that with Tasso, with Virgil, with Homer, there might be fair grounds of comparison! Nor did he think more meanly of himself as an historian, for he predicted that he would stand above Hume, Robertson, and Gibbon; nay, he went even further, and challenged comparison with the Father of History. 'I have flattered myself,' he says, 'that my *History of Brazil* might in more points than one be compared to Herodotus, and will hereafter stand in the same relation to the history of that large portion of the new world as his History does to that of the old.'

Southey's friend and admirer, Walter Savage Landor, resembled him in the exalted notions he entertained of the value of his own productions. 'I have published,' he says in the conversation with Hare, 'five volumes of *Imaginary Conversations;* cut the most of them through the middle, and there will remain in the decimal fraction enough to satisfy my appetite for fame. I shall dine late, but the dining-room will be well lighted, the guests few and select.' 'Be patient!' he says in another place. 'From the higher heavens of poetry it is long before the radiance of the

brightest star can reach the world below. We hear that one man finds out one beauty, another man finds out another, placing his observatory and instruments on the poet's grave. The worms must have eaten us before we rightly know what we are. It is only when we are skeletons that we are boxed, and ticketed, and shown. Be it so! I shall not be tired of waiting.' Knowing, he again writes, that in two thousand years there have not been five volumes of prose (the work of one man) equal to his *Conversations*, he could indeed afford to wait. If conscious of earthly things, we fear he may be waiting still.

With better reason than Southey and Landor, Wordsworth nourished in his breast a sublime self-complacency, and, in spite of adverse criticisms, wrote calmly on, 'in the full assurance that his poems would be unpopular, and in the full assurance that they would be immortal.' To a friend who wrote condoling with him about the severity with which his poems were criticised in the *Edinburgh Review*, he replied: 'Trouble not yourself about their present reception; of what moment is that compared with what I trust is their destiny? To console the afflicted; to add sunshine to daylight, by making the happy happier; to teach the young and gracious of every age to see, to think, and to feel, and therefore to become more actively and securely virtuous—this is their office, which I trust they will faithfully perform long after we—that is, all that is mortal of us—are mouldering in our graves.' Again: 'I doubt not that you will share with me an invincible confidence that my writings, and among them these little poems, will co-operate with the benign tendencies in human nature and society, wherever found, and that they will, in their degree, be efficacious in making men happier and wiser.'

Byron, to whom Macaulay denied the possession of any high critical faculty, was no better judge of his own poetry than he was of other people's. His *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage* he thought inferior to his *Hints from Horace*, a feeble imitation of Pope and Johnson, which he repeatedly designed to publish, and was withheld from doing only by the solicitations of his friends, whom, to his astonishment, he could never bring to think of the matter as he did. Scott, who had few of the weaknesses common to literary men, was free from any tendency to unduly estimate his own writings. He always said that his poetry would never live, and was not to be compared with that of many of his contemporaries. He felt that though Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Shelley were then comparatively neglected, the time would come when they would be recognised as having possessed more of the sacred fire of inspiration than he. 'I promise you,' he says in an epistle to an old friend, 'my oaks will outlast my laurels; and I pique myself more on my compositions for manure, than on any other compositions to which I was ever accessory.' This was, of course, in great part badinage. But he repeatedly, both in writing and conversation, placed literature below some other professions, and especially the military, of whose greatest representative then living, the Duke of Wellington, his admiration knew no bounds.

'There are two things,' said Dr Johnson to Reynolds, 'which I am confident I can do very well: one is an introduction to any literary work, stating what it is to contain, and how it should be executed in the most perfect manner; the other is a conclusion proving from various causes why the execution has not been equal to what the author promised to himself and the public.' The Doctor was, on the whole, a very honest critic of his own productions. 'I showed him,' writes Boswell, 'as a curiosity that I had discovered, his translation of Lobo's Account of Abyssinia, which Sir John Pringle had lent me, it being then little known as one of his works. He said: "Take no notice of it," or, "Don't talk of it." He seemed to think it beneath him, though done at six-and-twenty. I said to him: "Your style, sir, is much improved since you translated this." He answered with a sort of triumphant smile: "Sir, I hope it is."' On one occasion, when some person read his *Irene* aloud, he left the room, saying he did not think it had been so bad. Reviewing the *Rambler* late in life, he shook his head, and said it was 'too wordy.'

A good specimen of honest, manly self-criticism is afforded by a letter of Sydney Smith's to Jeffrey, who had written to him complaining that he treated grave subjects in too jocular a vein. 'You must consider,' he writes, 'that Edinburgh is a very grave place, and that you live with philosophers who are very intolerant of nonsense. I write for the London, not for the Scotch market, and perhaps more people read my nonsense than your sense. The complaint was loud and universal about the extreme dullness and lengthiness of the *Edinburgh Review*. Too much, I admit, would not do of my style; but the proportion in which it exists enlivens the *Review*, if you appeal to the whole public, and not to the eight or ten grave Scotchmen with whom you live. . . . Almost any one of the sensible men who write for the *Review* could have done a much wiser and more profound article than I have done upon the Game Laws. I am quite certain nobody would obtain more readers for his essay on such a subject, and I am equally certain that the principles are right, and that there is no lack of sense in it.'

Macaulay also may be ranked among the writers who have formed correct judgments of their own works. 'I have written,' he wrote with great candour, to Macvey Napier, 'several things on historical, political, and moral questions, of which, on the fullest reconsideration, I am not ashamed, and by which I should be willing to be estimated. But I have never written a page of criticism on poetry or the fine arts which I would not burn if I had the power. I leave it to yourself to make the comparison. I am sure that on reflection you will agree with me. Hazlitt used to say of himself, "I am nothing if not critical." The case with me is directly the reverse. I have a strong and acute enjoyment of great works of the imagination; but I have never habituated myself to dissect them.' Not less sound was his estimate of his great History. A fortnight before its publication, he wrote in his Diary: 'The state of my own mind is this: when I compare my own work with what I imagine history ought to be, I feel dejected and ashamed; but when I compare it with some Histories which have a high repute, I feel re-assured.' At a subsequent

stage of the publication, he writes: 'I dawdled over my book most of the day, sometimes in good, sometimes in bad spirits about it. On the whole, I think that it must do. The only competition, so far as I perceive, it has to dread is that of the two former volumes. Certainly no other History of William's reign is either so trustworthy or so agreeable.' The following entry is interesting: 'I looked through ——'s two volumes. He is, I see, an imitator of me. But I am a very unsafe model. My manner is, I think, and the world thinks, on the whole a good one; but it is very near to a bad manner indeed, and those characteristics of my style which are most easily copied are the most questionable.'

Of all classes of writers, perhaps the most vain are amateur poets and great classical scholars. An amusing instance of conceit in one of the former class is given in Cyrus Redding's *Recollections*. Once meeting with Colton, the author of *Lacon*, they entered into conversation, and Colton invited him to his house, and quoted many lines from a poem he was composing called *Hypocrisy*. 'Now,' said he, 'do you think any lines of Pope more euphonical than these?'

His conceit at first surprised Redding; but seeing his weak side, he flattered him. 'Really, they are very good, and very like'——

'There, sir; I think these will convince you I write verses of some merit.'

This anecdote reminds one of a certain amateur versifier whom Thomas Davidson, the 'Scottish Probationer,' once met with in his peregrinations, who used to read to his suffering auditor long poems of his own composition. When Davidson did violence to his conscience by praising any of them, the poetaster complacently remarked: 'Yes, it's capital.' How differently puerile vanity like this affects one, from the lofty words some great writers have used of their own works. How fine, for example, is the address of Bacon: 'Those are the Meditations of Francis of Verulam, which that posterity should be possessed of, he deemed *their* interest.' Horace, in one of his finest odes, says of himself: 'I have erected a monument more durable than brass, and more lofty than the regal height of the pyramids.' In a similar strain, Shakspeare writes in one of his sonnets:

> Not marble, nor the gilded monuments
> Of princes, shall outlive this lofty rhyme;
> But you shall shine more bright in these contents
> Than unswept stone, besmeared with sluttish time.

It would fail us to repeat all the anecdotes that might be told of the vanity of scholars. Richard Bentley, whom Macaulay calls the greatest scholar that has appeared in Europe since the revival of learning, always spoke, wrote, and acted as if he considered a great scholar the greatest of men. In the preface to his edition of Horace, he describes at some length the characteristics of the ideal critic, and pretty plainly indicates that he regarded himself as that model individual. If, in scholarship, Samuel Parr was inferior to Bentley, his vanity was at least equally colossal. 'Shepherd,' he once said to one of his friends, 'the age of great scholars is past. I am the only one now remaining of that race of men.' 'No man's horse carries more Latin than mine,' he one day observed to an acquaintance with whom he was out riding. In signal contrast to the opinions these two worthies entertained of themselves was the verdict which Porson, the greatest Greek scholar England has seen, passed on himself. Being once asked why he had produced so little original matter, he replied: 'I doubt if I could produce any original work which could command the attention of posterity. I can only be known by my notes; and I am quite satisfied if, three hundred years hence, it shall be said that one Porson lived towards the close of the eighteenth century who did a good deal for the text of Euripides.'

BURIED ALIVE.

Of all the horrible and appalling calamities that can befall mortal man, we can imagine none more ghastly than that of being buried alive, and well authenticated records have placed beyond a doubt that it has occasionally happened. The case of the lady whose ring, cut from her finger by midnight violators of her tomb, was the means of saving her from a dreadful fate, has been often told. Her son, the eminent Dr L——, born many years after his mother had been buried, was the physician and friend of the family of the writer, one of whose earliest recollections is the hearing the story from the lips of an aged relative, while forming one of a group of small listeners gathered round and hanging with 'bated breath on the narration. Children love to have the same stories told over and over again in the same words. They like to know what is coming—to watch with thrills of expectation for each detail. And these details, graphically given by one who had them from the very actors in the scene, were weird and vivid. The vault at midnight—the cutting off of the finger—the ghastly terror of the ruffians, when the dead woman sat up in her coffin and blood began to flow—the familiar knock coming to the house-door in the dead of night, heard by terrified maids, who, thinking their mistress's ghost was there, buried their faces, trembling, in their pillows. The bereaved husband lying sleepless in his grief, heard it too, and started at the sound. 'If my dear wife were not gone,' he thought, 'I should say that was her knock;' and when, more faintly, it again smote his ear, rising at last and going to the door, he was confronted by the resuscitated woman. All this was listened to with an interest intensified by the fact of its being true.

A curious coincidence respecting this event is that an exactly similar story is recorded in the annals of the family of the Earls of Mount-Edgcumbe. In them we read that the mother of Richard Edgcumbe, created first Baron in 1742, being at the time young and childless, died, apparently, at their seat, Cothele, near Plymouth. She was buried with a valuable ring on her finger; and the cutting this off by violators of the tomb, as in the case of Mrs L——, restored her to consciousness. Five years afterwards, she gave birth to a son.

In the year 1838, a remarkable instance of burying alive occurred at Cambray, in France. M. Marbois, a farmer residing at Sisoy, in that neighbourhood, had reared a large family, and acquired by his industry and good conduct, wealth

and consideration, so that he was chosen principal churchwarden of his parish, and appointed deputy-mayor. He had lived in harmony with his family, until the subject of a marriage his eldest son wished to contract, became the cause of a quarrel, and brought on fierce disputes between him and his children. Marbois was a man of violent passions; opposition made him frantic; and on one occasion, when the dispute ran higher than usual, he became so infuriated that he rose up and pronounced a fearful malediction upon his family. No sooner had the words passed his lips, than his whole frame suddenly collapsed; his face grew livid, his eyes fixed, his limbs stiffened, and he fell to the ground. Medical aid was called in; but all pulsation had ceased. Soon the body became cold, and his death was decidedly pronounced—the cause, a stoppage of the heart's action produced by violent excitement. This occurred on the 13th of January; and on the 16th the interment took place. There had been a severe frost, and the extreme hardness of the ground prevented the grave from being properly dug. It was therefore left shallow, with the intention of deepening it when the thaw should come. By the 23d the ground became sufficiently softened, and men were set to work to raise the body and finish the grave. On lifting the coffin, they fancied that they heard a sigh, and on listening attentively, they found the sounds of life repeated. Breaking open the coffin, and perceiving that faint actions of pulsation and respiration were going on to a certain extent, the men hurried off with the body to the house of the parish doctor, by whose efforts Marbois was at last restored to consciousness.

When the resuscitated man was able to recall what had taken place, he became overwhelmed with contrition, regarding the fate from which he so narrowly escaped as the deserved punishment of his sin. He sent for the clergyman of Sisoy, whom he entreated to mediate with his children, expressing his anxiety to make his peace with them and to recall his malediction. The result was a return to mutual understanding and the re-establishment of harmony in the household.

The distinguished physician Sir Henry Marsh, used to describe an event which occurred at the beginning of his medical career, many years before he had reached the eminence to which he afterwards attained. He was called in by the family doctor—a country practitioner—to attend upon Colonel H——, struck down suddenly by apoplexy. The fit was a severe one. All efforts to save the sick man proved unavailing; he never rallied, and at the end of a few days, to all appearance breathed his last. On the morning of the funeral, the two medical attendants deemed it right, as a last attention, to go and take leave of the remains of their patient before the coffin was screwed down. The family doctor, a jovial florid personage, on whom professional cares sat lightly, had been a friend, and ofttimes boon-companion, of the deceased. A bottle of port and glasses stood on a table near the coffin.

'Ah, my poor friend!' he said, pouring out a bumper and tossing it off; 'this was his favourite drink. Rare wine, too. He knew what was good, and never spared it. Many a generous glass we have had together. I'll drink another to his memory,' he cried; and another, and another followed, until the wine rapidly gulped down, and at so unwonted an hour, began to tell upon the man, and make his eyes glisten and his speech grow thick.

'Why should you not pledge me now for the last time?' exclaimed the excited doctor, while he approached the corpse, and, to Sir Henry's inexpressible disgust at such revolting levity, pressed the glass to the pale lips. The contents went down the colonel's throat!

Sir Henry stood amazed; his eyes, which he was turning away from the unbecoming spectacle, were riveted on the corpse.

The jovial doctor, sobered in a moment, staggered back. 'Can a dead man drink?' he cried.

'Give him more—more!' exclaimed Sir Henry, recovering his presence of mind and seizing the bottle.

A tinge so slight that only a medical eye could have detected it, began faintly to suffuse the white face. The doctor tore away the shroud and placed his hand upon the heart. There was no movement; but they lifted the body out of the coffin and proceeded to adopt the measures proper for resuscitation.

Meanwhile, the hearse stood at the door; the funeral guests were assembling outside—carriages arriving; while within, all was commotion and suspense—servants hurrying to and fro fetching hot bricks, stimulants, restoratives, in obedience to the doctors' commands; the latter plying every means skill could devise to keep the flickering spark of life from dying out; and the startled family, half paralysed by the sudden revulsion, standing around, gathered in anxious, silent groups.

Breathlessly they watched for tidings. For a long time the result seemed doubtful—doubtful whether the hearse before the door, the gaping coffin, the graveclothes lying scattered about and trampled under foot, all the grim paraphernalia of death, hastily discarded in the first wild moment of hope—might not yet be needed to fulfil their mournful office. But no! Breath, pulsation, consciousness, were slowly returning.

Colonel H—— was given back to his family and home, filling again the place that it was thought would know him no more. And not until five-and-twenty years had passed away after that memorable morning, were his friends summoned—this time to pay him the last tribute.

A young officer returned from China related, apropos of burying alive, the following experience.

'On our passage home,' he said, 'we had in the transport, besides our own troops, a large draft of French soldiers. Disease soon broke out among the closely packed men, and deaths were of daily occurrence. The French dealt summarily with their dead. As soon as a poor fellow had breathed his last, he was stripped, a twenty-pound shot tied to his heels, and his body thrust through a porthole into the sea. John Bull's prejudices rebelled against such rapid proceedings. When we lost any of our comrades, they were allowed to lie for twelve hours covered with the Union-jack, and the burial service was read over them before they were committed to the deep. One day, a French sergeant, who had just fallen a victim to the pestilence, was brought

up on deck in the sheet in which he had died, to be thrown overboard. The twenty-pound shot had been fastened to his feet and the sheet removed, when, in pushing him through the port-hole, he was caught by a protruding hook or nail at the side, and stuck fast. A few more vigorous thrusts sent the body further through; and in so doing, the flesh was torn by the hook, and blood began to flow. The attention of the bystanders was attracted to this; and, moreover, they fancied that they saw about the corpse other startling symptoms. "The man's alive!" flew from mouth to mouth. In an instant, willing hands were pressing eagerly to the rescue, and before the body could touch the water, it was caught and brought up on deck.

'The French sergeant was one of the soundest men on board the transport-ship when we landed.'

CAMEO-CUTTING.

The best American artist in cameo-cutting has recently, says a contemporary, been interviewed upon his costly art. He was found pounding up diamonds with a pestle and mortar. This, he explained, was not the only costly part of cameo-making, which takes eyesight, a great deal of time and patience, and years of experience. Then the onyx stones, from which the cameos are made, are expensive, costing sometimes as much as fifty dollars. The choicest have a layer of cream-coloured stone on a dark chocolate-coloured base. But many persons like the red, orange, black, or shell pink stones just as well. They are found in the Uruguay Mountains and in Brazil. The onyx is a half-precious stone of the quartz family. It is taken to Europe, and cut into oval or oblong shapes, and Americans have to pay ten per cent. duty to get it through the custom-house. The cameo-cutter turned to his lathe by the window, and, rubbing some of the diamond dust, which he had mixed with sperm oil, on the end of a small drill, began his work. He was making for a cabinet piece a large cameo, two by two and a half inches, one of the largest ever cut, of an old gentleman in Germany, whose portrait was placed before him. 'I have one hundred and twenty-five of these soft iron drills,' he remarked; 'they are made soft so as to catch the diamond dust, which is the only thing that will cut a cameo. A cameo is indestructible, except you take a hammer and smash it. It is an old art, and was practised by the Romans, Greeks, and Egyptians. Dr Schliemann found some cameos in good preservation that were probably three thousand years old. It takes several weeks to cut a large piece like this. Afterwards, it has to be polished with tripoli, first being smoothed with emery and oil, using the lead instruments similar to those for cutting. It is easier to cut a profile than a full-face portrait. Some people prefer intaglios, in which the portrait is depressed instead of raised. They are made on sards and cornelians, the former being a dark-reddish brown, and the latter a clear red. They are harder to make than cameos. I have to take impressions of the work in wax as I go on. I usually cut portraits from photographs, but sometimes have done them from life, and also from casts of dead persons.' Among portraits which the artist had cut are those of ex-President Hayes, Mrs Hayes, William Cullen Bryant, Bayard Taylor, Peter Cooper, and others. A large cameo copy of Gerôme's 'Cleopatra before Cæsar' was valued at fifteen hundred dollars.

ANGEL VISITORS.

In the graveyard gray and chill,
Veiled in shadow, hushed and still,
'Neath one drooping cypress tree,
They are laid, my darlings three—
Merry Robin, brave and bold;
Baby May, with locks of gold;
Darling Dolly, shy and fair,
With the grave-dust on her hair.
Now their joyous feet no more
Patter o'er the cottage floor;
Still they hover near, I know—
Lovely spirits, white as snow!

Ringing sounds of boyish mirth
Never round my childless hearth
In the morning light are heard,
Welcoming the early bird;
In the evening, drear and long,
Never maiden's vesper song
Bids discordant voices cease,
Fills the slumberous hush with peace;
Yet when bowed in tearful prayer,
Lo! they mount the silent stair!
Whispering, fluttering, to and fro—
Lovely spirits, white as snow!

Heavenly wisdom in their eyes,
Downward from the starlit skies,
On the moonbeams pale they glide,
Smiling angels side by side!
Folded in their loving arms,
Swiftly fade life's vague alarms.
When I feel their flowery breath
Fan my cheek, I long for death.
How my heart in rapture sings,
Listening to their rustling wings,
Making music sweet and low—
Lovely spirits, white as snow!

When the faint, uncertain glow
Of my taper burning low,
Dimly shows each vacant place,
Treasured curl and pictured face,
With a world of longing pain,
Empty hands are clasped in vain!
Then lie patient on my knee,
Till they come, my darlings three!
Bidding earthly sounds grow dumb,
In their shimmering robes they come,
Wondering at their mother's woe—
Lovely spirits, white as snow!

When I slumber, they are near,
Whispering in my dreaming ear,
Shedding beams of heavenly light
From their pinions silvery bright!
Ah! such holy truths they speak,
Kissing lip, and brow, and cheek!
'Peace!' they murmur o'er and o'er;
'We are with you evermore!
Angels count the mourner's hours;
Every cross is crowned with flowers.'
God has taught them this, I know—
Lovely spirits, white as snow!

FANNY FORRESTER.

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NATURE AROUND LONDON.

Most people have the impression that to enjoy country sights and sounds, and all the peaceful rural beauties and bright hues of an English landscape, one must go a long way out of London. Mr Richard Jefferies, in his recent volume, *Nature near London* (Chatto and Windus), has, with his admirable power of nature-painting, shown this to be a mistake. About twelve miles from the great metropolis there are to be found small picturesque villages lying in the heart of leafy copses, and rural lanes imbedded in greenery, and filled with bird and insect life. Here the wayfarer, weary with the dust and smoke of London, may inhale an atmosphere laden with resinous and balmy scents, and stretch himself in the cool grass beside streams beloved by the angler, where patches of forget-me-nots gem the greensward with their soft turquoise-blue, and the yellow flag hangs out in the bright summer sunshine its gay streamers of gold.

Mr Jefferies tells us regarding one of these tiny brooks, that he watched season after season a large trout that lay in a deep pool under the shadow of a great beech-tree. For nearly four years, in shadow and sunshine, he observed this veteran of the finny tribe as he lay meditatively watching the world outside from the quiet depths of his snug pool. The noisy little sedge-birds chattered overhead, and the patient anglers cast their lines with crafty care by the side of the brook; but no bait they could use had any charm for him. At length, by slow degrees, there came to be a comparative friendliness and confidence between the trout and the patient watcher who stood so still and silent by the edge of the pool. Sometimes the trout would venture out of the shadow, and raising himself over a dead branch that lay in the water, display all his speckled beauties in the ripple and sunshine. At last, one bright summer morning, an end came to this quaint friendship. An awful revolution occurred in the quiet life of the brook—the water was dammed up and let off by a side-hatch, in order that some large pipe might be laid down; and the big trout, with his lesser brethren, fell a victim to the predatory instincts of a party of navvies. Our author looked in vain next day into the still depths of the beech-tree pool; his finny friend was gone, and the place looked empty and dull without him.

It is impossible to describe to any one who has not experienced it for himself, how much the near neighbourhood of London enhances all the beauties of the country, and brings out the sweet scents of the fields and hedges. In the cool dewy mornings, the honeysuckle trailing along the hedgerows perfumes the air all around, and mingles with the delicious scent of the bean and hay fields. In these woodland copses, nature has opened her flowery cornucopia and poured out her treasures with a liberal hand. Here one stumbles upon a clump of wild-roses, with their delicate pink glow and faint sweet perfume; there, a few steps farther bring you to a lime-tree laden with blossoms, and you feel the whole perfumed air heavy with the slumberous hum of the bees busy overhead. Rabbits dart out and in from under the green palm-like fronds of a great clump of brake-fern; the woodpeckers call to each other; the jays screech from the leafy lanes; wood-pigeons coo from the depths of the copse-wood. There is no blank of silence, no absence of the companionship of living things, no lack of vivid interest for any one who can scan with an intelligent eye the pages of nature's great book.

Away over the rippling hayfields, the lark, mounting upwards, a tiny speck in the cloudless blue of the summer sky, makes the air quiver with the glad thrilling notes of his morning song; and down in the leafy hollow of the copse, where the brook murmurs gently beneath the overhanging boughs, the blackbird trills his mellifluous flute-like notes. Birds, our author says, abound. 'In some places, almost every clod has its lark, every bush its songster.'

One particular lane, with a high hedge bordered with elm-trees, had four or five *nightingales; and*

a copse near it resounded in the season with the cheerful call of the cuckoo. Magpies, which have become scarce in many places throughout the country, are plentiful near London, where some birds are also found which, in many country districts, are but rare and occasional visitors, such as the blackcap, shrike, and gorgeous kingfisher. To a student of bird-life, such spots as a little wood, which our author christened Nightingale Copse, cannot fail to prove a perfect paradise. It was a favourite resort not only of nightingales, but of other migratory birds—chiff-chaffs, willow wrens, golden-crested wrens, fieldfares, &c. In the fields bordering the highway, partridges abounded; and Mr Jefferies counted on one occasion as many as seventeen young pheasants all feeding together on the wheat-stubbles. Nor is the ear the only sense which is charmed in these woodland copses—in the hedgerows, and under the straggling trees and bushes which border the woods, flowers abound, gleaming out in the sunshine from between the tall grasses with a sudden surprise of vivid colour; or spreading like enamel over the short turf; or intertwining their gay garlands with the clustering masses of creeping bramble. Each flower has its own peculiar habitat, where it flourishes luxuriantly. There are patches of the yellow rock rose, of the cranesbill, of the sweet purple wild thyme, of the starry white stitchwort, of the campion and yellow snapdragon; while stately and tall under the shadow of the birch-trees, the foxglove hangs out to the rustling breeze its lovely bells of clouded purple. Nor is heath awanting; 'the open slopes beyond Sandown are covered with heath, growing so thickly, that even the narrow footpaths are hidden by the overhanging bushes of it. Beneath and amid the heath, what seems a species of lichen grows so profusely as to give a gray undertone to the whole.'

In autumn, this stretch of heath blazes out into a deep glory of purple, so rich and full, that it seems to give the very atmosphere a glow of purple light. Beyond the heath, there are fir-woods, stretching to the east and west; while southwards, the heath melts into the soft green of corn and meadow lands, with scattered clumps of trees. The open slopes among the straggling firs, which dot like sentinels the borders of these pine-woods, are covered with forests of tall ferns, amid which the browsing cows are lost to sight, and only reveal their whereabouts by the tinkling music of the small bells suspended to their necks.

Adders are common in these woods, and are sometimes killed for the sake of their oil, which some folks consider a specific for deafness. It is procured by skinning the adder and taking the fat and boiling it; the result being a clear oil, which never thickens even in the coldest weather. It is applied by pouring a small quantity into the ear, exactly in the same manner as the poison was poured into the ear of the sleeping king in *Hamlet*. Squirrels abound in these copses, and so do weasels and stoats.

In some fields christened by our author Magpie Fields, because he one day saw ten magpies all together in one of them, herbs abound which are in request among herbalists for medicinal purposes. One of these is yarrow. One day, looking at some mowers at work in a hayfield, he saw a man in advance of the others pulling up the yarrow plants as fast as he could and carefully laying them aside. Asking him why he did so, he answered, that although it seemed such a common weed, it was not without its value, for that a person sometimes came and took away a whole trap-load of it. The flowers were boiled, and mixed with cayenne pepper, and were then used as a remedy for colds in the chest. Dandelions are also in request; the tender leaves are pulled in the spring, and taken away in sackfuls to be eaten as salad. There are also hellebore and blue scabious; and the rough-leaved comfrey; and borage with its reminiscences of claret-cup; and groundsel, dear to the owners of pet birds; and knotted figwort, and Aaron's rod; and a whole tribe of strongly scented mints and peppermints. The belief in these simples, which made the reputation in the middle ages of many a wonder-working doctor and village witch, is fast dying out in the country districts, where the agricultural labourers scarcely know one herb from another; but it flourishes still around the mighty and enlightened metropolis. The herb self-heal is to be found in many hedgerows of many harvest-fields, as well as on the stubbles near London; but very few reapers now would know it if they saw it, or ever think of applying it to any accidental cut or gash.

In the harvest and turnip-hoeing seasons, picturesque bivouac fires dot the fields and lanes. These do not owe their existence to parties of pleasure-seekers, who go a-gipsying under the greenwood tree, but are rather the outcome of a hard struggle for the means of subsistence. They belong to wandering Irish labourers, who move about from farm to farm wherever they can get work, sleeping in barns or outhouses, and in fine weather doing their cooking in the open air. Nothing can be more unlike the populace of the vast adjacent metropolis than these agricultural labourers, native or imported. Look at the ploughman in the furrows yonder, with his stolid characterless face, vacantly regarding the team of three stately horses before him. Intent day by day on the earth beneath his feet, he sees, or at least notices little else. 'His mind imbibes the spirit of the soil,' and cannot rise beyond. When the plough stops, he takes out his bread and cheese; and as he munches away, his eyes fall on the sunbeams glittering on the roof of the Crystal Palace; but the sparkling reflection awakens no train of thought in his uncontemplative soul; he takes no interest except in the furrows at his feet; although near London, he is not of it.

In the collection of English pottery in the Museum is preserved the simple rustic memory of these tillers of the soil, the men who, centuries ago, ploughed like this simple countryman these beautiful English acres, scattering the seed over the furrows in the green flush of spring, and garnering the golden grain beneath the mellow skies of autumn. It is curious that so much of the unwritten history of our race should be preserved by so frail a thing as earthenware. These jugs and mugs, with their quaint mottoes and ornamentation, carry the spectator back to the sports and habits of a bygone age.

'May the best cock win,' recalls a brutal sport now almost unknown. The frog at the bottom of the jug is a rebuke to the too greedy toper;

while the motto on another cup shows that there were grumblers even in the good old days, and that times were hard then as well as now :

> Here's to thee, mine honest friend,
> Wishing these hard times to mend.

Beyond the woodlands and valleys which Mr Jefferies has described so happily, are the vast South Downs, hidden in masses of gray mist. These wide sheep-walks are seemingly endless in their extent. They are profusely covered with flowers in their season, with patches of furze, and with short thick grass, amid which the wild thyme luxuriates, spreading out into soft cushions of purple which might make a seat for a king, and permeating with its aromatic fragrance the whole keen air of the uplands. The furze is full of bird-life. Only game has decreased with the increase of cultivation; and with the decrease of game, foxes have become fewer. A few years ago, they were so abundant, that a shepherd told our author that he had sometimes seen as many as six at a time sunning themselves on the precipitous face of the cliffs at Beachy Head. They ascend and descend the precipice by narrow winding-paths of their own with the greatest ease and in perfect safety, unless a couple have a quarrel on one of the narrow rock-ledges, when fatal results often ensue—one or both toppling over.

'Lands of gold,' says our author, 'have been found, and lands of spices and precious merchandise; but the South Downs are the land of health. There is always the delicious air, turn where you will; and the grass, the very touch of which refreshes.' Besides all this, there is the peculiar beauty which gives its chief charm to all elevated situations, the interest of the panorama which spreads around and beneath—the distant trees which wave in the freshening breeze; the gleam of light which brings out into strong relief the warm bit of colouring supplied by the tiled roof of yonder farmhouse; the flashes of sunshine which brighten up the gloom, and chase the shadows across the swelling uplands and green low-lying meadows beyond.

Seen in the shifting lights and glooms of a breezy autumn day, this lofty, lonely spot seems a land of enchanted beauty, which holds the spectator spellbound, till masses of cloud, rolling up from the sea, throw deep purple shadows over the peaceful landscape, and warn him that darkness is about to fall over the flower-spangled slopes and gleaming sea beyond.

BY MEAD AND STREAM.

CHAPTER XXIII.—CHANGES.

The arrival of a stranger in Kingshope was not such an unusual occurrence as to attract much particular attention. The villagers were accustomed in the summer to frequent visits of bands of 'beanfeasters' or 'wayzegoose' parties, as the annual outings of the employees of large city firms are called. On these occasions there were athletic games on the common, pleasant roamings through the Forest, and high revel in the *King's Head* or the *Cherry Tree* afterwards. Then there were itinerant photographers, negro minstrels, and gypsy cheap Jacks, with caravans drawn by animals which may be best described as the skeletons of horses in skin-tights—working the Forest 'pitch' or 'lay'—these being the slang terms for any given scene of operation for the professional vagrant. The bird-snarers and the pigeon-flyers seemed to be always about. In the hunting season there were generally a few guests at the *King's Head;* and so, although every new visitor underwent a bovine stare, he was forgotten as soon as he passed out of sight.

Mr Beecham's ways were so quiet, that before he had been a week in the place, he had glided so imperceptibly into its ordinary life that he seemed to be as much a part of it as the parson and the doctor. His presence was of course observed, but there was little sign of impertinent curiosity. It was understood that he was looking about the district for a suitable house in which to settle, or for a site on which to build one. This accounted for his long walks; and there was nothing remarkable in the fact that his peregrinations led him frequently by Willowmere, and sometimes into the neighbourhood of Ringsford Manor.

Although his ways were so quiet, there was nothing reserved or mysterious about them. The object which had brought him to Kingshope was easily comprehended; he entered into conversation with the people he met, and took an interest in the affairs of the place—the crops, the weather, and the prospects of the poor during the coming winter. Yet nothing more was known of his antecedents than that he came from London, and that he visited the city two or three times a week. He dressed plainly; he lived moderately at the inn—not like one who required to reckon his expenses carefully, but like one whose tastes were simple and easily satisfied.

The general belief was that he had belonged to one of the professions, and that he had retired on a moderate competence, in order to devote his time to study of some sort. He himself said nothing on the subject.

One of the first acquaintances he made was Uncle Dick, who adhered to the kindly old country custom of giving the time of day to any one he met in the lanes or saw passing his gates. The first salutation of the master of Willowmere induced Mr Beecham to make inquiries about the district, which led to future conversations. These would have speedily introduced the stranger to the farmhouse and its mistress; but hitherto he had not availed himself of the cordial invitation which was given him. He was apparently satisfied with the privilege of going over the land with Uncle Dick, inspecting his stock and admiring his horses, and thus speedily developing a casual acquaintanceship into a friendship. On these occasions he had opportunities of seeing and conversing with Madge, and she formed as favourable an opinion of him as her uncle had done.

'Has he ever said what made him think of coming to settle hereabout?' inquired the dame one day, after listening to their praises of the stranger.

'Never thought of asking him,' replied Crawshay, wondering if there was anything wrong in having neglected to put such a natural question.

'He mentioned that some friends of his lived near here at one time,' said Madge, 'and that he had always liked the Forest.'

'Has he spoken about any family? Is he married? Has he any children?'

'Why, mother, you wouldn't have me go prying into what doesn't concern us!' was Crawshay's exclamation. 'It does seem a bit queer, though, that he seems to have nobody belonging to him.'

Aunt Hessy thought it very queer; and when Philip came next, she asked him to describe Mr Shield to her again.

'He must have changed very much since I last saw him,' she said thoughtfully. 'I scarcely know what put it into my head, but this Mr Beecham is much more like what I should have fancied your uncle would grow into, than the gentleman you describe. But foreign parts do seem to alter people strangely. There was neighbour Hartopp's lad went away to California; and when he came back ten years after, it took his own mother two whole days before she would believe that he was himself. Yes, foreign parts do alter people strangely in appearances as well as feelings.'

It was regarded by the little group as a good joke that Aunt Hessy should have formed the romantic suspicion that the stranger in the village might be her old friend Austin Shield. They did not know anything of the confidential letter. She had said nothing about it yet, and her conscience was much troubled on that account.

'It's wrong to keep a secret from Dick,' she kept saying to herself. 'I know it is wrong, and I am doing it. If harm come of it, I shall never forgive myself; I hope others may be able to do it.'

She regarded with something like fear the enthusiasm with which Philip spoke of the social revolution he was to effect by means of the wealth placed at his command. Yet it was a noble object the youth was aiming at. Surely wealth could do no harm, when it was used for the purpose of making the miserable happy, of showing men how they might prosper, and teaching them the great lesson, that content and comfort were only to be found in hard work. The scheme looked so feasible to her, and was so good, that she remained silent lest she should mar the work. She bore the stings of conscience, and prayed that Philip might pass safely through the ordeal to which he was unconsciously being subjected. He talked of the bounty of his uncle, and she was uneasy, knowing that this bounty might prove his ruin, although she was quite unable to see how that could come about as matters looked at present. She was simply afraid, and began to understand why preachers often spoke of gold as a fiend—the more dangerous because it appeared as the agent of good. Then there was the coming of this stranger at the same time that Philip met his uncle in London. Of course there was nothing to associate the two in her mind except the period of their arrival. But she was puzzled.

'There is not the slightest resemblance between the two men, I assure you,' Philip said; 'but there is this strong resemblance between my uncle as he is now and as he was, by your own account, when you knew him long ago—he is as odd in his ways as ever. He will not discuss anything with me except by letter. That, you might say, was no more than prudent, as it can leave no room for dispute as to what we say to each other.'

'He wants to make you careful,' said the dame, with some feeling of relief; for this arrangement seemed to prove that he was desirous of helping Philip to pass the test.

'But, besides, he will scarcely see me at all; and when he does, he is as short with me and in as great a hurry to get rid of me as he was on the first day I called on him. When I try to explain things to him, he says: "All right; go your own way. If you want me to consider anything, you must write it out for me." I don't mind it now, having got used to it; but sometimes I cannot help wondering'——

Philip checked himself, as if he had been about to say something which he suddenly remembered should not be spoken even to his dearest friends.

'Well?' queried Uncle Dick, looking at him along the line of his churchwarden pipe as if it were a gun and he were taking aim. 'What are you stopping for? You can't help wondering at what?'

'Only at his droll ways,' answered Philip. 'I should have thought that risking so much money in my hand, he would have been anxious to have the fullest particulars of all that I was doing with it.'

'So should I, lad. What does your father say about it?'

'Nothing more than that he will want to speak to me one day soon. He is not pleased.'

'There don't seem to me much to be not pleased about.—Eh, mother?'

'We'll see after a bit,' answered the dame, cautiously, but smiling. 'We don't know yet whether Philip is to prove himself a very wise man or'——

'Or a fool,' interrupted Crawshay, with one of his hearty laughs.

'Nay, Dick; not that. Philip will never prove himself a fool; but he might do worse—he might prove himself a sensible man doing foolish things.'

The stranger who provoked this discussion went on in his calm way, seeking what apparently he could not find, but always with a pleasant smile or a kindly 'good-day' to the people he met in the fields and lanes.

One of his favourite halting-places was at the stile which gave access from the roadway to the Willowmere meadows. On the opposite side of the road were the willows and beeches, bordering the river. Four of the latter trees were known as the 'dancing beeches,' from the position in which they stood, as if they had suddenly halted whilst whirling round in a country-dance; and when the wind blew, their branches interlaced and creaked in unison, as if they wanted to begin the dance again. This was a famous trysting-

place, and in the summer-time the swains and their maidens would 'wander in the meadows where the May-flowers grow.' This is the burden of a rustic ballad which you would often hear chanted in the quiet evenings. It served the double purpose of supplying the place of conversation and of agreeably expressing the thoughts of the singers. Uncle Dick sometimes saw and heard them; but with kindly indifference to his clover, he would shake his head and turn away, remembering that he, too, had once been young.

Mr Beecham resting on the stile could, by an easy movement of the head, command nearly the whole of the hollow in which the village lay; and looking upward, could catch glimpses of Willowmere House peering through the apple and pear trees of the orchard.

After the lapse of years, how new it all looks, and yet how old; how changed, and yet familiar. There is the church, the same gray weather-beaten pile, in spite of the vicar's manful efforts to get it put into a state of thorough repair. The vicar himself is the same cheery good friend in gladness, and the sympathising comforter in sorrow; his hair is almost gray now, and his figure is inclined to be rotund; but he is still the same. There are, however, new gravestones in the churchyard, and they bear the names of old friends. Their places in the world have been easily filled up; their places in the memory of the survivors never can be. Ay, there is change indeed.

But here is the golden autumn, its lustre slowly growing dim under the touch of approaching winter; there are the green fields and the red ploughed lands—they are just as they looked long ago, although his eyes see them through the sad haze which separates him from the past. There are the sounds of the cattle, the ripple of the river, and the rustle of the trees—sounds to which he gave no particular heed in the old time, and now they are like the voices of welcoming friends.

So the present steps by us; pain and sorrow plant milestones on our way; by-and-by the eye glances tenderly backward and over them, and in old age we hear the voices of our youth.

'Good-afternoon, Mr Beecham. Do you think it will rain?'

He lifted his head, and bowed to Madge and Philip as they were about to pass over the stile. He looked up at the sky.

'I am afraid it will rain; but you will be home before it begins, I think.'

Philip gave her his hand; she mounted the three foot-worn wooden steps and descended on the meadow side.

'I hope you will always have a strong hand to help you over the stiles, Miss Heathcote,' he said, smiling; but there seemed to be as much of earnest as of jest in his meaning.

'I believe she may fairly count upon that, Mr Beecham,' answered Philip.

'The pity is, we so seldom find what we count upon,' said Mr Beecham, shaking his head.

'Then we must make the best of what we do find,' replied Philip cheerfully, 'and scramble over somehow without a helping hand.'

The two passed on at a smart pace up the meadow, Mr Beecham looking after them with a dream in his eyes.

Overhead, on this afternoon, was a sky gloomy and threatening; but on the horizon were rivers of pale golden light, giving hope and courage to the weary ones who were like to faint by the wayside. Suddenly a white light relieved the gloom immediately above, and the golden rivers were lashed with dark promontories; but still, the farthest point was light. Again suddenly a white glory burst through the gloom, dazzling the eyes and breaking the clouds into fantastic shapes, which fled from it like the witches of evil fleeing before the majestic genii of good. Another change, and all gradually toned down into the soft repose of a calm evening, bearing the promise of a pleasant day to follow.

'I have lived alone too much,' muttered Mr Beecham with a long-drawn breath, which is the only approach to a sigh ventured upon by a man past middle age; 'and my own morbid broodings make me superstitious, showing me symbols in everything. I hope this one may turn out well, however.'

Philip and Madge had disappeared by this time, and Mr Beecham walked slowly on to the village.

When the young people reached the homestead, Madge announced that Philip had come to tell them something very important, which he had refused to reveal until they should be in the house.

Aunt Hessy glanced uneasily from one to the other; but seeing no sign of disturbance on either face, her uneasiness passed away. She concluded that it was some jest with which Philip had been teasing Madge.

'I have seen Mr Shield again to-day,' he began, 'and I have received new instructions from him.'

'He is not going to send you off to Griqualand, after all?' queried Madge quickly.

'O no; but maybe you would prefer that he should order me off there, rather than tell me to take chambers in town.'

'Chambers in town! What can that be for?'

'Well, he was as short and bustling as ever; he never seems to have time to discuss anything. "That's what I want," he says; "if you don't like it, write, and tell me why." All he said about it was that he desired me to feel independent.'

The uneasy expression reappeared on Aunt Hessy's face.

'Have you consented to make this change?' she asked quietly.

'I could see no objection; and in several ways the arrangement will be convenient. I made it clear that it was not in any way to be considered as a step towards separating me from my family. He said I could please myself as regarded my family—he had nothing to do with that. . . . Do you not like it, Madge?'

The clear eyes looked wistfully in his face. 'No, Philip; I do not like it. But perhaps Mr Shield is right; and it may be as well that you should have the experience of being away from us for a time at least.'

'Living away from you! Why I shall be here as often as ever!'

She said nothing; and Aunt Hessy put the apparently irrelevant question:

'Have you seen Mr Beecham to-day, Madge?'

'We saw him by the stile at the foot of the meadow as we passed.'

Aunt Hessy, with evident disappointment, abandoned the droll fancy which had for a time possessed her mind.

SOME QUEER DISHES.

If, in England, a man was pushed to discover a new animal food, it would, I think, be a long time before he hit upon bats as at all likely to furnish him with a desirable addition to his table, even if their diminutive size did not place an insuperable obstacle in the way of their being so utilised. But in many of the South Sea Islands where the flying-fox—a species of bat, fifteen inches or so across the wings—is common, it is used as food by the natives, and its flesh is by no means to be despised even by epicures. This animal, frugivorous in his tastes as a rule, does not for all that turn up his nose at a plump moth or a succulent beetle when they chance to come in his way; but he usually confines himself to fruit—ripe bananas of the best quality and plenty of them being about his mark; and dreadful havoc he and his friends would make in the banana gardens, if the natives—well aware of his habits—did not hasten to bind quantities of dead leaves round the ripening fruit, and so preserve it from his attacks. It would seem absurd to a stranger to the country to be informed that such an insignificant animal as a bat could seriously threaten the fruit-harvest in countries where it is so abundant; but he would change his opinion when informed that the flying-foxes often settle in hundreds in any likely plantation; and as they always destroy very much more than they consume, the loss and inconvenience they cause to the natives may be properly estimated.

The bat in question is not so strictly nocturnal in his habits as his English brother; and although he usually sallies out at sunset, yet I have often noticed them sailing about in broad daylight, provided the weather was dull and overcast; the flight is even and regular, very like that of a rook, and not in the least resembling the extremely erratic mode of progression affected by our native species. If in their manner of flying—a few steady flaps and then a long sail—they remind one of the rook, they also resemble our old friend in their habit of assembling together at bedtime, when they all retire to roost on the same grove of trees, and hang head downwards with their wings wrapped round their bodies, looking like a collection of large cobwebs.

It must not, however, be supposed that the meeting and subsequent proceedings take place in silence; the contrary is the case; and an immense amount of chattering is carried on for a considerable time, when no doubt all the affairs of the day are duly discussed, as well as other matters amatory and otherwise. In the old heathen times, the rookeries were strongly tabooed by the priests; and even to the present day, the natives, more especially the old men, have an evident aversion to interfere with the sacred trees, a feeling which does not in the least prevent them from killing all the bats they can in other places.

The natives prepare them for food by first cutting off the wings and then passing the body through the fire, to remove the fur, and with it the strong foxy smell with which it is impregnated. It is then carefully scraped, split open, and afterwards grilled on the coals spitchcock fashion, when it is ready for consumption; and is capital eating, having a rich gamy flavour something between a hare and a woodcock.

I was so much encouraged by the success of my first essay at bat-eating, that I afterwards had a pie made of several I had shot, and from my previous experience, rather looked forward to a good dinner; but when the pastry was cut open, I was grievously disappointed by finding that the fetid odour peculiar to the live animal had survived the cooking—from being unable to escape from the pastry—rendering it utterly uneatable, and so for the future contented myself with bat *au naturel*—that is, native fashion.

The above-mentioned animal is very common in Australia, and is quite as great a nuisance among the orchards there as he is in the islands; but it will be some considerable time, I fancy, before our colonial brothers utilise him in the kitchen.

I don't suppose that many people—at least English people, who are tolerably prejudiced in their way—have ever voluntarily gone in for a cuttle-fish or octopus diet, as they are horribly weird, uncanny animals to look at; and few, I opine, would feel inclined to make a 'square meal' off the shiny creatures, at least until other more prepossessing kinds of food remained to be tried. Nevertheless, throughout the whole of the Pacific, including Japan, all the different varieties of cuttle and octopus are regarded as a *bonne bouche* of peculiar excellence; and both in its capture and preparation, the natives display considerable ingenuity. I remember once, when sailing in the tropics, seeing one morning the deck of our little schooner nearly covered with that very elegant little cuttle-fish called the 'flying-squid.' The sea had been very rough during the night, and I could never properly ascertain whether the squid had come on board of their own accord, attracted by the light—as the men affirmed—or had been left there by a heavy sea we had shipped just before daylight. Anyway, our cook, a smart Maltese, at once set to work to collect them, and then, much to the disgust of the sailors, who are the most prejudiced of mortals, he forthwith proceeded to cook them for the cabin table, and sent us down dishes of squid both curried and fried that were much approved of by all who partook of them; and proved a delightful change after the long course of 'salt junk' and tinned soup and bouillie that the slow sailing of our little craft had obliged us to adopt.

These fish were about six inches long, had large brilliant eyes of a set expression, and were furnished with a pair of flippers or wings. They also—unlike any other kind of fish that I am acquainted with—rejoice in a couple of tails, in lieu of the orthodox number. The body, almost transparent, was of a delicate olive brown. Altogether, they were pretty little things, and tasted even better than they looked.

I am now about to introduce my readers to a dish of octopus prepared *secundum artem* by a South Sea native. The octopus is by no means, without proper apparatus, an easy animal to lay hold of; on the contrary, it demands all the cunning of the most experienced South Sea fisher-

man to wile him from his haunts in the coral and to secure a good number for a feast.

But here is my Tongese friend Fakatene, just about to launch his *hamatefna*, or fishing-canoe; and we cannot do better than accompany him on his trip, and lend a hand in catching the fish we are to partake of. But first, just notice how ingeniously his tiny vessel is constructed out of timber of the bread-fruit tree. This tree does not, so far south—we are in about twenty-three degrees five minutes south—attain to any great size, and the timber, therefore, is proportionately small and scarce, which accounts for the small size of the pieces used. The hull, you notice, is pretty well in one piece, except that queer-shaped bit so artfully let in near the bows, and so close-fitting all round that even a penknife could not be introduced between the seams; and were it not for the difference in the grain of the wood, the ingenious patch would never be detected. The top sides are formed of several small planks neatly sewn on to the hull with sinnet, and joined in the same manner to one another; and yet, with all this patching, she exceeds in beauty, in the grace of her lines, and in her extreme buoyancy in the water, the finest four-oar ever turned out by Searle in his most palmy days.

Fakatene is pleased with our admiration of his highly prized canoe, and takes some pains to explain that she was moulded on the lines of the bonito, one of the swiftest of fishes. Not such a bad idea that, we consider, for a poor native; but one that we intellectual white men are much too proud, not to say too conceited, to follow; so we go in for all kinds of scientific curves and angles, with the result that our builders are constantly producing craft that will neither pull nor sail, and that would have been a disgrace to Noah himself, or even to prehistoric man.—But to return to our canoe. She is provided with an outrigger called a 'thama,' to prevent capsizing; with a carved-wood bailer, in case we ship a sea or make any water from the working of the seams; also with a long three-pronged fish-spear, a few lines, a bamboo of fresh water; and last, but not least, with the inevitable fire-stick, or smouldering twist of tapa cloth, to furnish a light for our friend's *seluka* (cigarette). Off at last; and Fakatene, who poled swiftly over the shallow part of the reef, has taken to his paddle, and coasting along the island for some distance, we soon come to a favourable spot for our purpose; so we drop anchor—a large stone—and business commences.

The octopus dwells in holes in the reef, keeping only a portion of his body exposed, so that, while he can look out for his prey, he can at the same time quickly withdraw within his hole, directly his dread enemy the shark appears, who is always foraging about the reefs in search of adventurous cuttles.

Now, I must tell you that the octopus, although partial enough to crabs, is particularly fond of the inhabitant of the spotted cowrie or ear-shell, so common in our shops; and so Fakatene, well aware of this fact, has prepared a cunning bait, artfully constructed of a number of small plates of the shell fastened together in such a manner that while similar in appearance to the real thing, yet, being much heavier, and not containing any air, sinks at once, which a real shell would not do. Our friend now lowers his line, with the shell-bait attached, until it touches the bottom, and then raising it a few inches off the ground, jerks it gently up and down. Presently, a pull on the line shows that the fish has taken the bait; more jerking on the part of the native; which the octopus replies to by at once throwing out a fresh arm. The jerking still continues; until the fish, dreading the escape of his prey, lets go his hold of the rocks, and wraps the whole of his body round the shell; when the native, perceiving that his line is no longer fast to the ground, gently hauls up the line, and finally deposits an immense octopus in the bottom of the canoe. Our new friend no sooner finds himself caught, than he lets go the deceptive bait, and with his great goggle eyes staring hard at nothing in particular, sprawls about in the most awkward fashion, at the same time giving vent to a species of grunt, until at last he finally retires into the darkest corner he can find, and collapses into a lump of grayish-looking jelly, about a third part of his apparent size when in motion.

Having by the same means secured several more fish, we return to land, when the canoe is duly housed, and Fakatene disposes of the octopi by turning them inside out and hanging them up to dry in the sun, having first carefully saved all the sepia left in the fish, as this is esteemed a great luxury, and an indispensable ingredient in preparing the sauce.

When the cuttle is to be cooked, it is first of all carefully cleaned and scraped, when all the outer skin, including the hideous-looking suckers, comes off. The fish is then cut in pieces, and having been tied up in a banana-leaf, is baked in an oven for a considerable time in conjunction with cocoa-nut milk and a certain proportion of the inky-hued sepia above mentioned, and which, as is well known, is made use of by the fish when alive to obscure the water when escaping from the pursuit of its enemies. It takes some time to cook octopus properly, as it is naturally tough and stringy; but when well prepared, it is one of the most delicate and luscious dishes I ever tasted; and, singular to say, the cooking converts the tripy, stringy-looking substance into a solid meaty food, bearing a curious resemblance to lobster both in taste and colour, only rather firmer in texture; a most unlooked-for occurrence in such dissimilar articles.

A WITNESS FOR THE DEFENCE.

IN THREE CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER II.

When I got back to town, the sessions were only a week off; so the first thing I did was to call on the solicitor in charge of my murder case, in order to learn from him how it stood, and to take it off his hands. The magistrate, of course, had sent the prisoner for trial. When I came to read the depositions, the case against him seemed perfectly simple, and as conclusive as circumstantial evidence could make it. The crime had not occurred so long ago but that a diligent search had unearthed several witnesses. The servant-girl, who had now become the wife of a dairyman in the immediate neighbourhood, was found. She proved the bad conduct of young

Harden, and the ill-will which gradually grew up between him and her former mistress. She also spoke to his ejectment from the house on the day of the murder, and to his threats at the street-door. She swore to the knife, which had been in the possession of the police ever since, as having belonged to the prisoner. There were other witnesses to the same facts; and the landlord, my client, and several others, proved the flourishing of the identical knife and the ominous words in the public-house. To complete the chain, the man who had instructed me proved the finding of the knife in the room where the murder was committed; and two or three witnesses remembered being by his side and seeing him stoop down and pick it up. These, with the final facts of his sudden disappearance and changes of name, appeared both to me and to my friend to be capable of being spun into a rope quite strong enough to swing John Harden out of the world.

'But,' said my solicitor-friend, 'the queerest thing of all is that no one is going to appear for the prisoner.'

'No one to appear for him?'

'No one. Young Elkin holds a watching brief on behalf of the prisoner's master, and that is all. He said Harden had been in Mr Slocum's—that's his master—service for over seven years, behaving extremely well all the time. He was invaluable to his old master, who is something of an invalid. He had turned religious, and was disgusted at his former wicked life.'

'But I suppose he has money—or, at anyrate, if Slocum is so fond of him, why doesn't he pay for the defence?'

'Why, it seems that his notion of religion forbids Harden to avail himself of worldly arts. Slocum is only too anxious to retain some one; but Harden won't have it, and no one can persuade him. Says he is in the hands of a Higher Power, and it shall be given him what he shall speak, and all the rest of it. He wanted to make a speech to the magistrate; but Slocum, by Elkin's advice, did manage to induce him to hold his tongue for the present, and say he would reserve his defence. Of course they hope he will come to his senses before the trial. But I don't know how that will be. I never saw such an obstinate pig. Only gave in to his master about not speaking because the poor man began to whimper in court!'

The main part of my work had been done for me, and it only remained to bespeak copies of the depositions, see the witnesses, and make sure that they intended to say at the Old Bailey substantially the same things as they had said at the police court—a most necessary precaution, the imagination being so vivid in people of this class that they are very likely to amplify their tale if possible—and prepare the brief for the prosecuting counsel. This done, I had but to let things take their course.

When the day of the trial came, I was betimes in my place at the Central Criminal Court, having various other cases in hand there. The prisoners, as is customary, were first put up and arraigned—that is, had the substance of their several indictments read over to them—and were called on to plead 'guilty' or 'not guilty.' These disposed of, the case for John Harden was called, and I looked at him with some curiosity. No sooner had I done so than I knew that his was a face upon which at some time or other I had looked before, and of which I had taken note. It is a useful peculiarity of mine that I never forget a face to which I have once paid any attention, and I can generally recollect the place and circumstances under which I last saw it. But here the latter part of my powers failed me. I knew the face well, but could not imagine when and where I had beheld it. I even knew that I had seen the man bare-headed, and that he was not then, as now, bald on the crown. The thing worried me not a little. In the meanwhile, John Harden was being put up to take his trial for the murder of Agatha Harden.

'I, m' lud, appear to prosecute in this case,' said my counsel, starting up and down again like the blade of a knife.

'Does nobody appear for the prisoner?' asked the judge.

'I understand, m' lud, that the prisoner is not represented,' said counsel, appearing and disappearing as before.

'My lord,' said an agitated voice from the body of the court, 'I have used all possible efforts'——

'Si-lence!' proclaimed the usher.

'Who is that?' inquired the judge, looking over his spectacles.

'My lord, I am this foolish fellow's master; and I am perfectly convinced'——

'I cannot hear you, sir. If the prisoner wishes to have counsel assigned to him for his defence, I will name a gentleman, and will take care that the prisoner shall have due opportunity for his instruction; and if you desire to give evidence on his behalf, you can do so.—Prisoner, is it your wish that counsel be assigned to you for your defence?'

Harden had been standing with his head slightly bent, and his clasped hands resting on the rail of the dock. He now looked up at the judge, and replied in a grave and impassive voice: 'My lord, I wish no help but the help of God. I am in His hands, and I am an innocent man. If He sees good to deliver me, He will do so. Who am I, that I should interfere with His work?'

'You appear to me,' said the judge gently, 'to be under an unfortunate delusion. You say rightly that you are in God's hands; but that should not hinder you from using such instruments for your deliverance as he offers you. Once more I will ask, do you now desire to be represented by counsel?'

'I do not, my lord.'

'So be it.—Now, Mr Clincher.'

Rising once more, counsel for the prosecution proceeded to open his case. It was clear and straightforward, put concisely and tellingly, and embraced the facts which the reader already knows. He then called his witnesses; and as each after each left the box, it was easy to see from the faces of the jury that things were likely to go hard with the prisoner. Always, in answer to the inquiry, 'Do you wish to put any questions to this witness?' Harden replied: 'No, my lord. He has said the truth, for all I know.'

So smoothly did the trial run its course, that only one incident called for remark. This was

when my client got into the box; and so indecently eager did he appear to be to procure the conviction of the prisoner, that he twice called down upon himself a severe rebuke from the judge, for persistently volunteering irrelevant statements to Harden's prejudice. And when counsel at length said, 'That, m' lud, is my case,' and sat down, but little doubt remained as to the prisoner's fate. I still sat with my gaze fascinated by the set face in the dock, trying —trying to remember when and where I had last looked upon it.

'Do you propose, prisoner, to call any witnesses?' asked the judge.

'Only my master, my lord—Mr Slocum. He'll speak for me, and he'll say, I know, that I'm not the man to kill any living thing.'

'Very well.—And now, before calling him, do you desire to address the jury?'

The interest of the case, which, except for that interest which is inseparable from a trial for murder, had slightly flagged, revived now that a human being was virtually at grips with death. For what had just passed meant that there was no defence or attempt at a defence, that the jury must convict, and that the man must die, without hope of mercy for so cowardly and ungrateful a murderer. There was not a sound in the court. It was late in the afternoon, and the winter sun was setting. Its rays lit up the crimson hangings, the scarlet robes of the judge, the intent faces, all looking one way, the drooping head and white composed countenance of the prisoner—the man standing up there in full health and strength, and whose life was going down with the sun.

'I have but a few words to say, my lord and gentlemen. I didn't do it. I was bad enough, and maybe cruel enough in those days, to do it; but I didn't. I was so drunk and so mad, my lord and gentlemen, that I might have done it if it had happened earlier in the day, unknown almost to myself, and be standing here rightly enough. But I *know* I couldn't have done it, and why? Because I was miles away at the time. My poor aunt, as I've heard from what has been said, must have been killed between a quarter to and a quarter past eight in the evening. Well, at eight o'clock I was at least five miles off. If I'd done it directly the girl went out of the house—as she says, at a quarter to eight—it isn't according to reason that I could have broke open the cupboard, took the money, and got five miles off in a quarter of an hour.' He stopped, and drew the cuff of his coat across his forehead.

Where *had* I seen him before? Where and when had I seen him do that very action?

'O gentlemen, I couldn't have done it! I couldn't, bad as I was! I know, now, how bad that must have been—the mercy of God has been upon me since those days—but bad as I was, I owed her too much, and knew it, to have hurt her in any way. Won't you believe me? I tell you I was miles away at the time—miles away. Who can tell us you're saying true? you will ask. No one, I suppose. Not a soul was near me that I knew, to come here and speak the truth for me this day. But I know the same God that saved Daniel can save me from a sorry end, if it is His will to do it—if not, His will be done! I'm keeping you too long, only saying the same over and over again. I'll just tell you how it was, and I've done, and you must do as duty bids you.'

Another pause. The silence of death, or rather of a deathbed. The faces in the distance of the darkened court shimmered through the gloom, like those of spectres waiting to welcome a coming shade. Then the gas-light burst forth, and all sprang into sudden distinctness, and there was a general half-stir as of relief.

'Oh, isn't there one here that can speak for me? Is there any one who remembers the great gas-main explosion in —— Street that year?'

There was again a stir, and a more decided one. Clearly there were many in court who remembered it. I did, for one. And remembering it, I seemed as one in a tunnel, who sees the glimmer from the distant opening, but can distinguish no feature of the landscape beyond.

'I was there—that night. It was the night of the day I was turned out of doors—the night of the murder. How I came to be there, so far from my aunt's neighbourhood, I don't know, but I found myself working hard, helping to lift the stones and timber of the house-fronts that were blown in, and getting the poor crushed people out. I worked a long time, till I was like to drop; and a policeman clapped me on the back and gave me a word of praise and a drink of beer out of a can. I wonder where that policeman is now, and if he'd remember?'

He did not respond, wherever he might be. No one to help—no friendly plank to bridge over the yawning grave. What was it, this that I was trying so hard to recall?

'I wandered off after that into the by-streets. I knew those parts well. I had had a comrade who used to live there, and many a wicked and foolish prank we'd played thereabouts. The beer I had just drunk on an empty stomach had muddled me again a bit, but I was quite sober enough to know every step of the way I went, and remember it now. I turned up Hoadley Street, and then to the left along Blewitt Street; and just when my aunt must have been struggling with the wretch that took her life, whoever it was, I heard a clock strike eight. I did, gentlemen, and I suppose I never thought of it since; but now I remember it as clear as day. I was standing at the time at the corner of Hauraki Street.'

It all came back to me in a moment! I heard the patter of the rain on the cab-roof—I saw the gleam of the infrequent lights on the wet flags—I listened to the objurgations of the cabman at the obstructing dray—I took note of the reflection in the mirror, the queer street-name which would not rhyme so as to make sense. The strokes of the clock striking eight were in my ears. I saw the lamp at the corner, and the man underneath looking up at it—the man with the short broad face, the sharp chin, the long thin mouth turned down at the corners, and the blank in the front teeth—the innocent man I was hounding to his death—the prisoner at the bar!

As I sprang to my feet, down with a crash went my bag full of papers, my hat and umbrella, so that even the impassive judge gave a start, and the usher, waking up, once more proclaimed 'Si-lence!' with shocked and injured inflection. Heedless of the majesty of the law, I beckoned to my counsel, and as he leaned over to me in

surprise, I whispered earnestly in his ear. I never saw the human face express more entire astonishment. However, seeing that I was unmistakably in earnest, he merely nodded and rose to his feet.

'Your lordship will pardon me,' he said, 'for interfering at this stage between the prisoner and the jury; but I am instructed to make a communication which I feel sure will be as astounding to your lordship and the jury as it is to myself. I think I may say that it is the most surprising and unprecedented thing which ever occurred in a court of justice. My lord, the solicitor who instructs me to prosecute tenders himself as a witness for the defence!'

OUR HEALTH.

BY DR ANDREW WILSON, F.R.S.E.

II. FOOD AND HEALTH.

From the point of view of the political economist, the idle man has no right to participate in the food-supply of the active worker. Whatever may be the correctness and force of the arguments which the economist may use by way of proving that the non-worker and non-producer has no right to participate in the ordinary nutritive supply of his fellows, the physiological standpoint assumes another and different aspect. The idle man grows hungry and thirsty with the regularity of the man who works. He demands food and drink as does his energetic companion; and the plea that idleness can need no food-support, may be met in a singularly happy and forcible fashion by a plain scientific consideration. In the first instance, the idle man might, by an appeal to science, show, that whilst he apparently spent life without exertion, his bodily functions really represented in their ordinary working an immense amount of labour. Sleeping or waking, that bodily pumping-engine the heart does not fail to discharge its work, in the circulation of the blood. The rise and fall of the chest in the sleeping man remind us that it is not death but his 'twin-brother sleep,' that we are observing. If we make a calculation respecting the work which the heart of a man, idle or active, performs in twenty-four hours, we may discover that it represents an amount of labour equal to one hundred and twenty foot-tons. That is to say, if we could gather all the force expended by the heart during its work of twenty-four hours into one huge lift, such force would be equal to that required to raise one hundred and twenty tons-weight one foot high. Similarly, the work of the muscles of breathing in twenty-four hours, represents a force equal to that required to lift twenty-one tons one foot high. These are only two examples out of many, which the ordinary work and labour of mere vegetative existence, without taking into consideration any work performed—in the popular sense of the term—involves.

We thus discover that, apart altogether from the every-day labour of life, in which brain and muscles engage, an immense amount of work is performed in the mere act of keeping ourselves alive. Nowhere in nature is work performed without proportionate waste, or wear and tear of the machine that works. This dictum holds quite as true of the human body as of the steam-engine. And as the engine or other machine requires to be supplied with the conditions necessary for the production of force, so the living body similarly demands a supply of material from which its energy (or the power of doing work) can be derived. As the engine obtains the necessary conditions from the fuel and water it consumes, so the living body derives its energy from the food upon which it subsists. Food in this light is therefore merely matter taken from the outside world, and from which our bodies derive the substances required for the repair of the waste which the continual work of life entails. In the young, food serves a double purpose—it supplies material for growth, and it also affords substance from which the supply of force is derived. In the adult, whilst no doubt, to a certain extent, the food supplies actual loss of substance, it is more especially devoted to the performance of work, and of maintaining that equilibrium or balance between work and repair, which, as we have seen, constitutes health.

Viewed in this light, the first important rule for food-taking is founded on the plain fact, that in the food we must find the substances necessary for the repair of our bodies, and for the production of the energy through which work is performed. Food-substances in this light fall into two well-marked classes—namely, into *Nitrogenous* and *Non-nitrogenous* substances. Another classification of foods divides them into *organic* and *inorganic*, the former being derived from animals and plants—that is, from living beings—while the latter are derived from the world of non-living matter. Thus, animal and plant substances represent organic foods; while water and minerals, both of which are absolutely essential for the support of the body, represent inorganic food materials. It would appear that from living matter alone, do we obtain the materials for generating force. The inorganic water and minerals, however, appear to be absolutely necessary for the chemical alterations and changes which are continually taking place within the body.

Adopting the classification of foods into the *Nitrogenous* and *Non-nitrogenous* groups, we discover examples of the first class in such substances as *albumen*, seen familiarly in white of egg and other substances; *gluten*, found in flour; *gelatin*, obtained from hoofs and horns; *legumin*, obtained from certain vegetables; *casein*, found in milk; and allied chemical substances. These substances possess a remarkable similarity or uniformity of composition. It would appear that in the process of digestion they are reduced to a nearly similar state, and on this account they can replace one another to a certain extent in the dietaries of mankind.

The nitrogenous foods have often been popularly termed 'flesh-formers,' and doubtless this name is well merited. For, as the result of experiment, it would seem that the chief duty performed by the nitrogenous parts of our food is that of building up and repairing the tissues of the body. They also produce heat, through being chemically changed in the blood, and thus aid in the production of force or energy. But it would also appear tolerably certain, that in a

complex fashion the nitrogenous parts of our bodies assist or regulate in a very exact manner the oxidation or chemical combustion of the tissues.

It should be noted that nitrogenous foods are composed chemically of the four elements, carbon, hydrogen, oxygen, and nitrogen; the presence of the last element giving the characteristic name and chemical features to the group. Most of these foods in addition contain small proportions of sulphur and phosphorus.

An interesting advance in our knowledge of the part played by nitrogenous foods in the work of the body was made, when an idea of Liebig was overthrown by later experimentation. Liebig supposed that the nitrogenous foods required first to be actually converted into tissue—that is, into bodily substance—before their energy or work-producing power could be liberated. In this view, muscular force, through which we move, was believed to be dependent on the changes, destructive or otherwise, which take place in the muscles. The substance called *urea*, chiefly given off as a waste product by the kidneys and chemically representing nitrogenous waste, was in Liebig's view regarded as representing the results of muscular force which had been exerted. But two scientists, Fick and Wislicenus of Zurich, proved, by a laborious series of personal experiments in mountain ascents, that a non-nitrogenous diet will maintain the body for a short time during the performance of severe work, no great increase in the amount of urea given off being noticed. The work in question was proved to have been performed on the carbon and hydrogen of the food consumed. These experiments have led to the now accepted view, that a muscle, instead of losing substance during work and thus wasting, in reality consumes nitrogen, and grows. The exhaustion of the muscle is dependent not so much on chemical waste, as on the accumulation within it of the waste products of other foods. The muscle, in other words, is merely the agent whereby so much energy, derived from the food, is converted into actual and applied force. Did muscle really waste, as Liebig supposed, the heart's substance would be entirely consumed by its work of one week!

Such being the functions and nature of nitrogenous foods, we may now glance at the non-nitrogenous division. Four groups of foods are included in this latter class—namely (1) Starches and sugars, or 'amyloids' as they are often termed; (2) fats and oils; (3) minerals; (4) water. The *starches and sugars* include not merely starch and sugar, as ordinarily known, but various gums, and certain acids, such as lactic and acetic acids. Starch, as in bread, is a most important food. These foods appear to go directly to maintain animal heat, and to give energy, or the power of doing work, to the animal frame. The heat-producing powers of starches and sugars are certainly inferior to those of the fats and oils. But starches and sugars can be converted into fat within the system; and hence persons who suffer from a tendency to obesity are warned to exclude these foods from their dietaries. Starches and sugars likewise appear to assist in some measure the digestion of nitrogenous foods. That *fats and oils* are heat-producing foods is a fact taught us by the common experience of mankind that northern nations consume the greatest proportion of fat. The heat-producing powers of fat have been set down at two and a half times as great as those of starch and sugar; and there is no doubt that, in addition to assisting in the conversion of food into body substances, the fatty parts of our food also assist in the work of removing waste matters from the body. Fat, in addition, being chemically burned in the blood, gives rise to the force which we exert in ordinary muscular work.

The *mineral* parts of our food play an important part in the maintenance of the frame. We thus require iron for the blood, phosphorus for the brain and nerves, and lime for the bones; whilst a variety of other minerals is likewise found in the blood and other fluids of the frame. The uses of the mineral constituents of our body are still a matter of speculation. Small as may be the quantity of certain minerals required for the support of the body, serious health-derangement may result when we are deprived of these substances. Thus, scurvy appears to be a disease associated with the want of the mineral potash in the blood; and the cure of this disease is therefore accomplished when we supply to the blood those mineral elements which have previously been deficient. Common salt, or chloride of sodium, as it is chemically termed, although not entering into the composition of the body, appears to form an important part of all the secretions; and there can be little doubt that this mineral aids the formation and chemical integrity of the gastric juice of the stomach.

Water forms the last item in the list of non-nitrogenous foods. Of all foods, perhaps, water is the most important, seeing that it is a substance which, in the absence of all other nourishment, can sustain life for a period numbering many days. Thus, whilst a man dies in from six to seven days when deprived of solid food and water, life may be prolonged to as many as sixty days on water alone. The high importance of water as a food is abundantly proved, when we discover that it constitutes about two-thirds of the weight of the body; that it enters into the composition of the brain to the extent of eighty per cent.; that the blood consists of nearly eighty per cent. of water; and that even bone contains ten per cent. of this fluid. Entering thus into the composition of every fluid and tissue of the body, and being perpetually given off from lungs, skin, and kidneys in the ordinary work of life, there is little wonder that water assumes the first place amongst foods. Regarding the uses of water as a food, we see that it dissolves and conveys other foods throughout the system; that it assists in removing waste products; and that it also takes a share in regulating the temperature of the body through its evaporation on the skin.

Having thus considered the chemistry of foods, we may now pass to discuss the natural rules which science describes for the health-regulation of life in the matter of diet. A primary rule for food-taking is that which shows that, for the due support of the body, we require a combination of nitrogenous and non-nitrogenous foods. This fact is proved by the consideration that milk, 'nature's own food,' on which the human

being grows rapidly in early life, is a compound of both classes of foods. So also, in an egg, from which is formed an animal body, we find a combination of the two classes. Death results if we attempt to feed on either class alone; and as the body consists of both classes of substances, the justification for the combination of foods is complete. Man can obtain the required combination of nitrogenous and non-nitrogenous foods from animals alone, from vegetables alone, or from animals and vegetables combined. The water, of course, which is an absolutely essential feature of all dietaries, is regarded as an additional item. In regulating the dietary of mankind, it is found that the food of nations is determined largely, or completely, by their situation on the earth's surface. Thus, the northern nations are largely animal feeders; whilst the southern peoples of the world are to a great extent vegetarians. Individual experience and taste produce amongst the units of a nation special proclivities in the way of diet. But we can readily see that mankind, with that elasticity of constitution and power to avail themselves of their surroundings, can adapt themselves to their environments, and become animal feeders, vegetable feeders, or subsist on a mixed dietary at will. This is the true solution of the vegetarian controversy. It is climate and race which determine the food of a nation. It is individual intelligence, liking, and constitution which determine variations and departures from the dietaries of the race.

The relations between food and work naturally present themselves as topics of the highest importance. In determining the standard of health, it is clear that from our food alone, we can obtain the energy or power of work required for the discharge of the duties of life. An interesting point therefore arises regarding the differences which are entailed by varying conditions and amounts of labour. Dr Letheby tells us that an adult man in *idleness* requires, to obtain from his food for the support of his body, 2·67 ounces of nitrogenous matter and 19·16 ounces of non-nitrogenous matter per day. If the individual is to participate in *ordinary labour*, the amount of nitrogenous matter obtained from his food must be increased to 4·56 ounces, while the non-nitrogenous must be represented by 29·24 ounces. In the case, lastly, of *active labour* the amount of food required must be increased to 5·81 ounces of nitrogenous, and 34·97 ounces of non-nitrogenous matter.

Dalton gives the following as the quantity of food, per day, required for the healthy man, taking free exercise in the open air: meat, sixteen ounces; bread, nineteen ounces; fat or butter, three and a half ounces; water, fifty-two fluid ounces. It ought to be borne in mind that these amounts of food represent the diet for a whole day compressed, so to speak, into a convenient and readily understood form. Another calculation, setting down the daily amount of food required by an adult, at nitrogenous matter three hundred grains, and carbon at four thousand grains, shows that these amounts would be obtained from eighteen ounces of bread; one ounce of butter; four ounces of milk; two ounces of bacon; eight ounces of potatoes; six ounces of cabbage; three and a half ounces of cheese; one ounce of sugar; three-quarters of an ounce of salt; and water (alone, and in beverages) sixty-six and a quarter ounces—a total of no less than six pounds fourteen and a quarter ounces. Summing up the question of the amounts of food required by a healthy adult daily, and *excluding water in all forms as a matter of separate calculation*, it may be said that four and a half ounces of pure nitrogenous matter would be required in addition to three ounces of fatty food, fourteen ounces of starch or sugar, and one ounce of mineral matter. An ordinary adult consuming in twenty-four hours, food items equal to those contained in one pound of meat and two pounds of bread, may be regarded as consuming food of sufficient amount for ordinary work. When the work is increased, the diet must naturally be increased likewise. We find that persons in active employment require about a fifth part more nitrogenous food, and about twice the quantity of fat consumed by those engaged in light work; the sugars and starches remaining the same.

An interesting practical calculation has been made regarding the amounts of different foods required to perform a given and fixed piece of work. Taking the work performed by the German observers already named, as a standard, namely, that of raising a man's weight (one hundred and forty pounds) ten thousand feet high, it has been found that the amounts and cost of various foods required for the performance of this work is as follows: Bread, 2·345 pounds, cost 3½d.; oatmeal, 1·281 pounds, cost 3½d.; potatoes, 5·068 pounds, cost 5¼d.; beef-fat, 0·555 pounds, cost 5¼d.; cheese, 1·156 pounds, cost 11½d.; butter, 0·693 pounds, cost 1s. 0½d.; lean beef, 3·532, cost 3s. 6½d.; pale ale, nine bottles, cost 4s. 6d.

The proportion of the different food-elements in an ordinary dietary has been set down as follows: nitrogenous matter one, fats six, starches and sugars three; and these proportions appear to be represented with singular exactness in the ordinary dietaries which experience has recommended to mankind. Excess of food in the matter of nitrogenous elements tends to induce diseases of an inflammatory and gouty nature, and likewise leads to fatty degeneration of the tissues. When, on the other hand, there exists lack of nitrogenous substances, the individual experiences weakness, want of muscular power, and general prostration. The healthy mean is that in which the proportions of nitrogenous and non-nitrogenous food are maintained as above indicated.

In the construction of dietaries, a few practical hints remain for notice. Thus, as regards sex, the dietaries of women are usually, in the case of the working-classes, estimated at one-tenth less than those of the opposite sex. Age has an important influence in determining the amount and quality of food. The growing body consumes more food, relatively to work and weight, than the adult, inasmuch as it requires material for new tissue. An infant under eight or nine months should receive no starch whatever in its dietary, because it is unable to digest that substance. Health is naturally a condition in which the question of foods assumes a high importance, and various dietaries, as is well known, are adapted for the cure of disease. The relation of food to work has already been alluded to, and statistics detailed; but it may be added that the brain-worker

requires his food in a more readily digestible form, and also in smaller bulk and in more concentrated shape, than the muscle-worker or ordinary labourer. What has been said concerning foods will tend to show how wide is the field which the subject of nutrition occupies. It may only here be added, that the education of the individual in health laws and in the science of foods and food-taking, forms the only sure basis for the intelligent regulation of that all-important work—the nourishment and due support of the frame in relation to the work we perform and to every circumstance of life.

THE COMMON-SENSE OF SUPERSTITIONS.

Out of a medley of magpies, May cats, broken looking-glasses, crickets, village cures, lucky days, and tumbles up-stairs, there dawns a hint towards the solving of a very puzzling problem. The problem is, not why these things are called lucky or unlucky, but how it is that multitudes grow up in every generation to believe the same absurdities, and that still in this world of common-sense such items of uncommon nonsense keep their character for 'coming true.' How is this, and where do the secret links exist between the sense and the nonsense? If any one takes the trouble to gather together about a hundred rustic superstitions and old beliefs of quackery, the reason of the character for 'coming true'—that is, the reason of the traditional hold upon the people—will presently begin to be plainly written across the whole medley, dawning by degrees, just as writing in acid might dawn upon an apparently blank missive held to the heat.

Most superstitions are signs of ill-luck. This in itself is a tell-tale fact. Unlucky omens are so numerous, that no believer could escape them for long; and in all likelihood he observes not only the unlucky signs, but his ill-luck following. The truth is, that the magpie on his path had no connection with his loss of money; and on his wedding-day, his bride's unlucky glance in the looking-glass after she was fully arrayed, had nothing to do with her discontent as a wife; nor need the servant who broke the looking-glass have cried, looking forward to seven years of ill-luck. In all three cases, as all the neighbours knew, the ill-luck came. But it came because of the prepossessed frame of mind that observed and discounted these signs. The superstitious character lacks those practical and courageous qualities which wrest luck from fortune and make the best of life. The omens of ill-luck have come to the fortunate as often; but they were never noticed, because they who were cheerily fighting the battle had better use for their time. At this moment, the present writer knows of no household more radiantly prosperous than one in which the largest looking-glass was broken a few days after a move to their newly-built home; and no marriage more replete with happiness than a Saturday marriage, though proverbially Saturday's marriage 'has no luck at all.' Of course, neither the prosperous household nor the well-matched pair were of that languid and timid mind that takes nervous note of superstitions.

But, it may be objected, there are signs of good luck too, though not so many. Certainly; and there is no truth better known than that courage commands success, and such courage in exceptional cases may come from a very trivial encouragement. There is a country superstition that if a man sets off running and runs round in a circle, when he hears the cuckoo for the first time, he will never be out of work till spring comes again. But the man who valued steady work would exert himself in a more sensible direction than unproductive circle-running, and be safe from idle days. Again, if a tumble up-stairs is lucky, the predisposition to luck is in the person who will be active and quick enough to run up the staircase. Another good omen, the turning of a garment inside out in dressing, though it seems to tell of the slovenliness that will not succeed, has probably an origin that indicated something better; it is a country saying, and it might well refer to the hurry and awkwardness of rising without artificial light before day—a habit likely to help the farmer's household to good fortune. Or as proof of the real nature of many good signs which time has perverted into superstitions, can we doubt that the crickets which chirp round the hearth for luck were first noticed there because crickets, as a rule, only come to a warm and cosy fireside—the kind of hearth that marks a happy cottage home?

A simple grain of common-sense like this must have been the origin of many senseless observances. It was necessary to guard ladders from being knocked down, so superstition began to warn the passers-by: if the children went under the ladder, they would not grow; if girls went, they would have no chance of being married within the year; and if a man passed under, he would be hanged—in memory of the criminal's ladder under the gibbet.

To take another original grain of common-sense. Warnings against carelessness assumed the form of omens. To spill the salt was unfortunate; or in some country places, to spill new milk; or in parts of Southern Europe, to spill the oil. Leonardo da Vinci painted spilt salt near Judas in his famous 'Last Supper.' It is one of the most widespread of ill omens, though in different places there are shades of difference; for instance, in Holland it betokens a shipwreck.

Beside the superstitious disposition being what we may call an unlucky disposition, and beside the germ of encouragement that makes its own success out of some 'good signs,' and the atom of original prudence that still exists in some so-called bad omens, there are two other reasons why superstitions still keep hold of the people by a reputation for 'coming true.' These two reasons cover a great deal of ground in our theory of explanation. The first is the vague character of forecasts. For instance, we all know the rhymes about the luck of birthdays, which country-people of different shires repeat rather variously. One Scottish version is:

Monday's bairn is fair of face;
Tuesday's bairn is full of grace;
Wednesday's bairn is a child of woe;
Thursday's bairn has far to go;

Friday's bairn is loving and giving;
Saturday's bairn works hard for a living;
But the bairn that is born on the Sabbath day,
Is lively and bonnie, and wise and gay.

Contrast with this the English version:

Born of a Monday, fair in face;
Born of a Tuesday, full of God's grace;
Born of a Wednesday, merry and glad;
Born of a Thursday, sour and sad;
Born of a Friday, godly given;
Born of a Saturday, work for your living;
Born of a Sunday, never shall we want—
So there ends the week, and there's an end on't.

Any superstitious rustic who, from the page of the cottage Bible, dug out the deep secret of the day of his birth, would easily find the rhyme true of himself for any day of the week. Any country girl would trust it was true, if she was born on a Monday. And who that came on a Tuesday would confess himself graceless? But about Wednesday's bairn there seems to be a difference of opinion among the prophets: one rhyme predicts 'a child of woe;' the other says, 'merry and glad;' while a third, well known in Devonshire, says, 'sour and grum;' and thereby, from self-contradiction, the old rhyme goes down like a house of cards. But all the rhymsters are agreed that Saturday's child works hard for his living—as no doubt the children of every other day of the week work too, in the sphere of labouring country-life in which these old sayings are known. And as variable as this forecast there are many others; for every firm believer in superstition has a secret satisfaction in proving it true; and which of us is there that could not read our life as the interpretation of any forecast, since we all can look at the bright or the dark side, having known alike the good and the evil days?

The other reason for the reputation for truth is, that, for credulous folk, unlucky omens are too terrible to be put to the test. If they were freely tried, they would be detected as a mental tyranny, a popular fraud; and in a few generations would be remembered by the rustic classes, only as the learned now remember the foolish excitement of their forefathers in science, seeking the Elixir of Life and the Philosopher's Stone. If dinner-parties of thirteen were to become the fashion, we should not see, as we often see now, the cautious arrangements of Christmas invitations, or even the timid compromise of bringing in a side-table to accommodate the thirteenth. But which of the credulous would dare to test these things? It reminds the writer of a doubt—still unsolved—whether the taste of parsley would cause a parrot to drop down dead. Parsley as a parrot-poison was heard of in childhood, not as a superstition, but as a physical fact. What if it were true? The *if* was too terrible. We had visions of our feathered gray 'Prince Charlie' seizing the green stuff in his hooked beak, and rolling off the perch in mortal agonies. So we disbelieved, but coward-like avoided the chance, just as all the world avoids thirteen at table.

As to superstitious cures, some of them contain slight elements of medicinal value; but most depend upon that influence upon the nerves which is well known to be capable of giving energy for a time and allaying pain. Some of the old cures were decidedly disagreeable and troublesome. The native of Devonshire who wanted to get rid of a wart was solemnly enjoined to steal a piece of meat, and after rubbing the wart with it, throw it over his left shoulder over a wall. The Hertfordshire villager, when afflicted with ague, might be cured if he would go to Berkhampstead, where oak-trees grew at the cross-roads; and after pegging himself by a lock of hair to the trunk of one of these trees, he was to give a vigorous jump, and rid himself at once of the ague and the tuft of hair. The loss of the hair was so painful, and the loss of the ague so doubtful, that the Berkhampstead folks many years ago ceased to go to 'the cross-oaks.' The ague, the toothache, and dog-bites were the subject of many charms. In the former two maladies, a nervous impression might go far to cure; and in the last, a charm against hydrophobia would protect the simple believer from the great peril that is in a brooding fear of madness. The ludicrous cures were a legion in themselves. It seems heartlessly unkind to give a poor dog the measles; but many an old nurse took a lock of hair from the nape of the sick child's neck, made a sort of sandwich of it between bread-and-butter, and watched at the door to transfer, or fancy she had transferred, the measles to a stray dog—probably a stray dog, because only an ill-fed animal would take her bread. Equally unkind was it to strive to give our dumb friend the whooping-cough; but by the same process, with a bunch of hair and a piece of meat, the nurse could be guilty of that absurdity as well.

Have any of our readers ever encountered a toad with the whooping-cough? The Cheshire toads ought to be sometimes found crowing and whooping and in need of change of air; for the superstitious Cheshire woman whose child has the cough, knows that she has only to poke a toad's head into her child's mouth to transfer the whooping-cough to the toad. Query, Is the disease also transferred—and in that case, what are the alarming results—when the victim of whooping-cough gets rid of it by being passed nine times under and over a donkey? The cure for rickets is to pass the child under and over the donkey nine-times-nine turns. This was actually done in London as late as 1845; when a man and a woman, solemnly counting, passed the unfortunate child under and over the unsuspecting moke eighty-one times, in the midst of an admiring crowd. If there was one pass more or less, the charm would fail—a broad enough hint of the excuses that could be made when such cures as these were sought in vain. The eighty-one turns must have confused the counters' arithmetic, as no doubt the child had personal objections, and lifted its voice aloud; and sore must have been the trial even to the patience of a donkey.

So, to sum up, we would suggest that superstitions keep their false character for truth, firstly, because those who observe them therein prove their own leaning towards ill-luck; secondly, because forecasts are vague, and interpretations can be traced somehow in the chances of life; thirdly, because the penalty of ill omens is so dreaded, that the credulous shrink from putting them to the test; fourthly, because there are

nervous cures, and love-charms, and dreams, in which anxious consciousness points right—the wish being father to the thought; fifthly, victims of superstition are secretly pleased when (by chance) an unlucky omen comes true, and have a satisfaction even in relating their misfortunes; while, since no one tells of the cases that do *not* come true, every chance fulfilment is a new rivet in the chain that ought long ago to have fallen to pieces.

NOXIOUS MANUFACTURES.

THERE is just now a most wholesome activity in regard to the national health, and the public are peculiarly interested in the various details of our sanitary machinery. Of this, by no means the least important department is that instituted under the Alkali Works Regulation Act, 1881, or, in other words, the inspection of noxious works and factories. In connection with the pollution of rivers, this is an old grievance; but too little has hitherto been done to realise or to remedy the evil in its general effects upon the public health. So greatly, too, have works prejudicial to health increased of late years, that their inspection has been decided upon none too soon. Probably, it will never be known how far the death-rate has been influenced by this cause. It is, however, one of the unavoidable penalties of civilisation that we should live under unwholesome conditions of life.

A multitude of influences injurious to health spring into active existence with the development of commerce and the growth of luxury. Most of these are evident enough. All the elements, indeed, are equally guilty. The earth, air, fire, and water, are allied against civilised humanity; and modern science is constantly bringing to light disagreeable facts in this connection. We have long lived in the comfortable belief that Mother Earth was the great purifier. The reverse is, it seems, nearer the truth. Years after the germs of infection have been consigned to the ground, they have been disinterred, and found to be not a whit diminished in virulence. Archæologists should, we are told, beware of handling newly found relics, lest, perchance, they should contract some archaic disease. Even mummies, it appears, in spite of their venerable respectability, are objects of legitimate suspicion! Fire, too, has a dreary catalogue of sins to answer for. It not only robs us of much of the oxygen, of which those of us who live in the towns have so scanty a supply, but it gives us in exchange unconsumed carbon in quantities which fill the air with smut. In smoke alone it furnishes us with food for reflection—and digestion—and probably will continue to do so for some time to come.

Again, water is the most insidious enemy of all. The most indispensable of the elements—and we are reminded of our obligations to it pretty frequently—it is credited with doing the greatest harm. In league with unnatural substances, it has developed such an affinity for noxious matter that it appears that nothing short of boiling can possibly enable us to drink it with any security. To most people, cold boiled water will not seem a very attractive beverage, but it has the advantage of being in many ways a safe one.

The air, too, is anything but true to the trust committed to her charge. We have long confidingly believed in her good-will. Our sewers, drains, and chimneys discharge their pestilent exhalations into the air; but instead of carrying these away into space, she receives them only to bestow them upon us again.

The outlook is indeed gloomy, and unless we make some progress in sanitary science, it is not a little difficult to see how we are to continue to support the burden of civilised existence.

In this connection, it is reassuring to know that something is being done to lessen these ominously numerous artificial dangers. The works which come within the scope of the Alkali, &c. Works Act, 1881, are very injurious to life. The manufacture of alkalies, acids, chemical manures, salt, and cement, alike involve processes prejudicial to health. More than one thousand of these were visited by the inspectors, appointed in pursuance of the above Act, during the year 1882; and it is interesting to know that some intelligent means are being devised whereby the offensive character of these manufactures may be diminished. To take a single cause of mischief. The manufacture of alkalies and acids has long been conducted in such a way that the proportion of noxious matter which was allowed to escape into the chimney, or atmosphere, often reached from twenty to forty grains per cubic foot of air, twenty being a not uncommon amount. The maximum amount which might be allowed to escape with impunity has been estimated at four grains per cubic foot; and it is a very important feature of the Act that it has been instrumental in reducing this very considerably. In the alkali works proper the escape has been brought down to two grains, while in some cases it is under one. The sulphuric acid works alone are now conspicuous for their failings in this important respect, the average escape in those examined during the year being 5·5. Again, chemical manure-works have long been a pregnant source of annoyance to the inhabitants of the neighbourhood in which these are carried on.

It is, curiously enough, the smaller establishments of the kind which are the most harmful. The larger works have long employed the most complete processes, because the escape of effluvia would otherwise have been so great, that it would have speedily aroused hostile action on the part of the public. The imposition of preventive measures in the case of the smaller works—in many of which no precautions whatever have hitherto been adopted—is attended with some difficulty, since it involves an expenditure which would in some cases be almost prohibitive. It appears, indeed, that no maximum of escape can be fixed in works of this kind, and all that remains to be done is to render it compulsory that processes should be adopted for washing out such gases as are soluble, and for burning those which are more susceptible to such a method of treatment. Since such pernicious agents as fluorine compounds escape during the action of sulphuric acid upon

phosphates, the question is one of some urgency. Again, another cause of complaint is the escape of sulphuretted hydrogen during the process of making sulphate of ammonia. In the larger gas-liquor-works the gas is burned, and converted into sulphuric acid in lead chambers; while in others it is passed through oxide of iron; and both these methods are perfectly satisfactory when properly carried out. Again, the discharge of sulphurous or muriatic gases evolved in extracting salt from brine is an evil which has remained unremedied almost down to the present time. Not the least curious feature of this question, too, is the fact that many of the products of distillation are so valuable that it is more than mere neglect to throw them away in the form of noxious gases. It is unnecessary to describe here the state of the salt districts. They might serve as a type of the abomination of desolation. The combined effect of the gases and the soot, which pours forth in prodigious volumes and from the chimneys of nearly a hundred salt-works in Cheshire alone, is most deplorable.

The only possible conclusion from this Report is that we are still far behindhand in these matters. We have, for instance, long continued to burn coal on the same principle, and are very slow to believe in any of the new methods which have been and are continually being introduced. Yet not only is black smoke very much more injurious to animal and vegetable life than when it has been rendered colourless by burning, but it is peculiarly wasteful. It has long been known that many valuable commodities could be obtained from coal; and but too little progress has hitherto been made in this direction. It is, then, all the more interesting to know that in some works in the north of England the gases from the blast furnaces have been cooled and washed, and ammoniacal salts obtained in such quantities as to make the process economical; while by the 'Young and Beilby' process it is contended that not only can the fuel be consumed for nothing, but that there will be several shillings a ton profit.

So far as manufactures are concerned, there certainly seems to be no valid reason why the rule that they must consume their own smoke should not be much more freely enforced. In the case of the alkali trades, which have long been in a very bad state, it is, of course, an unfortunate time to suggest the necessity for the outlay of more capital in improved works. But the exigencies of the public health are paramount, and needlessly offensive processes cannot be tolerated much longer. Such a case as that reported from Widnes, where waste heaps of offensive matter, consisting chiefly of sulphur and lime, are allowed to accumulate, although the sulphur could be extracted at a profit, and so prevented from poisoning the streams for miles around, is certainly difficult to explain. The drainage from these heaps alone is estimated as carrying away twelve tons or seventy pounds-worth of sulphur a day. But perhaps as soon as some satisfactory system for eliminating the sulphur has been hit upon, this will be remedied. We have certainly much yet to learn in sanitary science. The old theories are one by one being exploded, and it will no longer do for us to poison the air we breathe, under the pleasing impression that its purifying properties are inexhaustible. Civilisation has made such strides that she has succeeded in overturning the equilibrium of nature. The equilibrium must be restored.

TRIMMING THE FEET OF ELEPHANTS.

The feet of elephants kept for show purposes are trimmed two or three times a year. The sole of an elephant's foot is heavily covered with a thick horny substance of material similar to the three toe-nails on each foot; and as it grows thicker and thicker, it tends to contract and crack, often laming the animal. Barnum the American showman recently subjected his elephants to the trimming process at one of the towns where he was exhibiting. With a knife about two feet long, great pieces of horn, six inches by four, and a quarter of an inch thick, were shaved off. Often pieces of glass, wire, nails, and other things are found imbedded in the foot, which have been picked up during street parades. Sometimes these irritating morsels work up into the leg and produce a festering sore. A large nail was found imbedded in the foot of one of the elephants, which had to be extracted with a pair of pincers, and the wound syringed with warm water. During the operation, the huge creature appeared to suffer great pain, but seemed to know that it would afterwards obtain relief, and therefore bore it patiently, and trumpeted its pleasure at the close. Three times around an elephant's front-hoof is said to be his exact height.

SONNETS OF PRAISE.

THE VALES.

The nestling vales lie sheltered from rough winds,
As little babes in tender keeping grow,
Some narrow gorge each flowery limit binds;
Thus we from childish eyes hide elder woe.
The vales are thick with corn, with plenty shine;
Thus should the children smile in sunny glee,
For One hath blessed them with a love divine,
The untried pilgrims of life's stormy sea.
Though rough winds cannot enter, gentle rain
Refreshes the green vale, till springs arise,
Their source the snow-clad hills; so age should gain,
By gentle teaching childhood's eager eyes.
Rain fills the pools, the thirsty vale is blest;
Thus should the children thrive, by love caressed.

THE MOUNTAINS.

The lofty mountains with their snowy crests,
God's ensigns, praise their Lord throughout the land;
Their heights, which few can reach, in human breasts
Inspiring awe, yet quake beneath His hand.
Oft 'twixt their summits and the lower earth,
The wreathing cloud-mists roll, alone they dwell
As sight-dimmed age. Our cries of pain or mirth
Molest them not; thus age with deadening spell
Benumbs our ears, yet near each lonely peak
Sing mountain birds, sunbeams each summit crown.
From highest heaven thus God's saints may seek
Refuge in thoughts divine, though long years drown
Earth's sounds; on mountain crest reposed the Ark,
Our home above shines clear, as earth grows dark.

M. P.

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SUDDEN FORTUNES.

Few things are so fascinating to read as stories of fortunes suddenly made. They lend to the adventures of miners in gold or diamond fields an interest possessed by enterprises of no other kind; they also impart a most seductive glamour to accounts published in continental newspapers of prize-winners in big lotteries. When the French annual state lotteries were abolished in 1837, a writer of some distinction, M. Alphonse Karr, protested energetically against what he called a hardship for the poor. His defence was curious. 'For five sous,' he said, 'the most miserable of beings may purchase the chance of becoming a millionaire; by suppressing this chance, you take away the ray of hope from the poor man's life.'

Almost any man can relate from his own experience tales of suddenly acquired wealth; and by this we do not mean the riches that may be inherited through the death of a relative, or those which are won by speculation. The professed money-hunter who succeeds on 'Change is like the sportsman who brings home a good bag—his spoils, though they may be large, are not unexpected. But there is the man who goes out without any thought of sport, and returns with a plump bird that has dropped into his hands; or the man who, wandering on the seashore, picks up a pearl. It is with persons of this description that we may compare those lucky individuals who, awaiting nothing from fortune, are suddenly overwhelmed by her favours. A few examples of such luck may induce the reader who sees no signs of wealth on his path just yet, never to despair.

At the beginning of 1870, the Hôtel des Réservoirs at Versailles was for sale. It was the largest hotel in the city; but as Versailles had become a sleepy place, almost deserted in winter, and only frequented in summer by casual tourists and Sunday excursionists, the landlord had scarcely been able to pay his way. The hotel was disposed of in January for a very low figure, and the new proprietor entered upon his tenancy on the first of April. He soon repented of his bargain. The season of 1870 brought fewer excursionists than usual; and when, in the middle of July, war was declared against Germany, all the landlord's chances of recouping himself during the months when foreign tourists abound, seemed gone, so that he had serious thoughts of reselling the house. Within eight weeks, the whole of his prospects were altered. The French were defeated, Paris was invested, Versailles became the head-quarters of the invading armies, and suddenly the Hôtel des Réservoirs entered upon a period of such prosperity as doubtless could not be matched by the records of any other hostelry. From the middle of September till the following February it was the lodging-place of Grand Dukes and Princes, as many as it would hold; whilst its dining-rooms were resorted to by all the wealthiest officers in the German forces. As the siege operations kept troops in movement at all hours, meals were served at every time of the day and night. Three relays of cooks and as many of waiters had to be hired; and the consumption of wines, spirits, and liqueurs beggars all reckoning. Princes and rich officers going into action or returning from victory are naturally free with their money; every triumph of German arms was a pretext for banquets and toasts. In fact, from the 1st of October to the date when the occupation of the city ceased—a period of about one hundred and thirty days—the average number of champagne bottles uncorked every day exceeded five hundred! As the Prussians held Rheims, the landlord was enabled to renew his stock of champagne as often as was necessary; but he could not renew his stock of Bordeaux—the Bordelais being in French hands, so that towards the end of the war he was selling his clarets at fancy prices.

The Germans marched away in February; but still the Hôtel des Réservoirs' marvellous run of luck continued. In March the Communist insurrection broke out; the National Assembly transferred its sittings to Versailles,

which was proclaimed the political capital of France; and during the second siege of Paris the hotel was crowded with ministers, foreign ambassadors, deputies, and other persons of note. The result of all this and of the steady custom which the hotel received so long as Versailles remained the seat of government, was that the landlord, who was at the point of ruin in 1870, retired in 1875 worth one hundred and twenty thousand pounds, after selling the hotel for three times what he had paid for it. We may add that in 1870 other very fine hauls of money were made by hotel-keepers in cities which the German armies occupied, and at Tours and Bordeaux, which were successively the seats of the French Government of National Defence.

But it will be objected that such fortunes as war, revolutions, and other great commotions bring to the few, in compensation for the ruin which they scatter among the many, are not to be met with in lands enjoying profound peace like England. Well, there are local convulsions too in England. An obscure village becomes the scene of a murder or a railway accident; an inquest is held; reporters are sent down from London; idlers by the trainful come to view the spot where the mishap occurred; and the village public-house, which had been doing a poor business, all at once finds itself taking gold and silver like a first-class London *buffet*. Such things happen pretty often; indeed, Fortune now and then knocks at houses whose inmates, from sheer bewilderment or stupidity, do not know how to take advantage of her unexpected visit. We have the recollection of a publican in a village on the Great Western line who positively spurned a chance of handsome gains thrown into his way by a snowstorm. An express train had got snowed up in the night; with infinite difficulty, by reason of the darkness, the passengers crawled out, and made across the fields for a public-house about a mile distant; but on arriving there, they met with anything but a hospitable reception. The landlord had been roused from sleep; he could not serve drink, he said, because it was past hours; he had no spare-room for travellers; there was only one ounce of tea in his house; and so forth. In the end, most of the benighted party found a refuge at the vicarage. Had the landlord been a more astute fellow, he might have secured some valuable patrons that night, for there were wealthy people among the passengers; and two of them had to linger for more than a week in the village, having fallen ill.

Let us now leave publicans, and come to stories of sudden professional advancement. All young doctors know what uphill work it sometimes is to establish a practice. Years will often elapse before a doctor gets any return for the money which his friends invested in obtaining his diploma. On the other hand, a single fortunate case may bring patients by the score. About twenty years ago, a young doctor who had been established three years in London without making an income, lost heart, and determined to emigrate to Australia. He sold his small house and furniture, paid his passage-money, and a week before his ship was to sail, went into the country to say good-bye to his parents. Having to change trains at a junction, he was waiting on the platform, when a groom in a smart livery galloped up to the station, and calling excitedly to a porter, handed him a telegraphic message for transmission. From some remarks exchanged between the two men, the young doctor understood that the Duke of ——, a member of the Cabinet, had fallen dangerously ill, and that an eminent physician in London was being telegraphed for. The groom added that he had ridden to the houses of three local doctors, who had all been absent, and that 'Her Grace was in a terrible way.'

The young doctor saw his opportunity, and at once seized it. 'I am a medical man,' he said to the groom; 'and I will go to the Hall to offer my assistance till another doctor arrives.'

The groom was evidently attached to his master, for he said: 'Jump on my horse, sir, and ride straight down the road for about four miles; you can't miss the Hall; any one will tell you where it is.'

The doctor went, was gratefully received by the Duchess, and happened to be just in time to stop a mistake in treatment of the patient, which might have proved fatal if continued for a few hours longer. The Duke was suffering from typhoid fever; and when the eminent physician arrived from town, he declared that the young doctor's management of the case had been perfect. The result of this was, that the latter was requested to remain at the Hall to take charge of the patient; and his name figured on the bulletins which were issued during the next fortnight, and were printed in all the daily newspapers of the kingdom. Such an advertisement is always the making of a medical man, especially when his patient recovers, as the Duke did. Our penniless friend received a fee of five hundred guineas; took a house at the West End, and from that time to this has been at the head of one of the largest practices in London.

Curiously enough, his sudden rise was indirectly the means of bringing another needy young doctor to great fortune. Having abandoned his emigration scheme, our friend had made a present of his ticket to a former fellow-student of his, a shiftless sort of young man, who was loafing about town, with no regular work or prospects. This ne'er-do-weel had never thought of leaving the mother-country, and he accepted the ticket rather with the idea of making a pleasant voyage gratis than of settling at the antipodes. But on the way out, an epidemic of smallpox occurred among the passengers; the ship's surgeon died; and the emigrant doctor, stepping into his place, displayed such skill and devotion that he won golden opinions from all on board. As often happens with men of good grit, the sudden call to noble work and great responsibilities completely altered his character, and he became thenceforth a steady fellow. On landing at Sydney, he was presented with a handsome cheque by the agents of the Steamship Company for his services, and soon afterwards was, on their recommendation, appointed physician to the quarantine depôt. This position put him in the way of forming a first-rate private practice and of winning municipal honours. He is now one of the most prosperous men in the colony, and a member of the colonial legislature.

Talking of sea-voyages reminds us of a barrister who has owed professional success to the mere lucky, or let us say providential, hazard which sent him out on a trip to China. Having lived three or four years in chambers without getting a brief, he was almost destitute, when a friend of his who was in the tea-trade offered him a free passage to Shanghai and back on condition of his transacting some piece of business there. On the passage out, the barrister had many conversations with the captain, who chanced to have lately given evidence at Westminster in a lawsuit which was of great importance to the shipping interest. But he had been disgusted with the 'stupidity,' as he called it, of the judge and counsel in the case, when talking of maritime and commercial customs; and he exclaimed: 'Why don't some of those lawyers who mean to speak in shipping cases, study our ways a little?' These words struck the young barrister, who, after thinking the matter over for a few days, resolved to live at sea for a while.

On his return to England, he sought for a situation as purser or secretary on board one of the great ocean steamers, and in this capacity made several trips. Then he successively tried expeditions on board whalers, vessels engaged in the cod and herring fisheries, &c.; in fact, he led a sailor's life for rather more than three years, picking up a full acquaintance with the manners, customs, grievances, and wants of those who had their business in the great waters. On going back to the bar, he almost at once got briefs in the Admiralty Court; and becoming known to solicitors as an expert on shipping questions, his professional fortune was made.

We might quote several cases similar to this one where special knowledge, sometimes acquired by accident, has put men in the way of getting highly honourable and well-paid positions on the newspaper press. A gentleman who is now a distinguished leader-writer on one of the London dailies, got his situation in consequence of having broken his leg while travelling in Germany. He was laid up for months in lodgings, and there became intimate with a Russian refugee, who taught him the Russian language and instructed him thoroughly in Muscovite politics. This occurred at the beginning of the Eastern imbroglio in 1876; and when the patient was getting better, he sent to a London paper a series of letters which exhibited such a familiarity with Russian affairs, that they attracted general notice. He was soon asked to go to St Petersburg as special correspondent; and from that date all things prospered with him. At the time when he broke his leg, he was about to accept a clerkship in a merchant's office, where he would have had small chance of making any figure in the world.

But we fancy we can hear people exclaim that talent well directed is pretty sure to make a man's fortune, so that it is never surprising to hear of clever men growing rich. True; but nevertheless there are chances for those who are *not* clever. We have heard of a man who had two thousand pounds a year left him because he was civil to an infirm old lady in church, finding the hymns for her, setting her hassock, &c. He did not know her name; but she took care to ascertain his, and when she died, he found that she had bequeathed to him the bulk of her property 'as a reward for his patient kindness.' A clergyman of our acquaintance obtained a living of good value from a baronet in Norfolk for no other reason than that he was the only curate within ten miles round who had not applied for it when it fell vacant. And another clergyman whom we know got a still better living for having refused preferment offered to him under circumstances derogatory to his dignity. He was a fair singer; and a vulgar plutocrat who had invited him to dinner promised to give him a living if he would sing a comic song at dessert. The quiet rebuke which the young clergyman administered made the plutocrat ashamed of himself, so that the next day he proffered the living with a letter of apology; but the living was refused, the clergyman stating that it would be impossible for him to forget the circumstances under which it was first tendered. This was the more honourable, as the clergyman was very badly off. Another patron, hearing of what he had done, appointed him to a benefice, as a testimony of his admiration.

We may conclude with a story of a man who was suddenly made rich because of his great stupidity. He was the only dull man in a bright-witted family, and going to dine with a wealthy relative who had a horror of fools, he made so many silly remarks, that the old man cried in exasperation: 'I must do something for you, for you'll never do anything for yourself. If I don't make a rich man of you, you'll become a laughing-stock to the world and a disgrace to your family.'

BY MEAD AND STREAM.

CHAPTER XXIV.—THE WORK.

Philip spoke lightly to Madge about the 'chambers in town;' but he was not quite satisfied with the arrangement, when she told him frankly that she did not like it. He confessed that the idea pleased him chiefly because it would give him a sense of independence, which he could never experience so long as he remained at Ringsford and the family continued to be in the same mood as at present. Very little had been said to him there, beyond a few expressions of curiosity on the part of the girls, and a cunning question from Coutts as to what guarantee Uncle Shield could give for the wealth he professed to possess.

'The amount he promised to place at my disposal is in the bank,' Philip answered; 'and that, I fancy, would be sufficient, Coutts, to satisfy even you.'

Coutts nodded, was silent, and began privately to speculate on the possibility of ingratiating himself with this mysterious relative, who seemed to have discovered the mines of Golconda.

Nothing more was said. Mr Hadleigh enjoined silence on the subject until he should please to speak; and he had done so with a sternness which effectually checked the tongue even of Miss Hadleigh, who, being 'engaged,' felt herself in some measure released from parental authority.

The consequence was that there had grown up a feeling of constraint, which was exceedingly irksome to the frank, loving nature of Philip;

and yet he could not divine how he was to overcome it. He could not tell whether this feeling was due to his own anxiety to reconcile two opposing elements, or to the unspoken irritation of the family with him for having leagued himself with their enemy. It never occurred to him that any one of them could be jealous of his good fortune.

However, this new arrangement seemed to offer an opportunity for making the position clear. Standing apart from the influence of his family, he would be able to consider all the circumstances of his position with more calmness and impartiality than would be otherwise possible.

At the same time, he was a good deal perplexed by the conduct of Mr Shield, and was gradually beginning to feel something like vexation at it. There was the difficulty of seeing him, and then the impossibility of getting him to discuss anything when he did see him. Mr Shield was still at the *Langham;* and if Philip called without having made an appointment, he was either sent away with some excuse, which he knew to be nothing more than an excuse, or there was a great fuss of attendants entering and leaving the room before he was admitted. On these occasions Philip was conscious of an atmosphere of brandy-and-soda; and several times his uncle had been served with a glass of this potent mixture during their interviews, brief as they were. It was to this weakness Philip had been about to refer, when speaking to Dame Crawshay, and to it he was disposed to attribute much of his uncle's eccentricity of conduct.

But he was always the same roughly good-natured man, although short of speech and decided in manner.

'Once for all,' he said gruffly, when Philip made a more strenuous effort than usual to induce him to discuss the scheme he was elaborating; 'I am not a good talker—see things clearer when they are put down on paper for me. You do that; and if there is anything that does not please me, I'll tell you fast enough in writing. Then there can be no mistakes between us. Had enough of mistakes in my time already.'

And notwithstanding his peculiarly jerky mode of expressing himself in talking, his letters were invariably clear and to the point. They formed, indeed, a bewildering contrast to the man as he appeared personally, for they were the letters of one who had clear vision and cool judgment. But as yet Philip had not found any opportunity to approach the subject of a reconciliation with his father. He kept that object steadily in view, however, and waited patiently for the right moment in which to speak.

Wrentham was well pleased that Mr Shield should keep entirely in the background; it left him the more freedom in action; and he was delighted with his appointment as general manager for Philip. His first transaction in that capacity was to sublet his offices in Golden Alley to his principal. This saved so much expense, and there were the clerks and all the machinery ready for conducting any business which might be entered upon. Wrentham had agreeable visions of big prizes to be won on the Stock Exchange. He was confident that the whole theory of exchange business was as simple as A B C to him; and only the want of a little capital had prevented him from making a large fortune long ago. His chance had come at last.

Here was this young man, who knew almost nothing of business, but possessed capital which he desired to employ. He, Martin Wrentham, knew how to employ it to the best advantage. What more simple, then? He should employ the capital; instead of dabbling in hundreds, he would be able to deal in thousands, and in no time he would double the capital and make his own fortune too!

But when the time came for Philip to unfold the project which he had been quietly maturing, the sanguine and volatile Wrentham was for an instant dumb with amazement, then peered inquiringly into the face of the young capitalist, as if seeking some symptoms of insanity, and next laughed outright.

'That's the best joke I have heard for a long time,' he exclaimed.

'Where is the joke?' asked Philip, a little surprised.

'You don't mean to say that you are serious in thinking of investing your capital in this way?' Wrentham's hilarity disappeared as he spoke.

'Perfectly serious; and Mr Shield approves of the idea.'

'But you will never make money out of it.'

'I do not know what you may mean by making money; but unless the calculations which have been supplied to me by practical men are utterly wrong, I shall obtain a fair percentage on the capital invested. I do not mean to do anything foolish, for I consider the money as held in trust, and will do what is in my power to make a good use of it.'

'You want to drive Philanthropy and Business in one team; but I never heard of them going well in harness together.'

'I think they have done so, and may do so again,' said Philip cheerfully.

'You will be an exception to all the rules I know anything about, if you manage to make them go together. If you had five times the capital you are starting with, you could make nothing out of it.'

'I hope to make a great deal out of it, although not exactly in the sense you mean.'

Wrentham passed his hand through his hair, as if he despaired of bringing his principal to reason.

'What do you expect to make out of it?'

'First of all, beginning on our small scale, we shall provide work for so many men. By the system of paying for the work done, rather than by wages whether the work is done or not, each man will be able to earn the value of what he can produce or cares to produce.'

'You will not find half-a-dozen men willing to accept that arrangement.'

'We must make the most of those we do find. When the advantages are made plain in practice, others will come in fast enough.'

'The Unions will prevent them.'

'It is a kind of Union I am proposing to form—a Union of capital and labour. Then, I propose to divide amongst the men all profits above, say, six or eight per cent. on the capital, in proportion to the work each has done. I believe we shall find plenty of workmen who will understand and appreciate the scheme.'

Wrentham was resting his elbows on the table and twisting a piece of paper between his fingers. He had got over his first surprise. The one thing he understood was, that Philip would hold obstinately to this ridiculous ideal of a social revolution until experience showed him how impracticable it was. The one thing he did not understand was, how Mr Shield had agreed to let him try it.

'I admire the generous spirit which prompts you to try this experiment; it is excellent, benevolent, and all that sort of thing,' he said coolly; 'but it is not business, and it will be a failure. Every scheme of the same sort that has been tried has failed. However, I shall do my best to help you. How do you propose to begin?'

Philip was prepared for this lukewarm support; he had not expected Wrentham to enter upon the plan with enthusiasm, and was aware that men of business would regard it as a mere fancy, in which a good deal of money would be thrown away. But he was confident that the result would justify his sanguine calculations.

'I am sorry you cannot take a more cheerful view of my project, Wrentham; but I hope some day to hear you own that you were mistaken. We shall begin by buying this land—here is the plan. Then if we get it at a fair price, we shall proceed to erect two blocks of good healthy tenements for working-people. We shall be our own contractors, and so begin our experiment with the men at once. Take the plans home with you, and look them over; and to-morrow you can open negotiations for the purchase of the land.'

Wrentham's eyes brightened.

'Ah, that's better—that's something I can do.'

'You will find that there are many things you can do in carrying out the work,' said Philip, smiling.

The general manager was restored to equanimity by the prospect of a speculation in land. The young enthusiast went his way, contented with the thought that he had taken the first step towards a social reform of vast importance.

The same afternoon the agents for the land in question received a communication from a solicitor inquiring the terms on which it was to be sold.

THE HOMING PIGEON.

BY GORDON STABLES, M.D., R.N.

'LET it off at Leicester, sir.'

My train had already started, when the speaker—an earnest-faced, enthusiastic-looking workingman—breathless with running, leapt on to the step, and after a hurried glance round the compartment, popped a paper bag into my arms and disappeared.

'Let it off at Leicester?' What did the man mean? Did he take me for one of the Fenian brotherhood? Had he handed me an 'infernal machine' with which to destroy Leicester railway station? I was taken aback for a moment, but only for a moment, for something rustled inside the bag, and I 'keeked' in at a corner.

'You're there, are you?' I said *sotto voce*, as the bright, inquiring eye of a blue homing pigeon met my gaze.

The man's meaning was plain enough now. Leicester was our first stopping-place. I was to throw the bird up there—which I duly did—and knowing the hour the train was due there, its owner could thus judge of its flying powers from the time it took to regain the loft in London.

By many people, it is believed that the homing pigeon is guided in its wonderful flights by some *special instinct;* others think that sight alone is the bird's guide. In the far-distant past, long before railways, telegraphs, or telephones were dreamt of, pigeons were used to convey intelligence of all kinds from distant quarters; and even in our own day and in times of peace, homing or carrier pigeons are found exceedingly useful as message-bearers in a hundred ways needless to name.

In time of war, their utility can hardly be overrated. The 'Paris pigeon-post' of the Franco-German war of 1870-71 is well known. During the siege, when the gayest city in the world was closely beleaguered by the Prussians, and all communication with the outside world was totally cut off, homing pigeons brought to Paris by balloons, found their way back to Tours and other places, bearing with them news of the beleaguered city. How welcome they must have been to the thousands of people who had friends and relatives in Paris at that time! The messages carried by the pigeons were written or printed, then photographed on thin paper, the words being so reduced in size that it required the aid of a powerful magnifier to decipher them. These tiny documents were carried in small sealed quills, carefully fastened to the centre tail-feathers. From the very moment of the arrival of the first homing pigeon, the Paris pigeon-post was firmly established as an institution; and in times of war among all civilised nations, the aërial *voyageur* will in future doubtless play a most important part.

We have already in England a large number of clubs devoted to pigeon-flying or pigeon-racing; but it is in Brussels that the sport is carried out to the fullest extent. In Belgium alone, there are at this moment nearly twenty-five hundred clubs, and every town, village, or district in the whole country goes in for its weekly race. The birds are sent off on the Friday or Saturday by special trains, and are liberated in clouds of thousands on the Sunday mornings, two, three, four, or even five hundred miles from home.

I know many people in this country who have as their special hobby the breeding and flying of pigeons in a private way, quite independent of clubs—people who never go very far away from home without taking a pigeon or two along with them, to send back with news of their safe arrival, or their success or non-success in matters of business. I had the following told me by a friend, and have no reason to doubt the truth of it. A gentleman of rather shy disposition came down from London to a town not a hundred miles from Warwick, bent on proposing to a young lady, with whom he was greatly in love. She was the daughter of a well-to-do landowner, and a fancier of Antwerp carriers. The Londoner, however, lacked the courage or opportunity of popping the question. He was bold enough, though, before taking leave, to beg the loan of one of his lady-love's pets, just 'to tell her of his

safe arrival in town.' The bird returned from London the same day; and in the little quill, it bore to its mistress a message—that, after all, might more simply and naturally have been conveyed by lip—to wit, a declaration and a proposal. A more artful though innocent way of getting out of a difficulty could hardly have been devised. It was successful too.

The homing pigeon of the present day is not only remarkably fond of the cot and scenes around it wherein it has been bred and reared, but fond of its owner as well, and exceedingly sagacious and docile. The power of wing of this bird is very great, and emulates the speed of the swiftest train, over five hundred miles being done sometimes in less than twelve hours.

Now, although, in our foggy and uncertain climate, we can never hope to attain such results in pigeon-flying as they do in Belgium or sunny France, still, the breeding and utilising of these useful birds deserve far more attention than we in this country give them. It is in the hope that some of the readers of this *Journal* may be induced to adopt the breeding and flying of these pigeons as a fancy or hobby, that I now devote the rest of this article to a few practical hints about their general management.

I should say, then, to a beginner, join a club, by all means, if there be one anywhere near you. If there is not, and you are energetic enough, why, then, start one; or, independent of all clubs, make your hobby an entirely private one. Now, before doing anything else in the matter, you must have a proper loft or pigeonry for your coming pets. This should be placed as high as possible, so that the birds, from their area or flight, may catch glimpses of the country all round, and thus familiarise themselves with it.

The loft should be divided into two by means of a partition with a door in it, each apartment having an outlet to the area in front. The one room is devoted to the young birds, the other to the old. Without illustrations, it is somewhat difficult to describe the area or trap and its uses, but I will try. In its simplest form, then, it is a large wooden cage—with a little platform in front of it—that is fixed against the pigeons' own private door to their loft. At the back of the cage is a sliding-door, communicating with the loft, and in command of the owner of the pigeons; and another in the front of the cage. It is evident, then, that if you open the back-door, the bird can get into the area from the loft; and if you open the front one as well, he can get out altogether, to fly about at his own sweet will. Returning from his exercise when tired, if both trap or sliding-doors are open, he can pass right through the cage into the loft; if only the front-door is open, he can get no farther than the interior of the cage or area. But independent of these trap-doors, there are two little swing-doors, called bolting-wires—one in front of the cage, and one behind, that is, betwixt the area and the loft. The peculiarity of these swing-doors is this: they are hinged at the top, and open *inwardly*, being prevented from opening outwardly by a beading placed in front of them at the foot. Well, suppose a bird to have just arrived from off a journey, and alighting on the little platform, found the sliding-door shut, it would immediately shove against the door, which would swing open, permitting the bird's entrance, and at once shut again against the beading, and prevent its exit. In the same way, through the back bolting-wires, a pigeon could enter the area, but could not return to the loft in that way, nor get out through the bolting-wires in front. When a bird returns home from a journey, the exact time of its arrival may even, by a very simple contrivance attached to the external bolting-wires, be signalled to the owner.

The breeding compartment should have around the walls nesting-boxes, I might call them, or divisions, four feet long, two and a half feet high, and about two feet wide; these ought to be barred in front, with a doorway, to put the pigeons through for breeding purposes, and two earthen-ware nest-pans in each, hidden from view behind an L-shaped screen of wood. In the loft are pigeon-hoppers and drinking-fountains, as well as a box containing a mixture of gravel, clay, and old mortar, with about one-third of coarse salt; the whole wetted and made into a mass with brine.

About twice a week, a bath is greatly relished by the birds; but care should be taken not to leave the floor of the loft damp. Old lime and gravel should be sprinkled about. The food of the homing pigeon is not different from that of any other pigeon, and consists chiefly of beans, small gray peas, with now and then, by way of change, a little wheat, tares, rice or Indian corn. Soft food may sometimes be given also, such as boiled rice or potato, mixed with oatmeal.

The drinking-water should be changed every day, and the fountain frequently well rinsed out. The greatest cleanliness should prevail in the loft. Everything should be clean and sweet and dry, and there should never be either dust or a bad smell. Green food may be given when the birds cannot get out to supply themselves. It should be given fresh, and on no account left about the loft to decay. Never let the hoppers be empty, and see that the grains are not only good, but free from dust as well.

Next as to getting into stock. There are two or three ways of doing this. It is sometimes possible to get the eggs, which may be placed under an ordinary pigeon. Good old birds may be got—a few pairs; but they must, of course, be kept strict prisoners, else they will fly away. The best plan, however, of getting into stock is that of purchasing young birds as soon as they are fit to leave the mother. These must be put in the loft, but not let out for a week or two, although they should be permitted to go into the area and look around them, to get familiar with the place. After some time, they may be permitted to go out and fly around. If good, they will return; if of a bad strain, they are as well lost. But training should not begin until the bird is fully three months old, and strong. The young birds are first 'tossed' two or three hundred yards from their loft. If they have already become familiar with their home surroundings, they will speedily get back to the cot. Toss them unfed, flinging them well up in an open space; and repeat this day after day for some time; then gradually increase the distance, to a quarter of a mile, half a mile, and a mile, and so on to five, ten, up to fifty or a hundred miles of railway. The tossing should

be done on a fine day, at all events never on a foggy one.

Birds may be sent to station-masters at different distances along the line to be tossed, the basket in which they have been carried being sent back as a returned empty, with the exact time at which the birds were let out marked on the label by the station-master or porter. When this plan is adopted, it is of course necessary to write to the station-master first, and get his permission to send birds to him for the purpose of being tossed.

I have purposely avoided saying anything about the points and properties of homing pigeons; it is good wing you want, more than shape of head or face, although there ought always to be a skull indicative of room for brains. It is wing you want, I repeat, strength, health, and *strain*. Why I put the last word in italics is this: I consider that it is essential to success, and cheapest in the long-run, to breed from a good working strain. The rule holds good in the breeding of all kinds of live-stock. So the reader, if he intends to take up the homing-pigeon hobby, will do well to see that he gets birds of a *good working stock* to begin with.

A pigeon is not at its best till it is two years of age; care should be taken, therefore, not to attempt too much with them the first year of training. When a bird returns, treat it to a handful of nice grain, or even hemp; but during training, give nothing that is too fattening in large quantities. Great care and attention are required all the year round; exercise should never be neglected; they should be permitted to get out frequently during the day, or indeed, to have their liberty all day, taking precautions against the tender attentions of vagrant cats. The moulting season is a somewhat critical time, and so is the breeding-time; but this class of pigeons is, on the whole, hardy. Treat your birds with universal kindness, and they will certainly reward you.*

A WITNESS FOR THE DEFENCE.

IN THREE CHAPTERS.—CONCLUSION.

To say that there was a 'sensation' would feebly describe what followed. Every one in court sprang to his feet. The prisoner looked as if he had seen a ghost. There was a perfect hubbub of voices, as bar and jury talked among themselves, and my brethren at the solicitors' table poured questions upon me—to none of which I replied. Silence being restored, the voice of the judge—grave and dignified, but with a perceptible tremor—descended like vocal oil on the troubled waves of sound. 'Who instructs you, Mr Clincher?'

'Mr Bentley, my lord.'

The judge looked more astonished than ever. My name was familiar enough to him as a judge, and he had known it even better when, as a leading barrister, he had held many a brief from me.

'I am persuaded,' said he, 'that a gentleman of Mr Bentley's repute and experience has good reason for what he does. But so extraordinary and unheard-of—— I will ask Mr Bentley himself if he really considers that duty requires him to offer himself as a witness, and when and why he came to that conclusion?'

'My lord,' I replied, 'I am certain that, believing what I have had cause to believe within the last five minutes, I should be greatly to blame if I did not testify on oath to certain facts which are within my own knowledge. But if the prisoner chooses to call me as a witness, your lordship will presently understand why it is that, with all submission, I cannot at this moment, or until I am in the box, give my reasons. And I must add that the value of my evidence to the prisoner will greatly depend on his answers to certain questions which I wish, with your lordship's sanction, to put to him in writing. And if he answers me as I expect, I believe my evidence will put an end to the case against him.'

'Really, gentlemen of the jury,' said his lordship, 'this matter is assuming a more and more remarkable aspect. I hardly know what to say. That a prisoner on trial for his life should answer questions put to him in private by the prosecuting solicitor is the most extraordinary proposal, I am bound to say, which ever came under my notice. It is the more difficult for me to decide because the prisoner has not the advantage of counsel's assistance.—Prisoner, is it your wish that this gentleman should be called as a witness on your behalf? You have heard what he has said about certain questions which he wishes to put to you beforehand. Of course you are not bound to answer any such questions, and may nevertheless call him. What do you say?'

'I am in God's hands, my lord,' answered the prisoner, who was quite calm again. 'It may be that He has raised up a deliverer for me—I cannot tell. But I know that if He wills that I should die, no man can save me; if He wills to save me, nought can do me harm. So I am ready to answer any questions the gentleman wishes.'

'I propose,' said the judge, 'before deciding this extraordinary point, to consult with the learned Recorder in the next court.'

All rose as the judge retired; and during his absence I escaped the questions which assailed me from every side by burying myself in a consultation with my counsel. When he heard what the reader knows, he fully upheld me in what I proposed to do; and then threw himself back in his seat with the air of a man whom nothing could ever astonish again.

'Si-lence!' cried the usher. The judge was returning.

'I have decided,' said he, 'to allow the questions to be put as Mr Bentley proposes. Let them be written out and submitted to me for my approval.'

I sat down and wrote my questions, and they were passed up to the judge. As he read them, he looked more surprised than ever. But all he said, as he handed them down, was, 'Put the questions.'

I walked up to the dock and gave them into the prisoner's hands, together with my pencil. He read them carefully through, and wrote his answers slowly and with consideration. With the paper in my hand, I got into the witness-box and was sworn.

* [An excellent article on the subject, with drawings of loft, &c., will be found in *The Field* for 23d Feb. last.—ED.]

My evidence was to the effect already stated. As I described the man I had seen under the lamp, with my face averted from the prisoner and turned to the jury, I saw that they were making a careful comparison, and that, allowing for the change wrought by twelve years, they found that the description tallied closely with the man's appearance.

'I produce this paper, on which I just now wrote certain questions, to which the prisoner wrote the answers under my eyes. These are the questions and answers :

'*Question.* Were you smoking when you came up to the corner of Hauraki Street?—*Answer.* No.

'*Question.* Did you afterwards smoke?—*Answer.* I had no lights.

'*Question.* Did you try to get a light?—*Answer.* Yes, by climbing a lamp at the corner ; but I was not steady enough, and I remember I broke my hat against the crossbar.

'*Question.* Where did you carry your pipe and tobacco?—*Answer.* In my hat.

'Those answers,' I concluded, 'are absolutely correct in every particular. The man whom I saw under the lamp, at eight o'clock on the night of the murder, behaved as the answers indicate. That concludes the evidence I have felt bound to tender.' And I handed the slip of paper to the usher for inspection by the jury.

'Prisoner,' inquired the judge, 'do you call any other witness?'

'I do not, my lord.'

'Then, gentlemen,' said the judge, turning to the jury, 'the one remark that I shall make to you is this—that if you believe the story of the prisoner's witness, there can be little doubt but that the prisoner was the man whom the witness saw at the corner of Hauraki Street at eight o'clock on the night in question ; and if that was so, it is clear, on the case of the prosecution, that he cannot have committed this murder. I should not be doing my duty if I did not point out to you that the witness in question is likely, to say the least, to be without bias in the prisoner's favour, and that his evidence is very strongly corroborated indeed by the prisoner's answers to the written questions put to him. Gentlemen, you will now consider your verdict.'

'We are agreed, my lord,' said the foreman.

'Gentlemen of the jury,' sung out the clerk of arraigns, 'are you all agreed upon your verdict?'

'We are.'

'And that verdict is?'

'Not guilty.'

'And that is the verdict of you all?'

'It is.'

There followed a burst of cheering which the usher could not silence, but which silenced itself as the judge was seen to be speaking. 'John Harden—I am thankful, every man in this court is thankful, that your trust in the mercy and power of the All-merciful and All-powerful has not been in vain. You stand acquitted of a foul crime by the unhesitating verdict of the jury, and most wonderful has been your deliverance. You go forth a free man ; and I am glad to think that the goodness of God has been bestowed on one who has repented of his past sins, and who is not likely, I hope and believe, to be unmindful of that goodness hereafter.—You are discharged.'

Had he been left to himself, I think the prisoner's old master would have climbed into the dock, with the view of personally delivering his servant out of the house of bondage. But he was restrained by a sympathetic constable, while John Harden was re-conveyed for a short time to the jail, to undergo certain necessary formalities connected with his release from custody. I volunteered to take charge of Mr Slocum, and took him to the vestibule of the prison, overwhelmed during the short walk by thanks and praises. We were soon joined by Harden, whose meeting with his master brought a lump into the throat even of a tough criminal lawyer like myself. I saw them into a cab, and they drove off to Mr Slocum's hotel, after promising to call on me next day, and enlighten me on certain points as to which I was still in the dark.

As strange a part of my story as any, has yet to be told. I had hardly got back to my office and settled down to read over the various letters which were awaiting my signature, when my late client (Harden's prosecutor) was announced. I had lost sight of him in the excitement which followed the acquittal. He did not wait to learn whether I was engaged or not, but rushed after the clerk into my room. He was ashen white, or rather gray, and his knees shook so that he could scarcely stand ; but his eyes positively blazed with wrath. Leaning over my table, he proceeded, in the presence of the astonished clerk, to pour upon me a flood of abuse and invective of the foulest kind. I had sold him ; I was in league with the prisoner. I was a swindling thief of a lawyer, whom he would have struck off the rolls, &c. ; until I really thought he had gone out of his mind.

As soon as I could get in a word, I curtly explained that it was no part of a lawyer's duty to try and hang a man whom he knew to be innocent. As he only replied with abusive language, I ordered him out of the office. The office quieted itself once more—being far too busy, and also too well accustomed to eccentric people to have time for long wonderment at anything—and in an hour I had finished my work, and was preparing to leave for home, when another visitor was announced—Inspector Forrester.

'Well, Mr Forrester, what's the matter now? I'm just going off.'

'Sorry if I put you out of the way, sir ; but I thought you'd like to hear what's happened. The prosecutor in Harden's case has given himself up for the murder!'

'What?' I shouted.

'He just has, sir. It's a queer day, this is. When I heard you get up and give evidence for the man you were prosecuting, I thought curiosities was over for ever ; but seems they ain't, and never will be.'

'How was it?'

'Well, he came into the station quite quiet, and seemed a bit cast down, but that was all. Said fate was against him, and had saved the man he thought to hang in his stead, and he knew how it must end, and couldn't wait any longer. I cautioned him, of course—told him to

sleep on it before he said anything; but make a statement he would. The short of it all is, that the idea of murdering the old lady for her money had come into his mind in a flash when he saw that poor drunken fool exhibiting his knife in the tavern. He followed him, and picked his pocket of the knife, and then hung about the house, meaning to get in after dark. Then he saw the girl come out and go off, leaving the door closed but not latched, the careless hussy! Then in slips the gentleman, and does what he'd made up his mind to—for you see the old woman knew him well, so he couldn't afford to leave her alive—gets the cash, and slips out. All in gold it was, two hundred and fifty pounds. When he heard that Harden couldn't be found, he got uneasy in his mind, and has been getting worse ever since, though he did well enough in trade with the money. Seems he considered he wasn't safe until some one had been hanged. So, when he recognised Harden, he was naturally down on him at once, and was intensely eager to get him convicted—which I noticed myself, sir, as of course you did, and thought it queer too, I don't doubt. He took too much pains, you see—he must employ you to make certain, instead of leaving it to us; whereas if he hadn't come to you, your evidence would never have been given, and I think you'll say nothing could have saved the prisoner.'

It was true enough. The wretched man had insured the failure of his own fiendish design by employing me, of all the solicitors to whom he might have gone!

I learned next morning, how Harden, after trying in vain to light his pipe on that memorable evening, had wandered for hours through the hard-hearted streets, until at daybreak he had found himself in the docks, looking at a large ship preparing to drop down the river with the tide. How he had managed to slip aboard unseen and stow himself away in the hold, with some idea of bettering his not over-bright fortunes in foreign parts. How he had supported his life in the hold with stray fragments of biscuit, which he happened to have in his pockets, until, after a day or two of weary beating about against baffling winds, when they were out in mid-channel, the usual search for stowaways had unearthed him. How the captain, after giving him plenty of strong language and rope's-end, had at length agreed to allow him to work as a sailor on board the vessel. How on landing at Sydney he had gone into the interior, taken service with his present master—under another name than his own, wishing to disconnect himself entirely with his former life—and by honestly doing his duty had attained his present position.

By the light of this narrative, that which had puzzled me became perfectly clear—namely, how it was that he had contrived not only to get so entirely lost in spite of the hue and cry after him, but also to remain in ignorance of his aunt's fate.

My client was tried, convicted, and executed in due course; his plea of guilty and voluntary surrender having no weight against the cruel and cowardly attempt to put an innocent man in his place.

When I last saw John Harden, he was married to a serious lady, who had been his late master's housekeeper, and was possessor of a prosperous general shop in a country village, stocked by means of the money which Mr Slocum had generously left him.

COIN TREASURES.

Man is a collecting animal. It would be absurd to ask what he collects; more to the point would it be to ask what he does *not* collect. Books, pictures, marbles, china, precious stones, hats, gloves, pipes, walking-sticks, prints, book-plates, monograms, postage-stamps, hangmen's ropes; the list might be increased indefinitely.

What is it that impels us to heap up such treasures? We say 'us,' because we are convinced that few escape untouched by the disease. It may be dormant; it may possibly never show itself; but it is there, and only wants a favourable conjunction of circumstances to bring it to life.

Of all the forms of the collecting mania, few have been so long in existence as that of coins, and few seize us so soon. The articles are portable, nice to look at, and of some intrinsic value. Every one knows what a coin is, and when a lad happens to get hold of one struck, say, two hundred years ago, he naturally is impressed by the fact. Every one knows how easily the very young and the ignorant are taken by the mere age of an article. The writer dates his acquaintance with numismatics (the history of coins) from his receiving in some change a half-crown of Charles II. when he was eleven years old. It was worn very much, but it was two hundred years old, and that was enough. After that, a good deal of pocket-money went in exchange for sundry copper, brass, and silver coins, with the usual result. The collection was discovered to be rubbish; but experience had been gained, and that, as is well known, must be bought.

The numismatist can head his list of devotees by the illustrious name of Petrarch, who made a collection of Roman coins to illustrate the history of the Empire. He was followed by Alfonso of Aragon; Pope Eugenius IV.; Cosmo de' Medici; Matthias Corvinus, king of Hungary; the Emperor Maximilian I. The man dear to all book-lovers, Grolier, had his cabinet of medals; Politian was the first to study them with reference to their historical value. Gorlaeus succeeded him. Early in the sixteenth century, Goltzius the engraver travelled over Europe in search of coins, and reported the existence of about one thousand cabinets. Our own collections appear to have begun with Camden; he was followed by Sir Robert Cotton, Laud, the Earl of Arundel, both the Charleses, the Duke of Buckingham, and Dr Mead in the early part of last century. Later on, we come to the celebrated William Hunter—not to be confounded with his still greater brother, John—who left to the university of Glasgow his magnificent collection of Greek coins. Archbishop Wake, Dr Barton, Dr Brown,

and Dr Rawlinson formed cabinets of considerable extent and value, all of which found a resting-place in the colleges of Oxford. All these, however, were surpassed by Richard Payne-Knight, who was born in the middle of the last century, and formed the finest collection of Greek coins and bronzes that had ever been brought together. It was valued at fifty thousand pounds, and he left it to the nation. The catalogue drawn up by himself was published in 1830 by the Trustees of the British Museum.

At the date of this magnificent legacy, our national collection of coins was of no importance; but since then, by purchase and bequest, it has so greatly increased its stores, that it undoubtedly stands on an equality with the French national collection, long above rivalry. Donations during the lifetime of the owner, too, are not unknown. In 1861, Mr De Salis made the nation a present of his extensive cabinet of Roman coins. In 1864, Mr E. Wigan called one morning on Mr Vaux, the keeper of the coins and medals, and producing a case, told him that was his cabinet of Roman gold medals. Would he be good enough to examine it carefully, and choose for the Museum what he thought best? Needless to say, no scruples were made by the head of the department; consultations were held with the staff, with the result that two hundred and ninety-one were chosen, representing a value, at a modest computation, of nearly four thousand pounds. In 1866, Mr James Woodhouse of Corfu left to the nation five thousand six hundred and seventy-four specimens of Greek coins, mostly in the finest preservation; of these, one hundred and one were gold, two thousand three hundred and eighty-seven silver, three thousand one hundred and twenty-eight copper, and fifty-eight lead. That year was particularly fruitful in acquisitions, for no fewer than eleven thousand five hundred and thirty-two coins were placed in the national cabinets.

But it is impossible that mere donations could be depended on. In every sale, the British Museum is a formidable competitor, and if, as not unfrequently happens, it is outbidden by a private collector, it has the advantage of an institution over a person, in that it lives longer, and often has the opportunity of acquiring what it wants at the dispersal of the cabinet of its rival. One of the most important purchases ever made was that of the collection of the Duc de Blacas in 1867, for which government got a vote of forty-five thousand seven hundred and twenty-one pounds. Amongst its treasures were some two thousand Greek and Roman coins, chiefly gold.

All good and rare specimens gravitate naturally to the chief museums of Europe, which would thus stand in the way of a private individual forming a cabinet, were it not for the fact, that finds are continually taking place, either unexpectedly or in consequence of excavations in ancient countries. Only the other day, we noticed the sale of a large lot of medieval coins at Paris, which had been discovered when pulling down some ancient buildings. During the German excavations at Olympia, extending over six years, some six thousand pieces of all ages from 500 B.C. to 600 A.D. were brought to light. These, however, became the property of the Greek government, and are not likely to come into the market. Some of the finds are most extraordinary. In 1818 were fished up out of the river Tigris two large silver coins of Geta, king of the Edoni; a Thracian people of whom we know only the name, and whose king's name is all that we have to tell us of his existence. These are now in the British Museum, and are especially interesting as being the earliest pieces we have stamped with a monarch's name. Their date is placed prior to 480 B.C. We have seen a coin of Philip Aridæus, successor of Alexander the Great, struck at Mitylene, which was found in the roots of a tree which was being grubbed up in a park in Suffolk. The incident was inquired into at the time, and no doubt seems to have arisen as to the fact of its having been found as alleged. Nearly twenty years ago, General Philips discovered at Peshawur twenty milled sixpences of Elizabeth. There was a tradition in the place that an Englishman had been murdered there a very long time before, and the tomb was shown. It is naturally inferred, therefore, that the coins had belonged to him, or how else explain the find? When the railway was being made from Smyrna to Aidin, a few dozen very ancient coins were turned up, which were all sold at once at a few shillings each; but the dealers hearing of this, soon appeared on the spot, and the original buyers had the satisfaction of reselling the coins at four or five pounds apiece.

Smyrna is, as the most important city of Asia Minor, naturally the headquarters of the dealers in Greek antiquities. Mr Whittall, a well-known merchant there, had formed a very fine collection of coins which was dispersed in London in 1867, and fetched two thousand seven hundred and twenty-nine pounds. When excavating at the base of the colossal statue of Athena, in her temple at Priene, Mr Clarke found five tetradrachms of Orophernes, supposed to be the one who was made king of Cappadocia by Demetrius in 158 B.C. These were absolutely unique. In Cyprus, some years ago, the British consul at Larnaca obtained a large hoard, which had been discovered during some building operations. This was a particularly rich find, as amongst them happened to be no fewer than thirty-four undescribed pieces of Philip, Alexander the Great, and Philip Aridæus. Mr Wood, when excavating on the site of the Temple of Artemis at Ephesus, came upon a lot of more than two thousand coins of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. In 1876, some workmen, when digging, came upon a vase containing, amongst other relics of antiquity, some fifty electrum staters of Cyzicus and Lampsacus, all of the end of the fifth century B.C. Only a few years ago, in that most out-of-the-way part of Central Asia, more than a hundred miles beyond the Oxus, was discovered a hoard of coins chiefly of the Seleucidæ, dating from the third

century B.C.—showing how far, even in those early days, trade had been carried. A few of them, too, were unknown pieces of Alexander the Great. Without being prepared to go into exact particulars, we should imagine that a find in 1877 of twenty-nine thousand eight hundred and two Roman coins in two vases in Blackmoor Park, Hampshire, was one of the most extensive ever known.

That coins are interesting, as giving us portraits of those who have made some show in the world, is undoubted. It is equally true that by their means we are made acquainted with the existence of kings and kingdoms of whom history has left no records. The fact of a Greek kingdom of Bactria occupying that even yet comparatively unexplored region, half-way between the Caspian and the Himalaya, was revealed to the world only some fifty years ago by the finding of coins bearing portraits and legends of the Greek-speaking rulers. An extremely large silver piece in the British Museum, supposed to belong to a period anterior to 480 B.C. and struck by the Odomanti of Thrace, a tribe of whom we know nothing, was found at Ishtib. In the same collection is a large silver coin of the Orrescii, an unknown Macedonian people, which was found in Egypt, along with a very early drachma of Terone, and a large decadrachm of Derronikos, a king unknown to history. These are supposed to have been carried to Egypt by some of the soldiers of Xerxes, during their retreat from Greece after the battle of Platæa.

The greatest sale of coins by public auction, we should imagine, was that of Lord Northwick, in December 1859, and April 1860. The former consisted of Greek coins only, and produced eight thousand five hundred and sixty-eight pounds; the latter, of Roman and later pieces, fetched three thousand three hundred and twenty pounds. The Greek coins were especially fine and rare, and some of them unique. One, a large piece of Camarina, bearing as reverse a nymph carried by a swan, a specimen of highest Greek art, went for fifty-two pounds to the British Museum. A splendid piece of Agrigentum, with reverse of the monster Scylla, fetched one hundred and fifty-nine pounds. A coin of Cleopatra, queen of Syria, daughter of Ptolemy VI. of Egypt, and wife successively of Alexander I., Demetrius II., and Antiochus VII., and mother of Seleucus V., and the sixth and seventh Antiochi—all kings of Syria—was bought by the British Museum for two hundred and forty pounds. It is said to be the only one known. Altogether our national collection obtained one hundred specimens at a cost of nine hundred pounds. Lord Northwick had lived to a great age; but up to the last he preserved his faculties, and indulged his passion for ancient art by buying and exchanging objects. His pictures, statuary, everything, in fact, came to the hammer after his death. The years between 1790 and 1800 were spent by him in Italy, and he gained his early initiation into antiquities under the eye of Sir William Hamilton, the well-known ambassador at Naples. His first purchase is said to have been an after-dinner frolic in the shape of eight pounds for a bag of Roman brass coins. He and Payne-Knight bought and divided the fine collections of Prince Torremuzza and Sir Robert Ainslie—for the latter of which they gave eight thousand pounds. Since his lordship's sale, there has been nothing to approach it. Fine though small cabinets have not been wanting, however, and the enthusiast can always find something with which to feed his passion. At Huxtable's sale, in 1859, the collection fetched an unusually large sum. Hobler's Roman cabinet of brass coins was sold for one thousand seven hundred and fifty-nine pounds; Merlin's, containing one hundred and forty-one lots of Greek and Roman, produced eight hundred and seventy-eight pounds; Sheppard's Greek, nineteen hundred pounds; Huber's, containing some hundreds of unpublished Greek, three thousand; Ivanoff's, three thousand and eight pounds; Bowen, one thousand five hundred and fifty-three pounds; Brown, three thousand and twelve pounds; Sambon, three thousand one hundred and forty-eight pounds; Exereunetes, containing several supposed to be unique, one thousand four hundred and twenty-one. The Sambon sale is memorable for the fact that a brass medallion of Geta, of the intrinsic value of twopence, was knocked down at five hundred and five pounds!

Every one who has read the *Antiquary*, whether bibliomaniac or not, can enjoy the glowing description by Monkbarns: 'Snuffy Davie bought the *Game of Chess*, 1474, the first book ever printed in England, from a stall in Holland, for about two groschen, or twopence of our money. He sold it to Osborne for twenty pounds and as many books as came to twenty pounds more. Osborne resold this inimitable windfall to Dr Askew for sixty guineas. At Dr Askew's sale, this inestimable treasure blazed forth in its full value, and was purchased by royalty itself for one hundred and seventy pounds.—Could a copy now occur,' he ejaculated with a deep sigh and lifted-up hands—'what would be its ransom!'

The progress of intelligence has affected coins in these days no less than books. It is only in the very out-of-the-way places that coins are to be picked up for a song. The chief hunting-ground, Asia Minor, is well looked after by the dealers, and the private collector has, of course, to pay them their profit. The increase in value may be gauged by the following instance: A gold coin of Mithridates, the size of our half-sovereign, fetched twenty-five guineas in 1777. In 1817 it came to the hammer, and was knocked down at eighty pounds to a well-known collector. Unfortunately for him, a duplicate soon afterwards appeared in a sale, and he had to pay ninety pounds for that. Later on still, a third turned up, and that fell to his bid at a hundred pounds. Yet a fourth came to light in 1840. The owner of the three bid up to a hundred and ten pounds, but had to give in to a bid of a hundred and thirteen pounds from a rival. Fancy his feelings! The rare brass medallions of Commodus, intrinsic value twopence or threepence, fetch up to thirty pounds, and the large pieces of Syracuse, the finest coins perhaps that we know of, regularly run up to fifty and sixty pounds. It is evident, therefore, that it is not every one who can indulge the passion for coin-collecting. At a little expense, however, electrotypes which are absolute facsimiles can be obtained from the British Museum, and this fact, which is not generally known, should result in the spread of a knowledge of

Greek art; for it must not be forgotten that in the early coinage of the Greek race the progress of art can be traced as completely as in any now existing remains.

MY FELLOW-PASSENGER.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER I.

To say that the real zest of an Englishman's delight in England and English home-life is only attained after residence or travel in other countries, is to quote something like a truism. To this influence at least was owing in great measure the feeling of quite indescribable pleasure with which, after a not altogether successful six months of big-game hunting in the interior of Africa—a very far-away country indeed in those days, when no cable communication existed with England—I found myself on board the good ship *Balbriggan Castle* (Captain Trossach), as she steamed slowly out of the Cape Town Docks on a lovely June evening in 187–, homeward bound. I had come from one of the eastern ports of the colony in sole occupation of a cabin; and though I knew we had taken on board a large number of passengers that afternoon, I was not a little put out to find, on going below, that the berth above mine had been filled, and that the inestimable blessing of solitude was to be denied me for the next twenty days or so. However, there was no help for it; and with the best grace I could command, I answered my fellow-traveller's courteous expressions of regret with a hope that the voyage would be a pleasant one. The new-comer was a tall, slightly-built, and strikingly handsome man, of about thirty, remarkable for a slow deliberative manner of speech, with which an occasional nervous movement of the features seemed oddly at variance. On a travelling-bag, as to the exact disposition of which he was especially solicitous, I caught sight of the letters P. R. in big white capitals. These being my own initials, the coincidence, though commonplace enough, furnished a topic of small-talk which sufficed to fill up the short time intervening before dinner, and ended, naturally enough, in the discovery of my new friend's name—Paul Raynor—given, as I afterwards remembered, with some little hesitation, but producing a much finer effect of sound than my own unmelodious Peter Rodd.

At dinner, I found my place laid opposite to Raynor; and thus, notwithstanding the claims of an excellent appetite and the desire to take stock of other passengers, I had again occasion to observe the painful twitching of the fine features, recurring with increased frequency as he, too, looked round at those about him, and seemed to scan each in turn with more than ordinary deliberation. The man interested me greatly; and as I listened to his conversation with some Englishmen near, and noted the dry humour with which he hit off the peculiarities of the worthy colonists we were leaving behind, I saw at once that here at least was promise of relief to the monotony of the voyage, of which I should be constantly able to avail myself.

A sea like glass, and a temperature of unusual mildness for a June evening in those latitudes, drew every one on deck, and ensconcing myself in a pleasant corner just behind the too often violated legend, 'No smoking abaft the companion,' I proceeded to illuminate a mild Havana cigar, when I was joined by Raynor, with whom, after a good-humoured joke anent my unsuccessful attempt to obtain that solitude which the cabin could no longer afford, I renewed our conversation of the afternoon, passing from generalities to more personal matters, and sowing in a few hours the seeds of a friendship destined to grow and ripen with that marvellous rapidity only to be attained by the forcing process of life on board a passenger-ship.

Nothing could exceed the frankness of Raynor's own story, as he told it me in brief before we turned in that night. One of a large family of sons, he had conceived an unconquerable dislike to the profession of teaching, to which, in lieu of one of a more lucrative nature, he had found himself compelled to turn. The suggestion of a friend, that he should try his luck in the colonies, was hardly made before it was acted upon; and a few weeks found him in an up-country town at the Cape, where his letters of introduction speedily brought him employment in a well-known and respected house of business. Here he rose rapidly; and having, by care and occasional discreet speculation, saved a few hundreds, was now on his way home, with four months' leave of absence, professedly as a holiday trip, but really, as he admitted to me, to see what chances presented themselves of investing his small capital and procuring permanent employment in England. In answer to my question, whether his absence after so short a time of service might not conceivably affect his prospects in the firm, he replied, that his intention of remaining at home had not been communicated to any one; and that, should no suitable opening offer in England, he would, upon returning to the colony, resume his former position with Messrs ——, whose word to that effect had been given.

'Do you know any one on board?' said I carelessly, when his short narration was over, and after I had in turn imparted to him a few dry and unrefreshing facts as to my own humble personality.

'Why do you ask?'

I was taken aback at the sharp, almost angry voice in which the words were uttered; but, strong in the harmless nature of my question, I replied: 'Because I thought I saw a man at the next table to ours at dinner trying to catch your eye, as if he knew you.'

'Daresay he did. One gets to know such an unnecessary lot of skunks in the colonies!' Uttering these remarkable words hurriedly and

in a tone of intense irritation, Paul Raynor strode away, and I saw him no more that night.

Our cabin was on the starboard side of the ship, and the morning sun streamed in and laid his glorious mandate upon me and all sluggards to be up and stirring. Raynor, who had the berth above me, seemed to have obeyed the call still earlier, for he was gone. Mounting, a little later, to the poop-deck, I arrived just in time to find him in conversation with the odd-looking little Dutchman I had noticed watching Raynor at dinner, and to hear the former say, in that queer-sounding Cape English, which, at a few paces distant, is hardly to be distinguished from Cape Dutch: 'My name is Jan van Poontjes; and I remember better as anything 'ow I met you six or five months ago by Pieteraasvogelfontein with young Alister of the Kaapstadt Bank, eh?' To which Raynor replied: 'I can only assure you again, sir, that you are mistaken. My name is Paul Raynor, and I have never had the honour of seeing you in my life before.' Turning on his heel, Mynheer van Poontjes shuffled away, expressing *sotto voce* his readiness to be immediately converted into 'biltong,' if he wasn't right about the '*verdomd Englischmann*.'

Directly he caught sight of me, Raynor left his seat, and coming hastily forward, said: 'Mr Rodd, I owe you many apologies for my unpardonable rudeness of last night. I am blessed with the vilest of tempers, which, after years of effort, is not yet under my control. Will you forget the episode? Believe me, I shall not offend again.'

My answer need not be recorded. But it struck me as odd at the time, that when our reconciliation was complete, and we were pacing the deck for the short half-hour before breakfast, my companion made no reference whatever to the Dutchman's mistake, not even evincing the slightest curiosity to know whether Poontjes was the same man whose regards I had observed so intently fixed upon him. Possibly he was not aware that I had been a witness of the interview, or, as seemed more probable, he avoided alluding to a subject so directly tending to recall his extraordinary outburst of the previous night.

The voyage was a quiet one enough, in spite of the very large number of passengers. Three really charming sisters were undergoing a well-sustained siege at the hands of a dozen or so of the most presentable young men, and at least one engagement was shortly expected. Theatricals were projected; but fortunately the 'company' would *not* attend rehearsals, and we were spared. One or two concerts were got up, at which feeble young men complacently rubbed fiddle-strings with rosined bows, and evoked flat and melancholy sounds, expressing no surprise when subsequently complimented on their 'violin-playing.' An opulent but unlovely Jew from the Diamond Fields created a diversion by singing, without notice given, a song of the music-hall type—refrain, 'Oh, you ridic'lous man, why dew yer look so shy!' &c.; and was genuinely hurt when the captain suggested his 'going for'ard next time he wanted an audience for *that* song.' Several ladies, of several ages, displayed their varied musical acquirements; and Raynor surprised everybody one day by giving us the *Village Blacksmith* in a round clear baritone, of which no one imagined him to be the possessor.

During these first ten days at sea, Raynor had, apparently without any striving after popularity, established himself as a universal favourite. The children adored him from the first, thereby securing him a straight road to the mothers' hearts, who in their turn spoke warmly in his praise to the younger ladies on board. These last felt strongly his superiority to the other very ordinary young men, enjoyed his conversation greatly, and were perhaps the least bit afraid of him.

Raynor's fondness for and influence with children were altogether remarkable. Early in the voyage, a tiny trot of four had tripped and fallen sharply on the deck at his feet. As he lifted her ever so tenderly in his arms and stroked the poor little hurt knee, the child looked up at him through her tears and asked: 'Is you *weally* sorry?' 'Yes, indeed—I am, Nellie.' 'Then me's better,' came the little sobbing answer; and forthwith she nestled closer to him, and was comforted. This incident evidently produced a profound effect upon the other children playing near, who thereafter lost no opportunity of showing 'the tall man' that he might consider himself entirely one of themselves.

My own intimacy with him grew daily stronger, and our mutual friendship became so firm that we began to project various plans of business and pleasure for months to come in England. How often, in after-days, did I stop to think wonderingly of the man's earnestness, the intense absorption with which he would ponder upon the relative merits of different undertakings, each more certain than the last to make our fortunes! Was he for the moment actually deceiving himself? or did the habit of concentrated thought forbid him to discuss otherwise than gravely, projects of whose very initiation he alone knew the impossibility?

Raynor spent his money freely, though without ostentation; and I hardly knew whether to be surprised or not when he applied to me one day for a loan of twenty-five pounds, explaining that he had lost rather heavily at cards during the past few days, and having only brought a limited supply of ready cash for the voyage, he found himself for the moment rather inconveniently short. Fortunately, I was in a position to supply his needs; and when we went ashore at Madeira the next afternoon, he invested a small fortune in sweets, toys, and native gimcracks for his army of little friends on board, including an exquisite model of one of the quaint little Funchal carts, destined for a poor crippled lad amongst the passengers in the fore-part of the ship.

Four or five days later, and signs of the approaching end began to be visible in the shape of Railway Guides on the saloon tables, great ease in the procuring of hitherto impossible luxuries from the stewards, and the appearance on the scene of certain towzled officials not previously observed, but with 'backsheesh' writ plain on each grimy feature. Raynor and I had during the last few days matured our plans for the immediate future. These were to include a week in town, another on the river, some visits to friends, and, if possible, a few days with the grouse towards the end of August. After this, a tentative negotiation with a City House with a

view to the fruition of a certain scheme upon which my friend built great hopes.

Musing pleasurably upon these and other prospective delights, I turned in at ten o'clock, determined to get a few hours' good sleep before reaching Plymouth—where we expected to put in at four or five o'clock in the morning, to land mails and some few passengers—the rest going on with the ship to Southampton. I had not slept more than an hour or two at most, when I was awakened by a sensation, known to even the soundest of sleepers, as if something were going on near me of which I ought to know. Looking out half-dreamily from my berth, I saw that Raynor was standing in the cabin, a lighted taper placed on a small shelf near him. I was about to close my eyes, when I became aware that there was something unusual in his appearance and actions. Instead of undressing himself for the night, he stood half bent over a locker opposite, upon which was lying open the travelling-bag I have referred to as being the object of his special care at the outset of the voyage. From this he drew one after another a number of small brown packets, in size and look not unlike gun-cartridges—which, indeed, in the dim light of the taper, I took them to be—hurriedly passing them into the various pockets of a light overcoat I now noticed him to be wearing. Still drowsily watching his movements, I was surprised to see him unroll from a bundle of wraps a thick heavy ulster, and putting it on, proceed to transfer more of the queer little brown-paper parcels to the pockets of this second garment. I was now fairly awake, and with a perhaps rather tardy recognition of the unfairness of my espionage, I coughed an artfully prepared cough, so toned as to convey the impression that I had that moment come from the land of dreams.

'Hullo!' I said, with the uneasy drawl of somnolence, 'is that you?'

He started, and made a movement as if trying to stand full between me and the valise, as he answered: 'Yes; I am just putting away one or two things.' Then, after a moment's pause, during which I heard him lock and fasten the bag, 'I'm afraid,' he said, 'you will think me a terribly shifty fellow, Peter, but the fact is, I know those old people in Cornwall will never forgive me if I don't go and see them whilst I'm at home; and I'm equally positive that if I put it off now, I shall never get anywhere near them'——

'And so you've suddenly made up your mind to get out at Plymouth, and leave me to go on to town alone,' said I, interrupting, with a feeling of keener disappointment than I cared to show. 'I see it all. Never mind. I can bear it. I was born to suffer.'

'So you will say when I have finished,' was the laughing reply. 'After all, though, it is only putting off our little jaunt for a few days. Meanwhile, will you do me a favour? I cannot descend upon the old folks with a heap of luggage; and besides, this concern'—pointing to the valise—'holds everything I am likely to need. Therefore, I want you, like a good boy as you are, to pass through the Customs with your own things, my two portmanteaus which are in the hold, and take them up to town with you. Go to the rooms you spoke of, and I will join you in a week from to-day.'

'All right, you unblushing deserter. Have it as you will. But remember, if you are not at No. 91 Savile Street by Thursday evening next, I shall "cause your goods to be sold to defray expenses, and reserve to myself the right of deciding what to do with the proceeds," as the Tipperary lawyers have it.'

'Do; only keep something to remind you of the biggest scoundrel you are ever likely to know,' he replied, laughing again, but with a curious ring in his voice, of which, I think, I shall never quite lose the memory. Its effect at the moment was to set me thinking whether this new move of Paul's might not portend the upsetting of all our schemes.

'Here, Peter,' he went on—'here is what I owe you, with many thanks. You don't mind having it all in gold, do you? Those fellows have been giving me a very decent revenge at loo the last night or two, and this is the result!' holding up a handful of sovereigns, and proceeding to pour twenty-five of them with a horrible clatter into my washing-basin.

'Haven't you got any English notes?' I asked, wondering sleepily what I should do with all these sovereigns in addition to an existing small supply of my own.

'Not one,' answered Raynor. 'Now, go to sleep; and I'll come down and awake you when we're within anything like reasonable distance of Plymouth. It's no use turning in for the short time that's left, so I shall go up and smoke a pipe and watch for the first sight of the land of my birth.' He then went out into the soft air of the July night, looking strangely uncouth in a superfluity of wraps such as no man would throw about him only to meet the light breeze that just precedes a summer dawn.

A few hours afterwards, I was leaning over the taffrail waving good-bye to my friend as he stood near the wheel of the little tender that bore him and some half-dozen others to the shore. There had been a deep sadness in his eyes at parting; and the foreboding of the night before changed now to a chill conviction that Paul Raynor and I should meet no more.

'So your friend has just now landed already, eh?' said the voice of Mr van Poontjes, a gentleman with whom I had not exchanged a dozen words during the voyage, but who now, planting himself heavily on the deck-chair next mine, gave evidence of his intention to put a full stop to my enjoyment of the book which I was struggling to finish before delivering it to its owner that evening.

'Yes,' I replied wearily, wondering a little whether this worthy but slightly repulsive individual was going to stay long, and mentally laying plans of escape to meet the contingency.

'Well, now,' he continued, 'I dessay you consider your Mister Raynor a jolly fine feller, eh?'

Suppressing the instantaneous impulse to take the little boer by the collar and shake him, I answered: 'Mr Raynor is a friend of mine, as you are aware; and as I am not in the habit of discussing my friends with strangers, perhaps you will leave me to my book!'

'Strangers, eh! Stranger to you, per'aps, yes!

but not stranger to Mister—what do you call 'im?—Raynor! Eh, I could tell you something'——

'Now, look you here, Mr van Poontjes,' I burst out; 'you have courageously waited to speak like this until Mr Raynor is no longer here to answer you. But I happen to have heard that gentleman inform you with his own lips that he had never set eyes on you until the day you met on board this ship; and therefore to say that you are not a stranger to Mr Raynor is equivalent to the assertion that Mr Raynor has told a lie. You had better not dare to repeat that statement either to me or to any other passenger on board. —Now, good-morning; and take care that mischievous tongue of yours doesn't get you into trouble yet!'

As the little crowd that these angry words had brought about us moved away, a few clustering inquisitively round the little Dutchman, my reading was once more postponed by Jack Abinger, the second officer, a man with whom Raynor and I had struck up something of a friendship. 'Hullo, Rodd,' he said, strolling up to where I sat, 'what's all the row about? I saw you from my cabin standing in the recognised attitude of the avenger, apparently slating Mynheer van Poontjes as if he were a pickpocket.' After listening to my story of what had occurred, he said: 'Ah, a clear case of mistaken identity! But, I say, talking of Paul Raynor, it was a pity, as far as he was concerned, that we couldn't have got to Plymouth a day or two earlier.'

'What do you mean?' I asked surprisedly.

'Only, that he would have gone ashore a richer man by a good bit. Surely he told you what a bad time he's been having of it lately? Anybody else would have been stone-broke long ago. And last night, by way of a finish, that unspeakable little reptile, Barnett Moss, took a lot of money out of him at écarté. Never saw a man hold such cards in my life!'

'It's a good thing Paul was able to pay the little beast,' I said, trying to speak easily, and miserably failing, as I recalled what had passed between us the night before.

'Pay!' replied Abinger; 'I believe you! Why, Paul must have brought a perfect bank on board with him! I only hope he hasn't lost enough to spoil his holiday.'

'Never mind, Jack; he'll be all right. He has gone to stay with friends in Cornwall for a week —to economise, I expect.'

'A week!' shouted Jack. 'Why, I know I shouldn't be able to go ashore for the next year or two, if I had had his bad luck!' And he ran off on some duty or other, leaving me in perplexed and restless cogitation. If, as Abinger said, Paul had 'brought a perfect bank on board with him' —the words ran in my head—what could have been his object in seeking to produce exactly the opposite impression upon myself—even going so far as to borrow money during the voyage ostensibly to replace his losses—repaying the amount, too, at the very moment when his ill-luck had reached a climax, with a few light words about the 'revenge' which, as it now appeared, he had been so very far from obtaining? The whole affair was inexplicable and disquieting; and I was glad when the necessity for making my final preparations left me little further time for thoughts which, do what I would, kept crossing the border-line into the hateful regions of doubt.

A SKATING REGIMENT.

BY A NORWEGIAN.

THE following account of a Norwegian corps of soldiers, called in their language *skielober-corpset*, as they existed some years since, will no doubt be interesting to readers of your *Journal*. Whether any changes have been made of late years, the writer is unable to say. The denomination *skielober* (skater) comes from *skie*, which signifies a long plank, narrow and thin, fastened upon the feet for sliding on the snow.

It is well known that during four or five months of the year Norway is covered with snow, which at a few leagues' distance from the borders of the sea is driven into such heaps as to render it impossible for the traveller to go out of the beaten track, either on foot or on horseback. It is even found necessary to clear this road after every fall of snow, which is done by means of a machine in the form of a plough, pointed at the front, and of a triangular shape. It is drawn by horses. It pierces and levels the snow at one and the same time, and thus opens a passable road. Notwithstanding these difficulties, hunting has at all times been the great sport and exercise of that country, formerly abounding in fierce animals, and still in deer and most kinds of smaller game. Hunting is indeed an occupation which appears to be in a peculiar manner prescribed to the inhabitants by the shortness of the days and the length of the winters. It is therefore natural that the Norwegian should have occupied himself from the earliest period about the means of quitting his hut and penetrating into the forest in every direction and with all possible speed. The *skier* or skates presented these means.

Let us figure in our minds two planks of wood as broad as the hand, and nearly of the thickness of the little finger, the middle underneath being hollowed, to prevent vacillation, and to facilitate the advancing in a direct line. The plank fastened under the left foot is ten feet in length; that intended for the right is only six, or thereabouts; both of them are bent upwards at the extremities, but higher before than behind. They are fastened to the feet by leather straps, attached to the middle, and for this purpose are formed a little higher and stronger in that part. The plank of the right foot is generally lined below with the skin of the reindeer or the sea-wolf, so that in drawing the feet successively in right and parallel lines with skates thus lined with skins, and very slippery in the direction of the hair, the skater finds them nevertheless capable of resistance, by affording a kind of spring when he would support himself with one foot in a contrary direction, as by such movements he raises up the hair or bristly part of the skin. It is affirmed that an expert skater, however loose and uncompact the snow may be, will go over more ground in an open place, and will continue his course for a longer time together, than the

best horse can do upon the trot over the finest and best paved road. If a mountain is to be descended, he does it with such precipitation, that he is obliged to moderate his flight, to avoid losing his breath. He ascends more slowly, and with some trouble, because he is compelled to make a zigzag course; but he arrives at the summit as soon as the best walker or foot-soldier, with this advantage, that however little consistence the snow may have acquired, he can never sink into it.

Experience has proved that in spite of the multiplied obstacles produced by the rigour of the winter, the Norwegians have often been attacked by their enemies in precisely such seasons; and from the above manner of going out to hunt, and undertaking long journeys, it was not at all surprising that the forming of a military corps of skaters should be thought of. The whole body consisted of two battalions, one stationed in the north, the other in the south. Its strength was nine hundred and sixty men. The uniform consisted of a short jacket or waistcoat, a gray surtout with a yellow collar, gray pantaloons, and a black leather cap. The skater's arms were —a carabine, hung in a leather belt passing over the shoulder; a large *couteau de chasse;* and a staff three yards and a half long, to the end of which is affixed a pointed piece of iron. At a little distance from the extremity it is surrounded by a circular projecting piece of iron, which serves principally to moderate his speed in going down-hill. The skater then puts it between his legs, and contrives to draw it in that manner; or he drags it by his side; or uses it to help himself forward, when he has occasion to ascend a hill; in short, he makes use of it according to the occasion and the circumstances in which he may be placed. Besides this, it affords a support to the firelock, when the skater wishes to discharge its contents. With such a rest, the Norwegian peasant fires a gun dexterously, and very seldom misses his aim.

The corps of skaters, to this service adds that of the ordinary chasseurs, of which they might be considered as making a part; they fulfil all the functions of those troops, and only differ from them by marching on skates. This gives them a considerable advantage over others. The skaters, moving with great agility, and, from the depth of the snow, being out of the reach of the pursuit of cavalry as well as infantry, are enabled with impunity to harass the columns of the enemy in their march, on both sides of the road, running little or no danger themselves. Even cannon-shot could produce little effect upon men spread here and there at the distance of two or three hundred paces. Their motions are besides so quick, that at the moment when it is believed they are still to be aimed at, they have disappeared, to come in sight again when least expected. Should the enemy be inclined to take his repose, this is the precise time for the skater to show his superiority, whatever may have been the precautions taken against him. There is no moment free from the attack of troops which have no need of either roads or bypaths; crossing indifferently marshes, lakes, and rivers, provided there be but ice and snow. No corps could be more proper in winter for reconnoitring and giving accounts of the enemy, and, in short, for performing the functions of couriers. It may be conceived, however, that they find great difficulty in turning, on account of the length of their skates. This, however, is not the case; they make a retrograde motion with the right foot, to which the shortest plank is attached, and put it vertically against the left. They then raise the left foot, and place it parallel to the right, by which movement they have made a *half*-face; if they would face about, they repeat the manœuvre.

In the ordinary winter exercise, the skaters draw up in three ranks, at the distance of three paces between each file, and eight paces between each rank, a distance which they keep in all their movements—whenever they do not disperse—in order that they may not be incommoded in the use of their skates. When there is occasion to fire, the second and third ranks advance towards the first. Their baggage—kettles, bottles, axes, &c. —is conveyed upon sledges, or carriages fixed on skates, and easily drawn by men, by the help of a leather strap passing from the right shoulder to the left side, like that of a carabineer.

ECHOES.

Ofttimes when Even's scarlet flag
Floats from the crest of distant woods,
And over moorland waste and crag
A weary, voiceless sorrow broods;
Around me hover to and fro
The ghosts of songs heard long ago.

And often midst the rush of wheels,
Of passing and repassing feet,
When half a headlong city reels
Triumphant down the noontide street,
Above the tumult of the throngs
I hear again the same old songs.

Rest and Unrest—'tis strange that ye,
Who lie apart as pole from pole,
Should sway with one strong sovereignty
The secret issues of the soul;
Strange that ye both should hold the keys
Of prisoned tender memories.

It maybe when the landscape's rim
Is red and slumberous round the west,
The spirit too grows still and dim,
And turns in half-unconscious quest
To those forgotten lullabies
That whilom closed the infant's eyes.

And maybe, when the city mart
Roars with its fullest, loudest tide,
The spirit loses helm and chart,
And on an instant, terrified,
Has fled across the space of years
To notes that banished childhood's fears.

We know not—but 'tis sweet to know
Dead hours still haunt the living day,
And sweet to hope that, when the slow
Sure message beckons us away,
The Past may send some tuneful breath
To echo round the bed of death. L. J. G.

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POST-OFFICE LIFE-ASSURANCE AND ANNUITIES.

The numerous aids which the government have from time to time afforded through the agency of the Post-office for the encouragement of thrift and providence amongst the poorer classes have generally been attended with so much success, that it is surprising to hear of even one exception in regard to such efforts. There is no doubt, however, as was pointed out two years ago in this *Journal*, that the existing scheme of Post-office Life-assurance and Annuities, which has been in operation since 1865, has sadly hung fire, and but little advantage has been taken of the system, as may be inferred from the fact, that although it has been established almost twenty years, the total number of policies for life-assurance issued during that period is not more than six thousand five hundred and twenty-four; while the number of annuity contracts granted during the same period is only twelve thousand four hundred and thirty-five. Taking the latest returns, too, we find that the life policies now existing have dwindled down to so low a number as four thousand six hundred and fifteen; while the number of annuity contracts now only reaches nine thousand three hundred and seventy-three. These figures at once show how trifling and unimportant have been the results from this branch of Post-office business; but perhaps the causes for this want of success are not far to seek, if we consider how circumscribed and restricted the present system is in its action.

It was but natural, therefore, that so energetic a reformer as Mr Fawcett should speedily turn his attention to this important subject, on taking the helm in the affairs of the great department over which he has so ably presided during the past four years. A select Committee of the House of Commons was appointed in 1882, of which the Postmaster-general was chairman; and after thoroughly inquiring into the whole subject, that Committee unanimously recommended in their Report the adoption of a scheme for the amelioration of the present system of Post-office Life-assurance and Annuities which had been put forward and explained to them by Mr James J. Cardin, the present Assistant-receiver and Accountant-general to the Post-office. An Act of Parliament was passed during the same session legalising the proposed changes; and as it is understood that the new system will be brought into operation on the first of May this year, it seems desirable, and indeed important, that the undoubted benefits and privileges that will accrue therefrom should be made known as widely as possible.

The essential feature of the new Post-office scheme for assuring lives and granting annuities is, that every person wishing to assure his or her life or to purchase an annuity through the Post-office shall become a depositor in the Post-office savings-bank—a plan that will offer to the public numerous facilities, and a large amount of convenience in respect of this kind of business, which have hitherto not existed. In the first place, the intending insurants or annuitants will in future be able for that purpose to go to any post-office savings-bank in the country—of which there are now over seven thousand. At present, life-assurance and annuity business can be transacted at only two thousand post-offices; but the intended system will at once place five thousand additional post-offices at the disposal of the public in this respect. In the next place, the cosmopolitanism of the savings-bank system will apply equally to the assurance and annuities business under its new conditions; and this it may be pointed out will prove an advantage of no mean order to the classes for whom Post-office Assurance and Annuities would appear to be chiefly designed, if it be remembered how frequently working-men move about from place to place. Under the present system, the insurant or annuitant is tied to the particular post-office at which the insurance or the contract for the annuity was originally effected, excepting by going through the formalities involved in giving notice to the chief office in London of a desire to change the place of payment

of the premiums, which by most persons of the classes concerned is regarded as a somewhat irksome job.

The great idea of the whole scheme seems to be to afford the public in respect of Post-office Assurance and Annuities a maximum amount of convenience with a minimum amount of trouble; and nothing could probably further this object more successfully than Mr Cardin's scheme of working the assurance and annuities business in with that of the savings-bank; for all the advantages and benefits which the public now enjoy in regard to the latter-named branch of the Post-office will be equally shared by those who intend to assure their lives or purchase annuities through the same department. Mr Fawcett, who is a true champion of the principles of thrift, has in all his schemes to this end recognised the supreme importance of simplicity in the necessary machinery, so far as the public at all events are concerned; and it was probably the fact of such simplicity being a predominating feature of the new insurance scheme that commended it so favourably to Mr Fawcett's mind.

Any person desiring to assure his life or to purchase an annuity through the Post-office, will first of all procure the form or forms applicable to his case, and such information as he may require from a post-office at which savings-bank business is transacted, the number of such offices in the United Kingdom being, as already stated, over seven thousand. On completion of the necessary preliminaries, which will be reduced to the smallest limits compatible with the safe conduct of the business, he will be furnished, if not already a Post-office savings-bank depositor, with a deposit book; and a deposit account will be opened in his name, and he will then be asked to authorise the transfer of the amount of all future premiums as they become due, from his savings-bank to his assurance or annuity account. He will pay into the savings-bank account thus opened such sums as he conveniently can from time to time; and these sums, together with any accumulations by way of interest, or from dividends on stock purchased under the savings-bank regulations, will form the fund from which the Post-office will take the premiums as they annually become due. So long, therefore, as the annuitant or insurant, as the case may be, takes care to have a sufficient balance in his savings-bank account when the premiums become due, he will have no further trouble in the matter. In the event of the balance being insufficient, the fact will be specially notified to him, and reasonable time allowed for making good the deficiency.

The advantage in this scheme which the classes for whom it is designed will probably best appreciate is the liberty, and consequent convenience, of paying the premiums not in one annual lump sum and on a specific date, but from time to time as may be agreeable to the insurant or annuitant, and in such sums as may at the time suit his pocket. He may indeed save a penny at a time for his annual premiums by using the savings-bank stamp slip, which has spaces on it for twelve stamps, and which when filled up may be passed into the post-office. It is astonishing what benefits can be procured by the saving of only a penny a week. For instance, a youth of sixteen, by putting a penny postage-stamp each week on one of the slips referred to, might either secure for himself at sixty, old-age pay of about three pounds a year, or insure his life for about thirteen pounds; and if the saving commenced at five years of age, the old-age pay would be about five pounds a year. Another appreciable benefit which the new system will afford as regards payment is, that by allowing the premiums to be paid in as savings-bank deposits, the higher charges necessarily made when premiums have to be collected in regular periodical instalments will be saved to the insurant or annuitant, as the case may be.

To make a providence or thrift scheme at all successful it is of course essential that the general working of such a scheme should be adapted to the character of the classes whom it is intended to reach; and it is precisely in this respect that the new scheme of Post-office Assurance and Annuities would seem to succeed. As Mr Fawcett is himself ready to admit, the purchase of an annuity or the keeping up of a policy of insurance is at present a constant source of trouble to the person concerned. Attendance at a particular post-office is necessary for the payment of a premium, a special book has to be kept, and other rules have to be observed. All this will be changed under the new system; and when once the annuity has been purchased or the assurance effected, no further action on the part of the person concerned will be necessary. The premiums will be transferred at the chief office in London from his savings-bank account to his assurance or annuity account without trouble to him. He will thus be saved the task of remembering the precise amount of premium due or the particular day on which it is to be paid; and this arrangement will also abolish the necessity for a special insurance or annuity book.

The operation of the new scheme will, so far as can be seen, lead to some collateral advantages, of which not a few persons will be ready to avail themselves. A depositor, for instance, in the Post-office savings-banks, or a holder of government stock obtained through that medium, will be able to give authority to the Postmaster-general to use the interest or the dividends as the case may be, which may accrue, for the purposes of purchasing a life policy or an annuity, or both, as might be directed. Thus, as Mr Cardin tells us, a man at the age of thirty, with one hundred pounds deposited in the Post-office savings-bank, will be able to give an order directing that half the interest thereon shall be applied to the assurance of his life for fifty-three pounds

thirteen shillings and fourpence, and the other moiety to the purchase of a deferred annuity of eight pounds six shillings and eightpence, commencing at the age of sixty; and if his one hundred pounds were invested in government stock, the amounts of his life-assurance and his deferred annuity would be greater, as the dividends would be of greater amount than the interest received on a mere deposit.

It may be briefly pointed out that under the Act of Parliament for legalising the changes about to be wrought in the Post-office Assurance and Annuities system, some important alterations in the limits will be made. It has been long recognised that the present limits were ill adapted to the kind of business sought. The higher limits were too low, and the lower limits too high. The former will now be raised to the useful maximum of two hundred pounds; while the present lower limit of twenty pounds has been altogether abolished, so that an assurance can be effected or an annuity purchased for any sum below two hundred pounds. There will also be some beneficial changes as to the limits of age. There can be no doubt that the first steps taken by the young to make provision for the future act as a powerful incentive to greater efforts, and that thus an annuity or life policy of considerable amount is gradually built up. Mr Fawcett and the select Committee over which he presided, recognising this fact, felt that such beginnings of thrift could not be made too soon, and consequently recommended that the present limits of age which restrict life-assurance to sixteen, and the grant of annuities to ten, should be respectively reduced to eight and five years; and these proposals have been sanctioned by the Act. It should be added, that for obvious reasons, it was considered expedient to limit the amount of the assurance to be effected upon the life of a very young child; and the Act provides, therefore, that the amount shall not exceed five pounds on the life of a child between the ages of eight and fourteen years.

In conclusion, there can be no question that the changes which we have indicated here will prove of the greatest value, now that the importance of life-assurance and of making provision for old age is becoming more appreciated among the people. It is true, of course, that numerous benefit and friendly societies exist which offer various kinds of privileges; but from causes that are not far to seek, the poor have come to view such societies with a certain amount of distrust; and it is needful that the government should step in to render the poorer classes not only all the facilities at its command, but also that assurance as regards stability which alone a government department can impress on such classes.

We have attempted to show some of the principal advantages which will accrue from that system, and there is one more that should not be omitted. It is, that any person who may suddenly or unexpectedly become possessed of a certain sum of money may invest it in the Post-office, and by a single payment secure either an annuity in old age or a life-assurance. The advantage of being able to make a single payment is obvious; for it at once removes all further trouble and anxiety from the mind of the person so investing his money as to the future; a reflection which, to most persons, must be a source of infinite satisfaction.

BY MEAD AND STREAM.

CHAPTER XXV.—A WORD IN SEASON.

The suspicion which Philip now entertained regarding his uncle's habits rendered the letters received from him the more surprising—they were so calm, kindly, and firm. He did not receive many: Mr Shield preferred that his instructions should be conveyed to him by Messrs Hawkins and Jackson. There was one waiting for him, however, on the morning on which he took possession of his chambers in Verulam Buildings, Gray's Inn.

Wrentham had tried to persuade him to take chambers in the West End, indicating Piccadilly as the most suitable quarter for the residence of a young man of fortune who was likely to mix in society. There he would be close to the clubs, and five minutes from every place of amusement worth going to.

But Philip had notions of his own on this subject. He had no particular desire to be near the clubs: he expected his time to be fully occupied in the enterprise on which he was entering. What leisure he might have would of course be spent at Willowmere and Ringsford. The chambers in Verulam Buildings were all that a bachelor of simple tastes could desire. They were on the second floor, and the windows of the principal apartment overlooked the green square. To the left were quaint old gables and tiles, which the master-painter, Time, had transformed into a wondrous harmony of all the shades and tints of green and russet.

Sitting there, with the noisy traffic of Gray's Inn Road shut out by double doors and double windows on the other side of the building, he could imagine himself to be miles away from the bustle and fever of the town, although he was in the midst of it. And sitting there, he read this letter from Mr Shield, which began as usual without any of the customary phrases of address:

'I now feel that you have begun your individual life in earnest; and I am glad of it. By this step you secure full opportunity to show us what stuff you are made of. As already explained, I do not intend to interfere with you in any way. I do not wish you to seek my advice, and do not wish to give any. Once for all, understand me—my desire is to test by your own acts and judgment whether or not you are worthy of the fortune which awaits you.

'When I say the fortune which awaits you, I mean something more than money.

'I hope you will stand the test; but you must not ask me to help you to do so. Circumstances may tempt me at times to give you a word of warning; but my present intention is to do my best to resist the temptation. You must do everything for yourself and by yourself, if you are to satisfy me.

'I admire the spirit which prompts your enterprise, and entirely approve of its object. But here let me speak my first and probably

my last word of warning. No doubt you are anxious to convince me that the capital which has been placed at your disposal is not to be thrown away; and it is this anxiety, backed by the enthusiasm of inexperience, that leads you into your first blunder. You calculate upon reaping from six to eight per cent. on your investment. I do not pretend to have gone thoroughly into the subject; but considering the kind of investment and the manner in which you propose to work it, my opinion is that if you count upon from two to three per cent., you will be more likely to avoid disappointment than if you adhere to the figures you have set down. At anyrate, you will err on the safe side.

'Further: you should also, and to a like extent, moderate your calculations as to the degree of sympathy and co-operation you will receive from the people you intend to benefit. I should be sorry to rob you of any part of the joy which faith in his fellow-men gives to youth. I think the man is happier who fails because he has trusted others, than he who succeeds because he has trusted no one but himself. I have failed in that way, and may fail again; yet my belief in the truth of this principle of trust is unchanged.

'At the same time, whilst you have faith in others, your eyes should be clear. Before you give your confidence, do what you can to make sure that it is not given to a knave. Should you, with eyes open, allow yourself to be deceived, you would be a fool, not a generous man. I was a fool.

'Pardon this allusion to myself; there was no intention of making any when this letter was begun.

'Briefly, whilst hoping that your enterprise may be completely successful, I wish to remind you of the commonplace fact that greed and selfishness are elements which have to be reckoned with in everything we attempt to do for or with others, whether the attempt be made in the wilds of Griqualand or in this centre of civilisation. It is a miserable conclusion to arrive at in looking back on the experience of a life; but it is the inevitable one. The only people you will be able to help are those who are willing to help themselves in the right way—which means those who have learned that the success of a comrade is no barrier to their own success. You will have to learn that the petty jealousies which exist amongst the workers in even the smallest undertakings are as countless as they are incomprehensible to the man who looks on all around him with generous eyes. You will be a happy man if twenty years hence you can say that your experience has been different from mine.

'You are not to think, however, that I consider all people moved by greed and selfishness alone: I only say that these are elements to be taken into account in dealing with them. The most faithful friends are sometimes found amongst the most ignorant of mankind: the greatest scoundrels amongst those who are regarded as the most cultivated.

'Do you find this difficult to understand? You must work out its full meaning for yourself. I say no more. You have your warning. Go on your way, and I trust you will prosper.'

This was signed abruptly, Austin Shield, as if the writer feared that he had already said too much.

'How he must have suffered,' was Philip's thought, after the first few moments of reflection over this letter. It was the longest he had ever received from his uncle, and seemed to disclose more of the man's inner nature than he had hitherto been permitted to see. 'How he must have suffered! Would I bear the scar so long if—— What stuff and nonsense!'

He laughed at himself heartily, and a little scornfully for allowing the absurd question even to flit across his mind. As if any possible combination of circumstances could ever arise to take Madge away from him! The tombstone of one of them was the only barrier that could ever stand between them; and the prospect of its erection was such a long way off, that he could think of it lightly if not philosophically.

But as he continued to stare out at those quaint russet gables and the green square, a dreamy expression slowly filled his eyes, and visions of the impossible passed before him. He had thrown himself into this work which he had found to do with such earnestness, that he had already passed more than one day without going to see Madge. Her spirit was in the work, and inspired his devotion to it, and all his labour was for her. In that way she was always with him, although her form and clear eyes might not be constantly present to his mind. That was a consolatory thought for himself; but would it satisfy her? Was it sufficient to satisfy himself how he had allowed three days to pass without his appearance at Willowmere?

He was startled when he recollected that it was three days since he had been there. Three days—an age, and how it could have passed so quickly he was unable to understand. He had certainly intended every evening to go as usual. But every day had been so full of business—details of plans and estimates to study and master—that he had been glad to lie down and sleep. The task was the more laborious for him, as he had not had previous knowledge of its practical intricacies, and he was resolved to understand thoroughly everything that was done.

'I suppose she will laugh, and say it is like me—always at extremes; either trying to do too much, or doing too little. At anyrate, she will be convinced that I have taken kindly to harness. We'll see this afternoon.'

There was another influence which unconsciously detained him in town. He shrank somehow from the interview with his father which must take place on his return to Ringsford. He had hoped to be able to take with him some friendly message from Mr Shield which would lead to the reconciliation of the two men; and as yet he was as far as ever from being able to approach the subject with his uncle.

His reverie was interrupted by the arrival of Wrentham, spruce and buoyant, a flower in his button-hole, and looking as if he had made a safe bet on the next racing event.

'Came to tell you about that land,' he said.

'I suppose you have made arrangements for the purchase?' rejoined Philip, as he folded his uncle's letter and replaced it in the envelope.

Wrentham followed the action with inquisitive eyes. He was asking himself, 'Has that letter.

anything to do with this coolness about the bargain, on which he was so hot a few days ago, or is it accident?' Then, with a little real wonder, and some affectation of amusement at the innocence of his principal:

'My dear Philip!'—Wrentham was one of those men who will call an acquaintance of a few hours by his Christian name, and by an abbreviation of it after an intimacy of a couple of days—'you don't mean to say that you imagine a question of the transfer of land in this greatest city of the world is to be settled off-hand in a forenoon?'

'O no; I did not think that, Wrentham; but as the land is very much on the outskirts of the city, and has been for a long time in the market, I did not expect that there would be much delay in coming to terms about it.'

'Ah! but you forget that it is within easy distance of an existing railway station, and close by the site of one which will be in working order before your houses can be built.'

'Exactly. That is why I chose the spot.'

'Just so; and you can have it; but the fellows know its full value, and mean to have it. Look at that.'

He handed him a paper containing the statement of the terms on which the land in question was to be sold. Philip read it carefully, frowned, and tossed it back to his agent.

'Ridiculous!' he exclaimed. 'They must have thought you were acting for the government or a railway company. I believe it is considered legitimate to fleece *them*. Half the money is what I will give, and no more.'

When a clever man thinks he has performed a particularly clever trick, and finds that, by some instinct of self-preservation, the person to be tricked upsets all his calculations, whilst there still remains a chance of persuading him that he is making a mistake, there comes over the clever person a peculiar change. It is like a sudden lull in the wind: he shows neither surprise nor regret on his own part, but a certain respectful pity for the blindness of the other in not seeing the advantage offered him. So with Wrentham at this moment. He left the paper lying on the table, as if it had no further interest for him, and took out his cigar-case.

'You don't mind a cigar, I suppose? . . . Have one?'

'Thank you. Here is some sherry: help yourself.'

Wrentham helped himself, lit his cigar, and sank back on an easy-chair, like a man whose day's work is done, and who feels that he has earned the right to rest comfortably.

'I've been trotting between pillar and post about that land all day,' he said languidly, 'because I fancied you had set your mind on it; and now I feel as tired as if I had been doing a thousand miles in a thousand hours. Glad it's over.'

'You do not think it is worth making the offer, then?'

'My dear boy, they would think we were making fun of them, and be angry.'

Wrentham rolled the cigar between his fingers and smiled complacently.

'Surely, they must be aware that the price they are asking is absurd—they cannot hope to obtain it from any one in his senses. Look at this paragraph: there is land bought by the corporation yesterday—it is almost within the city, and the price is more than a third less than these people are asking from us.'

Wrentham's eyes twinkled over the paragraph.

'Ah, yes; but, you see, these people were obliged to sell; ours are not. However, we need not bother about it. They require more than you will give, and there is an end of it. The question is, what are we to do now?'

'Take land farther out, where the owners will be more reasonable, and we can reduce our rents so as to cover the railway fares.'.

'But the farther out you go, the more difficulty you will have in finding workmen.'

'I have thought of that, and have secured an excellent foreman, who will bring us the labourers we require; and for the skilled workmen, an advertisement will find them.'

'And who is the man you have engaged?'

'Caleb Kersey.'

Wrentham laughed softly as he emitted a long serpentine coil of smoke.

'On my word, you do things in a funny way. I am supposed to be your counsellor as well as friend; and you complete your arrangements before you tell me anything about them. I don't see that my services are of any use to you.'

'We have not had time to find that out yet. What advice could you have given me in reference to Kersey?'

'Oh, I have nothing to say against the man, except that, as soon as you had your establishment ready to begin operations, he would have every soul in your employment out on strike for higher wages or for new terms of agreement, which will cause you heavy loss whether you knuckle down or refuse. I know the kind of man: he will be meek enough until he gets you into a corner—or thinks he has—and then he turns round and tells you that he is master of the situation, whatever you may be. That's his sort.'

'I think you are mistaken, Wrentham. I am sure that you are mistaken so far as Kersey is concerned. He managed that business of the harvest for my father when nobody else could, and he managed it admirably. He wants nothing more than fair-play between master and man, and he believes that my scheme is likely to bring about that condition.'

'All right,' said Wrentham, smiling, and helping himself to another glass of wine; 'here's good luck to him—and to you. We are all naturally inclined to be pleased with the people who agree with us. We'll say that I am mistaken, and, on my honour, I hope it may be so.'

Philip flushed a little: he could not help feeling that Wrentham was treating him as if he were a child at play, and did not or could not see that he was a man making a bold experiment and very much in earnest.

'It is not merely because Kersey agrees with me that I have engaged him,' he said warmly. 'I know something about the man, and I have learned a good deal from him. He has the power to convey my meaning to others better than I could do it myself. They might doubt me at

first; they will trust him; and he is one of those men who are willing to work.'

'That is everything you want in the meanwhile, except the land on which to begin operations. I promised to take your answer back to these people by four o'clock. I shall have just time to drive to their office. I suppose that there is nothing to say except that we cannot touch it at the price?'

'Nothing more.'

'Very well. I will report progress to-morrow; but I have no expectation of bringing them down to your figure. Good-day.'

Although Wrentham bustled out as if in a hurry, he descended the stairs slowly.

'He may have gone in for a mad scheme,' he was thinking; 'but he is a deal 'cuter in his way of setting about it than I bargained for. . . . This is confoundedly awkward for me. . . . Must get out of it somehow.'

(*To be continued.*)

MY OLD COLLEGE ROOMS.

No easy task would it be to analyse the medley of conflicting emotions that run riot in the heart of an old 'varsity man revisiting the haunts of his academical 'auld langsyne.' Even were I equal to it, I would not publish the results of my experiment. Far too sacred, too personal, at least for the pages of a magazine, were my own thoughts and memories the other day, as I stealthily stole up my old staircase in ——'s, Oxford. 'Stealthily stole,' I say advisedly; for I felt unpleasantly more like a burglar in my pilgrim-ascent, than a respectable country clergyman. In a university sense, generations had passed away since my college days; since I, in my generation, was wont to rollick in and out of those ancient 'oaks' and about those venerable banisters. One felt a kind of sad impression that one belonged to a bygone age; that one's only rightful *locus standi* in the university now was a shelf in the fossil department of its museum; that one was *de trop* in this land of the living; that one was 'unknelled, uncoffined, and unknown,' a sort of college ghost that ought long since to have been laid. But now, the gray goose-quill would fain flutter on, by the page, with emotions which, as I have said, are too sacred for publication. I will confine myself to more exoteric details. At the funny old cupola-like entrance—where, on the first impulse, I found myself all but taking off my hat to the 'silent speaking' stones of its venerable, unsightly pile—I had met a porter, but not *the* porter. On the staircase I had met a scout, but not *the* scout. No civil salute and smile of recognition from either of those; only a curious stare—a look that seemed to ask, 'What business have you to come back and revisit earth'—(I beg the reader's pardon!)—'*college*, disturbing us in our day and generation?'

Then, at last, well 'winded' by my climb, I actually stood once again in front of my own old 'oak;' and much I wonder if ever pious Druid stood with deeper feelings of reverence before his own! It was superscribed with a most unusual, though not foreign, name; one which to me at least was new. So far, this was a comfort; for 'Jones' would have made me very sad and at 'Smith' I feel I should have wept. As it was, I found myself already speculating with some curiosity what manner of man might own to it. Somehow, with perhaps pardonable vanity, I seemed to have expected 'Ichabod;' but that was not the present occupant's name. At the inner door, which was ajar, I knocked, honestly trying not to peep; but the gentleman was not at home. Just then, a jolly young fellow, books under arm, and obviously out from lecture, came bounding up the stairs, two or three steps at a time, in the real old style. Oh, how the aged, nearly worn-out parson envied now the limbs and wind that could perform that once familiar feat! There used to be a *je ne sais quoi*—a sense of freedom, I suppose it was, after being 'cribbed, cabined, and confined' for an hour at lecture, that always made one sadly forgetful for the nonce of one's dignity in that matter of going up-stairs. At other times, the leisurely step which betokened the importance of the (newly fledged) 'man' was carefully observed; and used, no doubt, to make due impression upon the freshman—that junior Verdant who always had what Carlyle would call a 'seeing eye' for such details of deportment. But coming from lecture, even the old hand, the third-year man, now, as of yore, involuntarily betrays a lingering trace of school-boy days by a very natural, but most undignified, hop, skip, and jump up-stairs, to doff cap and gown and don flannels for the river.

Well, up he came, this embryo bishop, statesman, or judge—I know not which—and fixing him Ancient Mariner-wise with my eye, I told him my story; feeling rather sheepish until I had satisfactorily accounted for my being discovered hovering about the coal-bin on his landing. More than one kind of expression flitted over the youth's features as he listened to me; but the predominating one, which his politeness in vain struggled to conceal, was characteristic of the antiquary surveying some newly dug up relic of a past epoch. 'I am not Mr Ichabod' (let us suppose the name), he said; 'but I am his neighbour on this floor; and I'm sure he would wish you to go into your old rooms. I will explain it to him. He will be sorry that he was out when you came.' With this and a mutual touch of hats, we parted; he to his rooms, and I, after an absence of some forty-five years, to mine. Suggestive enough was the very first object that caught my eye upon entering; for over the bedroom door was placed, by way of ornament, a real skull, with crossbones! There it serenely rested on a black cushion fixed to a small shelf, horribly grinning at me. I could have wished a more pleasant welcome to greet me after my long absence.

'Eheu! fugaces, Postume, Postume' (The years fly by, and are lost to me, lost to me), I had said to myself all the morning, as I wandered

about the old college haunts of my far-away youth; and if my perception of that sad fact needed quickening, that skull certainly brought it home to me with a vengeance! Clearly, my successor was a bit of a 'mystic.' Weird prints on the walls; curious German literature on the shelves and tables; outlandish ornaments everywhere: these and such as these spoke for their absent owner, and I felt that I could conjecture the man by his various kickshaws. I pictured him to myself reading for 'a class' by the midnight oil, and occasionally stimulating his flagging interest in the classics by casting a philosophic glance at the skull, to bethink him of the flight of time and man's 'little day' for work. Or, again, I could see him as he refreshed himself on the sofa with a grim legend or two of the Rhine, and meditated upon the fate of some medieval fool wandering about to sell his soul, *si emptorem invenerit*, until he met and did fatal business with the dread merchant of the nether world. At such times, no doubt, his death's head would have a specially attractive charm for him, and elicit some such sigh as 'Alas! poor Yorick,' in reference to the deluded Rhinelander. Two more clues to the character of my young friend were obvious, and right glad I was to obtain them. In the first place, he was not, as are too many of his university generation, so 'mad,' through much 'learning,' as to deny or ignore his God. Witness a well-worn Bible and Prayer-book; and even an illuminated text opposite his bed—the gift, perhaps, of a pious mother, or handiwork of a pious sister, whose holy influence he did not despise. And, again, he was not one of our unhealthy ascetics of modern society, secular ascetics, I mean—if I may coin such an expression—whose artificial merits are purely negative. Witness his rack of grotesquely shaped and well-cleaned pipes, no less than that three-handled jorum, with the shrivelled peel of the previous evening still therein!

Having taken notice of such apparent trifles on every side, and not liking to trespass longer, I prepared to leave. But if the 'man' who occupies my Old Rooms is brought as safely to his journey's end as I have now well nigh been brought to mine, my last half-minute alone in that ancient 'upper chamber' was not spent there in vain.

MY FELLOW-PASSENGER.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER II.

THE next afternoon, I landed at Southampton; and having left my luggage with Raynor's at the railway station, and exchanged my twenty-five sovereigns for their equivalent in Bank of England notes, I started off to see some relatives living a short way out of the town. After a few pleasant hours at Hambledon Hall, I drove back to Southampton, took an evening train to London, and by half-past nine was comfortably installed in my old quarters, No. 91 Savile Street, W.

In the morning arrived a telegram from Raynor: 'Heard of a good thing in Dublin. Going there at once. May be a long business. Better countermand my rooms. Will write.' Here without doubt was an end, at least for the present, of our partnership. Whether Paul intended me to gather that the 'good thing' was to involve my presence in Ireland, I knew not; but having already come to a very distinct understanding with him that the *venue* of any future operations must, as far as I was concerned, be laid in or near London, I was able to decide at once that even the claims of friendship did not demand my expatriation to the other side of the Irish Channel.

London was hot, airless, and uninviting this 21st of July. Two days had elapsed, during which I had heard nothing more from Raynor; and as I loitered down to my club, there came into my mind the recollection of Keymer, a breezy little homestead among the Sussex downs, where lived a middle-aged bachelor cousin of mine, and of his cordial invitation to repeat a visit I had paid him the previous summer. Half an hour later I had posted my letter to Henry Rodd, whose reply by return post was all I could wish: On and after the 24th, he would be delighted to see me for as long as I cared to stay.

On the morning of the 26th, the day upon which I was to leave for Keymer, my landlady presented herself in my sitting-room, and with an expression as of one who has intelligence to convey, opened upon me with: 'Oh, I beg your pardon, sir, but there was a gentleman called yesterday, askin' whether we had any one lodgin' here as was jest back from furrin parts, because he 'd got a friend who he thought was goin' to some lodgin's in this street, and he couldn't find him out—not the gentleman, couldn't, that is, sir. I 'm sure he knew you, sir, because he said, when I called you Mr Rodd, "Ah! is that Mr *P.* Rodd?" says he. "Yes," says I to the gent; "it 's Mr Peter Rodd." "O yes," says he, careless-like, "I know Mr Peter Rodd by name." Then he give me five shillin's, sir, and told me be sure and not trouble you about his 'avin' been, seein' as 'ow you wouldn't know who he was—he didn't give no name, sir—but I thought I 'd best tell you, sir, because it didn't seem right-like his givin' me five shillin's to say nothin' about it. Excuse me for mentionin' it, sir; but it 's what I call 'ush-money, and it 's burnin' 'oles in my pocket ever since.'

Here the worthy woman paused for breath; and wondering much who this lavish unknown might be, and how he came to know so obscure an individual as myself by name, I, perhaps indiscreetly, asked for a description of his appearance, being then unaware of the curious fact, that people in good Mrs Morton's station of life are wholly incapable of conveying to a third person the faintest impression of a stranger's exterior. Thus she could not say whether he was dark or fair, tall or short, young or old, stout or thin. Upon one point only did her memory serve her: 'His necktie was a speckly, twisted up in a sailorses' knot.' Having triumphantly furnished me with this useful clue to the visitor's identity, Mrs Morton took herself down-stairs.

A sudden thought struck me, and I ran to the window. No; there was not a soul to be seen in the quiet little street save a very ordinary looking person in a gray dustcoat, sunning himself against the pillar-box at the corner some fifty yards away; evidently a groom waiting for orders, I thought. An hour later, I went out to make some purchases, lunched at Blanchard's, and drove

back to Savile Street to prepare for my journey to Sussex. There, in friendly converse with a policeman at the same corner, was Citizen Gray-coat. I looked sharply at him as my cab passed. His tie was *not* 'speckly,' nor had he any outward pretensions to the title of 'gentleman.'

I reached Keymer without adventure late in the afternoon, my cousin himself driving over in his trap to meet me. Turning round on the platform, after our first hand-shaking, to look for my travelling-bag, I saw stooping in the act of reading the card attached to the handle—*the man in the gray dustcoat.*

It could not be a chance! No; look at it which way I would, there scowled at me the unpleasant but undeniable fact that I was being 'watched.' For what purpose, it was of course impossible to tell, though I had no difficulty in connecting the visitor of the day before with the apparition in gray at the little Sussex junction. I waited till the evening to mention the matter to my cousin Henry, who, after a ringing laugh and many small jokes at my expense, suddenly became serious, and remarked: 'But I say, Peter, it is an excessively disagreeable thing to be followed about in that sort of way. Can't you account for the mistake in any way, so as to be able to get rid of the fellow to-morrow?'

At that moment the suspicion against which I had fought so hard was borne in with irresistible force upon my mind, and almost dizzy with the physical effort to conceal its effect, I muttered my concurrence with Rodd, that for his sake no less than my own, steps should at once be taken to come to an understanding with the man and relieve him of his duty. Looking forward with interest to learning the nature of the mistake next day, we parted for the night.

That circumstances were so shaping themselves as to do away with the necessity of any action from our side, did not, and could not enter into my calculations, as, bitterly wondering when and how this miserable suspicion would become a sickening certainty, I fell into a dream-haunted and unquiet sleep.

We had breakfasted, and were leaving the house towards eleven o'clock the next morning, intending, if we could sight him, to interview the gray-coated sentry, when a station fly drove up to the door and deposited a well-built and gentlemanly looking person, who, slightly raising his hat, said: 'May I ask if either of you gentlemen is Mr Peter Rodd?'

Casually noticing that the speaker wore a speckled tie, I replied: 'That is my name.'

'Then it is my duty to inform you, sir, that I have a warrant for your arrest on a criminal charge, and at the same time to caution you against saying anything which may hereafter be used in your disfavour.'

'What is the charge?' I asked, 'with the air,' as Henry afterwards observed, 'of a man who is in the habit of being arrested every morning after breakfast.'

'Suspicion of having stolen on or about the 23d June a sum of one thousand five hundred and fifty pounds in gold from the Alliance Bank, Cape Town, in which you were an employee under the name of Percival Royston.'

'And what evidence have you that this gentleman is the person for whose arrest you have a warrant?' interposed my cousin.

'Strictly speaking, I have told you all I am permitted to do,' was the courteous answer. 'But it will not be a very grave breach of duty if I say that my prisoner is known to have reached England in the *Balbriggan Castle*, to have exchanged gold for notes at Southampton, and to be in possession of a quantity of luggage marked P. R., some of which has been found upon examination to contain clothes, books, and letters bearing the name Percival Royston, Alliance Bank, Cape Town; while in other boxes were found similar articles with the name Peter Rodd, showing the adoption of the alias.'

'Would it be within your province to release your prisoner upon undoubted proof that he is not the person wanted?'

The officer thought for a moment, and replied: 'If such proof could be confirmed by a magistrate—and after communicating with headquarters—*yes.*'

'Then,' said my cousin, 'will you be good enough to bring your prisoner to the manor-house, and ask the squire—who is a magistrate—three simple questions?—The name of your prisoner—How long it is since they last met—What is to his knowledge the total duration of the prisoner's recent absence from England?'

This my captor readily consented to do; and after the three questions had been answered by the squire—at whose house I had dined just a year before—telegraphed to Scotland Yard, asking whether it was known how long Royston had been continuously in the service of the bank. The answer came speedily: 'Five or six years;' followed half an hour later by a second message: 'A mistake has occurred. Do not arrest Rodd. If already done, express regret, and return at once.' There was just time for him to catch an up-train; and after carrying out his last instructions with great politeness, the detective drove off, stopping, as I observed, at the end of the drive to pick up a man who was leaning against the gate-post, his hands buried deep in the pockets of a gray dustcoat.

The next post from London brought a very ample explanation and apology for 'the painful position in which I had been placed through an exceedingly regrettable mistake. This had arisen through the imperfect information furnished to the authorities in the first instance as to the movements of the real culprit, who, they had unfortunately no room whatever to doubt, was the passenger going under the name of Paul Raynor. This person, it was now ascertained, had taken passage on board a sailing-ship for South America. The similarity of initials, with other facts of which I was aware, had combined to mislead those engaged in the case; while the discovery of Royston's luggage in my possession had of course confirmed their suspicions.

'They were directed to add that the alias under which I knew him had of course been assumed only after the *Balbriggan Castle* had actually sailed, as the message brought by the next homeward-bound steamer to Madeira, and thence telegraphed to England, did not contain this important item of information.'

Opening the newspaper two or three days later, I read at the head of a column, in conspicuous

type: 'Arrival of the Cape Mail. Audacious Robbery from a Cape Town Bank'—then in smaller print: 'A considerable sensation has been caused at Cape Town by the discovery of a robbery planned and carried out with an audacity which it is not too much to describe as unique in the annals of crime. The circumstances are briefly these. On the morning of Wednesday the 16th June, the mail-steamer *Turcoman* arrived in Table Bay from England, having on board some five thousand pounds in gold for the Alliance Bank, to whose care it was duly delivered on the same day. A portion of this amount, namely, fifteen hundred pounds, was destined for the use of the bank's Diamond Fields branch at De Vriespan, where it was required with all expedition. The overland service between Cape Town and the Diamond Fields is a bi-weekly one, leaving the former place at six A.M. on Monday and Thursday, and covering the whole distance of seven hundred miles in about five days nine hours. In order, therefore, to insure the despatch of the case containing the specie by the mail-cart on the following day, Mr Percival Royston, the assistant-cashier, was requested to undertake, in conjunction with the senior clerk, Mr Albertus Jager, the duty of counting and repacking the gold, after the completion of their ordinary work at six or seven o'clock. According to the latter gentleman's statement, the task was not commenced till after dinner at about eight o'clock. They had made some considerable progress when Royston remarked how pale and tired his companion was looking. Upon Mr Jager's admitting that he was feeling far from well, the other asked him if he would not give up the work and go home to bed, saying that he (Royston) would finish the counting himself and have everything ready in plenty of time for to-morrow. Knowing how thoroughly the assistant-cashier was trusted by the bank, Mr Jager allowed himself to be persuaded, and left at once for his own quarters. The case was duly despatched in the morning, in charge of a clerk proceeding to the De Vriespan office on promotion, the fact being reported by Royston to the head-cashier.

'Nothing further appears to have transpired until Tuesday the 21st June, when the head-cashier addressing Royston, asked: "By the way, when is that gold due at De Vriespan? To-day?"

"Yes, sir," was the answer; "we ought to get the telegram announcing its arrival in half an hour or so."

'It is the custom of the bank to send a junior clerk to the home-going mail-steamer with late letters for England, which may be posted on board upon payment of an extra fee. This duty Royston asked to be allowed to perform on the present occasion, stating that he would be glad of the opportunity of seeing some friends off who were leaving by the steamer that day. He left the bank at three forty-five, was seen to go on board with a travelling-bag ten minutes later, and has not since been heard of. His other luggage, consisting of two portmanteaus, had been removed from his lodgings before daybreak, Royston having somehow obtained the services of a coolie, who states that, following his instructions, he first carried the luggage to an inn near the docks, subsequently transferring it thence by hand-truck to the ship as soon as the dock gates were opened. It should be remarked that Royston occupied rooms on the ground-floor, the landlord and his wife and the other lodgers sleeping on the first and second floors. But for this fact, it would probably have been impossible to effect the removal of the luggage without disturbing the other occupants of the house.

'At five o'clock a telegram was received at the Alliance Bank: "De Vriespan, four thirty. Case just arrived. On being opened, found to contain nothing but lead-sheeting to exact weight of gold expected. Clerk in charge denies all knowledge. Wire any instructions." A cab dashed furiously to the docks, its occupant the head-cashier, who, as he turned the corner towards the quay, was just able to descry the smoke of the vanishing steamer now four or five miles on her way. "Too late!" shouted the Steam Company's agent as he passed on foot. "Ship sailed sharp at four thirty!"

'The above incident will most probably give a sharp impetus to the movement, already initiated in Cape commercial circles, for the establishment of ocean cable communication with Great Britain direct, the importance of which, from an imperial as well as a colonial point of view, has long been recognised.'

* * * * * *

A keen east wind was blowing in my teeth as I hurried along the Strand towards Temple Bar one morning in March, and as I bent my head to meet a more than usually piercing gust, I came against a passer-by, who answered my apology with a smile of recognition. 'Mr Rodd, I think?'

It was no other than the polite detective, more polite than ever, because of the whirling dust and biting wind, against which the best of good-humour is so rarely proof.

'Ah, sir,' he went on, as we drew into a low archway for a moment's talk, 'you would be astonished to hear the story of the wildgoose chase we had after Mr Percival Royston last summer and autumn. If you would care to call in at my quarters any day after four o'clock, I should be very pleased to tell you about it.'

'Thank you,' I replied; 'I will see. Meanwhile, how did it end?'

'All wrong for *us*, I am sorry to say. He got clean away from us; and I don't suppose we shall ever hear of him again.'

The sun shone out for a moment, and the wind seemed to have lost something of its bitter chill as I wished Detective Elms good-morning and passed on my way eastward.

THE MONTH:

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

THE abnormally mild winter—if winter it can be called—which has been experienced this year, has once more raised hopes in the minds of farmers that brighter times are in store for them. The extreme mildness of the season has not only been favourable for all field operations, but it has been most beneficial for stock. Lambs have never been so numerous as they are this year in many of the southern counties, for not only have they had the climate in their favour during the most critical time of their lives, but there has been a wonderful number of twins. Indeed,

the proportion of these latter to single births has on some farms been as high as sixteen out of twenty.

A silver lining to the dark cloud which has so long overshadowed the British farmer may also perhaps be discerned in certain operations which are now being pushed forward at Lavenham, in Suffolk. A private Company has been formed to recommence, under the more favourable conditions which the progress of scientific agriculture has rendered possible, the making of beet-sugar in this country. Between the years 1869 and 1873, Mr James Duncan tried a similar experiment, and the present Company has acquired his works at Lavenham, to take up once more the industry which he tried to establish. The recently devised methods of extracting sugar from the beet are much easier and simpler, and far less costly, than the processes employed by Mr Duncan; and the promoters of the enterprise are sanguine of success, if they can only induce the farmers to grow sufficient beetroot for them to operate upon. The Company has arranged favourable terms of transport with the railway authorities; for instance, a truck-load of roots can be brought to Lavenham from Bury—a distance of eleven miles—for eighteenpence a ton. For the same distance, Mr Duncan formerly paid four shillings and twopence a ton. The experiment will be watched with extreme interest by all agriculturists.

Mr Wood's lecture to the Institute of Agriculture on the subject of Ensilage gave some valuable particulars of experiments he had made with the object of ascertaining which are the crops that can be most profitably cultivated for that method of preservation. He first of all took the value of ensilage at twenty-six shillings and eightpence, or about one-third the value of hay. An acre of heavy meadow-grass produced twelve tons of compressed food; and the same quantity dried into hay weighed only two tons seven hundredweight. After allowing for the cost of producing each, the lecturer showed a balance in favour of the ensilage over hay of nearly five pounds sterling an acre. Buckwheat cultivated for treatment as ensilage, against the same valued as a seed-crop, showed a gain in favour of the silo of two pounds eight shillings and threepence per acre. Oats compared in like manner show a balance of five pounds per acre; and here there is a further gain, for oats cut in the green state have not had the time to exhaust the soil as if they had been left to mature. There is still a further gain in favour of ensilage, when it is remembered that the ground is cleared before the usual time, and is therefore ready very early for new crops. The lecturer concluded by throwing out a useful hint that dairymen and cow-keepers in towns could be with great advantage supplied with the new form of fodder in casks, a sixty-gallon cask holding about thirty-one stone-weight of the compressed material.

Mr W. F. Petrie, whose recently published book upon the Pyramids of Gezeh we noticed two months ago, has just undertaken some excavations in another part of Egypt, which are likely to bear fruitful results. Amidst a desolation of mud and marsh, there lies, in the north-eastern delta of the Nile, a place far from the track of tourists, and which is therefore seldom visited. This now remote spot, Sàn-el-Hagar (that is, Sàn of the Stones), was once a splendid city, in the midst of the cornlands and pasturage which formed part of the biblical 'field of Zoan.' Excavations were begun here in 1861 by Mariette Pasha, and he unearthed the site of the principal temple; but lack of funds and want of support generally, caused him to give up the work, though not before several treasures had found their way from his diggings to the Boulak Museum at Cairo, and to the Louvre. Mr Petrie, under the auspices of the newly formed Egypt Exploration Fund, commences the work anew in this promising field of research; and before long we may possibly have very important finds to chronicle.

At the recent meeting of the Scottish Meteorological Society, held in Edinburgh, an interesting account was given of the daily work which has been carried on in the Ben Nevis Observatory since its first occupation in November last, and which is telegraphed daily from the summit of the mountain. Several new instruments have been added since that date, and improvements in the buildings costing a thousand pounds will shortly be commenced. Referring to the new marine station at Granton, near Edinburgh, Mr Murray of the *Challenger* expedition gave an interesting account of the work going on there. The laboratory is now in working order, and there is accommodation for five or six naturalists. It is intended to offer this accommodation free of expense to any British or foreign naturalist having a definite object of study in view.

The French Academy of Sciences has just received an interesting account of a meteorite which fell not long ago near Odessa. A bright serpentine trail of fire was seen one morning to pass over that town; and the editor of one of the papers, surmising that a meteoric mass might have fallen from the sky, offered a reward to any one who would bring it to him. A peasant, who had been terribly frightened by the stone falling close to him as he worked in the fields, and burying itself in the ground, answered this appeal. He had dug the stone out of the soil, and preserved it, keeping the matter quite secret from his neighbours, as he feared ridicule. This stone was found to be a shapeless mass weighing nearly eighteen pounds. The fall of another meteorite, which in its descent near the same town wounded a man, was also reported; but it had been broken into fragments and distributed among the peasants, who preserved them as talismans.

The visitors to Cliff House, San Francisco, had recently the rare opportunity of viewing a marvellous mirage, during which the headland of North Farallon, which is under ordinary circumstances quite out of sight, indeed absolutely below the horizon, not only came into view, but appeared to be only a few miles from the shore. The strange sight fascinated the onlookers for many hours, and marine glasses and telescopes were brought to bear upon these veritable castles in the air.

It seems strange that Samuel Pepys, whose famous Diary is known to all English readers, should have been left without a monument in the old London church where his remains repose, until one hundred and eighty years after his

death. This may be partly explained by the circumstance that Pepys' Diary was not published until the year 1825. It was originally written in cipher, and the key to it, strange to say, was not made use of until that time. Although Pepys was a well-known man in his day, and occupied a good official position as 'Clerk of the Acts' and Secretary to the Admiralty, his fame is due to his unique Diary. At last, however, Pepys has a monument to his honour, which was unveiled the other day in the ancient city church of St Olave's, near the Tower of London. The question has been raised whether Pepys, in using a cipher alphabet, did not intend his Diary as a private document. But still he left the key behind him, which he might have easily destroyed. However this may be, the book has delighted thousands of readers, giving as it does in a very quaint style a picture, and a true picture too, of London life two hundred years ago.

A curious record of the year 1478 is quoted in the *Builder*, which points to an early case of water being laid on to a town-house. The ingenious individual who thus tapped the conduit or watercourse running along the street, seems to have paid more dearly for the privilege than even a London water-consumer has to pay to the Companies in the present day. The man was a tradesman in Fleet Street, and is thus referred to: 'A wex-chandler in Flete-strete had by crafte perced a pipe of the condit withynne the ground, and so conveied the water into his selar; wherefore he was judged to ride through the citie with a condit uppon his hedde.' This poor man was nevertheless only adapting to his own purposes a system of water-conveyance that had been known and practised in many countries ages before his time.

It is expected that nearly one thousand members and associates of the British Association will cross the Atlantic in August next to take part in the meeting which is to be held this year at Montreal. All visitors to the Dominion know well that the Canadians understand the meaning of the word hospitality in its broadest sense, and they are, according to all reports, taking measures which will cause their British cousins to long remember the welcome which they will receive. The Association is taking good care that the members shall be seen at their best, and no new members will be allowed to join the party except under stringent conditions. This will very rightly prevent an influx of people who will take a sudden interest in scientific research for the sake of getting a cheap trip to Canada. The names of the representative men under whose care the various sections are placed, are sufficient guarantee that plenty of good work will be done. We may mention that special attention will be paid in section D, under Professor Ray Lankester, to the vexed question of the supposed connection between sun-spot periods and terrestrial phenomena. This question has long been a bone of contention among scientific men, one side bringing forward figures giving remarkable points of agreement, the other side disclaiming them with the assertion that statistics can be made to prove anything. Perhaps this meeting of the Association may guide us to a right solution of the problems involved.

'The Mineral Wealth of Queensland,' the title of a paper recently read before the Royal Colonial Institute by Mr C. S. Dicken, was full of matter which should be interesting to those who are seeking an outlay for their capital. Queensland is five and a half times larger in area than the United Kingdom. Its gold-fields are estimated to cover a space of seven thousand square miles, and it produces large quantities of silver, copper, and tin. According to the official Reports of geologists, coal crops out on the surface over some twenty-four thousand square miles. Hitherto, these vast resources have been comparatively untouched. Men and capital are required for their development; and as the climate is a healthy one, and the laws administered by capable and impartial men, there is every incentive to Europeans to turn their attention to the country.

A Bill now before the House of Commons is of extreme interest and importance to students of natural history, to artists, and many others. We allude to Mr Bryce's 'Access to Mountains (Scotland) Bill.' In the preamble to this proposed measure, it is set forth that many large tracts of uncultivated mountain and moorland, which have in past times been covered with sheep and cattle, are now stocked with deer, and in many cases the rights which have hitherto been enjoyed by artists and others of visiting such lands, have been stopped by the owners. It is now proposed that it should be henceforward illegal for owners of such property to exclude any one who wishes to go there 'for the purposes of recreation, or scientific or artistic study.' At the same time the Bill clearly provides that any one committing any kind of poaching or damage is to be regarded as a trespasser, and dealt with accordingly. Parks and pleasure-grounds attached to a dwelling-house are of course excepted from the operation of the Act.

Mr Johnston's book upon *The River Congo* is full of interesting particulars of his wanderings through that part of Africa and his meeting with Stanley. He certainly throws some new light upon the climate of the country; for whereas previous travellers have described it as fever-breeding, and full of terrors to the white man, Mr Johnston tells us that the climate of the interior table-land is as healthy as possible, and that any European taking ordinary precautions as to temperate eating and drinking, need never have a day's illness there. This is perhaps a matter of personal constitution and physique. Because one man has had such a pleasant experience of African climate, it is no reason why every one else should expect the same exemption from illness. Still, we trust that Mr Johnston's deductions may prove correct.

We are all of us now and then astonished by the report of some sale in which a fancy price, as it is called, has been paid for something of no intrinsic value, and very often of no artistic value either. Hundreds of pounds have been paid within recent years for a single teacup, provided that the happy purchaser can be sure that it is unique. Even thousands have been paid for a vase a few inches high simply because it was rare. The mania for collecting curiosities which prompts people to pay these large sums, is by no means confined to articles of virtu. Natural history claims a large army of such collectors. A single

orchid was sold only the other day for a small fortune. At the time of the Cochin-China fowl mania, which John Leech helped to caricature out of existence, a single rooster fetched five hundred pounds. Only last month, in London, some enormous prices were obtained under the hammer for a collection of Lepidoptera, vulgarly known as moths and butterflies. Single specimens fetched three and four pounds apiece, and even more; whilst a common white butterfly, apparently having a particular value because it was caught in the Hebrides, was actually knocked down for the sum of thirteen guineas. It would be extremely interesting to ascertain the exact nature of the pleasurable sensations with which the owner of this butterfly doubtless regards his purchase. The export of a few white butterflies to the Hebrides might prove a profitable venture, if not overdone.

It may be that the age of big prices for little teacups and vases is on the eve of passing away, for it would seem that the secret processes by which the old workers could endow the china with a depth of colour and richness of tone impossible to achieve by more modern hands, have been rediscovered. It is reported that M. Lauth, the Director of the Sèvres state porcelain manufactory, has attained this result. Moreover, his discovery does not, like too many others, resolve itself into a mere laboratory experiment, but represents a manufacturing success. The results, too, can be looked for with certainty, whereas there is little doubt that the old workers had many a failure as well as successes.

The recent opinion of Mr Justice Stephen that cremation, if properly conducted, is not illegal, has again opened up a subject, which, although of a somewhat delicate, and to some people actually repulsive nature, is bound sooner or later to force its importance upon public attention. There is every reason to believe that public opinion is fast undergoing a very great change, as the subject becomes better understood. A like alteration of public feeling is also observable in other European countries. Sir Spencer Wells has lately published an account of the public cemetery in Rome, where, in the four months previous to his visit, no fewer than forty bodies had been submitted to the new form of sepulture. Dr Cameron's Bill for the regulation of the practice of cremation will possibly come before the House of Commons before these lines appear in print, and we shall then have an opportunity of gauging the feeling for and against a practice which, after all, is not new, but very old indeed.

Lovers of nature will be glad to hear that otters are yet extant in the Thames; but unless possessed of that unfortunate instinct which causes the average Briton to kill and slay anything alive which is not actually a domestic animal, they will be disgusted to learn that these interesting creatures are no sooner discovered than they are shot and stuffed. In January 1880, an otter weighing twenty-six pounds was shot at Hampton Court; another shared the same fate at Thames-Ditton in January last; and one more has recently been slaughtered at Cookham.

We have recently had an opportunity of visiting the steep-grade tramway which is being laid, and is now on the point of being finished, on that same quiet Highgate Hill where tradition tells us Dick Whittington heard the bells prophesying his future good-fortune. This tramway is the first of its kind in this country, and will probably prove the pioneer line of many others in situations where the hilly nature of the ground forbids horse-traction. Briefly described, it consists of an endless cable, a steel rope kept constantly moving at the rate of six miles an hour by means of a stationary engine. This cable moves in a pipe buried in the ground midway between the rails; but the pipe has an opening above. Through this opening—a narrow slit about an inch wide—passes from the car a kind of grip-bar, which by the turn of a handle in the car is made to take hold of the travelling-rope below, or to release its hold, as required. This system has been in successful operation in San Francisco for many years, and there is no reason why it should not succeed in this country. The only question seems to be whether the traffic up and down Highgate Hill is sufficient to make the enterprise pay.

The profits of the International Fisheries Exhibition amount to fifteen thousand pounds. Two-thirds of this sum will be devoted to the benefit of the widows and orphans of fishermen, presumably through the instrumentality of some Society or Insurance Association to be formed for the purpose; three thousand pounds will go to form a Royal Fisheries Society for scientific work in connection with the harvest of the sea; whilst the balance remains in hand, at present unappropriated.

THE PROGRESS OF PISCICULTURE.

Of late years, no feature of fishery economy has excited more attention than the progress we have been making in what is called 'Pisciculture.' Fish-eggs are now a common article of commerce—the sales of which, and the prices at which they can be purchased, being as regularly advertised as any other kind of goods. This is a fact which, a century ago, might have been looked upon by our forefathers as something more than wonderful. Such commerce in all probability would have been stigmatised as impious, as a something 'flying in the face of Providence.'

But in another country there was buying and selling of fish-eggs more than a thousand years ago. The ingenious Chinese people had discovered the philosophy which underlies fish-culture, as well as the best modes of increasing their supplies of fish, long before any European nation had dreamt of taking action in the matter. A few years ago, a party of fisher-folks from the Celestial Empire, on a visit to Europe, were exceedingly astonished at the prices they had to pay for the fish they were so fond of eating. They explained that in China any person might purchase for a very small sum as much as might serve a family for a week's food. They also mentioned that some fishes which we reject, such as the octopus, were much esteemed by the Chinese, who cooked them carefully, and partook of them with great relish. The capture of the octopus, indeed, forms one of the chief fishing industries of China, these sea-monsters being taken in enormous

numbers at some of the Chinese fishing stations, notably at Swatow. They are preserved by being dried in the sun; and then, after being packed in tubs, they are distributed to the consuming centres of the country. In the inland districts of China there are also to be found numerous fishponds, where supplies of the more popular sorts of fish are kept, and fed for the market. These are grown from ova generally bought from dealers, who procure supplies of eggs from some of the large rivers of the country. The infant fish, it may be mentioned, are as carefully tended and fed as if they were a flock of turkeys in the yard of a Norfolk farmer. In the opinion of the Chinese fishermen, who were interviewed by the industrious Frank Buckland, hundreds of thousands of fish annually die of starvation; and if means could be adopted for the feeding of tender fry, fish of all kinds would become more plentiful than at present, and we would obtain them at a cheaper rate. In China, the yolks of hens' eggs are thrown into the rivers and ponds, that kind of food being greedily devoured by the young fish.

It has long been known to those interested in the economy of our fisheries, that only a very small percentage of the ova of our chief food-fishes comes to maturity, while of the fish actually hatched, a very small percentage reaches our tables for food-uses; hence the desire which has arisen to augment the supplies by means of pisciculture. In the case of a fish like the salmon, every individual of that species (*Salmo salar*) which can be brought to market is certain, even when prices are low, of a ready sale at something like a shilling per pound-weight; and it is not, therefore, to be wondered at that the proprietor of a stretch of salmon-water should be zealous about the increase of his stock of fish. A quarter of a century since, the salmon-fishery owners of the river Tay in Scotland, impressed with the possibilities of pisciculture, had a suite of salmon-nurseries constructed at Stormontfield, where they have annually hatched a very large number of eggs, and where they feed and protect the young fish till they are ready to migrate to the sea, able to fight their own battle of life. This may be said to be the earliest and longest sustained piscicultural effort of a commercial kind made in Great Britain, an example which was followed on other rivers. The chief salmon-fisheries of Scotland being held as private property, are, of course, more favourably situated, in regard to fish-culture, than salmon-fisheries which are open to the public, and which, in a sense, are the property of no person in particular. These latter must be left in the hands of mother Nature. The salmon, however, being an animal of great commercial value, is so coveted at all seasons of the year, both by persons who have a legal right to such property, and by persons who have no right, that such fisheries have a tendency to become barren of breeding-stock; for although each female yields on the average as many as twenty thousand eggs, extremely few of these ever reach maturity; hence, it has come about that many proprietors are resorting to the piscicultural process of increasing their supplies.

But the chief feature of the pisciculture of the period is that 'fisheries' are now being worked quite independently of any particular river. There is, for example, the Howietoun fishery, near Stirling, which has been 'invented,' as we may say, by that piscatorial giant, Sir James Gibson-Maitland. From this establishment, the eggs of fish, particularly trout, and more especially Loch Leven trout, are annually distributed in hundreds of thousands. From Howietoun, and from some other places as well, gentlemen can stock their ponds or other ornamental water with fecundated ova in a certain state of forwardness; or they can procure, for a definite sum of money, fish of all ages from tiny fry to active yearlings, or well grown two-year olds! Sporting-waters which have been overfished can be easily replenished by procuring a few thousand eggs or yearlings; while angling clubs which rent a loch or important stream can, at a very small cost, keep up the supplies, whether of trout or salmon. In the course of the last three summers, several Scottish lakes have had their fish-stores replenished by means of drafts on the piscicultural bank, which is always open at the Howietoun 'fishery.' The distance to which ova or tender young fish require to be transported offers no obstacle to this new development of fish-commerce; thousands of infantile fish were brought from Russia to Edinburgh with perfect safety on the occasion of the Fishery Exhibition held in that city. The loss in transit was not more, we believe, than two per cent.

It may prove interesting to state the prices which are charged usually for ova and young fish. A sample lot of eyed ova of the American brook trout, to the extent of one thousand, may be obtained for thirty shillings; and for ten shillings less, a thousand eggs of the Loch Leven trout, or the common trout of the country, may be purchased. For stock supplies, a box containing fifteen thousand partially eyed ova of *S. fontinalis* (American) may be had for ten pounds. The other varieties mentioned are cheaper by fifty shillings for the same number. Fry of the same, in lots of not fewer than five thousand, range from seven pounds ten shillings to five pounds. Yearlings are of course dearer, and cost from fifteen and ten pounds respectively per thousand. Ten millions of trout ova are now hatched every year at the Howietoun fishery.

The fecundity of all kinds of fish is enormous. A very small trout will be found to contain one thousand eggs; a female salmon will yield on the average eight hundred ova for each pound of her weight; and if even a fifth part of the eggs of our food-fishes were destined to arrive at maturity, there would be no necessity for resorting to pisciculture in order to augment our fish commissariat. But even in America, where most kinds of fish were at one period almost over-abundant, artificial breeding is now necessary in order to keep up the supplies. In the United States, fish-culture has been resorted to on a gigantic scale, not only as regards the

salmon, but also in connection with various sea-fishes, many hundred millions of eggs of which are annually collected and hatched; the young fry being forwarded to waters which require to be restocked. Apparatus of a proper description for the hatching of sea-fish has been constructed, and is found to work admirably. Some of these inventions were shown last year in the American department of the International Fishery Exhibition, where they were much admired by persons who feel interested in the proper development of our fishery resources. In the United States, the art of pisciculture has been studied with rare patience and industry, the fish-breeders thinking it no out-of-the-way feat to transplant three or four millions of young salmon in the course of a season. In dealing with the shad, the United States Commission of Fish and Fisheries have been able to distribute the young of that fish by tens of millions per annum; the loss in the hatching of eggs and in the transmission of the animal being very small.

Some writers and lecturers on the natural and economic history of our food-fishes have asserted that no possible demand can lead to their extermination or to any permanent falling-off in the supplies; but the economy of the American fisheries tends to disprove that theory. In the seas which surround the United States, certain fishes would soon become very scarce, were the supplies not augmented each season by the aid of the pisciculturists. The fruitfulness of the cod is really wonderful, individuals of that family having been taken with from five to nine millions of eggs in their ovaries. The fecundity of the common herring, too, has often proved a theme of wonder. That an animal only weighing a few ounces should be able to perpetuate its kind at the rate of thirty thousand, is indeed remarkable. But fruitful in reproductive power as these and other fishes undoubtedly are, it has been prophesied by cautious writers, that by over-fishing, the supplies may in time become so exhausted as to require the aid of the pisciculturist. If so, we believe the mode of action which has been found to work so well in the American seas will be the best to follow. No plan of inclosed sea-ponds, however large they might be, will meet the case; the fish-eggs will require to be hatched in floating cylinders specially constructed for the purpose, so as to admit of the eggs being always under the influence of the sea-water, and at the same time exposed to the eye of skilled watchers. It is believed by persons well qualified to judge, that the eggs of our more valuable sea-fishes may in the way indicated be dealt with in almost incredible numbers. We have only to remember that twenty females of the cod family will yield at least one hundred millions of eggs, to see that the possibilities of pisciculture might extend far beyond anything indicated in the foregoing remarks.

In resuscitating their exhausted oyster-beds, the French people have during the last twenty years worked wonders; they have been able to reproduce that favourite shell-fish year after year in quantities that would appear fabulous if they could be enumerated in figures. Pisciculture was understood in France long before it was thought of as a means of aiding natural production in America; but our children of the States—to use a favourite phrase of their own—now 'lick all creation' in the ways and means of replenishing river and sea with their finny denizens.

A PLEA FOR THE WATER-OUSEL.

In a paper which appeared in this *Journal*, in June 1883, on the Salmon, a few words were said in defence of the water-ousel against a *fama* which had found vent in newspaper correspondence, accusing that most interesting bird of destroying salmon spawn. An English gentleman, after reading those remarks, has written to us, giving a sad illustration of misdirected zeal, which had arisen from the reading of such newspaper letters.

During the previous winter, he was one of a party that spent a few days on the banks of a favourite salmon river in Wales. The party were all enthusiastic anglers; and, fired by the recent outcry against the ousel, they made a raid upon these birds, killing thirty in one day. Like the 'Jeddart justices' of old, the party then proceeded to convict the slain; when, lo! on examination by one of their number—a well-known English analyst—not a grain of salmon roe could be found in all the thirty crops examined, though it was then the height of the salmon spawning season. Like Llewelyn, after slaying Gelert, they had time to repent, 'For now the truth was clear.' They had slain the innocent, which feed upon insects that prey on salmon ova. They had therefore killed one of the salmon's best protectors.

No better instance could be adduced of the caution with which popular theories in natural history should be received. But besides branding the innocent little ousel as a salmon-destroyer, some writers went so far as to assert that the bird had no song, and was not worth listening to. The best observers fortunately have defended the bird against the charge of being songless; and in respect to its alleged crime of eating salmon-roe, the evidence above given is surely conclusive in favour of its innocence.

The water-ousel is one of our most unique birds. It is a wader and a diver, and though not web-footed, by using its wings it can propel itself under water. Its habits are always a delightful study to the observer. The domed nest, with its snow-white eggs, is a wonderful structure; and there is a fascination in watching the bird tripping in and out of the water in pursuit of its food, popping overhead ever and again, and reappearing for a moment, only to dive and reappear elsewhere. When rivers are largely frozen over, it is interesting to see how boldly the little bird dives from the edge of an ice-sheet into a stream two feet or more in depth, how long it can remain under water, and how often it rises to breathe and dive again without leaving the stream. The singing of the water-ousel is low, but remarkably sweet, and long-continued in the winter-time of the year, when no other bird but the redbreast is heard; and when trilled out, as the notes frequently are in the clear frosty air, as the bird sits perched on a rocky projection,

or takes its rapid flight up or down the stream, they sound clear and melodious.

THE WATER-OUSEL'S SONG.

Whitter! whitter! where the water
Leaps among the rocks,
And the din of the linn
Swelling thunder mocks,
Cheerily and merrily
I sing my roundelay,
Whitter! whitter! bright or bitter
Be the winter day!

Whitter! whitter! down the water
Speeding with the stream,
Snow around wraps the ground
In a silent dream!
Wood and hill, all are still,
Birds as mute as clay,
Whitter! whitter! what is fitter
For a winter day?

Whitter! whitter! in the water
Busily I ply;
Ice and snow come and go,
Nought a care have I.
Mountain waters flee their fetters,
So I feed and play,
Whitter! whitter! pitter! pitter!
All the winter day.

Whitter! whitter! o'er the water
Still and smooth and deep,
Round the pool, clear and cool,
Where the shadows sleep,
Snowy breast, shadow-kissed,
Whirring on its way,
Whitter! whitter! titter! titter!
Ho! the winter day!

Whitter! whitter! through the water,
By the miller's wheel,
Where the strong water's song
Rings a merry peal;
Wet or dry, what care I,
Sporting in the spray?
Whitter! whitter! twitter! twitter!
Flies the winter day.

Whitter! whitter! with the water
Where the burnies run,
'Mong the hills, where the rills
Dance unto the sun,
In the nooks, where the brooks
Ripple on for aye,
Whitter! whitter! bright or bitter
Be the winter day!

J. H. P.

BOOK GOSSIP.

We have on more than one occasion drawn attention in these pages to the good work which Miss Ormerod is accomplishing by the dissemination of knowledge on the subject of insect life as it affects agriculture. She has now published a *Guide to Methods of Insect Life, and Prevention and Remedy of Insect Ravage* (London: Simpkin, Marshall, & Co.), which cannot fail greatly to advance the object she has in view. The *Guide* was written at the request of the Institute of Agriculture, and its chief purpose is to give some information on the habits, and means of prevention, of crop insects. The book is written in a style which will render it useful to agriculturists, gardeners, and others, even although they happen to have no scientific knowledge whatever of entomology. The various insects, their eggs and larvæ, are described in terms as free from scientific terminology as is possible; and such scientific terms as must occasionally be used are explained in a glossary at the end of the book. The illustrations are numerous; and between these and the verbal descriptions given, no difficulty should at any time be felt in identifying any particular insect pest, and applying to it the treatment which the author suggests. The methods of prevention are mainly taken from the reports which Miss Ormerod has been in the habit of receiving annually from a large number of agriculturists, so that the reader has here, in one little book, the united experience and observations of a large body of practical men.

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Last year we had the pleasure of publishing in this *Journal* two papers on the subject of Shetland and its Industries, by Sheriff Rampini, of Lerwick. Since then, the same gentleman has delivered two lectures before the Philosophical Institution, Edinburgh, which lectures are now published in a neat little volume, under the title of *Shetland and the Shetlanders* (Kirkwall: William Peace and Son). In the papers which appeared in our pages, the author confined himself to the industries of the island, its agriculture and fisheries; in these lectures, however, he gives himself greater scope, and treats of the history, traditions, and language of the people, introducing many anecdotes characteristic of them and of their habits.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

AMERICAN LITERARY PIRACY.

In the *London Figaro*, the editor thus writes: Those literary men who are agitating for a copyright convention with the United States have doubtless suffered in the following way, which seems to me particularly hard on some of the authors of this country. I am, let it be assumed, then, the writer of a number of short stories, which, at anyrate, for the purposes of my statement, I will conclude to have been good enough to earn sufficient popularity to bring them within the purview of the American book pirates. Very well—my stories are taken as quickly as they appear and published in the States, not only in a book-form, but in all the principal newspapers which devote some of their columns to fiction.

For this honour I, of course, receive never a cent, and that is a distinct hardship, I take it. But that is not all. My stories having appeared in the States, slightly altered to suit American tastes, and without my name attached, are read and admired by the editors of English provincial journals, who straightway proceed to cut out the fictions in question, and alter them back again, to suit the idiosyncrasies of their British readers. Thus my handiwork appears a second time in this country; and in not one, but possibly a dozen or a score of provincial newspapers.

The result is this. When I go, a month or two after, and offer a collection of my short stories to a London publisher, he reads them, and replies in effect: 'Yes, I like your stories very well; but what is the use of my publishing them, when they have appeared in half the country papers in the

kingdom?' It is in vain I explain. The injury has been done; and an apology from the country editors is but a slight and unsatisfactory atonement for an act which has kept me out of scores or hundreds of pounds.

Besides this, there are other publishers who, seeing that my fiction appears in the *Little Pedlington Mirror* or the *Mudborough Gazette*, mentally determine that my calibre as a writer cannot be very great if I am reduced to dispose of my copy to such papers as these. And therefore, through no fault of my own, but, as a matter of fact, in actual consequence of my success, my reputation as a writer is positively injured in quarters in which it is most important to me it should be sustained. I have been describing incidents which have really occurred, I may add; and I think that the grievance is one that needs serious attention, with a view to its redress.

[The editor of *Figaro* has our fullest sympathy. We, too, are the victims of American malpractices. Many of the short stories which appear in *Chambers's Journal* are copied into the American newspapers without leave, and *without acknowledgment of the source whence taken.* These papers reach Great Britain with the purloined material, which our provincial press in turn transfers to its pages. Expostulation is of no avail: the British journalist sees a story in an American newspaper which will suit his purpose, and at once takes possession of property, which of course he believes to be American (and therefore legitimate spoil), but which has in reality been paid for and previously published by ourselves. We thus doubtless lose many subscribers, who, finding our Tales and Stories given at full length in the penny papers, are pleased to have them at a slightly cheaper rate than the original.—Ed. *Ch. Jl.*]

SOWING AND HARVESTING.

Farmers, besides being subject to the risks incurred by all engaged in commercial enterprises, are in addition peculiarly dependent on the very variable weather of our climate. In 1877, Professor Tanner was deputed by the Science and Art Department to make an inquiry into the conditions regulating the growth of barley, wheat, and oats. He found that on a certain farm the portion of the barley-crop which was harvested in fine harvest-weather yielded per acre forty bushels, each of which weighed fifty-six pounds; while on the same farm the part harvested after some rain had fallen—in bad harvest-weather—also yielded forty bushels per acre; but in this case each bushel weighed only forty pounds—thus showing that there was a loss of six hundred and forty pounds of food on each acre. Barley is also peculiarly sensitive to the condition of its seed-bed. Two parts of the same field were sown with similar seed; but in one case the seed was got down in good spring-weather, and in the other, after heavy rain; and the result was that the former grew freely, and yielded per acre forty bushels, weighing fifty-eight and a half pounds each; while in the latter case the seed never grew freely, and yielded per acre only twenty-four bushels, weighing fifty-four pounds per bushel—thus showing a loss of one thousand and forty-four pounds of grain per acre.

In the case of wheat, and particularly of the finer varieties, the losses arising from bad harvest-weather tell very materially on the prices. Of the same crop of fine white wheat grown in 1877 under similar conditions, the part harvested in good weather yielded per acre forty bushels, each weighing sixty-six pounds; while the part which could not be harvested before being damaged by rain yielded an equal number of bushels; but the weight of each bushel was decreased by five pounds, and this latter was sold at two-and-sixpence per bushel lower than the former. Besides this, if ungenial weather should prevent the farmer sowing his wheat in good time, the yield is still further lessened, if indeed he does not deem it expedient to sow barley instead.

One would think that oats—the hardiest of our cereals—would suffer little from the effects of bad weather; but in a case in which two portions of oats grown under similar conditions were examined, it was found that the portion harvested in good weather produced thirty-three bushels, each weighing forty-one and a half pounds; while that stacked after some rain had fallen was found to give thirty-two bushels, weighing thirty-nine and a half pounds each.

RUSSIAN LONGEVITY.

From a correspondent, who has passed some years in Russia, we learn that in the village of Velkotti, in the St Petersburg government, an old woman is living who has just attained her one hundred and thirtieth birthday! The old lady is in the enjoyment of good health, but complains of her deafness (and no wonder). Her hair is still long and plentiful, considering her age. She spent her youth in great poverty, but is now pretty well off. She has outlived three husbands; and has had a family of nineteen children, all of whom have been married, and are now dead, the last one to die being a daughter of ninety-three. She lives with one of her great-grandchildren, a man of fifty.

Our correspondent also informs us that a few months ago an unusually curious wedding took place in Ekaterinoslav, in Russia. The bridegroom was sixty-five years old, the bride sixty-seven. By former marriages, each of them have children and grandchildren, and even great-grandchildren, living in the same town. The bridegroom's father, now in his one hundred and third year, and the bride's mother, in her ninety-sixth year, are still alive, and were at the wedding.

The Conductor of Chambers's Journal begs to direct the attention of Contributors to the following notice:

1*st.* All communications should be addressed to the 'Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.'

2*d.* For its return in case of ineligibility, postage-stamps should accompany every manuscript.

3*d.* Manuscripts should bear the author's full *Christian* name, Surname, and Address, legibly written; and should be written on white (not blue) paper, and on one side of the leaf only.

4*th.* Offerings of Verse should invariably be accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.

If the above rules are complied with, the Editor will do his best to insure the safe return of ineligible papers.

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NORFOLK BROADS AND RIVERS.

To many, the wild solitudes of marsh and mere, the rivers and 'broads' of Norfolk, are almost as entirely unknown as the arid solitudes of the unexplored Australian deserts. Yet there are few spots where the holiday-seeker can find more easily and cheaply relaxation and enjoyment than in these vast reedy wildernesses of East Anglia. Mr G. Christopher Davies, in his interesting book, *Norfolk Broads and Rivers* (Blackwood and Sons), paints in a graphic manner the engrossing charm of these placid inland seas, with their reedy margins shimmering softly green in the gray morning mists, or flushing into warm tints of beauty beneath the smile of sunset. A stranger is apt to fancy that marsh scenery is uninteresting; but the very reverse is the case; it has a beauty of its own, which is seldom even monotonous, so incessant is the play of sunshine and shadow over the wide sedgy flats and shallows. The marsh vegetation is luxuriant, even tropical in some of the more sheltered nooks among the reeds; grasses are abundant, and so are flowers, which often grow in broad patches, and warm with vivid gleams of colour the low-toned landscape. In May and June, the banks are gay with the vivid gold of the yellow iris and marsh buttercup; then come the crimson glow of the ragged-robin, the delicate blue of the forget-me-not, the deep purple flush of the loosestrife, and the creamy white of the water-lilies, which spread till they almost cover the shallow bays with their broad glossy leaves and shining cups of white and gold.

The reedy capes and bays, the sedgy islets, with the green park lands and wooded glades beyond, give an irresistible charm to these broads, which is enhanced by the soft stillness of their utter solitude and loneliness. The passing clouds and rising wind give a certain motion and variety to the great marsh plain; but nothing speaks of the busy world beyond save the white sail of a solitary yacht, or the rich red-brown canvas of a gliding wherry; and not a sound falls on the listening ear except the monotonous measured plash of the oars or the wild scream of the startled waterfowl. These wide watery plains, interesting at all seasons, are often extremely beautiful at sunrise and sunset. Then gorgeous sky-tints of gold and crimson are flashed back from the wide mirror-like expanse of the still lagoons with a vivid glow of colouring which is almost painful in its intensity. The great forests of reeds gleam like bundles of spears tipped with lambent flame, and the patches of feathery grasses and flowers are lit up with weird glimmers of rose-red and gold, glorious but evanescent. Light gray mists float up from the marshy hollows, mellowing the sunset glow with an indistinct quivering haze, which, mirage-like, cheats the wondering gazer with visions of ships and islands and wooded knolls, which he will search for in vain on the morrow.

A 'broad' is a term peculiar to Norfolk; it means the broadening out of the rivers into lakes, which is very common all over the marsh district. These broads abound in fish, and afford capital sport to the angler. Bream and roach are abundant; and carp, although not so plentiful, are to be found, and grow to a large size. The rudd, or red-eye, a beautiful active fish, is very abundant; and few things are more enjoyable, when the weather is good and the fish rise easily, than a day's rudd-fishing on the broads. The paying fish of these marsh meres are, however, the pike and eel; and a great number of fishermen live by eel-fishing. Eels are netted, speared, and caught in eel-pots; and after a flood, when eels are what is called 'on the move,' a single fisherman will often catch as many as four or five stone-weight in a night.

The pike is, however, Mr Davies says, 'the monarch of the Norfolk waters, and at one time was supremely abundant; but the natives harried him to their utmost.' The best way to enjoy pike-fishing and the scenery of the broads is to take an excursion for a few days in a small yacht, either alone or with a companion. Human habitations are few and far between on the banks

of the sluggish rivers; but every now and then one comes upon a cluster of picturesque old-world buildings, or an ancient primitive village, with small houses furnished with quaint dormer windows and fantastic gables, and here and there a gray old church, finely set down on a rising ground amid a clump of ancient spreading elms. Beyond the broad belt of reeds that fringe the water are green meadows, dotted with red-and-white cattle, whose effect from an artistic point of view is very good, but from an angler's standpoint is sometimes rather trying, as there is generally a bull, and as often as not he is a vicious and combative specimen of the bovine tribe. On this red-letter day, however, even the inevitable bull was quiet, and our author was left undisturbed to thread his way, on a soft warm afternoon, through the glowing beauties of an October landscape. In the marshes, all the seasons have their peculiar glory; but the autumnal colouring stands out with a vivid distinctness unknown elsewhere. Beyond the screen of reeds, a belt of wood fringes the river-bank—beech, alder, and elm, each tree glowing with its own autumnal tint of red or yellow or russet brown.

Mr Davies, who had seldom the luck to go a-fishing when pike were on the move, had two special pools in view, on one or both of which he relied to fill his basket. Around the first of these the margin was very soft and wet, and he was daintily picking his steps from one tussock of grass to another, when whiz went a wild-duck from the sedges, and in a moment he was floundering up to the knees in mud. There were, however, pike in the pool when he reached it—great sluggish beauties, lazily lying under the gleaming, swaying leaves of the water-lilies. For once, he was in luck, to use his own words: 'As our bait traversed the deep back-water, we felt the indescribable thrill, or rather shock, which proceeds from a decided run, and a three-pound pike fights as gamely as a ten-pounder.' The small fish caught, he trudged on in the waning afternoon sunshine to the second pool; startling a kingfisher, which flashed out of the reeds behind him like a veritable gem of living colour. The second pool was closely fringed with trees and bushes, the dusk-red gold of whose leaves was mirrored in its placid depths; while every few minutes a crisp leaf-hail dropped in the level sunshine like Danaë's fabled showers of gold. Pike, however, and not artistic effects, were for the moment in our author's eye, and pike he was sure there were, lurking under the mass of leaves which covered the gleaming waters of the pool. 'Seizing the exact moment when there was a clear track across the leaf-strewn water, we cast our bait, and worked it with every sense agog with expectation. Ah! there is a welcome check at last. We strike hard, and find that we are fast in a good-sized fish.' Up and down, round and round, he goes, floundering wildly about, now in one direction, now in another. There is a pause of excited uncertainty, during which the line becomes heavily clogged with leaves. To have, or not to have, the scaly monarch of the silent pool? that is the question. It was ticklish work for a few minutes; but at last he turned suddenly on his side, and was towed into the shallow below, and landed in triumph.

Pike in these broads sometimes attain a great size, and have been taken weighing between thirty and forty pounds. The reeds, which with their bright green and purple fringes form such a prominent feature in the marsh scenery, are yearly cut and gathered, and are a really valuable crop. They are used for thatching, making fences, and supporting plaster-work. Whittlesea Mere, before it was drained, produced annually a thousand bundles of reeds, which were sold at one pound per bundle. The men forsake all their other avocations to join in the reed-harvest, which yields them while it lasts very good wages.

On some of the broads there is still to be seen an industry fast falling into decay—decoys with decoy ducks and dogs. These require to be worked with the utmost silence and caution. One winter-night in 1881 Mr Davies inspected in company with the keeper the decoy at Fritton Broad. The night was cold and dark, and each of the men had to carry a piece of smouldering turf in his hand to destroy the human scent, which would otherwise have alarmed the wary ducks. This made their eyes water; and the decoy-dog, a large red retriever, being in high spirits, insisted on tripping them up repeatedly, as they crawled along in the darkness bent almost double. The interest of the sight, however, when at length they reached the decoy, fully made up for these petty discomforts. Peeping through an eyehole, a flock of teal were to be seen paddling about quite close to them; while beyond these were several decoy-ducks, and beyond these again a large flock of mallards. The decoy-ducks are trained to come for food whenever they see the dog or hear a whistle from the decoy-man. The dog now showed himself obedient to a sign from his master, and in an instant every head among the teal was up, and every bright shy eye twinkling with pleased curiosity. Impelled by curiosity, they slowly swim towards the dog, which, slowly retiring, leads them towards the mouth of the decoy-pipe, showing himself at intervals till they were well within it. The keeper then ran silently to the mouth of the pipe, and waving his handkerchief, forced them, frightened and reluctant, to flutter forward into the tunnel. He then detached a hoop from the grooves, gave it a twist, and secured them by cutting off their return. This seemed the last act of the drama, and Mr Davies took the opportunity to straighten his back, which was aching dreadfully. 'Immediately there was a rush of wings, and the flock of mallards left the decoy. "There, now, you ha' done it!" exclaimed the keeper excitedly. "All them mallards were following the dog into the pipe, and we could ha' got a second lot." We expressed our sorrow in becoming terms, and watched the very expeditious way in which he extracted the birds from the tunnel net, wrung their necks, and flung them into a heap.' Few places now are suitable for decoys, for even life in the marshes is not so quiet as it used to be.

In all these broads and meres and the rivers which intersect them, bird-life abounds, and an almost incredible number of eggs are collected for the market, every egg which resembles a plover's being collected and sold as such. Of the bird-dwellers in the marshes, herons are the most conspicuous; bitterns were also once common, but there are now few of them, and their singular

booming cry is but seldom heard. The great crested grebe is still plentiful; but the ruff, which was once very abundant, is now seldom seen. Of the smaller birds, the graceful bearded tit has become very rare; but willow-wrens and reed-buntings, jays, and cuckoos and king-fishers find their respective habitats.

There are swans to be found all over the broads, particularly on the river Yare; but they are not plentiful anywhere. A pair take possession of a particular portion of the river, and defend their proprietary rights in it with the utmost fierceness. They will not suffer the intrusion of any other swans, and will very often attack human beings, if they see any reasonable prospect of success. 'A swan will not exactly attack a wherry or even a pleasure-boat; but a canoe comes within his capacity; and once while rowing down the river Yare in our small canvas jolly-boat, a cock-swan chased us for half a mile, and threatened every moment to drive his beak through the canvas.'

The appearance of the country around these broads has changed very much during the last half-century, and this change is still going on. Wherever it seems possible, drainage-works are attempted and carried out; and acres upon acres of valuable meadow-land have been and are in process of being reclaimed from the marsh. Some of these flat green meadows, which a century back were sodden quagmires covered with stagnant water, now pasture large herds of cattle, and are let at four pounds an acre for grazing purposes. At the outlet of the drains into the river, drainage windmills are erected of every size and shape, from the brick tower to the skeleton wooden erection painted a brilliant red or green. These windmills form a striking and picturesque addition to the background of a marsh picture, but, like the decoys, they will soon be a thing of the past, as they are now beginning to be superseded by steam, which does the work required much more efficiently and quickly.

Otters abound in the pathless forests of reeds which fringe the meres, and are often bold and familiar. One night while sleeping on board his yacht at Cantley, Mr Davies was awakened by the noise of something heavy jumping on board. The boat rocked violently, and the disturbance was so sudden and inexplicable, that he got up just in time to see a large dark object plunge overboard and disappear. On striking a light, the broad and unmistakable track of an otter was visible, imprinted wherever his moist feet had been, and that seemed to be everywhere, for he had evidently made a round in search of something eatable.

The whole marsh district is subject to destructive floods and high tides, which rush up the rivers, driving back the fresh water and destroying vast quantities of fish. The whole coast also suffers much from sea-breaches. 'Between Winterton and Waxham, hard by Hornsea Mere, the only barrier between sea and lake is a line of what are called "miel" banks, which are simply banks of sand held together by marum grasses. Upon this marum grass, which grows in the loosest sand, the welfare of a wide district depends. In 1781, there were many breaches of the sea between Waxham and Winterton, so that every tide the salt water and sands destroyed the marshes and the fish in the broads and river; and if the wind blew briskly from the north-west, by which the quantity of water in the North Sea was largely increased from the Atlantic, the salt water drowned all the low country even as far as Norwich.' In the following eight years, the breaches were seriously widened, the largest being two hundred yards in width, through which a vast body of water poured.

In a country so open, wind-storms are very frequent; and what are called 'Rodges blasts,' rotatory whirlwinds, often occasion great damage, wrecking the windmills, uprooting trees, convulsing the grasses, and lifting the reed-stacks high into the air. Will-o'-the-wisps, once very common, are now comparatively rare, having been exorcised by drainage. Mr Davies only once saw one at Hickling over a wet bit of meadow. 'The sportive fiend that haunts the mead' appeared to him as a small flickering phosphorescent light faintly visible in the darkness.

Another peculiar and uncomfortable phenomenon of the marshes is the water-eynd or sea-smoke, which, rolling up from the ocean, covers the whole landscape with a dense watery vapour, shutting out the placid beauty of lagoon and mere, and reed-bed and coppice, and putting an end to all pleasure, till the sun shines out again in a blaze of glory, bathing the drenched flats in a warm flush of colour. The reeds on the wide margins of the meres then quiver in the sunlight, which shimmers down into their dark-green recesses; the still water gleams in the shallow bays, where the cattle stand knee deep; and the warm air is redolent of the odour of meadow-sweet and thyme: all is motion and colour and fragrance, as if Nature were visibly rejoicing at having got quit of the uncomfortable bath of the water-eynd.

BY MEAD AND STREAM.

BY CHARLES GIBBON.

CHAPTER XXVI.—A QUESTION OF DIVISION.

PHILIP locked his desk, after placing Mr Shield's letter in his pocket-book, locked his door, and hastened to the station in time to catch one of the afternoon fast trains to Dunthorpe. As he was in a hurry, he hired a fly to Ringsford. On the way down, he had made up his mind to get over what he anticipated would be a disagreeable interview with his father, before going to Willowmere. Then he would be able to tell Madge all about it, and receive comfort from her.

He alighted at the gate, and walked swiftly up the avenue. The sun was out of sight; but it had left behind a soft red glow, which warmed and brightened the blackened landscape. Peering through the dark lacework formed by the bare branches of the trees, he saw a figure standing as it were in the centre of that red glow: the shadows which surrounded Philip making the figure on the higher ground beyond appear to be a long way off. A melancholy figure: light all round him, darkness within himself.

Philip quickened his steps, and taking a foot-path through the shrubbery, advanced to his father, as he was beginning to move slowly from the position in which he had halted.

'Glad to see you, Philip,' said Mr Hadleigh,

whilst he did what he had rarely done before—took his son's arm. There was also a touch of unusual kindliness in his voice and manner. 'I have missed you the last few evenings more than I fancied I should do. You have been enjoying yourself, no doubt—theatres, clubs, friends and cards perhaps. Well, enjoy these things whilst you may. You have the means and the opportunity. I never had; and it is singular how soon the capacity for enjoyment is extinguished. Like everything else—capacity or faculty—it requires exercise, if it is to be kept in good condition.'

Philip was relieved, but considerably puzzled by his father's strange humour.

'I have been enjoying myself; but not in the way you mention. I have been harder at work than I have ever been, except when preparing for the last exam.'

'Ah, and you did not make so very much out of that hard work after all.'

'Not so much as I ought to have done, certainly; but I hope to make more out of this effort,' said Philip, with an attempt to pass lightly by the uncomfortable reminder that he had failed to take his degree. 'Have you read the papers I sent you?'

'Yes.'

Mr Hadleigh spoke as if reluctant to make the admission, and his brows contracted slightly, but his arm rested more kindly on that of his son, as if to make amends for this apparent want of sympathy. Philip was unconscious of these signs of varying moods.

'I am glad of that—now you will be able to give me the benefit of your advice. Wrentham fancies I am running after a chimera, and will come to grief. He has not said that precisely; but what he has said, and his manner, convince me that that is his notion; and I am afraid that it will materially affect the value of his help to me. I should like you to tell me what you think.'

Mr Hadleigh was silent; and they walked on towards the sheltered grove, where, during his convalescence, Philip had spent so many pleasant hours with Madge. As they were passing through it, the father spoke:

'I did not want to read those papers, Philip, but—weakness, perhaps—a little anxiety on your account, possibly, compelled me to look over them. I have nothing to say further than this—the experiment is worth making, when you have the means at command. I should have invested the money, and enjoyed myself on the interest. You see' (there was a curious half-sad, half-mocking smile on his face), 'I who have known so little pleasure in life, am a strong advocate for the pleasure of others.'

'And that is very much the same theory which I am trying to work out.'

'Yes; and I hope you will succeed, but—you are forgetting *yourself*.'

'Not at all—my pleasure will be found in my success.'

'Success,' muttered Mr Hadleigh, speaking to himself; 'that is our one cry—let me succeed in this, and I shall be happy! . . . . We must all work it out for ourselves.' Then, as if rousing from a dream: 'I hope you will succeed, Philip; but I have no advice to give beyond this—take care of yourself.'

'That is just what I am anxious for you and'—(he was about to say 'and Mr Shield;' but desirous of avoiding any unpleasant element, he quickly altered the phrase)—'you and everybody to understand. My object is not to establish a new charity, but a business which will yield me a satisfactory income for my personal labour, and a sufficient interest on the capital invested, whilst it provides the same for my work-people, or, as I should prefer to call them, my fellow-labourers. As my returns increase, theirs should increase'——

'Or diminish according to the result of your speculation?' interrupted Mr Hadleigh drily.

'Of course—that is taken for granted. Now, I want you to tell me, do you think this is folly?'

'No, not folly,' was the slow meditative reply, 'if you find pleasure in doing it. My theory is doubtless a selfish one, but it is the simplest rule to walk by—that is, do what is best for yourself in the meantime, and in the end, the chances are that you will find you have also done the best for others. If you believe that this experiment is the most satisfactory thing you can do for yourself, then, it is not folly, even if it should fail.'

'Thank you. I cannot tell you how much you relieve my mind. I am convinced that in making this experiment I am dealing with a problem of great importance. It is a system by which capital and labour shall have an equal interest in working earnestly for the same end. I want to set about it on business principles. You are the only man of practical experience who has spoken a word of comfort on the subject.'

'I am dealing with it from a selfish point of view—considering only how you can obtain most pleasure, comfort, happiness—call it what you may—for yourself out of your fortune. I should never have entered on such a scheme. You tell me that it was optional on your part to go into business or to live on the interest of the money?'

'Quite optional; but of course I could not accept the trust and do nothing.'

'Ah, I think my advice would have been that you should have accepted the trust, as you call it, invested it in safe securities, married, and basked in the sunshine of life—an easy mind, and a substantial balance at your banker's.'

'But my mind would not have been easy if I had done that.'

'Then you were right not to do it. Every man has his own way of seeking happiness. You have yours; and I shall watch the progress of your work with attentive interest.—But we have other matters to speak about. I have done something of which I hope you will approve.'

Philip could not help smiling at this intimation. Mr Hadleigh had never before suggested that he desired or required the approval of any one in whatever he chose to do.

'You can be sure of what my opinion will be of anything you do, sir.'

'Perhaps.'

They walked on in silence, and passed Culver's cottage. They met Pansy coming from the well with a pail of water. She put down the pail, and courtesied to the master and his son. She was on Philip's side of the path, and he whispered in passing:

'There is good news for you by-and-by, Pansy.'

She smiled vaguely, and blushed—she blushed at everything, this little wood-nymph.

'What is the good news you have for the girl?' asked Mr Hadleigh sharply, although he had not appeared to be observing anything.

'I suppose there can be no harm in telling you, although it is a kind of a secret.'

'What is it?'

'Caleb Kersey is making up to Pansy; but old Sam does not like it, as the young man is so unsettled. The good news I have for her is that Kersey has joined me, and will have good wages and good prospects.'

'You might have told her at once.'

'I thought it better that the man himself should do that. . . . But you had something to say about yourself.'

'It concerns you more than me,' said Mr Hadleigh, resuming his low meditative tone. 'I have been altering my will.'

There are few generous-minded men who like to hear anything about even a friend's will, and much less about that of a parent who in all probability has a good many years still to live. Philip was extremely sensitive on the subject, and therefore found it difficult to say anything at all when his father paused.

'I would rather you did not speak about it,' he said awkwardly. 'There is and there can be no necessity to do so. You have many years before you yet, and in any case I shall be content with whatever arrangement you make.'

'Many years before me still,' continued Mr Hadleigh musingly, repeating his son's words. 'True; I believe I have; it is possible even that I might marry again, and begin a new life altogether with prospects of happiness, since it would be guided by the experience of the past. Most people have a longing at some time or other that they might begin all over again; and why should not a man of, say middle age, take a fresh start, and realise in the new life the happiness he has missed—by his own folly or that of others—in the old one?'

Philip did not understand, and so remained silent.

Was there ever a grown-up son or daughter who felt quite pleased with the idea of a parent's second marriage? When the marriage cannot be prevented, the sensible ones assume a graciousness, if they do not feel it, and go on their way with varying degrees of comfort in being on friendly terms with their parent; the foolish ones sulk, suffer, cause annoyance, and derive no benefit from their ill-humour. Philip was surprised and a little amused at the suggestion of his father marrying again. The idea had never occurred to him before; and now, when it was presented, the memory of his mother stirred in him what he owned at once was an unreasonable feeling of disapproval. To his youthful mind, a man nearly fifty was old; he had not yet reached the period at which the number of years required to make a man old begins to extend up to, and even beyond the threescore and ten. When he came to think of it, however, he could recollect numerous instances of men much older than his father marrying for the second, third, or fourth time.

'Yes, it is possible to make a fresh start,' Mr Hadleigh went on, still musing; 'and one may learn to forget the past. Did you ever consider, Philip, what a tyrant memory is?'

'I cannot say that I have, sir.'

'No; you are too young—by-and-by you will understand. . . . But this is not what I wanted to speak about.'

He rested a little more on his son's arm, as if he were in that way desirous of giving him a kindly pressure, whilst he recalled his thoughts to the immediate subject he wished to explain.

'It is about the will. I have made a new one. I suppose you are aware that although my fortune is considerable whilst it remains in the hands of one person, it dwindles down to a moderate portion when divided amongst four or five?'

'Clearly.'

'Then suppose you and I reverse our positions for a time. You have five children, three of them being girls. You wish to leave each of them as well provided for as possible. One of the sons becomes by peculiar circumstances the possessor of a fortune almost equal to your own. Tell me how you would divide your property?'

Philip reflected for a few moments, and then with a bright look, which showed that he had taken in the whole problem, replied:

'The thing is quite simple. I should leave the son who had been so lucky only a trifle of some sort, in token of good-will; and I should divide the whole of the property amongst the other four. That would be the right thing to do; would it not?'

The father halted, grasped his hand, and looked at him with a smile. This was such an unusual sign of emotion, that Philip was for an instant taken aback.

'That is almost precisely what I have done,' said Mr Hadleigh calmly; 'and your answer is what I expected. Still, it pleases me to learn from your own lips that you are satisfied.'

'Not only satisfied, but delighted that you should have had so much confidence in me as to know I should be.'

'A few words more and I shall release you.—Oh, I know that you are eager to be off, and where you wish to be off to. Right, right—seek the sweets of life, the bitters come. . . . You are separating yourself from me. That is natural, and follows as a matter of course. I would have liked it better if the circumstances had been different. Enough of that. Your rooms at the house will be always ready for you, and come when you may, you will be welcome to me. Now, go: be happy.'

He pointed towards the Forest in the direction of Willowmere. He looked older than usual: in his movement and attitude there was an unconscious solemnity, as if he were giving his favourite son a blessing while sending him forth into the world.

Philip bowed. He saw that his father was strangely agitated, and so turned away without speaking.

What was in the man's mind, as he watched the stalwart figure rapidly disappear into the shadows of the Forest? Hitherto, he had been walking and standing erect, although his head was bent a little, as usual. Now his whole form appeared to collapse, as if its strength had been suddenly withdrawn, and he dwindled, as it were, in height and breadth.

The shadows deepened upon him as he stood there; stars began to appear; a branch of an elm-tree close by began to creak monotonously—betokening the gathering strength of the wind, although at present it seemed light; and still he remained in that dejected attitude, gazing vacantly in the direction taken by Philip, long after Philip had disappeared.

He roused from his trance, looked round him, then clasping hands at his back, walked dreamily after his son.

QUEER LODGERS.

Scientific research, especially when directed to the more obscure and remote conditions of animal life, has often a twofold interest. In itself, and in the marvellous structural adaptations revealed by the microscope, the pursuit has its own special attraction; while, in addition, the information thus obtained may be so practically utilised as to minister to the preservation of health, and to the improved rearing and cultivation of animals and plants. An inquiry, conducted three years ago, by Professor A. P. Thomas, at the instance of the Royal Agricultural Society of England, is noticeable in both these respects. The inquiry extended over a period of more than two years, and the object in view throughout was the discovery of the origin and possible prevention of a well-known and destructive disease affecting sheep and other grazing animals, both in this country and abroad; and during the course of the inquiry, which was a painstaking and exhaustive one, facts of no small interest, from the view-point of natural history alone, have been elicited.

By this disease—Liver-fluke, Fluke Disease, Liver-rot, as it is variously termed—it has been estimated that as many as one million sheep perished annually, in this country alone, from the effects of the malady—a loss which was doubled, if not sometimes trebled, by the advent of a wet season such as 1879, and which does not include the large percentage of animals annually dying in America, Australia, and elsewhere from the same cause. It was known that the disease was due to the presence of a parasitic flat worm in greater or lesser numbers, together with its eggs, in the entrails of infected sheep, and also that flocks grazing habitually in low and marshy pasture-grounds were generally more liable than others to be attacked; but it was not known precisely in what manner the disease was incurred.

It was not until 1882 that careful experiment finally succeeded in tracing throughout the wonderful life-career of the liver-fluke, and shedding light upon the possibility of the prevention of the scourge. Into this latter question of prevention, we do not enter at present. Those who are interested, practically or otherwise, in this branch of the subject may consult for full particulars the scientific journals in which the results of this inquiry first appeared. (See *Journal of Royal Agricultural Society*, No. 28; also *Quarterly Journal of Microscopical Science* for January 1883. For the history of the disease, see *The Rot in Sheep*, by Professor Simonds; London: John Murray, 1880.) Even from a dietetic point of view, it is for the public good that the disease should be extirpated, as it is well known that unwholesome dropsical meat, from the bodies of fluke-infested sheep, is frequently pushed on the market. Nor is this parasite exclusively confined to the lower animals. It has been communicated to human beings, doubtless from the consumption of infected meat producing cysts in the liver, &c.

But it is the initial results of Professor Thomas's experiments, those which trace the progress of the fluke from the embryo to the adult stage, with which we have to do at present.

Starting from the previously observed but obscure relationship said to exist between the larval forms of certain snails or slugs and the liver-fluke, as found in the carcases of sheep and other infected back-boned animals, it was discovered, after much careful examination, that a certain connection *did* exist between them, with this remarkable circumstance in addition—that the minute cysts, or bags, which contain the embryo fluke, and which are to be found adhering to grass stalks in some sheep-pastures, emanated, indeed, from the body of one particular description of snail, but that this embryo parasite was undoubtedly derived—several generations previously, and in quite another form—from the sheep itself!

The *original* embryo—not that which clings to grass stalks, but the embryo three or four generations before, born of the adult fluke's egg—is hatched after the egg drops from the sheep's body, in marshy ground, ditches, or ponds. It then attaches itself to the snail, produces in the snail's body two, and sometimes three generations of successors, all totally dissimilar from the original fluke. The last generation alone quits the snail, and, assuming the 'cyst' form, waits to be swallowed by the grazing animal, in order to become a full-grown fluke. The fluke's progeny again go through the transformation changes of their predecessors.

Once more, in order to render the process clear. Taking the adult fluke—laying its eggs principally in the bile-ducts of the sheep, which it never leaves—as the original parent, its children, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren, inhabiting the snail, are all totally different in appearance from their original progenitor—most of the generations differing also from each other. It is only the fourth, though sometimes the third generation, which, changing its form to a migratory one, is enabled thereby to leave the snail, and ultimately to assume the cyst form, adapted to produce in time the veritable fluke once more. Naturalists term this process, one not unknown in other forms of life, 'alternation of generation,' or metagenesis.

The appearance of the full-grown fluke (*Fasciola hepatica*) is well known to sheep-farmers and others. It is of an oval or leaf-like shape, not unlike a small flounder or fluke (hence the name of the worm), pale brown in colour, and ranging in size from an inch to an inch and a third in length—though occasionally much smaller, even the twenty-fourth of an inch—and in breadth about half its own length. A projecting portion is seen at the head, with a mouth placed in the centre of a small sucker at the tip, by which the fluke attaches itself. Over two hundred flukes have been found in the liver of a single sheep. Each one is estimated to produce some hundreds of thousands of eggs. Each

of the eggs contains one embryo, which when full grown is nearly the length of the egg—the spare egg-space up to that time being filled with the food-stuff to support it till hatched. As long as the egg continues in the body of the sheep, it remains inert. It is only when dropped—as they are from time to time in great numbers by the animal—and alighting upon wet ground, or on water in ditches or drains, that, under favourable conditions of heat, &c., the embryo at length comes forth. The time which elapses before the egg is hatched is extremely variable.

Viewed through a microscope, the egg, which is only the two-hundredth of an inch in diameter, may be seen to contain the embryo, which is unlike its parent in every way, and will never show any trace of family likeness to it. It is in the shape of a sugar-loaf, with a slight projecting point at the broader end, and two rudimentary eyes near the same. When hatched on damp ground or in water, it swims freely about with the broader end forward, like a boat propelled stern foremost. The whole of its body, except the projecting horn, which is drawn in when swimming, is covered with long waving hairs, or *cilia*, which, being moved backwards and forwards, serve as oars, or paddles, to propel it through the water.

Swimming with a restless revolving motion through the water, the embryo begins to search for suitable quarters—in other words, to find a snail wherein to quarter itself. It is not easily satisfied, although snails, generally speaking, are plentiful enough. Indeed, it has been definitely ascertained that of all the known descriptions of snails there are only *two* which the embryo ever attacks. Of these two species, only one is apparently suitable as a dwelling, those who enter the other perishing shortly after admittance. The only suitable snail is a very insignificant fresh-water one, *Limnæus truncatulus*, with a brown spiral shell. It is only from a quarter to a half inch in size, and seems to have no popular name. It is to be found very widely distributed through the world. Said to breed in mud of ditches and drains, it is so far amphibious as to wander far from water. It can also remain dry for a lengthened period; and even when apparently quite shrivelled up for lack of moisture, revives with a shower of rain.

The embryo knows this snail from all others; placed in a basin of water, with many other species of snails, it at once singles this one out, to serve as an intermediate host. Into the soft portion of the snail's body, the embryo accordingly begins to make its way. Pressing the boring horn or tool of its head against the yielding flesh of the snail, the embryo advances with a rotary motion like a screw-driver, aided by the constant movement of the *cilia*. The borer, as it pierces the snail, grows longer and longer, and finally operating as a wedge, a rent is eventually made sufficiently large to admit the unbidden guest bodily to the lodgings it will never quit. It settles at once in or near the lung of the snail, there to feed on the juices of the animal. The paddle-like cilia, now useless, are thrown off; the eyes become indistinct; it subsides into a mere bag of germs, as it changes to a rounder form, and becomes in other words a *sporocyst*, or bladder of germs—for this animal, unlike its egg-laying parent, produces its young alive within itself.

This, then, is the first stage—the embryo, from the fluke's egg, migrates to, and becomes a sporocyst in the snail's body.

The germs inside the sporocyst in time come to maturity, commencing the existence of the *second* generation, which are called *rediæ*. These germs number from six to ten in each sporocyst; they grow daily more elongated in form, and one by one, leave the parent by breaking through the body-walls, the rent which is thus made closing up behind them. These *rediæ* thus born, never leave the snail. They are, however, different from the sporocyst, being about the twentieth of an inch, in adult size, sack-like in shape, furnished with a mouth, and also with an intestine. Two protuberances behind serve the animal for legs; for, unlike the sporocyst, the *redia* does not remain in one part of its house, but travels backwards and forwards, preying chiefly on the liver of the snail, and generally doing a great deal of damage. Finally, indeed, these parasites destroy their host altogether.

In the bodies of the *rediæ*—so called after Redi, the anatomist—the third generation again is formed in germ fashion. The nature of this third generation varies. *Rediæ* may in turn produce *rediæ* like themselves, tenants of the snail for life; or they may produce another form, totally dissimilar, one which is fitted for quitting the snail and entering on another mode of existence. This change, however, takes place either in the first generation produced by the *rediæ*, or, at latest, in the second, more frequently in the latter. At first, this new form appears like the young of the sporocyst. But when either in the children or the grandchildren of the first *rediæ*, this stage is reached, the animal undergoes a remarkable change, to fit it for new surroundings. It is to be an emigrant, and dons for that purpose a tail twice as long as itself. It is then termed a *cercaria*, and is shaped like a tadpole.

To recapitulate, then. A *cercaria* may thus be the young of the *rediæ*, either of the first or second generation; and the *rediæ* again sprang from the sporocyst, which is the after-formation of the fluke's embryo. These *cercariæ* or tadpole-shaped animals are flat and oval in the body, about the ninetieth of an inch in length, and tail more than twice as long. They escape from the parent *rediæ* by a natural orifice, crawl out of the snail, and enter on a new life. Its existence as a *cercaria* in this style will much depend on the locality of the snail for the time being. If it should find itself in water when quitting the snail, the *cercaria* attaches itself when swimming to the stalks of aquatic plants; or if in confinement, to the walls of the aquarium. If the snail is in a field or on the edge of a ditch or pool, the *cercaria* on leaving proceeds to fix itself to the stalks or lower leaves of grass near the roots. In every case the result is the same. Gathering itself up into a round ball on coming to rest, a gummy substance exudes from the body, forming a round white envelope; the tail, being violently agitated, falls off, and the round body left, hardening externally with exposure, the cyst or bladder—measuring about the hundredth of an inch across—is complete. Every

cyst contains a young fluke, ready to be matured *only when swallowed by some grazing animal, such as a sheep.* Till that happens, the fluke within remains inert; and if not swallowed thus within a few weeks, the inmate of the cyst finally perishes. Of this remarkable family, however, a sufficient number outlive the changes and risks of their life-history to render the disease caused by the survivors a serious scourge.

It is to be hoped that the further results of careful inquiry into the habits of these parasites will have the effect of reducing the evil to a minimum.

CHEWTON-ABBOT.

BY HUGH CONWAY.

IN THREE CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER I.

THE Abbots of Chewton-Abbot, Gloucestershire, were county people, and, moreover, had always occupied that coveted position. They dreaded not the researches of the officious antiquary who pokes about in pedigrees, and finds that, three or four generations ago, the founders of certain families acquired their wealth by trade. They at least were independent of money-earning. The fact that Chewton began to be known as Chewton-Abbot so far back as the fifteenth century, showed they were no upstarts. Indeed, if not of the very first rank—that rank from which knights of the shire are chosen—the Abbots, from the antiquity of their family, and from the centuries that family had owned the same estates, were entitled to dispute the question of precedence with all save a few very great magnates. They were undoubtedly people of importance. The reigning Abbot, it need scarcely be said, was always a county magistrate, and at some period of his life certain to serve as sheriff. But for generations the family had occupied exactly the same position, and exercised exactly the same amount of influence in the land. The Abbots seemed neither to rise nor fall. If they added nothing to their estates, they alienated nothing. If they gave no great statesmen, warriors, or geniuses to the world, they produced, sparingly, highly respectable members of society, who lived upon the family acres and spent their revenues in a becoming manner.

The estates were unentailed; but as, so far, no Abbot had incurred his father's displeasure, the line of descent from father to eldest son had been unbroken, and appeared likely to continue so. True, it was whispered, years ago, that the custom was nearly changed, when Mr William Abbot, the present owner of the estate, was leading a life in London very different from the respectable traditions of the family. But the reports were not authenticated; and as, soon after his father's death, he married a member of an equally old, equally respectable, and equally proud family, all such ill-natured gossip died a natural death; and at the time this tale opens, William Abbot was leading the same quiet life his ancestors had led before him.

It was one of the cherished Abbot traditions that the family was not prolific. So long as the race was kept from disappearing, they were contented. In this respect the present head of the family showed himself a true Abbot. He had but one son, a young man who had just taken a fair degree at Oxford, and who was now staying at Chewton Hall, before departing on a round of polite travel, which, according to old-world precedent, his parents considered necessary to crown the educational edifice.

Mr and Mrs Abbot were in the breakfast-room at Chewton Hall. Mr Abbot was alone at the table, lazily discussing his breakfast. His wife and son, who were early risers, had taken that meal nearly an hour before. The young man being away on some outdoor pursuit, the husband and wife had the room to themselves. Mr Abbot had just poured out his second cup of tea, and, according to his usual custom, commenced breaking the seals of the letters which lay beside his plate. His wife drew near to him.

'I am afraid that infatuated boy has in some way entangled himself with the young woman I told you of,' she said.

'What young woman?' asked Mr Abbot, laying down his letters.

'I told you last week he was always riding into Bristol—so often, that I felt sure there was some attraction there.'

'You did, I remember. But I took little notice of it. Boys will be boys, you know.'

'Yes; but it is time we interfered. I found him this morning kissing a photograph and holding a lock of hair in his hand. I taxed him with his folly.'

'My dear Helena,' said Mr Abbot, with a shade of contempt in his voice, 'will you forgive my saying, that in matters of this kind it is best to leave young men alone, and not to see more than can be helped. Leave the boy alone—that is my advice.'

'You don't quite understand me,' replied Mrs Abbot. 'He wants to marry her.'

'Wants to do what!' cried her husband, now fully aware of the gravity of the situation.

'He told me this morning he had asked her to be his wife. She would, he knew, consent, if we would welcome her as a daughter.'

'How kind! How considerate!' said Mr Abbot scornfully. 'Who may she be, and where did Frank meet her?'

'He saved her from some incivility at the railway station, and so made her acquaintance. Who she is, he scarcely seems to know, except that her name is Millicent Keene, and that she lives with an aunt somewhere in Clifton. Frank gave me the address, and begged me to call—assuring me that I should take her to my heart the moment I saw her.'

'He must be mad!' exclaimed Mr Abbot, rising and pacing the room. 'Mad, utterly mad! Does he think that we are going to let him—an Abbot—marry the first nameless young woman who strikes his fancy? I will talk to him, and soon bring him to his senses. The estates are unentailed, thank goodness! so I have some hold over him.'

Mrs Abbot's lip just curled with scorn, as she heard her husband's direct commonplace plan for restoring her son's wandering senses. She knew that such parental thunderbolts were apt to do more harm than good.

'I would not threaten just yet,' she said. 'Frank is very self-willed, and may give us

trouble. For my part, I intend to drive into Clifton this morning and see the girl.'

'What folly! To give the affair your apparent sanction?'

'No. To show her how absurd it is to fancy we shall ever allow Frank to take a wife out of his proper sphere; and to hint that if he marries against our will, her husband will be a beggar. The fact of her withholding her consent to marry him until we approve of her, shows me she is quite able to look after her own interests.'

Mr Abbot, who knew his wife's skill in social diplomacy, offered no valid objections; so the horses were ordered, and Mrs Abbot drove to Clifton.

The mistress of Chewton Hall was a woman of about fifty-five; tall and stately, noticeably but not attractively handsome. Rising in intellect far above the level of the family into which she had married, she had started by endeavouring to mould her husband's mind to the capacities of her own. In the early days of their married life, she had urged him unceasingly to strive for a higher position in the world than that of a mere country gentleman. She wished him to enter the political arena; to contest a borough; in fact, to change his way of living entirely. But she found the task a hopeless one. A docile husband in most things, nothing could move William Abbot from the easy groove in which his forefathers had always placidly slidden. The husband and wife were of very different natures. Perhaps the only common ground between them was their family pride and the sense of their importance. Yet while the gentleman was quite contented with the latter as it now stood, and always had stood, the lady was ambitious, and wished to augment it. But her efforts were of no avail; so at last, with a feeling touching dangerously near to contempt, she gave up attempting to sway her husband in this direction, and centred all her hopes in her only son, on whom she flattered herself she had bestowed some of her superior intellect. He should play an important part in the world. At the first opportunity, he should enter parliament, become a distinguished member of society, and, so far as possible, satisfy her ambition. Of course he must marry, but his marriage should be one to strengthen his hands both by wealth and connections. Now that he was on the threshold of man's estate, she had turned her serious attention to this subject, and had for some time been considering what heiresses she knew who were worthy of picking up the handkerchief which she meant to let fall on his behalf. She had postponed her decision until his return from the contemplated tour. Then she would broach the subject of an advantageous matrimonial alliance to him. By broaching the subject, Mrs Abbot meant laying her commands upon her son to wed the lady she had chosen for him.

As she drove along the twelve miles of road to Clifton, and reflected on all these things, is it any wonder that her frame of mind was an unpleasant one; that her eyes grew hard, and she felt little disposed to be merciful to the owner of that pretty face which threatened to come between her and the cherished schemes of years?

The carriage stopped at the address given her by her son—a quiet little house in a quiet little street, where the arrival of so grand an equipage and so fine a pair of horses was an event of sufficient rarity to make many windows open, and maid-servants, even mistresses, crane out and wonder what it meant. Mrs Abbot, having ascertained that Miss Keene was at home, and having made known her wish to see her, was shown into a room plainly but not untastefully furnished. A piano, an unfinished drawing, some dainty embroidery, gave evidence of more refinement than Mrs Abbot expected, or, to tell the truth, hoped to find in her enemy's surroundings. A bunch of flowers, artistically arranged, was in a glass vase on the table; and the visitor felt more angry and bitter than before, as she recognised many a choice orchid, and knew by this token that the Chewton hothouses had been robbed for Miss Keene's sake. Mrs Abbot tapped her foot impatiently as she awaited the moment when her youthful enemy should appear and be satisfactorily crushed.

The mistress of Chewton-Abbot had somehow conceived the idea that the girl who had won her son's heart was of a dollish style of beauty. She may have jumped at this conclusion from the memories of her own young days, when she found the heart of man was more susceptible to attractions of this type than to those of her own severer charms. Pretty enough, after a fashion, she expected to find the girl, but quite crushable and pliant between her clever and experienced hands. She had no reason for this impression. She had coldly declined to look at the portrait which her son, that morning, had wished to show her. Having formed her own ideal of her would-be successor at Chewton Hall, she regulated her actions accordingly. Her plan was to begin by striking terror into the foe. She wished no deception; the amenities of social warfare might be dispensed with on this occasion. Knowing the advantage usually gained by a sudden and unexpected attack, she had not revealed her name. She simply desired the servant to announce a lady to see Miss Keene.

Hearing a light step approaching the door, Mrs Abbot drew herself up to her full height and assumed the most majestic attitude she could. It was as one may imagine a fine three-decker of the old days turning her broadside, with sixty guns run out and ready for action, upon some puny foe, to show her that at a word she might be blown out of the water. Or it was what is called nowadays a demonstration in force.

The door opened, and Millicent Keene entered. Mrs Abbot bowed slightly; then, without speaking a word, in a deliberate manner looked the newcomer up and down. She did not for a moment attempt to conceal the object of her visit. Her offensive scrutiny was an open declaration of war, and the girl was welcome to construe it as such.

But what did the great lady see as she cast that hostile, but, in spite of herself, half-curious glance on the girl who came forward to greet her unexpected visitor? She saw a beautiful girl of about nineteen; tall, and, making allowances for age, stately as herself. She saw a figure as near perfection as a young girl's may be. She saw a sweet calm face, with regular features and pale pure complexion, yet with enough colour to speak of perfect health. She saw a pair of dark-brown

truthful eyes—eyes made darker by the long lashes—a mass of brown hair dressed exactly as it should be. She saw, in fact, the exact opposite to the picture she had drawn: and as Millicent Keene, with graceful carriage and a firm but light step, advanced towards her, Mrs Abbot's heart sank. She had entirely miscalculated the strength of the enemy, and she felt that it would be no easy matter to tear a woman such as this from a young man's heart.

The girl bore Mrs Abbot's offensive glance bravely. She returned her bow, and without embarrassment, begged her to be seated. Then she waited for her visitor to explain the object of her call.

'You do not know who I am, I suppose?' said Mrs Abbot after a pause.

'I have the pleasure of knowing Mrs Abbot by sight,' replied Millicent in a perfectly calm voice.

'Then you know why I have called upon you?'

The girl made no reply.

Mrs Abbot continued, with unmistakable scorn in her voice: 'I have called to see the young lady whom my son tells me he is resolved, against his parents' wish, to make his wife.'

'I am sorry, Mrs Abbot, you should have thought it needful to call and tell me this.'

'How could you expect otherwise? Frank Abbot bears one of the oldest names, and is heir to one of the best estates in the county. When he marries, he must marry a wife in his own position. What has Miss Keene to offer in exchange for what he can bestow?'

The girl's pale face flushed; but her brave brown eyes met those of her interrogator without flinching. 'If I thought you would understand me, Mrs Abbot, I should say that I have a woman's true love to give him, and that is enough. He sought me, and won that love. He asked for it, and I gave it. I can say no more.'

'In these days,' said Mrs Abbot contemptuously, 'persons in our station require more than love—*that*, a young man like Frank can always have for the asking.—Of what family are you, Miss Keene?'

'Of none. My father was a tradesman. He was unfortunate in his business, and has been many years abroad trying to redeem his fortunes. With the exception of an education which, I fear, has cost my poor father many privations, I have nothing to boast of. I live with an aunt, who has a small income of her own.—Now you know my history.'

Mrs Abbot had soon seen that crushing tactics failed to meet the exigencies of the case. She put on an appearance of frankness. 'You are candid with me, Miss Keene, and it appears to me you have plenty of common-sense. I put it to you; do you think that Mr Abbot or myself can lend our sanction to this ill-advised affair?'

The girl's lip curled in a manner which was particularly galling to Mrs Abbot. A tradesman's daughter, whose proper place was behind a counter, had no right to be able to assume such an expression! 'That was for Frank, not for me, to consider, Mrs Abbot.'

'But surely you will not marry him against our wishes?'

The girl was silent for a minute. An answer to such a question required consideration. 'Not yet,' she said. 'We are both too young. But if, in after-years, Frank Abbot wishes me to be his wife, I will share his lot, let it be high or low.' She spoke proudly and decisively, as one who felt that her love was well worth having, and would make up for much that a man might be called on to resign in order to enjoy it.

It was this independence, the value the tradesman's daughter set upon herself, that annoyed Mrs Abbot, and led her into the mistake of firing her last and, as she hoped, fatal shot. 'You are not perhaps aware,' she said, 'that the estate is unentailed?'

Millicent, who did not at once catch the drift of her words, looked inquiringly.

'I mean,' explained Mrs Abbot, 'that my husband may leave it to whom he likes—that if you marry my son, you will marry a beggar.'

The girl rose. With all her practice, Mrs Abbot herself could not have spoken or looked more scornfully. 'How little you know me, madam, to insult me like that! Have you so poor an opinion of your son as to fancy I cannot love him for himself? Did you marry Mr Abbot for his wealth?'—Mrs Abbot winced mentally at the question.—'Do you think I wish to marry Francis Abbot only for the position I shall gain? You are wrong—utterly wrong!'

'Then,' said Mrs Abbot with the bitterness of defeat, 'I suppose you will persist in this foolish engagement, and the only chance I have is an appeal to my son?'

'I have promised to be his wife. He alone shall release me from that promise. But it may be long before he can claim it, and so your anxiety may rest for some time, Mrs Abbot. I have this morning received a letter from my father. He wishes me to join him in Australia. Next month, I shall sail, and it will probably be three or four years before I return. Then, if Frank wishes me to be his wife—if he says to me: "I will risk loss of lands and love of parents for your sake," I will bid him take me, and carve out a way in the world for himself.'

A weight was lifted from Mrs Abbot's mind. She caught the situation at once. Three or four years' separation! What might not happen! Although she strove to speak calmly as a great lady should, she could not keep a certain eagerness out of her voice. 'But will you not correspond during that time?'

This was another important question. Again Millicent paused, and considered her answer. 'I will neither write nor be written to. If, eventually, I marry your son—if his love can stand the test of absence and silence—at least you shall not say I did not give him every opportunity of terminating our engagement.'

Mrs Abbot rose and assumed a pleasant manner—so pleasant that, considering the respective positions of herself and Miss Keene, it should have been irresistible. 'I am compelled to say that such a decision is all I could expect. You must forgive me if, with my views for my son's career, I have said anything hasty or unjust. I will now wish you good-morning; and I am sure, had we met under other circumstances, we might have been great friends.'

Whatever of dignity and majesty Mrs Abbot

dropped as she put on this appearance of friendliness was taken up by the girl. She took no notice of her visitor's outstretched hand. She rang the bell for the servant, and bowed coldly and haughtily as Mrs Abbot swept from the room.

But bravely as she had borne herself under the eyes of her inquisitor, when the rumble of the carriage wheels died away from the quiet street, Millicent Keene threw herself on the sofa and burst into a flood of tears. 'O my love!' she sobbed out. 'It is hard; but it is right. It will never be, I know! It is too long—too long to wait and hope. Can you be true, when everything is brought to bear against me? Will you forget? Will the love of to-day seem but a boy's idle dream? Shall *I* ever forget?'

EPISODES OF LITERARY MANUSCRIPTS.

A GREAT deal might be said on the subject of manuscripts. From the carefully illuminated specimens of old, preserved in our public museums, down to the hastily scribbled printer's 'copy' of to-day, each bears a history, and could contribute to unfold some portion of the life of the author whose hand had wrought it. Indeed, were it possible for each written sheet to tell its own story—we here refer to manuscripts of more modern date—what a picture of intellectual endurance, disappointments, poverty, and ofttimes despair, would be brought to light; what tales of huntings amongst publishers, rebuffs encountered, and hardships undergone, would be added to literary biography.

Thackeray has himself told us how his *Vanity Fair* was hawked about from publisher to publisher, and its failure everywhere predicted. For a long period, Charlotte Brontë's *Jane Eyre* shared the same fate. Again, Mr Kinglake's carefully composed *Eothen*, the labour of several years, was destined to go the weary round of publishers in vain; and it was only when its author induced one of that cautious fraternity to accept the classic little work as a present, that he at length enjoyed the gratification of seeing it in print. The first chapter of *The Diary of a Late Physician* was offered successively to the conductors of the three leading London magazines, and rejected as 'unsuitable to their pages,' and 'not likely to interest the public,' until Mr Warren, then a young man of three-and-twenty, and a law student, bethought himself of *Blackwood*. 'I remember taking my packet,' he says, 'to Mr Cadell's in the Strand, with a sad suspicion that I should never see or hear anything more of it; but shortly after, I received a letter from Mr Blackwood, informing me that he had inserted the chapter, and begging me to make arrangements for immediately proceeding regularly with the series. He expressed his cordial approval of that portion, and predicted that I was likely to produce a series of papers well suited to his magazine, and calculated to interest the public.'

Turning now for a moment to the disciples of dramatic authorship, we discover that their experience is similar to that of many authors. Poor Tom Robertson—that indefatigable actor and dramatist—sank into his grave almost before he saw the establishment of his fame; and John Baldwin Buckstone, during his struggling career, was in the habit of pawning his manuscripts with Mr Lacy, the theatrical publisher, in order to procure bread. Upon one occasion, when met by a sympathising actor in the street, he appeared with scarcely a shoe to his feet, and almost broken-hearted, declaring that all his earthly anticipations were centred upon the acceptance of a comedy, the rejection of which would certainly prove fatal to his existence. In the end, happily for him, the comedy was accepted.

The following anecdote is connected with the history of the Odéon, one of the first theatres in Paris. One day a young author came to ascertain the fate of his piece, which, by the way, had appeared such a formidable package upon its receipt, that the secretary was not possessed of sufficient moral courage to untie the tape that bound it. 'It is not written in the style to suit the theatre,' he replied, handing back the manuscript. 'It is not bad, but it is deficient in interest.' At this juncture, the young man smiled, and untying the roll, he displayed some quires of blank paper! Thus convicted, the secretary shook hands with the aspirant, invited him to dinner, and shortly afterwards assisted him to a successful *début* at the Odéon. Another author once waited upon the popular manager of a London theatre inquiring the result of the perusal of his manuscript; whereupon the other, having forgotten all about it, carefully opened a large drawer, exhibiting a heterogeneous mass of documents, and exclaimed: 'There! help yourself. I don't know exactly which is yours; but you may take any one of them you like!'

In this instance the manager was even more considerate towards the feelings of an author than that other dramatic demigod who, it is said, was regularly in receipt of so many new pieces, good, bad, and indifferent, that he devised an ingenious method of getting rid of them. During that particular season, the exigencies of the play required a roll of papers—presumably a will—to be nightly burned in a candle in full sight of the audience; and in this way he managed to make room for the numerous manuscripts which young authors only too eagerly poured in upon him, quite unconscious of their certain fate!

Indeed, volumes might be written upon the difficulties sometimes encountered in climbing the literary ladder, and whilst the more persevering have ultimately achieved the goal of their ambition, others have been fated to see their writings consigned to oblivion, and have themselves perhaps sunk into an early grave, consequent upon the disappointments and privations endured. When the poet Chatterton was found lying dead in his garret in Brook Street, his manuscripts had been strewn upon the floor, torn into a thousand pieces. Thus much good literature has often been lost to posterity. A number of instances, too, might be cited wherein persons have risen from their deathbed to destroy their manuscripts, and which task has either proved so distressing to their sensibilities, or fatiguing to their physical powers, that they immediately afterwards expired. It is placed upon record how Colardeau, that elegant versifier of Pope's Epistle of Eloisa to Abelard, recollected at the approach of his death that he had not destroyed what was

written of a translation of Tasso; and unwilling to intrust this delicate office to his friends, he raised himself from his bed, and dragging his feeble frame to the place where the manuscript was deposited, with a last effort he consumed it in the flames. In another example, an author of celebrity directed his papers to be brought to his bed, and there, the attendant holding a light, he burned them, smiling as the greedy flames devoured what had been his work for years.

Few authors willingly destroy any manuscript that has cost them a long period of toil and research, though history records numerous examples where the loss of certain manuscripts has almost proved an irremediable misfortune to their author. The story of Mr Carlyle lending the manuscript of the first volume of his *French Revolution* to his friend John Stuart Mill, and its accidental destruction by fire, is well known. A similar disaster once happened to M. Firmin Abauzit, a philosopher who had applied himself to every branch of human learning, and to whom the great Newton had remarked, among other compliments: 'You are worthy to distinguish between Leibnitz and me.' It happened on one occasion that he had engaged a fresh female servant, rustic, simple, and thoughtless, and being left alone in his study for a while, she declared to herself that she would 'set his things to rights;' with which words she deliberately cleared the table, and swept the whole of his papers into the fire, thus destroying calculations which had been the work of upwards of forty years. Without one word, however, the philosopher calmly recommenced his task, with more pain than can readily be imagined. Most readers also will remember the similar misadventure which occurred to Sir Isaac Newton.

Of manuscripts which have perished through the ignorance or malignancy of the illiterate, there are numerous instances. The original 'Magna Charta,' with all its appendages of seals and signatures, was one day discovered, by Sir Robert Cotton, in the hands of his tailor, who with his shears was already in the act of cutting up into measures that priceless document, which had been so long given up as for ever lost. He bought the curiosity for a trifle; and caused it to be preserved, where it is still to be seen, in the Cottonian Library, with the marks of dilapidation plainly apparent. The immortal works of Agobart were found by Papirius Masson in the hands of a bookbinder at Lyons, the mechanic having long been in the habit of using the manuscript sheets for the purpose of lining the covers of his books. Similarly, a stray page of the second decade of Livy was found by a man of letters concealed under the parchment of his battledore, as he was amusing himself at that pastime in the country. He at once hastened to the maker of the battledore; but alas! it was too late—the man had used the last sheet of the manuscript of Livy about a week before!

A treatise printed among the works of Barbosa, a bishop of Ugento, in 1649, fell into the possession of that worthy, it is said, in a rather singular manner. Having sent out for a fish for his table, his domestic brought him one rolled up in a piece of written paper, which excited the bishop's curiosity so much, that he forthwith rushed out to the market, just in time to discover and rescue the original manuscript from which the leaf had been torn. This work he afterwards published under the title of *De Officio Episcopi*.

The manuscripts of Leonardo da Vinci suffered greatly from the wilful ignorance of his relatives. Once, when a curious collector of antiquities chanced to discover a portion of his writings by the merest accident, he eagerly carried them to one of the descendants of the great painter; but the man coldly observed that 'he had a great deal more in his garret, which had lain there for many years, if the rats had not destroyed them.'

Cardinal Granville was in the habit of preserving his letters, and at his death, he left behind him a prodigious number, written in all languages, and duly noted, underlined, and collated by his own hand. These relics were left in several immense chests, to the mercy of time and the rats; and subsequently, five or six of the chestsful were sold to the grocers as waste paper. It was then that an examination of the treasure was made; and as the result of the united labours of several literary men, enough of the papers to fill eight thick folios were rescued, and afterwards published.

Fire and shipwreck have at various periods caused considerable havoc among manuscripts. Many of our oldest Anglo-Saxon manuscripts were consumed some years ago by a fire in the Cottonian Library; and those which remain present a baked and shrivelled appearance, rendering them almost unrecognisable. Ben Jonson on one occasion sustained the loss of the labours of twenty-one years within one short hour, by fire; and Meninsky's famous Persian Dictionary met with a like fate from the effects of a bomb falling upon the roof of his house during the siege of Vienna by the Turks.

National libraries have occasionally been lost at sea. In the beginning of last century, a wealthy burgomaster of Middelburg, in the Netherlands, named Hudde, actuated solely by literary curiosity, made a journey to China; and after travelling through the whole of the provinces, he set sail for Europe, laden with a manuscript collection of his observations, the labour of thirty years, the whole of which was sunk in the ocean. Again, Guarino Verenese, one of those learned Italians who volunteered to travel through Greece for the recovery of ancient manuscripts, had his perseverance repaid by the acquisition of many priceless treasures. Returning to Italy, however, he was shipwrecked; and such was his grief at the loss of this collection, that his hair became suddenly white.

Differing from those authors who have destroyed their manuscripts before death, are those who have delivered them into the hands of relatives and friends, together with the fullest instructions as to their disposal. It is well known that Lord Byron handed the manuscript of his autobiography to Tom Moore, with the strictest injunctions not to publish it till after his death. Immediately after he expired, Moore sold the manuscript to John Murray the publisher for two thousand pounds; but subsequently knowing something of the nature of the autobiography, and the effect which its publication would exert upon the memory of the deceased author, his own better feelings, united to the persuasions of Byron's friends, prompted him to regain possession of the

document, which he did, at the same time refunding the money to Mr Murray. The manuscript was then burned.

In the matter of the manuscripts of musical works, it may be related that shortly after Handel had settled at Hamburg in the capacity of conductor of the opera in that city, he cultivated the acquaintance of a well-known musician named Mattheson, and the two became great friends. But presently a quarrel arose between them, the result of which was that they drew their swords; and Mattheson's weapon might in all probability have dealt fatally with the other's life, had it not chanced to strike and break upon the score of *Almira*, Handel's first opera, which he had hurriedly stowed beneath his coat, and over which, it is said, the quarrel had really arisen. After this, the combatants became reconciled, and Mattheson eventually bore the principal character in the opera when it was produced.

Returning to literature, it is perhaps not generally known that Swift's *Tale of a Tub* was introduced to the world with such cunning secrecy, that the manuscript was actually thrown from a passing coach into the doorway of the bookseller who afterwards published it. *Gulliver's Travels* was given to the public in the same mysterious manner. From one of Swift's letters to Pope, as well as from another epistle to Dr T. Sheridan, we learn that during the time occupied in finishing, revising, and transcribing his manuscript, prior to thinking about a fitting bookseller to publish it, Tickell, then Secretary of State, expressed a strong curiosity to see the work concerning which there was so much secrecy. But the Dean frankly replied that it would be quite impossible for Mr Tickell to find his 'treasury of *waste-papers* without searching through nine different houses,' inasmuch as he had his manuscripts conveyed from place to place through nine or ten different hands; and then it would be necessary to send to him for a key to the work, else he could not understand a chapter of it. In the end, *Gulliver* came forth from its hiding-place through the medium of Mr Charles Ford, who offered to carry the manuscript to Mr Motte the bookseller, on behalf of his friend, and to whom he afterwards complained that the man's timidity was such as to compel him to make some important abridgments throughout the work. The book was, however, no sooner published, than it was received with unlimited acclamation by all classes.

Of Defoe's world-famous *Robinson Crusoe*, published in 1719, we are told that it was only taken up by Taylor—who purchased the manuscript, and netted one thousand pounds by the publication—after every other bookseller in town had refused it. In a similar manner, one bookseller refused to give twenty-five pounds for the manuscript of Fielding's *Tom Jones;* while another bought it, and cleared not less than eighteen thousand pounds by the venture during his lifetime!

With a few particulars touching upon the value of manuscripts which have at various periods been put up for public sale after the death of their authors, we will bring our paper to a conclusion.

When, some years ago, the manuscript of Scott's *Guy Mannering* came into the market, the United States gladly secured the precious treasure at a cost of three hundred and eighty guineas; and in 1867, at a sale of the manuscripts which had belonged to Mr Cadell the well-known publisher, the *Lady of the Lake* was sold for two hundred and seventy-seven guineas, and *Rokeby* realised one hundred and thirty-six guineas, both becoming the property of Mr Hope-Scott. At the same sale, Sir William Fraser paid two hundred guineas for the manuscript of *Marmion;* whilst the same appreciative collector of literary antiquities paid, in 1875, so high a price as two hundred and fifty guineas for Gray's *Elegy in a Country Churchyard*, a composition occupying no more than four quarto sheets of manuscript.

Of Charles Dickens's manuscripts, *The Christmas Carol* was purchased by Mr Harvey of St James's Street for the sum of one hundred and fifty pounds, and resold by him for two hundred and fifty pounds; *The Battle of Life* is still held on sale by that gentleman; and *Our Mutual Friend* was purchased, on behalf of Mr George Washington Childs of Philadelphia, by Mr Hotten, for two hundred pounds. As is well known, the manuscript of *The Pickwick Papers* was bequeathed by Mr Forster to the South Kensington Museum, and will become the property of the British nation on the death of his widow, who has meanwhile, and in the most generous manner, permitted it and other manuscripts from the pen of Charles Dickens to be publicly exhibited where they will become permanently enshrined.

Not very long ago, the manuscript of a short poem by Burns brought seventy guineas; yet this sum must be regarded as but a small proportion of that value which might be realised for only one line—not to speak of one play—written by Shakspeare's own hand. In his *Memorials of Westminster Abbey*, the late Dean Stanley has told us how Spenser the poet died in King Street, Westminster, and was solemnly interred in Poets' Corner, hard by. 'His hearse,' he says, 'was attended by poets; and mournful elegies, together with the pens that wrote them, were thrown into his tomb. What a funeral was that at which Beaumont, Fletcher, Jonson, and, in all probability, Shakspeare attended! what a grave in which the pen of Shakspeare may be mouldering away!' Certainly, if but one line of that 'mournful elegy' written by the Immortal Bard could be recovered and offered for sale, we should then have a pleasing and memorable opportunity of marking the estimation in which the poet is held by mankind.

ANIMAL MEMORIALS AND MEMENTOES.

Commenting on the honour paid by the Athenians to a dog that followed his master across the sea to Salamis, Pope says: 'This respect to a dog in the most polite people of the world is very observable. A modern instance of gratitude to a dog, though we have but few such, is, that the chief Order of Denmark—now called the Order of the Elephant—was instituted in memory of the fidelity of a dog named Wild-brat to one of their kings, who had been deserted by his subjects. He gave his Order this motto, or to

this effect (which still remains): "Wild-brat was faithful."'

Had Pope been writing half-a-dozen years later, he need not have gone to Denmark for a modern instance of gratitude to a dog. Mr Robert—afterwards Viscount—Molesworth being prevented entering an outhouse by his favourite greyhound pulling him away by his coat lappet, ordered a footman to examine the place. On opening the door, the man was shot dead by a hidden robber. The faithful hound afterwards died in London, and his master sent his body to Yorkshire, to be inurned in Edglington Wood, near Doncaster; the receptacle of his remains bearing an inscription in Latin, which has been thus translated: 'Stay, traveller! Nor wonder that a lamented Dog is thus interred with funeral honour. But, ah! what a Dog! His beautiful form and snow-white colour; pleasing manners and sportive playfulness; his affection, obedience, and fidelity, made him the delight of his master, to whom he closely adhered with his eager companions of the chase, delighted in attending him. Whenever the mind of his lord was depressed, he would assume fresh spirit and animation. A master, not ungrateful for his merits, has here, in tears, deposited his remains in this marble urn.—M. F. C. 1714.'

An Italian greyhound, buried in Earl Temple's garden at Stowe, had never saved his master's life, but was nevertheless held worthy of a memorial stone, bearing the eulogistic epitaph from the pen of Arbuthnot:

'To the Memory of Signor Fido—An Italian of good extraction, who came to England not to bite us, like most of his countrymen, but to gain an honest livelihood. He hunted not for fame, yet acquired it; regardless of the praises of his friends, but most sensible of their love. Though he lived among the Great, he neither learned nor flattered any vice. He was no bigot, though he doubted of none of the Thirty-nine Articles. And if to follow Nature and to respect the laws of Society be philosophical, he was a perfect philosopher, a faithful friend, an agreeable companion, a loving husband, distinguished by a numerous offspring, all which he lived to see take good courses. In his old age, he retired to the home of a clergyman in the country, where he finished his earthly race, and died an honour and an example to his species. Reader—This stone is guiltless of flattery, for he to whom it is inscribed was not a Man, but a Greyhound.'

That eulogy is more than could honestly be said of the animal whose monument proclaims:

> Here lies the body of my dear retriever;
> Of his master alone he was ne'er a deceiver;
> But the Game-laws he hated, and poached out of bounds—
> His spirit now ranges the glad hunting-grounds.

Not in company, we should say, with that of the blameless creature commemorated by the couplet:

> Beneath this stone, there lies at rest
> Bandy, of all good dogs the best.

Among the sojourners at the *Grand Hôtel Victoria*, Mentone, in the year 1872, was the Archduchess Marie Régnier, who, during her three months' stay there, took such a liking to mine host's handsome dog Pietrino, that she begged him of M. Milandi, and carried her prize with her to Vienna. In less than a fortnight after reaching that capital, Pietrino was back in his old quarters again, having travelled eight hundred miles across strange countries, over mountains, through towns and villages, only to die at his master's feet five days after his coming home. He was buried among the rose-bushes in the grounds, so familiar to him, his resting place marked by a marble column, inscribed, 'Ci-gît Pietrino, Ami Fidèle. 1872.'

Exactly a hundred years before that, a dog died at Minorca out of sheer grief for the loss of his master, who, ordered home to England, did not care to encumber himself with his canine friend. Honouring the deserted animal's unworthily placed affection, his owner's brother-officers saw him decently interred, and erected a stone to his memory, bearing an epitaph written by Lieutenant Erskine, ending:

> His life was shortened by no slothful ease,
> Vice-begot care, or folly-bred disease.
> Forsook by him he valued more than life,
> His generous nature sank beneath the strife.
> Left by his master on a foreign shore,
> New masters offered—but he owned no more;
> The ocean oft with seeming sorrow eyed,
> And pierced by man's ingratitude, he died.

Of tougher constitution was a small Scotch terrier that, in 1868, followed his master's coffin to the churchyard of Old Greyfriars, Edinburgh, heedless of the notice forbidding entrance to dogs. The morning after the funeral, Bobby was found lying on the newly-made mound. He was turned out of the churchyard; but the next morning saw him upon the grave, and the next and the next. Taking pity upon the forlorn little creature, the custodian of the burial-ground gave him some food. From that time, Bobby considered himself privileged, and was constantly in and about the churchyard, only leaving it at mid-day to obtain a meal at the expense of a kind-hearted restaurant keeper; but every night was passed upon the spot holding all he had once held dear. Many were the attempts to get him to transfer his allegiance from the dead to the living; but none availed. As long as his life lasted, and it lasted four years, Bobby stayed by, or in the immediate neighbourhood of, his master's grave. Such fidelity, unexampled even in his faithful race, deserved to be kept in remembrance; and thanks to the most munificent of Lady Bountifuls, his memory is kept green by his counterfeit presentment on a drinking-fountain of Peterhead granite erected on George the Fourth Bridge, as a 'tribute to the affectionate fidelity of Greyfriars Bobby. In 1868, the faithful dog followed the remains of his master to Greyfriars Churchyard, and lingered near the spot until his death in 1872.'

London is not without its memorials to dogs. On the wall leading to the Irongate Stairs, near the Tower, may be read: 'In Memory of Egypt, a favourite dog belonging to the Irongate Watermen, killed on the 4th August 1841, aged 16.

> Here lies interred, beneath this spot,
> A faithful dog, who should not be forgot.
> Full fifteen years he watched here with care,
> Contented with hard bed and harder fare.
> Around the Tower he daily used to roam
> In search of bits so savoury, or a bone.
> A military pet he was, and in the Dock,
> His rounds he always went at twelve o'clock;
> Supplied with cash, which held between his jaws—
> The reason's plain—he had no hands but paws—

He 'd trot o'er Tower Hill to a favourite shop,
There eat his meal and down his money drop.
To club he went on each successive night,
Where, dressed in jacket gay, he took his pipe;
With spectacles on nose he played his tricks,
And pawed the paper, not the politics.
Going his usual round, near Traitors' Gate,
Infirm and almost blind, he met his fate;
By ruthless kick hurled from the wharf, below
The stones on which the gentle Thames does flow,
Mortally injured, soon resigned his breath,
Thus left his friends, who here record his death.'

A tablet placed near the north-east end of the platform of the Edgware Road Railway Station, is inscribed:

In Memory of
Poor FAN,
Died May 8, 1876.
For ten years at the Drivers' call.
Fed by many,
Regretted by all.

Poor Fan lies under an evergreen hard by. She was notable for travelling continually on a railway engine between the Edgware Road and Hammersmith; occasionally getting off at an intermediate station, crossing the line, and returning by the next train; never taking any train but a Hammersmith train when outward bound, or going farther east than her own particular station when journeying homewards.

An Englishman travelling in France in 1698, was disgusted at seeing, in a ducal garden, a superb memorial in the shape of a black marble cat couching on a gilded white marble cushion, on the top of a black marble pedestal bearing the one word 'MENINE.' Such posthumous honour is rarely paid to puss; but two other instances of it may be cited. In making excavations near the Place de la Bastille, in the ground formerly occupied by the gardens of the Hôtel de Lesdiguières, the workmen brought to light the handsome tomb of a cat which had belonged to Françoise-Marguerite de Gondy, widow of Emmanuel de Crequi, Duke of Lesdiguières. It bore no laudatory epitaph, but the odd quatrain:

Cy-gist une chatte jolie.
Sa maitresse, qui n'aima rien,
L'aima jusqu'à la folie.
Pourquoi le dire? On le voit bien.

Or to put it into English: 'Here lies a handsome cat. Her mistress, who loved nothing, loved her out of caprice. Why say so? All the world knew it well.'

'Grandfather,' a feline Nestor, belonging to a lady in Scotland, was something more than handsome. When he had passed his twenty-first year, he could climb a tree, catch a bird, hunt a mouse, or kill a rat, as cleverly as in his younger days; and when he died, at the age of twenty-two, had well earned himself a memorial stone and an epitaph. Both were accorded him, the last-named running thus:

'Life to the last enjoyed,' here Pussy lies,
Renowned for mousing and for catching flies;
Loving o'er grass and pliant branch to roam,
Yet ever constant to the smiles of home.

. . . . . .

The Preux Chevalier of the race of Cats,
He has outlived their customary span,
As Jenkins and Old Parr had that of Man;
And might on tiles have murmured in moonshine
Nestorian tales of youth and Troy divine;
Of rivals fought; of kitten-martyrdoms;
While, meekly listening, round sat Tabs and Toms.
But with the modesty of genuine worth,
He vaunted not his deeds of ancient birth;
His whiskers twitched not, at the world's applause,
He only yawned, and licked his reverend paws;
Curled round his head his tail, and fell asleep,
Lapped in sweet dreams, and left us here to weep.
Yet pleased to know, that ere he sank to rest,
As far as mortal cats are, he was blest.

The horse, even though he may have won a fortune for his master, as a rule goes literally to the dogs at last. Some few of the wonders of the turf have escaped that indignity. A plain stone inscribed simply 'SIR PETER,' tells visitors to Knowsley, Sir Peter Teazle lies beneath it. A sculptured stone, rifled from a cardinal's monument, overlooks the grave of Emilius at Easby Abbey. A cedar, planted by a once famous jockey, rises hard by the resting-place of Bay-Middleton and Crucifix; Kingston reposes under the shade of a grand oak at Eltham; Blair-Athol, the pride of Malton, lies embowered at Cobham; and green is the grave of Amato, well within hail of the course he traversed triumphantly. The skeleton of Eclipse is still, we believe, on view at Cannons, but it must be minus at least one hoof, since King William IV. gave a piece of plate, with a hoof of Eclipse set in gold, to be run for at Ascot in 1832; the trophy being carried off by Lord Chesterfield's Priam. Equine mementoes usually take this form, and many a sideboard can show the polished hoof of a famous racehorse. The Prince of Wales is said to possess a hoof of the charger that bore Nolan to his death at Balaklava; it is surmounted with a small silver figure of the Captain, carrying the fatal order for the advance of the Light Brigade. An interesting military souvenir enough; but not so interesting as a polished and shod hoof, mounted so as to serve as a snuff-box, the property of the Guards' Club; for this bears the inscription: 'Hoof of MARENGO, rare charger of Napoleon, ridden by him at Marengo, Austerlitz, Jena, Wagram, in the campaign of Russia, and lastly at Waterloo;' while on the margin of the silver shoe is to be read: 'Marengo was wounded in the near hip at Waterloo, when his great master was on him, in the hollow road in advance of the French position. He had been frequently wounded before in other battles.'

SOME FOOD-NOTES.

WE have received the following notes from a gentleman—an occasional contributor—who devotes much of his attention to such matters, making them indeed an especial and constant study.

The Antipodean Rabbit Nuisance.—That which for several years past has been the bane of agriculturists at the antipodes, is not unlikely to prove in the end something akin to a blessing. Rabbits in many places, notwithstanding what has been done to exterminate them, are nearly as numerous as ever; but instead of killing them by means of poison and burying them in the ground, they are now systematically 'trapped,' and, being cooked and tinned, command a large sale. At the Western Meat-preserving Company's Works, Colac, Victoria, as many as seventeen thousand pairs of rabbits are dealt with in the course of the early weeks of the season, which, it may be explained, lasts for a period of seven months; and although the supply diminishes as the season progresses, over

three hundred thousand pairs are annually prepared for sale, finding a ready market. A large number of persons are employed during the continuance of this industry; no fewer than three hundred and fifty people obtaining remunerative work in connection with this one establishment. On an average, over five thousand two-pound tins are turned out every day within the period indicated. These are made up for sale in three different ways—as plain rabbits, as rabbits cooked with onions, and rabbits done up with bacon; and for each description there is now setting in a large European demand. Many of the men engaged in the rabbit-work at Colac are exceedingly dexterous, and work with great rapidity, some individual hands among them being able to skin with ease one hundred pairs of rabbits in an hour. In order to gain a wager, one very expert person skinned four hundred and twenty-eight of these animals in sixty minutes! It should be mentioned, that before being skinned, the heads and feet of the conies are chopped off. Work of every kind is performed by the most cleanly methods, and only the best animals are selected to be tinned, while none are sent out without being carefully examined. The trappers are paid by results, and are, as a rule, welcome to visit those farms which are overrun with the pest. In the earlier weeks of the season, a gang of expert trappers will each earn over five pounds a week. The rabbits as they are caught are slung across poles in convenient places, and then lifted and conveyed in carts to 'the works.' There are several establishments of the kind in Victoria, and hopes are now being entertained by farmers of a speedy deliverance from the rabbit nuisance, as the large numbers which are being killed must in time tell on the breeding supplies. Similar establishments are also about to be started in New Zealand.

Edible Snails.—None but those who have made special inquiry into the subject are aware of the great dimensions which the continental snail-trade has of late assumed. Many tons of these vine-fed delicacies reach Paris every year during the snail season, which lasts from September to about April, during some part of which period under natural circumstances the animals would be asleep. In this country there would be a universal shudder, if it were proposed to add the common garden-snail to the national commissariat, no matter how attractive might be the shape assumed by the *Escargot de Bourgogne*, or other snail of the orchard or vineyard; yet we eat countless quantities of whelks and periwinkles, which are not such clean-feeding animals as the snails of the garden. A recent authority states that enormous quantities of snails are forwarded annually from Marseilles and Genoa to Paris, and that tens of thousands of these creatures find their way to the markets of Bordeaux, Lyons, Vienna, and Munich. Such is the demand, that many persons now 'cultivate' snails for the markets, and find the business a remunerative one. As many as twenty or thirty thousand can be bred in a very small space.

The Conger Eel.—This fish has of late attracted a good deal of attention, from its having been asserted that it was frequently made into turtle-soup. Whether that be so or not, the conger eel is in reality one of our most valuable food-fishes. There is, unfortunately, a prejudice in the public mind against it. In all continental fish-markets—at least in those situated on seas which contain the fish—a plentiful supply of congers may always be had. The writer has seen hundreds of them in the markets at Dieppe, Boulogne, and Paris, and in the *cuisine* of France the conger occupies a prominent place. It can be converted into excellent soup, and may be cooked in various other palatable ways: it may be roasted, stewed, or broiled, or made into a succulent pie. In Guernsey and Jersey, its flesh is highly esteemed, as being adaptable to the culinary art in an eminent degree. This fish ought to be much more plentifully exposed for sale than it is; and if our fishermen found a market for it, it would no doubt be so. It is a most prolific animal, yielding its eggs in literal millions. A specimen which weighed twenty-eight pounds possessed a roe of the weight of twenty-three ounces, which was computed to contain the almost incredible number of fifteen millions of eggs! Mr Buckland, in one of his fishery Reports, says: 'What becomes of this enormous number of eggs, is unknown to man; they probably form the food of many small sea-creatures, especially crabs. They are exceedingly minute.' How curious it seems that the common herring, which yields on the average about thirty thousand ova, should be so plentiful, and the conger, which contains many millions of eggs, should be comparatively so scarce.

SERENADE.

Sweet maiden, awake
From the region of sleep,
Alone for thy sake
Here my vigil I keep;
The moon rides on high,
The stars shine above,
Yet sleepless am I
By the charm of thy love.

All nature reposes:
The sun is at rest,
Fast shut are the roses,
Each bird in its nest;
The air is unstirred
By the drone of the bee,
Safe penned is each herd—
And my thoughts are of thee.

Oh, what is dull Time
In true love's estimation?
Who measures each chime,
In its rapt contemplation?
Immortal in birth,
It descends from above,
And raises from earth
The frail creatures who love.

Oh, spurn me not, maiden!
Dismiss me not home,
With misery laden
Henceforward to roam;
By the spell of thy power,
Which has fettered the free,
Creation's sweet flower,
Bend thy fragrance to me!

Albert E. Stembridge.

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'CORNERS.'

The modern 'Corner' is unlike that into which the historical John Horner, Esq., retired, in this respect, that those who venture into one seldom succeed in bringing out a plum or anything else but discomfiture. They may plunge not only their thumbs but their whole hands and arms into the 'pie' they essay to monopolise; but as a rule, with almost no exceptions, they have to draw back empty-handed.

The word 'Corner' in its commercial application is of American origin, and along with that other mysterious word 'Syndicate,' is doubtless sufficiently perplexing to non-commercial readers. The prominence and the frequency of the appearance of both words in the newspapers indicate a strange commercial tendency of the day. That tendency is to amalgamate the hazardous element of speculation with the legitimate fabric of steady industry. Once upon a time, speculators formed a distinct class, apart from sober merchants and plodding manufacturers. They had their uses; for none but shallow thinkers will dismiss speculation in one general sweep as immoral and evil; but they were a distinctly marked class by themselves; not distinctly marked, perhaps, to the outer world, but clearly enough defined for those engaged in commercial pursuits. But now there exists no such definite line of demarcation. The speculative element enters into every branch of trade industry; and by the speculative element we do not mean the perfectly legitimate exercise of foresight or experience which enables a business man to anticipate events which raise or depress the market values of the commodities in which he is interested, but the desire and attempt to be the motor, or one of the motors, in such movements. It is one thing to buy heavily of a commodity because your instinct or your information or your experience teaches you that a comparative scarcity, and consequent dearness, of the commodity will shortly occur. It is quite another thing to buy up a commodity for the purpose of creating a scarcity for your own benefit. It is one thing, again, to sell out as quickly as you can such stocks as you hold of a commodity which you see reason to think will be depressed in value later on. It is another thing to sell in advance a commodity which you do not possess, in the hope of buying it cheaper; or to sell out heavily what you do possess, in order to frighten others to sell also, that you may buy back again at a still lower price than you sold.

There must always be some amount of speculation in every department of commerce and industry. The shipbuilder, for instance, must to some extent speculate on a continuance or otherwise of the level of wages, or of the prices of iron, at the time he makes a contract for a vessel. The manufacturer who buys a quantity of raw cotton must speculate on the chances of the market enabling him to sell the products of the cotton when manufactured. The merchant must speculate on the solvency of his buyers, and his sellers even, when he concurrently buys and sells a cargo of goods. And so on all through the gamut of commerce. But these are the ordinary daily risks of trade, which it is the business of a trader to estimate and provide for. Quite other is the form of a speculation of modern development. We do not say it is of modern origin, for men have not varied very much either in character or in practice since commerce began; but its development is modern, and its application is modern.

This modern phase has made current two curious words—'Corner' and 'Syndicate.' The latter is of Latin origin, and was not unknown in old-world commerce. Then it meant the combination of a number of merchants for the consummation of a venture beyond the means or the inclinations of any one of them. The Dutch merchants were fond of forming syndicates for large trading purposes; and the East India Company, Hudson's Bay Company, and many other concerns of our own time which have now attained the dimensions and the dignity of public corporations, had a similar origin. The syndicate

system had in it the germ of the joint-stock Company system; but although each member subscribed a certain amount, which he would advance, or for which he would be liable, his liability could not always be restricted thereto. The uncertainty in this respect evolved the limited liability principle now so common. But the syndicates of to-day are of somewhat different character; they are usually combinations of capitalists to bring about changes in the markets for commodities or stocks for a specific purpose. In this manner they are the parents of 'Corners.'

The word Corner is probably also of Latin origin. It suggests *cornu*, a horn—a thing which terminates in an angle, where is a secret and retired place. The phrase 'To make a Corner,' however, is one of purely American origin, and it is suggestive enough. It implies the concentrating of some object into a limited area, from which there shall be but one egress, of which the Cornerers hold the key. It suggests something like the gathering of a Highland sheep-farm, where the animals are irresistibly driven in from widely distributed spots to one small 'fank.' It suggests the bag or drawer of the thrifty housewife, into which is gathered all actually or potentially useful articles. It suggests the commonplace book of the wide-reading and much-writing journalist. It suggests also the old teapot, the lucky stocking, and the Savings-bank. But it is different from all these.

For there are two kinds of Corners, in the commercial sense. There is the Corner into which you may drive others, and the Corner into which you may retire yourself. Of the former, the best illustration we can recall is that of the operation in the Stock of the Hannibal and St Joseph Railroad, which took place in New York a year or so ago. Certain astute and light-principled men in Wall Street became aware that another habitué of the same circle was selling this Stock rather heavily, in the belief that it was too high, and would soon be lower. In short, he was doing what in the lingo of the mart is called 'bearing.' The railroad is a small one, and the amount of Stock comparatively small. It was easy enough, therefore, for a few of his competitors to form a 'syndicate' to buy up all the stock in existence, so that when the period came for the seller to implement his sales, the wherewithal was unobtainable except from them. We need scarcely say that the operators in the Stock markets daily buy and sell securities which they intend neither to take nor to give; they merely propose to take or to pay the difference in price which may exist at a certain future day of settlement. But it is always in the option of a buyer to insist on the delivery of the actual stock, if he really wants it; and then the seller must provide it, at whatever cost. The cunning buyers of the Hannibal stock did not want it, and indeed they paid for much of it far beyond its real value, because every purchase they made raised its price in the market. What they wanted was to place the original seller, or 'bear,' in a Corner; and this they effectually did. They forced up the price to, let us say, three hundred dollars—we forget the exact figures, but they are immaterial—of what the seller had sold at, say, ninety dollars. And worse than that, when the day of settlement came, the seller could not obtain stock at any price whatever. He was completely 'cornered,' and had eventually to pay the difference which the keen 'bulls' chose to exact. But with the sequel comes the moral. Having exacted all they could out of the unfortunate seller, they found *themselves* in a Corner. They were possessed of a quantity of Stock which they did not want, and which nobody else wanted at anything like the prices they had paid for it. They had to sell, and with every sale the price came tumbling down, so that ultimately, we believe, their loss upon their own purchases exceeded considerably what they had extracted from the poor man they put in 'a Corner.'

Then there is the Corner into which you go yourself. Messrs John Horner and Company of Chicago form the impression that, let us say, pigs' bristles might, could, would, or should advance in price. They determine that bristles shall; and set to work to buy all they can lay their hands on, and to contract for future delivery of as much as they can get any one to sell. Of course, the price advances, and this the more rapidly in proportion as their purchases extend; but the unfortunate thing—for them—is, that they are themselves the principal, if not the sole, purchasers at the enhanced rates. By-and-by they become the masters of all, or nearly all, the available supply of pigs' bristles; they have 'made a Corner,' and in the American phraseology, they 'control' the market. But markets are rather unmanageable affairs, after all, as Messrs John Horner and Company find when they have to realise in order to pay for their later purchases; or when, if they have been rich enough to pay and lie out of the money, they want to realise their profit.

The effect is still more pronounced when the Corner is attempted in one of the staples of commerce, such as wheat or cotton, the supplies of which are not confined to one spot, and are practically illimitable. For such huge Corners as these, combinations of several firms are needed in order to provide the money; and the reverse, when it comes, is therefore more widespread and disastrous. The Wheat Corner in Chicago, at the beginning of 1882, was a remarkable instance of audacity and also of recklessness in this species of speculation; and the effects of the tremendous collapse have not yet worn off. A still more recent example was the Lard Corner in the same city, which collapsed in June of last year, and the sweeping out of which brought down several firms in other parts of the States. But we must not conclude that operations of this kind are confined to America; we have them in this country also; and not very long ago, a bold and very nearly successful Corner was made in Liverpool in cotton, which produced a good deal of moralising and very heavy losses.

It is often a delicate matter to define what is legitimate and what is illegitimate speculation; but of the moral aspect of Corners there can be little doubt. They are bold and entirely selfish attempts to produce artificial scarcity, to the prejudice of the many, and for the benefit of the few. They essay to overset the operation of the inevitable and just law of supply and demand. They are therefore wrong in morals, and false in economics. They are not examples of trading,

in the proper meaning of the term; they are merely specimens of inordinate gambling. They disorganise commerce, because they divert streams of commodities from ordinary channels, which it has taken the labour of years to create; and they disorganise finance, by deranging the exchanges between countries, through the concentration of commodities and money which should be circulating. Their immediate effect is to inflict a large loss upon the commercial centres, not only directly of the countries in which they occur, but also indirectly upon other countries. This is readily capable of demonstration, but is too technical a question to enter upon here.

In the old days of British commerce, the practice called 'forestalling' was a penal offence. Forestalling is defined by M'Culloch as 'the buying or contracting for any cattle, provision, or merchandise on its way to the market, or dissuading persons from sending their goods there, or persuading them to raise the price, or spreading any false rumour with intent to enhance the value of any article.' The penalties enacted by various statutes were very severe; but they were repealed in 1772. There was also a practice described in the old statutes as 'engrossing,' which meant simply the buying up of corn and other provisions in order to raise the prices thereof. Although the Acts referring to this practice were repealed, we believe that 'engrossing' is still an indictable offence at common law. As a matter of fact, however, no indictment is ever made, and if made, no conviction would ever follow. In his exhaustive article on the Corn-laws, Mr M'Culloch showed very ably how the speculations of merchants who buy up corn in times of abundance react to the benefit of the community in times of scarcity; and how in times of scarcity similar speculations operate to prevent waste and to induce economy. But there is some considerable difference between the operations referred to by M'Culloch and those which we have under review just now.

The unwholesome effects of Corners, and the dangerous features they lend to commerce, are so powerfully felt in the United States, that the legislative bodies of the States of Illinois and New York—States where the evil is most prevalent—have been seriously considering how to counteract them. Each assembly had before it a Bill for rendering these operations illegal, and punishable by heavy penalties. It is exceedingly doubtful, however, if either of the Bills will ever become law; and it is not by any means manifest that legislation on the subject is desirable. The hand of the law is rarely interposed to stay the stream of commerce without producing more evils than it seeks to prevent. That stream often gets into muddy and unhealthy, even dangerous channels; but it has a recuperative power within itself greater than any which can be applied extraneously. The moral effects of Corners are bad upon all engaged in them, and they inflict hardship and loss upon many innocent people, as a consequence of the solidarity of all social affairs. The commercial effects also are bad, as we have shown; and herein lies the chief hope of reform. We cannot recall a single instance of a Corner—and we have been acquainted with the inner history of a good many of the species—which did not result in overthrow and disaster, sooner or later, to those in it. Either the operation attempted is too gigantic for the means at command; or success in the first steps feeds the appetite for gain, and blinds the operators to the attendant risks, so that they go too far; or they become timid, and do not go far enough. In the glow of extensive buying, the effects of the ultimate sales are always under-estimated. The object of a Corner is to buy in order to sell at some future time; and when the selling begins, the downfall of prices is always more rapid than the advance, and then the Corner is swept clean not only of the commodities, but also of those who put them in. And as there is about almost every evil some germ of good, we must not forget that the effect of a Corner is often to stimulate supplies of the commodity 'cornered,' in other regions, and the world is benefited by the increase of productive wealth. This, however, is an accident, and in no way justifies the creation of Corners, which are dark, malodorous, unhealthy, and altogether detestable features in the commercial structure. Public opinion, and the conviction that not only will he not bring out a plum, but that also he may possibly have to leave his skin behind him, will ultimately, we hope, have more effect in keeping the modern John Horner out of a Corner, than legislative enactment is likely to do.

BY MEAD AND STREAM.

CHAPTER XXVII.—WHY IS SHE SO?

THERE never was a man who felt more buoyant on learning that his name had been set down in a will for a handsome legacy than Philip felt on learning that he had been cut out of one. First, it was the right thing to do: he was sure of that, the circumstances considered; next, it had helped to render this interview, which he had expected to be so painful, a pleasant one. Thus he was enabled to speed with a gay heart to Madge, carrying the happy tidings, that in spite of the awkward position he occupied between his uncle and father, he seemed to be more in accord with the latter, and certainly much more in his confidence, than he had been at any previous time.

He took a short-cut through the Forest—the way was too well known to him for him to lose it; and besides, the evening was not dark to his young eyes, although some black flying clouds helped the skeleton trees to make curious silhouettes across his path. Then swiftly down by the river-side, catching glimpses of stars flickering in the rippling water, and his steps keeping time to its patter, as it broke upon the stones or bulging sedges.

As he was crossing the stile at the foot of the meadow, he caught the sound of whispering voices from the direction of the 'dancing beeches.' A lovers' tryst, no doubt, and the voices were very earnest. He smiled, and quickened his pace without looking back. He, too, was a lover.

At the house he found Aunt Hessy alone in the oak parlour, where the customary substantial tea was laid, instead of in the ordinary living-room. That was suggestive of company. Aunt

Hessy had on her Sunday cap and gown. That also was suggestive of company.

'Going to have some friends with you to-night?' he said gaily.

'Thou art a friend, and here,' she answered, with her quiet welcoming smile; 'but I do expect another—that is, Mr Beecham.'

'What! you have persuaded the shy gentleman to become your guest at last? Do you know how I account for his shyness?—he saw you at church, and fell in love with you. That's how it is, and he won't come here because he was afraid of you. Lovers are always shy—at first.'

'Thou art a foolish lad, Philip, and yet no shining example of the shyness of lovers. Were they all like thee, no maiden would lose a sweetheart for lack of boldness on his part. Art not ashamed?'

'I am, Aunt Hessy,' he answered with his boyish laugh, 'ashamed that you cannot understand how we are all your lovers—and ought to be.'

'That will do.' But although she spoke with much decision in her tone, there was no displeasure in her comely face. She understood him.

'I won't say another word, except to ask you how you have conquered Mr Beecham?'

'Ah, but we are not sure that we have conquered him yet. He was with Dick this morning, and gave him some help with the cattle. Dick is in the barn with them now, for he is afraid there's trouble coming to them.'

'And I suppose he is angrier than ever about the live-stock brought into the market from abroad?'

'It is making him anxious, and with reason. Well, he wanted his friend to come and take dinner; but Mr Beecham said he would rather come in some evening soon and take tea with us. So, in the afternoon I sent Madge off to the village, and bade her *make* him come this evening. I don't know what's come of her. She's been away more than three hours, and she is not one to loiter on the road.'

'Which way do you think they'll come?' asked Philip, rising quickly from his seat.

'By the meadows, of course. She never comes round by the road except when driving.'

'I'll go and meet them.'

But before he could move, they heard the front-door open.

'That's her,' said the dame, gladly expectant.

Madge entered the parlour alone; and Philip was surprised to note that she seemed to be a little startled by something—his presence perhaps. Next, he was surprised to note that she looked pale and excited.

'Thou hast not persuaded our friend to come to us, then,' said the dame, disappointed, and not observing Madge so closely as Philip.

'Has anything happened Madge?—What has frightened you?' he said quickly, taking her hands and gazing into her eyes.

'Nothing has frightened me, Philip,' she answered hurriedly, and with a remote sign of irritability at her present condition being noticed. 'I have been running up the meadows, and I daresay I am flushed a little.'

'Flushed!—Why, you are as white as if you had seen a ghost.'

'Well, perhaps I have seen a ghost. Would you like to go and look for it?'

She withdrew her hands and went to her aunt.

Philip stood still, surprised and puzzled, and a little distressed. It was such a new experience to see Madge nervous and irritable—she who was always so calm and clear-sighted when other people lost their heads—that he did not know what to make of it. And then there was such impatience in the way she had snapped up what he considered a very natural remark for any one who looked at her steadily for a moment. Her eyes had not met his in the usual clear, trustful way: they seemed to avoid his gaze, and she had turned from him as if he annoyed her! Why was she so?

'I had to wait some time for Mr Beecham, aunt,' Madge said. Her voice was husky, and unlike any sound Philip had heard her produce before. 'Then we were talking a long time together, and that is what has made me so late. He says he cannot come this evening. I told him how much you wished him to come, and he said he would have liked very much to do so, but could not. . . . I am afraid I have caught a cold. . . . I did my best to get him to come, but he would not. . . . My head is aching, aunt; I think I shall go up-stairs.'

The dame was now as much surprised as Philip by the curious manner of her niece; but she did not show it. She lifted off the girl's hat, passed her hand gently over the hot brow, and said soothingly: 'Yes, child, you had better go up-stairs; and I will come to you in a few minutes. I don't believe you have changed your boots since the morning. Go up-stairs at once.'

'I will try and come down again, Philip,' she said, tenderly touching his arm as she passed, to console him for that little irritability.

'All right, Madge; I'll wait,' he answered cheerfully.

She passed out, and there was a yelping of dogs heard at the same time. In rushed Dash and Rover and Tip, followed by their master.

'I am as hungry as a hawk, mother, and so are the dogs,' exclaimed Uncle Dick, after saluting Philip. 'I can't wait for anybody.—Sit down, lad, and eat.'

The dame served them, and then quietly left the room.

Philip ate, and heard Uncle Dick speaking as if from a far distance; but all the time he was perpetually asking himself—'Why is she so?'

SUICIDE.

THE term 'suicide' is almost universally applied to all acts of self-destruction, and equally indiscriminately to all perpetrators thereof, no distinction being made as to their state of mind at the time of killing themselves. It is in this popularly understood sense that we have used the word throughout this article. From a legal point of view, however, the term can only be correctly employed to denote the self-murder (*felonia de se*) of a sane and legally responsible person. A lunatic cannot in a legal sense commit suicide, though he may destroy himself. A

suicide, or *felo de se*, is in the eye of the law a criminal, and was formerly 'punished' by being buried at midnight at the meeting of four cross-roads, a stake being driven through the body. Since 1823, this *post mortem* punishment has been limited to simple interment at night in unconsecrated ground without any of the rites of Christian burial; and even this has but seldom to be carried out, owing to the charity, and perhaps also to the want of knowledge, of coroners' juries, who generally find that the act has been committed during a fit of temporary insanity.

Among the ancients, suicide was very frequently resorted to, sometimes for the most trivial reasons, and was considered part of their code of religion and honour. By the Romans especially, it was regarded quite in the light of a national custom, and by their laws a man was justified in killing himself when worn out by lasting pain or lingering disease, or burdened with a load of debt, or even from sheer weariness of life (*tædium vitæ*). His will was valid; and if intestate, his heirs succeeded him. Among the illustrious individuals of former times who quitted this world voluntarily and prematurely, we find the names of Demosthenes, Antony and Cleopatra, Cato, Hannibal, Cassius and Brutus, and many others. Suicide was looked upon as a cardinal virtue by the Stoics, whose founder, Zeno, hanged himself at the ripe old age of ninety-eight. The custom was also highly commended by Lucretius and the Epicureans. The philosophers of old spoke of it as 'a justifiable escape from the miseries of life;' and as 'the greatest indulgence given to man;' Diogenes even going so far as to declare that 'the nearer to suicide the nearest to virtue.'

The ideas of the ancients concerning this practice underwent a great change after the time of Constantine the Great, with the advancement of the Christian religion, which has always discouraged suicide, and regarded it as one of the degrees of murder. During the middle ages, when religious sentiment was predominant, instances of self-destruction were few and far between, these few being mostly caused by the monotony of monastic life; but with the Renaissance was revived a modified form of Stoicism, with, of course, a return of suicide. In More's *Utopia*, the inhabitants of the happy republic, when, from sickness or old age, they are become a burden to themselves and to all about them, are exhorted—but in nowise compelled—by their priests to deliver themselves voluntarily from their 'prison and torture,' or to allow others to effect their deliverance. To the somewhat melancholy tendency of the Elizabethan period and the psychological studies of Shakspeare, succeeded a long period of calm; but towards the end of the eighteenth century began, with *Werther*—who has been called 'Hamlet's posthumous child'—the era of modern suicidal melancholy. This differs essentially from the suicidal era of the ancients, being psychical rather than physical. Whereas theirs was born of sheer exhaustion and satiety, with want of belief in a future state of existence, that of the present day is the melancholy of a restless and unceasingly analysing soul, eternally brooding over the insoluble problems 'Whence?' and 'Whither?' which disordered state not unfrequently leads to incapacity for action, and finally to inability to live.

It is a very prevalent but erroneous belief that suicide is invariably preceded by insanity. Self-destruction is always an *unnatural* act, and a violation of the laws of nature, but is not, therefore, necessarily an *insane* act. On the contrary, a large minority—some authorities say the majority—of suicidal acts are perpetrated by persons who cannot be called other than sane, though their mental state is indisputably more or less abnormal at the time, and the organic action of the brain and nervous system sometimes in a state of excitement bordering on real pathological irritation. Dr Wynter affirms the suicidal impulse to be 'an inexplicable phenomenon on the borderlands of insanity;' the power of the will to conquer any impulse is the sole difference between a healthy and an unsound mind. But self-destruction is not, as a rule, the outcome of a mere impulse, but an act of longer or shorter deliberation, and brought about by some cause, which may be either real or imaginary; and here we have the simple test for distinguishing between sane and insane suicides, namely, the absence or presence of delusions. Outside of insanity, the passions and emotions are generally at the root of self-murder; remorse, dread of exposure and punishment, long wearing sorrow or disease, or hopeless poverty, are the usual causes for an act which is generally regarded with far too great equanimity, and occasionally even with commiseration, being looked upon as 'a catastrophe rather than a crime,' although condemned by the religion and laws of the land. With lunatics, the causes inciting to the act are mainly if not wholly imaginary, or delusional; they often fancy they hear voices perpetually urging them to destroy themselves, and these supposed supernatural commands they generally obey sooner or later. Men in prosperous circumstances have frequently been known to make away with themselves from *fear* of poverty and want; others have perhaps committed some trifling act of delinquency, which they magnify into an unpardonable offence, only to be expiated by death. Some insane persons will kill those dear to them, especially their own children, before destroying themselves, probably with the view of preserving them from so wretched a lot as they conceive their own to be. There is usually previous ill health and depression, with great desire for solitude, in these cases of suicide by the insane, many of which could be prevented by the timely exercise of proper care and supervision, as is clearly shown by their mostly occurring among those lunatics who are not under proper restraint.

Melancholia is the name given to that form of delusional insanity, or partial moral mania, which chiefly manifests itself in a desire for self-destruction. Hypochondriacs may be said to be in the first stage of this, and in the first stage very fortunately most of them remain. They feel death

would be a blessing, and are constantly talking about killing themselves; but they are very irresolute, and if they do summon up courage enough to make the attempt, it is generelly abortive, and is not repeated.

Equally devoid of foundation is the assertion so persistently made by foreigners, and at last almost believed in by ourselves, that England is the land of suicide. Frenchmen especially seem seriously to entertain the idea that we are always ready to blow out our brains in a fit of the spleen, caused by our much-maligned climate, and general dullness and lack of amusement! In point of fact, Paris itself is the headquarters of self-destruction, and its Morgue one of the principal and most frequented show-places of the city. The cases there are much more numerous in proportion to the number of the population than in this country, and have been variously estimated at from three to five times as many; but there is not the publicity afforded them in the Parisian press that is given them by our own widely circulated daily and weekly papers. As a proof that climate has but little connection with the tendency to commit suicide, it may be pointed out that the inhabitants of damp and foggy Holland, a 'country that draws fifty foot of water,' are by no means addicted to self-slaughter. The buoyant, light-hearted Irish are, with the exception perhaps of the Neapolitans, the least suicidal people in Europe.

In what may be designated, as compared with European countries, the topsy-turvy nations of China and Japan, suicide is quite an institution, and is apparently looked upon as a fine art; so much so, that in the latter country the sons of people of quality exercise themselves in their youth for five or six years, in order that they may kill themselves, in case of need, with grace and elegance. If a functionary of the Japanese government has incurred disgrace, he is allowed to put an end to his own life, which spares him the ignominy of punishment at the hands of others, and secures the reversion of his place to his son. All government officials are provided with a habit of ceremony, made of hempen cloth, necessary for such an occasion; the sight of this garment must serve, we should think, as a perpetual *memento mori*, and as a warning not to stray from the right path. As soon as the order commanding suicide has been communicated to a culprit, he invites his friends to a feast, and takes formal leave of them; then, the order of the court having been read over to him, he makes his 'last dying speech and confession,' draws his sabre, and cuts himself across the body or rips himself up, when a confidential servant at once strikes off his head. In China also, the regulations for self-destruction are rigorously defined and carried out; a mandarin who can boast of the peacock's feather is graciously allowed to choke himself by swallowing gold-leaf; while one of less lofty rank, who is only able to sport a red button on his cap, is obliged to rest content with the permission to strangle himself with a silken cord. In India, the voluntary self-immolation of widows on their deceased husbands' funeral pyres was, until recently, a universal practice, and still takes place occasionally in secret, though very properly discouraged by the government. In some parts of the East Indies the natives vow suicide in return for boons solicited from their idols; and in fulfilment of this vow, fling themselves from lofty precipices, and are dashed to pieces. Or they will destroy themselves after having had a quarrel with any one, in order that their blood may lie at their adversary's door.

Contrary to the generally received opinion, the spring and summer are the seasons when suicides most abound. The months of March, June, and July are those chiefly affected by males for this purpose; while females seem to prefer September, the much-abused November, and January. The time of day chosen for the deed is usually either early morning or early evening. The tendency to suicide varies with the occupation, and is said to be twice as great among artisans as it is among labourers; it is certainly much greater in cities than in rural districts, and increases with the increase of civilisation and education. The fact that married people are much less prone to self-destruction than the unmarried may be accounted for by the theory of natural selection, as it is usually, and especially with women, only the more healthy both in mind and body who enter the married state; while the fact of suicides among males being always so much more numerous than among females is perhaps to a certain extent to be explained by the former having a wider choice of means at their disposal, and ready at hand. Women, as a rule, prefer to put an end to their lives by drowning; and as they may have to travel a long distance before being able to accomplish their design, it is not unlikely that they may sometimes repent and alter their minds before their journey's end. Again, people who throw themselves into the water are not unfrequently rescued before life is extinct, and restored. Unless insane, they are probably cured by the attempt, and will not renew it, the mind having regained its self-control. Suicide is but rarely met with in old people, and is also very uncommon in children, although instances are recorded of quite young children hanging or drowning themselves on being reproved or punished for some venial fault.

An ill-directed education and certain objectionable descriptions of literature favour the disposition to self-destruction. The propensity is most strongly marked in those persons who are of a bilious or of a nervous temperament.

Some would-be suicides resolve to kill themselves in a particular way, and may have to wait years for an opportunity; others will make use of the first mode of destruction that presents itself. Taylor says: 'The sight of a weapon or of a particular spot where a previous suicide has been committed, will often induce a person, who may hitherto have been unsuspected of any such disposition, at once to destroy himself.' Individuals conscious of their liability to commit self-murder would do well, therefore, to avoid that 'sight of means to do ill deeds' which might lead to the 'ill deed' being 'done' in a sudden fit of depression or frenzy.

The publicity afforded by newspapers to any remarkable case of suicide, with full description of details, has unquestionably a pernicious effect, not only by suggesting a means to those already predisposed to the act, but also by its tending to lessen the natural horror of self-murder inherent in the human mind. Example has

avowedly a great influence in exciting the propensity to suicide; and a man who cannot justify the rash act to his own conscience, will find excuses for it in the examples of others. This imitative propensity may even amount to an epidemic, as at Versailles in 1793, when no fewer than thirteen hundred persons destroyed themselves. Some years ago, the Hôtel des Invalides, Paris, was the scene of one of these outbreaks; one of the invalids hanged himself on a crossbar of the institution; and in the ensuing fortnight, six or seven others followed his example on the same bar, the epidemic being only stopped by the governor having the passage closed.

Insane people will sometimes display great ingenuity and perseverance in the means by which they choose to put an end to themselves. They are very determined; and if frustrated in one attempt, will make others, perhaps all in different ways; and unless very strictly guarded, will generally succeed at last in effecting their purpose. An instance of almost incredible determination to die is that of a French gentleman who dug a trench in a wood and lay in it sixteen days, writing down in a journal each day the state of his feelings. From this journal it appeared that he suffered greatly, at first from hunger, and afterwards from thirst and cold. He left his trench, and got a little water from the pump of an inn near the wood on the sixth night; and this he continued to do until the tenth day, when he was too weak to stir. He ceased to write on the fifteenth day; and on the sixteenth he was discovered by a countryman, who tried—but in vain—to restore him. He died on the eighteenth day.

The heredity of suicide, though not universally conceded, is admitted by most authorities, and according to some, the tendency to self-destruction is more disposed to be hereditary than any other form of insanity. Certainly a great number of those who put an end to their own lives are members of families in which instances of suicide or insanity have previously occurred, and the propensity is usually most strong at some particular age. Dr Gall mentions the case of a Frenchman of property who killed himself, leaving a large sum of money to be divided among his seven children. None of these met with any real misfortunes in life, but all succumbed, before attaining their fortieth year, to the mania for suicide.

Intemperance, the root of half the idiocy and a considerable percentage of the insanity of the country, is also largely contributory to the rapidly increasing number of cases of self-murder. In the French classification, which is 'generally admitted to be pretty true of all countries,' fifteen per cent. are put down to drink; while thirty-four per cent. are attributed to insanity, twenty-three per cent. to grief, and twenty-eight per cent. to various other causes.

Suicide, whether regarded as a crime or a disease, is in all cases a rash, ill-advised act of impatience. Napoleon—who, when his misfortunes reached a climax, declared he had not 'enough of the Roman in him' for suicide—described it as an act of cowardice, a running away from the enemy before being defeated. Perhaps the best safeguards against it are domestic ties and the sense of responsibility and accountability. Very few instances of self-destruction occur among prudent hard-working heads of families who have insured their lives.

CHEWTON-ABBOT.

IN THREE CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER II.

Mrs Abbot drove home in her stately carriage thinking deeply. Her mind was tolerably easy. She knew there was little chance of a young man's love living through years of absence and silence. Frank would go into the great world, and gaze on many a fair face during that time; till the beautiful face of Millicent Keene—for even Mrs Abbot could not gainsay the girl's beauty—would gradually fade from his thoughts. He would taste the cup of ambition; he would see what power and station meant in the world, and would soon laugh to scorn his boyish dream. He would very quickly realise the difference between Abbot of Chewton Hall and plain Frank Abbot, who had to earn the bread to keep a wife, be she ever so charming. In fact, the thoughts of Mrs Abbot in her carriage and Miss Keene on her sofa were almost identical, although the words which expressed them differed.

Save for one thing, Mrs Abbot's reflections were very comforting. The drawback was that she felt lowered in her own eyes. She had made a mistake, and had been treated with contumely. The victory was hers, but she had not won it herself. It was not her cleverness, but the girl's right-mindedness which would bring about the separation. She blamed herself for having misread the girl's character, and found her honest indignation at the imputation that her love for Frank was influenced by his possessions, mortifying to think of. Still, matters had turned out well. She would have the satisfaction of telling her husband that all was, or would be, at an end—that the hope of the Abbots would not marry nobody's daughter. So busy was she with these thoughts, that she did not notice, when some three miles outside the smoky town of Bristol, a horseman approaching. Upon seeing him, her coachman gathered up the reins preparatory to stopping his horses; but, as the rider made a negative gesture, he simply touched his hat and drove on; whilst Frank Abbot and his mother passed, neither apparently noticing the other.

He was a handsome young fellow, and without a cent to his name might have given many a wealthy competitor long odds in the race for a girl's heart. Tall and broad-shouldered—clever face, with deep-set eyes, large chin, and firm lips. He sat his horse gracefully, looking every inch a gentleman and an Englishman. Not, one would say, the man to win a woman's love, and throw it aside at the bidding of father or mother. Not the man to do a thing hastily and repent the deed at his leisure. Rather, a man who, when once engaged in a pursuit, would follow it steadfastly to the end, whatever that end might be. It was scarcely right that Millicent Keene should allow fear to mingle with her grief at the approaching long separation from her lover. She should have looked into that handsome power-

ful face and understood that years would only mould the boy's intention into the man's determination.

Naturally, he was at the present moment rather down-hearted. His mother, having learned his secret, had refused him sympathy or aid. Too well he knew she was to be swayed neither by entreaty nor argument. He was now riding over to Clifton to reiterate his love to Millicent, and to consult as to future steps. As he passed the carriage, he wondered what had brought his mother in that direction. She had not mentioned her intention of going to the town, nor had she asked for his escort as usual. Could it be possible that she had driven over to visit Millicent? If so, he knew it boded ill; so, pricking on as fast as he could, he reached Clifton just as the girl had grown more calm and had washed away the traces of her recent tears.

Frank was terribly upset by her recital of the events of the morning. Although she did not repeat the whole conversation, he knew his mother well enough to be able to supply what Millicent passed lightly over. The proposed separation was a thunderstroke to him. In vain he entreated the girl to reconsider her determination. The promise was made, and her pride alone would insure her keeping it. Of course Frank vowed, after the usual manner of lovers, that love would grow stronger in absence; and as he thoroughly believed what he vowed, his vows were very consoling to the girl. He declared he also would go to Australia; marry Millicent, and take to sheep-farming, leaving the paternal acres to shift for themselves. All this and many other wild things the young fellow said; but the end was a sorrowful acquiescence in the separation, tempered by the firm resolve of claiming her in four years' time in spite of any home opposition. Having settled this, the heir of the Abbots rode home in a state of open rebellion against his parents.

This they were quite prepared for, and had, like sensible people, made up their minds to endure his onslaught passively. His mother made no reply to his reproaches; his father took no notice of his implied threats; but both longed for the time to come when Miss Keene would sail to distant shores and the work of supplanting her might begin.

About one thing Frank was firm, and Millicent, perhaps, did not try to dissuade him from it. Until they were bound to part, he would see her every day. Mr and Mrs Abbot knew why his horse was ordered every morning, and whence that horse bore him at eve; but they said nothing.

The fatal day came soon enough. Frank went down to Plymouth to see the very last of his love; and the mighty steamship *Chimborazo* bore away across the deep seas one of the sweetest and truest girls that ever won a man's heart. A week after she sailed, Frank Abbot started on his continental tour.

'I don't care much about it,' he said to himself, dolefully enough; 'but it may help to make some of the time pass quicker. Four years, my darling! How long it seems!'

'He will see the world,' said Mrs Abbot, 'and learn that a pretty face is not everything.'

'He will fall in and out of love with a dozen girls before he returns,' said Mr Abbot cynically.

It has been before stated that for many years there had been little change in either the possessions or the position of the Abbots of Chewton-Abbot; but, like other people, they had occasional windfalls. Some years after Mr Abbot succeeded to the estate, a new branch of a large railway passed through an outlying part of his land, and he who made it a boast of never selling or mortgaging a single acre, was compelled, by the demands of public convenience and commerce, to part with what the railway wanted. Of course he obtained a good round sum as compensation. This lay for a long time at his banker's, waiting for any contiguous land which might come into the market. After a while, as no fields which he wished to add to his own were open to buyers, at his wife's suggestion he sought for another and more profitable investment, and in an evil hour became the proprietor of fifty shares in a bank, whose failure has now become historical. He bought these shares at a premium; whilst he held them, they went to a much higher premium, but no doubt the same tenacity which led him to cling to his acres made him keep to the same investment. The high rate of interest also was very useful, and kept another horse or two in the stables.

We can all remember the astonishment we felt that black day when the news of the stoppage of that particular bank was flashed from end to end of the kingdom, and how, afterwards, the exposure of the reckless conduct of its directors, and of the rotten state in which the concern had been for years, sent a cold shudder down the back of every holder of bank stock.

Mr Abbot was not a man of business. He did not at once realise what being the registered owner of these fifty shares meant. He denounced the roguery of the directors, and vowed that if ever again he had money to spare, into land it should go, nowhere else. He had an idea that no more than the money which he had invested would be lost; but when, after a few days, he gathered from the newspapers the true meaning of unlimited liability, his heart grew sick within him. The rental of his estate was about six thousand a year; so, when call after call was made on the shareholders, William Abbot knew that he was a ruined man, and lamented his folly for not having entailed the estates. Lands, house, furniture, plate, all came to the hammer; and so far as county people and landed gentry, the Abbots were extinct. Mrs Abbot had a jointure of some five hundred a year, on which the unfortunate couple were fain to live as best they could. They took a house at Weymouth, and in that retired watering-place mourned their woes in genteel obscurity.

So Frank Abbot came back from Switzerland to begin the world on his own account, with nothing but a college degree, a perfect constitution, and a few hundred pounds scraped together by the sale of his personal effects. How should he earn his living? He was sorely tempted to emigrate. He had the frame and muscles for hard work, and outdoor life would suit him. Yet he shrank from the idea of giving up as beaten in his native land. Other men had made their way; why should not he? He felt a consciousness of a certain ability which necessity

might force into full play. His mother suggested the church. 'A clergyman of good family can always marry a rich wife, and that you are bound to do now.' Frank shrugged his broad shoulders, and thought sadly of his promised wife, so many thousands of miles away. Eventually, he decided to read for the bar. He knew it would be slow and dreary work to win success there—that for many years he must be prepared to endure penury; but a career might be made. If a hundred fail, one succeeds—why should he not be that one?

Millicent must be told the bad news. He had no right to keep a girl's love during all the years which must elapse before he could offer her a home. He must at least release her from her vows. If—and as he believed it would be—she refused to be released, they must wait and hope. Now that the reality of marrying on nothing came home to him, he saw what it meant—what misery it must entail. Now that the earning his own living, of which he had spoken so bravely when there was no need of his doing so, was forced upon him, he became quite aware of the sacrifices he must make. He was no desponding coward, and indeed had little doubt as to his ultimate success. He felt that he could bear hardship himself; but he could not bear it if Millicent must also share it. At anyrate it was right she should know the change in his fortunes. So he wrote a few words: 'My Darling—We are all ruined. I am going to try and make a living as a barrister. Of course I must now release you from every promise.' He signed his name; but before sealing the letter, could not help adding: 'But I love you more than ever.' Then he sent the letter to Millicent's aunt, and begged that it might be forwarded to her niece.

That letter never reached its destination. Whether it was mislaid or misdirected—whether a mail-bag was lost either on the voyage or on the long land journey—whether Miss Keene's aunt, who had learned what reverses had befallen the Abbots, simply threw it on the fire, will never be known. All that can be said is, Millicent never received it; and after months had passed, Frank, who was looking eagerly for the overdue answer, grew very miserable, and began to doubt the love of woman.

Five long years have passed by. Frank Abbot is now a barrister of nearly three years' standing. He works hard, is frequently on circuit, and if, as yet, he has not achieved any brilliant forensic triumph, he is neither briefless nor without hope. Some small cases have been intrusted to him, and he finds the number of these slowly but surely increasing, and knows that if the opportunity comes, and if, when it does come, he may be able to seize it and make the most of it, success may soon be his. Even now he makes enough to supply the modest wants to which he has tutored himself. But for some time after the last of his little capital had vanished, he had been hardly pressed. Indeed, in order to live at all, he had been compelled to accept some aid from his parents' reduced means. They gave this readily enough, as, with all their faults, they loved their son. Even to this day, Frank looks back with a shudder upon one or two years of his life.

The five years have changed him from a boy to a man. He is handsome as ever, but his look is more serious; his features express even more character. He has given up all dreams of the woolsack; but is conscious of possessing fair abilities, a good address, a commanding presence, and a great deal of ready self-confidence. He feels that in a few years' time he may have a home to share, if the woman he loves is still willing to share it. He has not again written to her. He has heard nothing from her, although the time by which he promised to claim her has long passed. He is, however, resolved that as soon as he sees the future fairly promising, he will seek her, and learn whether she is still true to him; or whether the sweetest episode of his life must be linked with the memory of a woman's faithlessness and inconstancy. He sighs as he thinks of the time which has elapsed since she waved him that last farewell at Plymouth. 'She may be married, years ago,' he says, 'and have three or four children by now.' Then he thinks of her steadfast eyes, and knows that he wrongs her—blames himself for his mistrust. To sum up, Frank Abbot's constancy remains firm; but he is obliged to do what thousands of other men must do, hope for better days, working, meanwhile, with might and main to bring the dawn of those better days near.

Does he regret the loss of his fortune much? Of course he does, being neither a fool nor of a superhuman nature. Many a day, as he sits in wig and gown in the stifling court, listening to learned arguments on cases in which he has not the remotest interest, his soul longs for a day with the pheasants, a run with the Duke's hounds, or a ride round the home-farm; and he anathematises all joint-stock banks as roundly as his father may be supposed to have done. But, nevertheless, Frank is not a soured man. He is somewhat grave and self-contained, but pleasant company enough to the few men whom he chooses to call his friends.

He has not been near Chewton Hall since the family downfall. It had been bought, with a great part of the furniture, by a rich London merchant, whose name, although he had heard it at the time of the sale, had slipped from his mind. Frank cared little who held it. He knew it is only in romances that a ruined family regains possession of its kingdom. Some day he intended to run down and have a look at the old place which he had loved so well; although he feared the sight would not improve the tenor of his mind, or make him less inclined to rail at Fortune.

Just about this time Frank made a new acquaintance. It was long vacation. The Lord Chief-justice was yachting; his brother-judges, Queen's Counsel, and learned leaders, were recruiting their jaded energies as it best pleased them; gay juniors had thrown their wigs into their boxes, and were away on various holiday pursuits. Frank, however, who had recently succeeded in getting some occasional work on a journal, and who hoped to get more, was still in London. One morning, a gentleman, who wished to see Mr Abbot, was shown into his chambers. The visitor was a tall middle-aged man, strongly built, well dressed, and with pleasant features. He looked like one who had led a hard life, and lines on his brow told of trouble. His hands were

large and brown—it was evident they had not been idle in their day. Not, perhaps, quite a gentleman, as we conventionally use, or abuse, that word, but a noticeable, out-of-the-common man. He gave Frank a sharp quick glance, as if trying to gauge his intellect and powers. Apparently satisfied, he took the chair offered him, and explained his errand. He had a lawsuit pending, and wished Mr Abbot to conduct the case. Frank interposed smilingly, and told his new client that it was etiquette for his instructions to come through a solicitor. He explained that a barrister and the man whose cause he pleaded must communicate through a third party. His visitor apologised for his ignorance about such matters, and said he would see his solicitor. However, after the apology was accepted, instead of bowing himself out, Mr John Jones—for by that name he called himself—entered into a general kind of conversation with Frank. He spoke easily and pleasantly on a variety of topics, and when at last he left the room, shook hands most cordially with the young man, and hoped he should meet him again soon.

'Wonder who he is?' said Frank, laughing over the sudden friendliness this stranger had exhibited. 'Anyway, I hope he'll make his solicitors send me that brief.'

However, no brief came; but for the next few days Frank Abbot was always tumbling across Mr John Jones. He met him in the street as he went to and from his chambers. Mr Jones always stopped him, shook hands, and as often as not, turned and walked beside him. Frank began to like the man. He was very amusing, and seemed to know every country under the sun. Indeed, he declared he was a greater stranger to London than to any other capital. He was a great smoker; and as soon as he found that Frank did not object to the smell of good tobacco in his chambers, scarcely a day went by without his paying him a visit and having a long chat over a cigar. Frank was bound to think that Mr John Jones had taken a great liking to him. Perhaps, the man wanted a friend. As he said, he knew no one in London, and no one knew him.

So young Abbot drifted into intimacy with this lonely man, and soon quite looked forward to the sound of his cheerful voice and the fragrance of those particularly good cigars he smoked. He even, at Mr Jones's urgent request, ran down to the seaside for a couple of days with him, and found the time pass very pleasantly in his society.

Although the young man was very reticent on the subject of his family's misfortune, Mr Jones had somehow arrived at the conclusion that he was not rolling in wealth. He made no secret of the fact that he himself was absurdly rich. 'I say, Abbot,' he remarked one day, 'if you want any money to push yourself up with, let me know.' Perhaps Mr Jones fancied that judgeships were to be bought.

'I don't want any,' said Frank shortly.

'Don't take offence. I said, if you do. Your pride—the worst part of you. It's very hard a man can only help a fellow like you by dying and leaving him money. I don't want to die just yet.'

Frank laughed. 'I want no money left me. I shouldn't take yours if you left it to me.'

'Well, you'll have to some day, you see.' Then Mr John Jones lit another cigar from the stump of the old one, and went his way; leaving Frank more puzzled than ever with his new friend.

But the next day an event occurred which drove Mr John Jones, money, and everything save one thing, out of his head: Millicent Keene was in England—in London!

When he saw her letter lying on his table, Frank Abbot feared it could not be real. It would fade away like a fairy bank-note. No; before him lay a few lines in her handwriting: 'My dear Frank—I have returned at last. I am at No. 4 Caxton Place.—Yours, Millicent Keene.'

Early as it was, he rushed out of his office, jumped into a cab, and sped away to the address she gave him.

We may pass over the raptures, the embraces, the renewed vows, the general delicious character of that long-deferred meeting. We may suppose the explanation of the lost letter accounting for the girl's silence; and we may picture her sympathy with her lover's misfortunes, and her approval of the manly way in which he had gone to work to retrieve them, in some degree. Let us imagine them very very happy, sitting hand in hand in a room at No. 4 Caxton Place; Millicent, by-the-by, looking more beautiful than ever, her charms not lessened by the look of joy in her dark eyes.

Their first transports are over. They have descended to mundane things. In fact, Frank is now telling her that he believes he can count on so many hundreds a year. What does his darling think?

Miss Keene purses up her pretty mouth and knits her brows. To judge by appearances, she might be the most mercenary young woman. Frank waits her reply anxiously.

'I think we may manage,' she says. 'I have been accustomed to poverty all my life, you know.'

Frank would have vowed to work his fingers to the bones before she should want anything; but remembering just in time that his profession worked with the tongue instead of the hands, checked himself. He thanked her with a kiss.

'When shall we be married?' he said.

She looked up at him shyly. 'Would you think it very dreadful if I said the sooner the better? In fact, Frank, I have come from Australia to marry you. If you had forgotten me, I should have gone straight back.'

'Next week?' asked Frank, scarcely believing his own happiness. 'Will next week be too soon? One advantage of being poor and living in lodgings is, that we can be married without any bother "about a house."'

Millicent gave him to understand that next week would do. She was staying with some distant relative. No one's consent had to be asked. She had told her father all. The day Frank chose, she would be his wife.

'How is your father? I forgot to ask,' said Frank.

'Much the same as ever,' answered Millicent in a way which inferred that Mr Keene's struggles to redeem fortune were as great as before.

Then she dismissed Frank until to-morrow. He went home walking on air, and, like a dutiful son, wrote to Mrs Abbot, telling her that Millicent had returned, and next week would marry him. Mrs Abbot's reply may be given here:

'My dear Frank—I *say* nothing. I am too much *horrified.* If any young man was ever called upon to marry money and build up the fallen fortunes of a family, it is you. My last hope is gone. The obstinacy of your character I know too well. If I thought I could turn you from your purpose, I would come and *kneel at your feet.* If I knew Miss Keene's address, I would make one last appeal to her. She, I believe, was a sensible young woman.—Your affectionate Mother.'

COMMON ERRORS IN DOMESTIC MEDICINE.

BY AN OLD PRACTITIONER.

Among the various passions which are inherent in the human breast, none is stronger or more evident than the desire which every one manifests to practise the healing art in some form or other, either on himself or—more frequently—on his fellow-creatures; a propensity which betrays itself in the gratuitous administration of physic, the infliction of minor surgery, or, if these suggestions be not favourably received by the patient, in copious advice of a hygienic nature. This is particularly the case with the gentler sex. Every woman is a physician at heart, and nothing is more refreshing than to sit and listen to two ladies in confidential medical conversation respecting the merits of their favourite nostrums. It is to them that homœopathy especially appeals. What more delightful spectacle can be found than that of a fair amateur 'doctress' with her book, her case of phials and little gold spoon, dispensing globules to her family, to her servants, to her neighbours, to any one and every one; and to enjoy at the same time the sweet reflection that she is not doing a particle of harm! Nevertheless, there are some not unfrequent mistakes in the application of so-called household remedies, excellent in themselves; and to call attention to these, and to a few popular fallacies on the subject of health and disease, is the object of the present paper.

Let us commence with that finest of domestic institutions, the poultice—bread, linseed, or mustard—soothing, fomenting, or stimulating, according to circumstances. There are few remedies in the pharmacopœia of wider beneficial application in surgery and medicine than this; yet terrible mischief often follows its injudicious use. A man has a cough, or his child wheezes with a 'tightness on the chest,' and on goes a poultice straightway. So far, so good; in all probability they wake up next morning greatly relieved. But the father is off to his daily business, and the child runs about and plays as usual, while—since they feel so much better—neither takes any precaution, by extra clothing or otherwise, to guard against the consequences of the poultice itself. The skin and subjacent tissues have been rendered lax by the heat and moisture, the blood-vessels are dilated, and the circulation of the part increased; to use a common expression, the 'pores' are open, and there is thus a tenfold liability to catch cold, especially in winter-time, when these things most frequently happen. Ordinary colds which are said to have 'run' into congestion of the lungs, bronchitis, or pneumonia, may often be traced to their serious or fatal termination through the *undefended* use of a poultice.

It should be borne in mind that a common poultice—such as is made of linseed meal or bread—is merely a vehicle for the application of damp heat—a continuous fomentation, in fact—and has no specific curative action. A muslin bag filled with bran, or flannels dipped in hot water, have precisely the same effect, but are not so conveniently employed, as they have to be more frequently renewed. A poultice should always be thoroughly mixed and homogeneous in consistence throughout; just so wet as to permit of its retaining the mould of the cup when turned out, but not wet enough to exude water by its own weight when lightly applied. A *hot* poultice should never be allowed to remain on after its outer part is less than the temperature of the blood, nor must it get dry and caked. As a general rule, it may be said that bread makes a better cataplasm than linseed meal, but requires to be changed oftener. There are, of course, special medical reasons in occasional cases for the preference of one or the other, but such instances scarcely come within the scope of this article. Well-mashed carrots make a capital soothing application, and a poultice composed of tea-leaves is, owing to its slight astringent action, generally suitable when one is required about the region of the eye. An abominable mixture of soap and sugar is very popular as a local remedy in some parts of England, and is credited with great 'drawing' properties. On the other hand, it is good to know that the old-fashioned liniment of hartshorn and oil is one of the best embrocations ever invented under ordinary circumstances, and that therapeutical research amongst all the drugs that the vegetable and mineral kingdoms afford has never discovered an improvement on salt and water as a gargle for simple sore throat.

What British home would *be* a home without its little roll of sticking or court plaster? How often is it that little tearful eyes look mistily down on a poor scratched finger, held carefully out in the other hand, as if there were some danger of its coming off, while mamma cuts a thin yellow strip and wraps it round the injured member with comforting words, all lamentation being temporarily reduced to an occasional sob in the interest of the operation. That the sticking-plaster exercises a fine moral effect in such a case, there can be no doubt; but I fear there is as little doubt that it often does more harm than good from a physical point of view, and this arises from the fallacious belief in it as a healing agent. The only real service that sticking-plaster does is to hold two cut surfaces together while Nature's process necessary for their union is being completed, acting for a slight wound as stitches do in a deep one. But to cover an abrasion or raw surface with it is worse than useless, as it only irritates it. The plea is often advanced that it serves to keep dust and dirt off. A bit of wet linen rag, however, would be far better for that purpose.

Most of the ordinary household cures for chilblains are well enough in their way, but an unfortunate mistake is often committed in applying certain of them, which are fit only for the chilblains in their early stage, to broken ones, setting up thereby great inflammation and producing very painful sores. A broken chilblain is a little ulcer, and must be treated as such. As for the thousand-and-one remedies in vogue for corns, it is wonderful that they should exist at all, since nine people out of ten could cure their own without any application whatever, by wearing properly fitting boots and shoes. It is irregularity of pressure which creates corns; boots which are too big being as productive of the tiny torments as tight ones. A wet rag covered with oiled silk—to retain the moisture—and bound round the corn, is one of the best cures.

A very common but reprehensible practice is that of holding a burn as close to the grate as possible, 'to draw the fire out'—not out of the fireplace—but from the injured part. It is quite feasible to conceive that such a proceeding may give ease by deadening sensation in some instances; but it by no means follows that it does good or expedites recovery—indeed, we shall see that in such a case the loss of sensation really proves further damage to the tissues. Burns have been divided by surgeons into six classes: (1) Simple scorching, sufficient only to redden the surface. (2) Blistering; the cuticle raised and forming little bladders of water. (3) The skin denuded of its cuticle. This is the most painful stage of all, as it leaves the nerve-ends exposed. (4) Destruction of the entire thickness of the skin; painless or nearly so, because the sensitive nerve-bulbs are destroyed. (5) Destruction of all the soft parts; and (6) charring of the bone—two conditions very difficult to imagine as co-existent with any remnant of life. It can thus be readily understood how a burn of the third order of magnitude can be converted by additional heat into the fourth, and temporary relief from pain purchased by transforming a trifling injury into a serious one, liable to be followed by severe illness and permanent deformity. A most mysterious cause of death after burns is the ulceration and bursting of a certain blood-vessel in the stomach. The connection between the two has never been discovered. People talk about this or that being good for a burn, but not for a scald, or *vice versâ;* but practically no distinction is to be drawn between the two, further than that, as we know the highest temperature of water, we know the utmost limit of injury in a scald, whereas there is no limit to the possibilities of a burn. To keep the air from both is the main object in treatment. Cook, who generally appears on the scene of the disaster with her flour-dredge, is a very efficient surgeon for burns and scalds of the first degree—this little scientific technicality will comfort the sufferer marvellously; but where the skin is raised or broken, something of an oily nature—Carron oil, for instance—should be substituted. Cover it up with lots of cotton-wool, as though you wished to keep it as warm as possible; and, mind, no soap and sugar on any account!

What is the origin of the popular idea that the finger-nails are poisonous to a wound? It does not do a wound much good to scratch it, or indeed touch it, but that is no reason why those useful little shields of our finger-ends should be so libelled. Whence comes the notion that to pierce a girl's ears and compel her to wear earrings improves her eyesight? Possibly this may have arisen from the fact that medical men sometimes put blisters behind the ears as counter-irritants, to relieve some chronic ophthalmic disorders. Why is a glass of hot rum-and-water with a lump of butter in it not only familiarly prescribed for but familiarly swallowed by catarrh-afflicted mankind? Speaking of colds generally, we may remark in passing that treacle posset, hot gruel, putting the feet in mustard-and-water, &c., are all capital things, but that they effect only the one object of inducing perspiration. There is nothing specifically curative about any of them. It is a mistake, however, to give spirits, negus, or any alcoholic fluids in influenza colds where there is much congestion of the mucous membranes, as it increases the incidental headache.

Some people fancy that a magnet will draw out a needle, broken off short in the hand, even when it has passed in altogether out of sight. When a medical practitioner is called upon to extract a broken needle, he usually finds that it has been driven beyond reach by injudicious squeezing and other futile home-attempts at extraction, for the lightest touch makes a needle travel. A very troublesome class of case this is, owing to the uncertainty of its exact situation, of the direction of its long axis, and of its even being there at all—each sufficient to create the disagreeable possibility of cutting into the flesh without finding it. In such a state of affairs, one might as well put a magnet in the mouth to draw one's boots on, as to expect to extract the needle by its influence. But a celebrated surgeon, Mr Marshall, has devised an ingenious application of this force for the purpose of detection. A powerful magnet is held upon the part which contains the suspected needle for some time, so as to influence it. Then a finely-hung polarised needle is suspended over it, and is immediately deflected, if any metal be concealed beneath. Never press or squeeze the flesh about a broken needle or bit of glass. If you cannot lay hold of it with the fingers or scissors, or, still better, a pair of tweezers, and pull it right out at once, keep quite still until a doctor has seen it. By so doing, you may save yourself weeks or months of pain, and even possible amputation of a limb.

Tea if taken in excess is indigestible and nerve-destroying; but in sickness this delightful fluid gives a temporary stimulus to the brain, and though possessing no feeding qualities in itself, it prevents or retards the waste of tissue—a property of considerable importance in illness where but little food is taken. Above all, the fact of being allowed one favourite beverage, albeit greatly diluted, when everything else that pertains to the routine of daily life seems interdicted or upset, has a beneficial effect on the patient, who welcomes his cup of weak tea with something of the anticipation of that refreshment and social enjoyment he derives from it under brighter circumstances.

'Is the bone broken, or only fractured, doctor?'

is an anxious question often asked apropos of an injured limb. Broken and fractured are synonymous terms in surgery, my dear madam—it is always a lady who asks this—but I think I know what you mean. A fully developed bone is rarely cracked—nearly always it snaps in two pieces—but the soft cartilaginous bones of children sometimes sustain what is called a 'green-stick fracture,' a name which almost explains itself, meaning that the bone is broken through part of its thickness, but not separated, as happens with the green bough of a tree. Many people have a totally erroneous idea, when an arm or leg is badly bruised only, that it would be better if it were broken. 'Right across the muscle, too!' implies that an injury has been received across the upper arm in the region of the biceps, that being the only 'muscle' which is honoured by general public recognition. How many people know that what they call their flesh, and the lean part of meat, is nothing but muscles, the pulleys by which every action of the body is performed? Common mistakes lie in trying to 'walk off' rheumatism, sprains, and other things which should be kept entirely at rest; and in squeezing collections of matter which have burst or been lanced, with a view to hasten their healing by the more speedy emptying of their contents.

Of late years, the Latin or other scientific equivalents for diseases have crept into general use, with the curious result that in many cases they are taken to mean different things. Scarlatina, for instance, not only sounds much nicer than scarlet fever, but is often considered to be that disease in a milder form; and the identity of pneumonia with inflammation of the lungs, or of gastric with typhoid fever, or of the various terms ending in 'itis' with the inflammation they are intended to specify, is far from being universally recognised. Abscess is a better word than 'gathering;' and though, on the other hand, 'tumour' seems very dreadful, we may find consolation in remembering that after all it only means a swelling, whatever the nature may be, from a gum-boil to a cancer. There is much in a name. Dipsomania sounds much better than the other thing; and kleptomania by any other name would not smell so sweet. Much in a name? I should think so. Read what follows, if you doubt it. When a ship arrives in an English port from abroad, before those on board are allowed to have any communication with the shore, the ship must be declared healthy by the sanitary authorities, who accordingly board her at once, inspect her bills of health, and especially the list of those who have been ill during the voyage. If any of these are entered on the sick-list as having suffered from intermittent fever, printed forms have to be filled up, declarations made and signed, certificates written out, all sorts of questions answered about whether their bedding or clothing has been destroyed; and the men themselves paraded on deck for inspection. But if it is stated, instead, that they have suffered from ague—only another word for intermittent fever—then no notice is taken of it!

After all, there is very little rationale in any amateur system of medicine; all its treatment is purely empirical, and has its root in that love of mysticism which prevails in everything. Medicine, like every other science, is built up of hard, unromantic facts, amenable to the laws of logic and common-sense. The popular idea runs always on specifics. Every bottle in a druggist's shop is supposed to contain a definite remedy for a definite disease; and the patient weaving of link with link in a chain of logical inferences, of the correlation of causes and effects, which constitutes medical science, is unknown. 'What's good for so-and-so?' is a query constantly put to a doctor; and if he answers honestly, he must confess that in nine cases out of ten he can give no absolute reply, but must preface his words with, 'That depends!' Take two very frequent illustrations by way of conclusion. What is 'good for' indigestion? and what for a headache? But what is indigestion? Not a disease, but a generic name for fifty different diseases, all attended with the same symptoms in some measure, but proceeding from not only different but often entirely opposite causes. Thus, the pain may be produced by a deficiency or by an excess of the gastric juice; and by any derangement, from a simple error in diet to a cancer; and it requires the practised eye, ear, and hand of the physician to detect and appreciate those minute differences which point to the root of the evil. As for a headache, such a complaint hardly exists *per se*, but is almost invariably a symptom only of some other disorder; and we all know how many varying states of the body will give us headache. Nevertheless, may the practice of domestic medicine and the virtues which go with it long continue in our midst, and let no man be so ill-advised as to banish the harmless little medicine-chest with its associations from his hearth.

OUTWARD AND HOMEWARD BOUND.

Many a long journey by sea and land, in fair weather and in foul, has fallen to my lot; but to none can I look back with such vivid delight as to the first which found me turning from wintry England to seek a perpetual summer beneath Eastern skies.

I fancy every one's first voyage by one of the P. and O. steam-packets must be a matter of considerable amusement, from the novelty of everything. Perhaps one of the most curious sights is the coming on board of the Indian and Colonial mails. It seems scarcely possible that such a multitude of boxes and sacks as those which lie heaped up in such solid masses can really be all postal matter. A very great man on board is the guardian of Her Majesty's mails. A man of wondrous authority—occasionally a thorn in the side of the captain, as being the possessor of certain powers of interference or of counsel, rarely, however, brought into action. Then as to fellow-passengers, there is no type of man, woman, or child who is not here represented. Happily, when outward bound, the proportion of children is very small. The return voyage is very different. Perhaps ninety or a hundred children of all sizes and ages, flying from oriental climates, in which young English life cannot flourish, and all more or less

spoilt by the care of ayahs and native servants, whose sole idea of training is to give a child whatever it cries for. Imagine the torture which must be inflicted by such an army of babies on the older passengers, probably never, at the best, much addicted to babiolatry, but now rendered doubly irritable by long battles with sun and liver; for on a voyage homeward there are generally a sad proportion of sickly folk; men conscious of possessing a liver, and all manner of other complaints, or, worse still, unconscious alike of life's cares or pleasures. On our return to England, there were no less than twelve lunatics on board, victims of the combined influence of the sun and the system of incessant 'pegs,' alias brandy and soda-water.

Outward bound, we find abundant studies of character in ship-life, where business is laid aside, and in general every one tries to make the best of his neighbours. From the grave old Indian official, returning to his high post in some distant corner of the empire, down to the beardless Competition Wallah, still breathless from the educational high-pressure to which he has been subjected, all minds are naturally more or less tinged with thoughts of the land for which they are bound; and we hear more of Indian and Colonial manners and customs than we should do in a year in Britain. A considerable number of the more energetic set to work at once to learn Hindustani or some other oriental language—generally a fruitless struggle, as only an exceptional few, with wondrous powers of abstraction, can find leisure for any settled work.

Among the small novelties which catch the unaccustomed eye, is the setting of a great dinner-table in stormy weather. The table from end to end is covered with skeleton frames of mahogany, laid over the tablecloth. These are called 'fiddles,' and keep your plate from rolling too far. As to your cup or wine-glass, it stands on a swinging table opposite your nose, and preserves so perfect an equilibrium, that in the wildest storm, not one drop of the contents is spilt. How the stewards manage to wait, and the cooks to cook, for such a multitude, in such a rolling and turmoil, and in such limited space, is a matter for perpetual wonder and admiration. If you go for'ard, you will find a regular town—butcher's shop and baker's shop, carpenter's shop and engineer's shop, tailors and laundrymen—that is, sailors doing amateur work; and as to the live-stock, there are sheep and pigs, and cows and oxen, and poultry of every description; in short, a regular farmyard; and I think some of the big children find as much amusement as the little ones in that corner of the ship.

One thing startling to a new traveller is the rapidity with which time changes. He finds his watch going very wrong, and perhaps, for the first day or two, is weak enough to alter it, till he finds it simpler to count 'bells' after the manner of the sea. Speaking of hours, one of the many small gambling devices to relieve the tedium of the voyage is a system of sweepstakes as to the exact moment when the vessel will drop anchor at any given port, tickets being issued for every five or ten minutes of the expected forenoon or afternoon, and the winnings being sometimes presented to a Sailors' Orphan Fund. Some of my fellow-travellers have told me that in long weary voyages they had been driven to institute races for short distances, the steeds being cheese-mites, or maggots carefully extracted from the nuts. These races at last became positively exciting; and the same creatures being preserved from day to day, were, if of approved speed, worth small fortunes to their owners. A very swift maggot would sell for a large sum! Fly loo was another favourite game, but happily, we have never had occasion to try such singular amusements. There are games at Bull for those who want exercise; and sedentary games and books, and singing and chatting, for sociable folk. For my part, being an unsocial sort of animal, I think that 'to be talked to all day' is the sum of human misery, as much on board ship as on land. So, on my memorable first voyage, when all was new and delightful, I soon discovered a quiet nook on the top of the deck cabin, right astern, where, with infinite satisfaction, I established myself, and there read in peace, no one venturing to invade that haven of refuge save under a solemn vow of silence. But when the light began to wane, the silence was no more; for the sons and daughters of music there assembled, and as there were several good voices and a first-rate leader, the glees and choruses were sometimes very effective.

Thus pleasantly day and night slipped by in quick succession. Casual acquaintanceships ripened into lifelong friendships; and when at length we reached our journey's end, the joy of arrival was tempered by true regret for the break-up of a pleasant party, and the dispersion of many friends, of whom the majority in all probability might never meet again.

A brief year passed away—a year of ever-changing delight in the wondrous Indian land, and ere we realised that our allotted twelve months were over, we found ourselves numbered with *The Homeward Bound*. Very different was our return journey from the last. Instead of finding ourselves surrounded by a superabundance of bright energetic life, our companions were almost all on the sick-list, as few people who were not driven home by illness, would exchange an Indian winter for the chilly frosts and snows of England. Instead of the continuous sunshine of our outward journey, we had bitter winds and sharp storms, and though we were too good sailors to be thereby affected, some of our neighbours were wretched enough.

But the saddest change of all was the long list of funerals, which, commencing ere we left the deep-blue Indian Ocean, only ended as we neared the English shores. Sometimes we heard the beautiful words of the solemn funeral service read in the quiet moonlight, and sometimes when we could scarcely distinguish a word for the howling of the storm and roar of waters, and only knew by the sad, earnest faces of sailors and soldiers crowding round, that the uncoffined clay, which lay so still beneath the outspread Union-jack, was about to be committed to the deep. The first who thus 'fell asleep' was a little child, on whom the tropical sun had laid its fiery finger. Not all the ice of Himla could cool the burning of that fevered, throbbing brow; and the wistful baby-eyes looked vainly up, in piteous mute appeal, to those who knew too bitterly how

utterly powerless they were to help. But when the red glowing sun sank below the mellow waters, that tender spirit rose to its Home, far beyond the stars; and loving hands laid the tiny marble form in a pure white shell, meet for so fair a pearl. Then kind, warm-hearted British tars covered that little coffin with England's flag, and laid it down gently and reverently, standing round bareheaded in the warm southern moonlight, while holy words were uttered as the little white coffin sank down into the quiet depths of that wondrously blue sea.

A few more days went by, and again the Angel of Death was among us. This time he came to call away a poor fellow with the frame of a young giant, who but a few months before had left the Emerald Isle in glowing health and strength, but who now wearily dragged himself along sun-stricken, utterly unconscious that the shadow of the angel's wing already darkened over him; only craving once more to reach the old home, where mother and sisters would welcome him. But when the sun rose, one cold, bleak morning, we were told he had passed away in the night. We were on the Red Sea; but it was bitterly cold and stormy, and the dull, drear, wintry winds were echoing over bleak bare shores, and sighing among the masts and rigging. Even the sea was leaden-hued; and when the funeral service was read, and the body lowered into the sullen waves, the pale sunrise was overclouded by a heavy drifting shower. It was the saddest, dreariest funeral at which I was ever present. In the cabin next to his was another victim of the sun—a handsome young bride, with mind, alas! all unstrung. Of course she could not have known what was passing so near, yet, through all those sad hours she kept on crooning a low plaintive song, telling how

> Somebody's darling, so young, and so fair,
> Somebody's darling lay dying there.

An hour later we lay-to, off the wreck of the ill-fated *Carnatic*, the property of the same Company as the ship in which we sailed; which, but a few weeks previously, had, one Sunday night, in calmest weather, diverged but a little from her course, and struck upon a hidden coral reef. There she lay all the long day in the sunshine. So little was danger suspected, that not even Her Majesty's mails, or the precious human lives on board, were landed on the island of Shadwan, which lay at a distance of about three miles; and where all might have found a safe refuge. Meals continued to be served with the usual wonderful regularity; and between whiles, the passengers amused themselves with angling for fish of dazzling colours, which swarmed all round the coral rock. In short, the affair seems to have been treated in the light of a summer picnic, till the dread moment when, at midnight, the vessel suddenly parted mid-ships and went down. Thus, like another *Royal George*, the good ship suddenly foundered in a calm sea, carrying with her many a brave British heart. Some good swimmers, though carried down with the swirl, struggled to the surface, and after many a hard blow from floating spars and luggage, escaped with their lives; and a few boats likewise got beyond the reach of the whirlpool. It was Tuesday night before the survivors were all safe on the isle of Shadwan; and of their goods, only one dressing-bag and one dry box of matches had escaped. Some huge bales of dry cotton had, however, been cast ashore, so tightly packed that the centre was still quite dry. This they heaped up as material for a bonfire, wherewith to greet the first sail that hove in sight; and while some stood by, ready to kindle the blaze, others rowed out to sea again, taking with them their only rocket. They had not long to wait. Soon a great steamer belonging to the same Company drew near, and the Homeward-bound rescued the survivors of the Outward-bound, whose journey sunward had been thus sadly damped at the outset. All we saw of the wreck were the extreme tips of the masts appearing above the waters, to mark where the divers were even then at work, seeking to rescue property of all sorts. The mails had previously been rescued, and many half-legible letters had reached India before we had sailed thence.

Strangely, in truth, fell our Christmas Eve, as we landed, on the dull shore of Suez, where, on a little sandy island, so many of England's sons, 'homeward-bound,' sleep their last sleep beneath the burning sun; and as we stood in the starlight, watching the last of our companions hurrying on to Alexandria, it was hard indeed to realise that festive Yule had found us in such dreary quarters. Nor—for it was before the Suez Canal days—did it mend matters much to spend our Christmas Day whirling across the Desert in an Egyptian railway. But when evening brought us to the green banks of the Nile, we were content.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

WHY DO WE NOW DRINK LESS COFFEE?

For many years past it has been plainly apparent that there has been a decline in the consumption of coffee; and while the use of spirits, wine, tobacco, tea, and cocoa has considerably increased, that of coffee has fallen off to a considerable extent. Dr Wallace, F.R.S.E., in a paper read before the Society of Public Analysts, is of opinion that the people of this country are losing their taste for coffee because of the difficulty of obtaining it in a pure state. About the time when the consumption per head was highest, coffee began to be adulterated with chicory, and now this is done so universally, that many people prefer the mixture to pure coffee, and few know the taste of the genuine article.

When travelling on the continent, the tourist enjoys the fragrant cup; but the beverage supplied at the best hotels and restaurants in this country is not coffee, but a mixture of that substance with chicory, in the proportion of three-fourths to one-third of the whole, and sometimes more. As Dr Wallace correctly says, this substance may be described as chicory flavoured with coffee. Chicory being bitter, with three times the colouring power of coffee, gives it the appearance of great strength; but it should always be remembered that it contains no caffeine, and wants the exhilarating qualities for which good coffee is partaken. The sooner the public awakens to a sense of this fact, the better.

Pure coffee can be had; but it is only sold with a grudge, for the grocer has his chief profit

in the chicory with which it is adulterated. To show where the profit lies, take the case of a particular coffee sold in tins, which contains one part of coffee to three parts of chicory, and is sold at one-and-fourpence per pound. The coffee in a pound of it costs, retail, say sevenpence, the chicory, say fourpence, tins, say threepence, profit twopence—total, one-and-fourpence. But the purchaser gets no value except the sevenpence-worth of coffee, the chicory only adding colour, bitterness, and body, so that he pays one-and-fourpence for sevenpenceworth of coffee.

Amongst the other substances used to adulterate coffee in order to yield a higher profit to the dealer, are burnt sugar or caramel, dried and roasted figs, dried dates, date-stones, decayed ships' biscuits, beans, peas, acorns, malt, dandelion root, turnips, carrots, parsnips, and mangold-wurzel, all of which are roasted in imitation of coffee. There is little wonder, therefore, that coffee, which lends itself so easily to unprincipled adulteration, is becoming unpopular. According to Dr Wallace, the quantity used per head in 1843 was 1·1 lb., increasing up to 1848, when it was 1·37 lb. It has since slowly but steadily declined, especially since 1853, and is now only ·89 lb.; a decrease since 1843 of nineteen per cent., and since 1853 of fifty-four per cent. About five pounds of tea per head are consumed to one of coffee. In France, with a heavier duty, the consumption of coffee is 3·23 lbs. a head; Germany and Holland, 5·3 lbs.; Switzerland, 6·68 lbs.; Italy, only 1·05 lb.; while Belgium is largest of all, being 9 lbs. a head. The total consumption in Europe is about four hundred thousand tons, of which Great Britain used fourteen thousand tons in 1880. In the same year, about six thousand tons of chicory were retained for home consumption, which is an index to the extent of the adulteration. When the public taste ceases to lend itself to coffee adulterated with chicory and other rubbish, and when folks have acquired the art of making it properly, then the beverage might take the high place in general estimation to which it is justly entitled.

ABNORMAL HUMANITY.

A new phenomenon has lately appeared in Paris in the shape of a man with a head resembling that of a calf. The similarity is said to be wonderful. For his own sake, it is to be hoped that this eccentric-looking person will prove as great a financial success as his three recent celebrated predecessors—the Man-frog, the man with a goose's head, and the Man-dog, who have all retired into private life, having made a nice little fortune. The Man-frog was first exhibited in 1866, at a French country fête. He had a stout ill-shapen body, covered with a skin like a leather bottle, and a face exactly like a frog's, large eyes, an enormous mouth, and the skin cold and clammy. He attracted a good deal of attention from the Academy of Medicine, and a delegate was deputed to make him an object of study. He went all over France; and at the end of a few years, retired to his native place, Puyre, in Gers.

The man with the goose's head was first shown at the Gingerbread Fair in 1872. He was twenty years of age, had round eyes, a long and flat nose the shape and size of a goose's bill, an immensely long neck, and was without a single hair on his head. He only wanted feathers to make him complete. The effect of his interminably long neck twisting about was extremely ludicrous, and was so much appreciated, that his receipts were very large. He now passes under his proper name of Jean Rondier, and is established at Dijon as a photographer. He is married; and, thanks to enormously high collars and a wig, is now tolerably presentable.

The Man-dog came from Russia, and was for a long time exhibited in Paris. He is now settled at Pesth, having established a bird-fancier's business there, which is decidedly flourishing.

THE SOLITARY SINGER.

Sweet singer!—sweet to hear when only one
Among the thousand voices of the spring
Thou carollest—how sweeter far, alone
And all unrivalled, art thou wont to fling
The spell of music o'er the list'ning air
From yon drear spray by winter's blight left bare.

Say what the burden of that patient strain
Which answer seeketh none, but ever forth
Is poured, and by itself its own refrain,
Still echo'd, findeth—save that from the North
Responsive plainings through the leafless tree
Mingle, methinks, with thine in sympathy.

It cannot but be sad—a low-tuned sigh
For lost delights thy callow youth once knew,
When all the grove was blossom, all the sky
A smile above thee, and the glad hours flew
Unmarred from when thy notes brought in the day,
Till evening's hush was mellowed by thy lay.

It cannot all be sad—some sweet alloy
Of Hope would seem to tremble through thy song,
And serve, when all thy mates are mute, to buoy
Thy heart, though clouds across thy heaven throng,
Though strewn all blossom, and the rude winds' brawl
Sound the sad dirge of twilight's sombre fall.

Whate'er it be, clear-throated, soft, and low,
It woos the stern hour with a lulling tone,
According well with streams that whispering flow
Ice-muffled, with the sound of sere leaves blown
In rustling eddies 'neath their parent shade,
Where Autumn's glory by the wind is laid.

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SOME CURIOSITIES OF THE PEERAGE.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART I.

In a paper which appeared in this *Journal* (January 12) headed 'What is a Peer?' it was sought to present within very narrow limits and in untechnical language a sketch of the institution generally known as the Peerage. We endeavoured to exhibit the difference between the peerage itself as a whole and that important section of it termed the House of Lords, the status of the peers of the United Kingdom, of Great Britain, of Scotland, and of Ireland, and the distinction between real titles of nobility and those permitted to be adopted by courtesy. In short, we dealt with the external and legal features of the peerage viewed as an element of the constitution. We now propose to, in some measure, fill up the previous outline of the subject, and this will be done by shortly examining some of the internal characteristics of this institution which are distinctly peculiar to it. These will include a reference to matters which may not inaptly be termed 'curiosities,' if we limit the sense of this word to matters which, though perhaps not exactly curiosities in themselves, are nevertheless such, from their being confined to the cognisance of comparatively few persons.

Adopting for present purposes this acceptation of the word 'curiosities,' it may safely be asserted that the peerage abounds with curiosities of all kinds. Probably the most interesting are those disclosed in the records of family vicissitudes; but then these are but chapters in human life with their interest enhanced by the exalted position of the actors in the various dramas presented. Then, again, there are the anecdotal curiosities, which are exceedingly amusing, especially those of a strictly personal character; and we might easily fill many pages with narrations of this kind, any one of which would abundantly confirm the saw, that truth is stranger than fiction. But we think that such curiosities as we have mentioned are not those which would most interest or arrest the attention of an uninitiated reader, and accordingly, we have culled a few which we consider calculated to instruct as well as amuse him. If we are asked to define the species of instruction likely to be conveyed by the study of a theme like the peerage and its peculiarities, we should reply, that considered as we now propose to consider it, the subject will unfold many facts of deep historical interest; and we should not hesitate to declare that no one can fully comprehend either the general or the constitutional history of this country without some acquaintance with the peerage and its workings.

In 'What is a Peer?' we dealt with the legal and the courtesy aspect of titles; we shall here consider the mode of limiting them, their devolution, &c.; and we shall have one word to say about etiquette—not that species of etiquette, however, dealt with in books which purport to be manuals of good manners, but what may be called the etiquette of bearing titles; and this we hope will not be deemed unworthy of attention.

And first, the reader is reminded that all hereditary titles of honour are known to the law by the name of incorporeal hereditaments, a term explained in 'What is a Peer?'

A close analogy to the rules of real property law is observable in those which govern the creation, &c., of titles. Thus, we have heirs apparent and presumptive to honours as well as to estates; and this observation will introduce us to one feature in the etiquette of the peerage worthy of notice. We have shown how a peer may hold several titles of different grades; and we will now more fully consider a case of this kind. Suppose that the Marquis of A. is also Earl of B., Viscount C., and Baron D., and that he has several sons and daughters. His eldest son is his heir-apparent, and he may assume, according to his father's pleasure, either of the other titles during his lifetime. It is usual, however, in such cases for the eldest son to take the earldom as a courtesy title. During the existence of the Marquis and his eldest son, none of the

other sons would be permitted to adopt the remaining two titles; but all after the Earl would, as sons of a Marquis, be Lord John or Lord William So-and-so, &c.; and only the younger sons of Dukes and Marquises are so styled. The daughters, however, of all noblemen except Viscounts and Barons are styled 'Ladies,' with their Christian and surnames following the word 'Lady;' but they have no other style similar to that of an eldest son. (The position of daughters who claim a barony held by their father will be considered in a subsequent portion of the present paper.) Now, if the Earl of B. above mentioned were to die in his father's lifetime, the second son would succeed to the courtesy title, and so on as to the rest, in the event of each son dying in his father's lifetime. Thus, on the decease, in 1865, of Viscount Cranborne, eldest son of the then Marquis of Salisbury, Lord Robert Cecil—now Marquis of Salisbury—became Lord Cranborne. But the rule just mentioned is not absolute as to any of its features; for it may be remembered that the eldest son of the late Marquis—who, by the way, was also Earl—of Clanricarde, Viscount Burke, and Lord Dunkellin—was styled by the baronial title. On his death in the lifetime of the Marquis, the second son became Viscount Burke, and not Lord Dunkellin. Again, in 1879, when the Earl of Tankerville's eldest son, Lord Ossulston, died, the latter's brother, the Honourable G. M. Bennet, became eldest son, not, however, as Lord Ossulston, but as Lord Bennet; and instances of this might be multiplied. We believe, indeed, that the practice indicated under such circumstances to be the correct or fashionable one at the present day.

In the grant of a peerage the succession is generally limited in tail male—that is, entailed in the male line; but there are instances of special limitations in the grant to meet the want of heirs male of the body; and in such cases we may have a peerage as it were wandering about in all directions. Thus, a peerage may be limited in tail male, with a remainder over in tail male to some other person. This was the case with the barony of the great Lord Nelson. In 1798, he was created Baron Nelson of the Nile, and of Burnham-Thorpe in the county of Norfolk; and in 1801, Viscount Nelson. But these were entailed honours; and in the same year he was created Baron Nelson of the Nile, and of Hilborough in the county of Norfolk, with remainder—failing his own issue male—to his father and his issue male; failing which, to the issue male, severally and successively, of Lord Nelson's sisters. At the death of the hero in 1805 at Trafalgar without issue, the first barony and the viscounty became extinct; but the second barony descended—the father being dead—to Lord Nelson's brother. This nobleman was then elevated to the earldom, and the grant was again limited to him in tail male, with remainder over, failing his own issue, to the heirs male of his sister, Mrs Bolton; and failing them, to the issue of another sister, Mrs Matcham. The first earl having died without issue, was succeeded by his nephew, Mr T. Bolton, who thus became second Earl Nelson; and the present earl is his son, and has issue. Should all the male descendants of the latter eventually become extinct, the title will then go in remainder to the right heir of Mrs Matcham. If there be no such heir of that lady, then the title of Nelson will become extinct.

But of all the curiosities of the peerage, its 'complications' may justly be reckoned among the strongest and most interesting, and these complications are numerous, peculiar, and at the same time interesting in their way. They are attributable to various causes, of which the following may be accounted the chief: The failure of male issue in a family wherein exists a female peerage, the holder of which marries a commoner, who assumes her name; the absolute extinction of a title in one family by forfeiture or want of issue, and its subsequent assumption or revival in the person of a stranger in blood to the previous holders of the title; the failure of heirs to a title in tail male—that is, one limited to heirs male of the body, while perhaps another title held by the same person is in fee—that is, descendible to his heirs general. In such a case, the title in tail would of course become extinct, while the other would go to the right heir. Again, these complications are caused by the assumption of surnames other than those originally belonging to the persons assuming them, by the creation of special limitations in the grant of a title; by the confounding of names with titles, or those of peerage with those borne by courtesy; by the growth of peerages which, as it were, sprout from some great House already ennobled; and lastly, by the distinctions which exist with regard to peers of the United Kingdom, of Great Britain, of England, or of Ireland. We will endeavour to illustrate as informally as possible some of the foregoing statements, and this we think may be done by giving a short account of one well-known title and some of its family ramifications. This mode of treating the subject—on the principle of *ex uno disce omnes*—will be found to answer the object in view, and will also disclose other matters of interest connected therewith.

Some few years ago, there existed an amiable but weak young nobleman known to the world as the Marquis of Hastings, and to his intimates as Harry Hastings. Born in 1842, he succeeded his brother as fourth marquis at the early age of nine, was married when twenty-two under somewhat romantic circumstances, 'plunged' heavily on the turf, sustained enormous losses, and died at the age of twenty-six, when the marquisate of Hastings became extinct. It was a singularly fantastic display of the irony of fate which caused this man 'of noble blood and high descent,' the holder of a long string of proud titles, to become the associate and the victim of blacklegs and swindlers. Yet so it was; and when he died, society could not but heave a sigh of pity. In Burke's *Peerage* of the time, the Marquis of Hastings is thus described: 'Sir Henry-Weysford-Charles-Plantagenet Rawdon-Hastings, Earl of Rawdon, and Viscount Loudoun in the peerage of the United Kingdom; Baron Rawdon of Rawdon, Co. York, in the peerage of Great Britain; Baron Grey de Ruthyn, Baron Hastings, Hungerford, Newmarch, Botreaux, Molines, and Moels, in the peerage of England; Earl of Loudoun and Baron Campbell of Loudoun, Tarrinyeane and Mauchline, in the peerage of Scotland; Earl of Moira and Baron Rawdon in the peerage of Ireland; a

Baronet of England, and one of the co-heirs * to the barony of Montague.'

Now, from the extract just cited it will be seen that Hastings is not only a title but a name. As a matter of fact, however, Hastings is not the original patronymic of those who held the title as a marquisate. Their real name was Rawdon, and the Rawdons are an important Yorkshire family, established in that county at least since the Conquest. In 1665, one of them was created a Baronet; and we shall see that this was the baronetcy held by the late Marquis of Hastings. In 1750, a great-grandson of the Baronet was raised to the Irish peerage as Baron Rawdon; and in 1761 was promoted to an earldom, taking the title of Moira. This nobleman was thrice married, his last wife—by whom alone he had male issue—having been Lady Elizabeth Hastings, eldest daughter of the ninth Earl of Huntingdon.† Hastings, then, was the family name of the Earls of Huntingdon; and it is that of the present earl, who is the only peer entitled to it as an original surname. The eldest son of the above-mentioned marriage was Francis, second Earl of Moira, who achieved an historical reputation as a soldier, a statesman, and an accomplished gentleman. He is well remembered as an able governor-general of India; and he it was who became the first Marquis of Hastings; but we need hardly say that he was connected with his great predecessor, Warren Hastings of Daylesford, only by reason of the marriage above mentioned. It may be observed that during the suspension of the earldom of Huntingdon, the then proprietors of Daylesford claimed to represent the chief branch of the Hastings family.

Having traced the connection between the families of Rawdon and Hastings, it now remains to discover how the baronies of the latter became attached to the former family. The ninth Earl of Huntingdon, father of the first Countess of Moira, died in 1746, and was succeeded by his son, brother of the Lady Moira. The tenth earl, however, died without issue in 1789; whereupon the earldom became suspended, and so continued for thirty years, a fact involving matters of very deep interest, but of no importance so far as present purposes are concerned. The tenth Earl of Huntingdon's heir was his sister, Lady Moira, and upon her descended the ancient baronies of the Huntingdon earldom—namely, Hastings, Hungerford, Botreaux, and Molines. Her husband, the first Earl of Moira, died in 1793, and, as just stated, was succeeded as such by his son Francis, who, in 1804, married Flora, Baroness Campbell and Countess of Loudoun in her own right. Elizabeth, Countess-Dowager of Moira, died in 1808; Francis, her son, was promoted to the English peerage so far as the barony of Rawdon was concerned. Then came his assumption of his mother's maiden name of Hastings, his successful claims to the Huntingdon baronies, and lastly, in 1816 we find him Viscount Loudoun, Earl of Rawdon, &c., and Marquis of Hastings—all in the peerage of the United Kingdom. It is thus shown how a Rawdon was the founder of the Hastings marquisate; how Elizabeth Hastings brought the old baronies previously mentioned into the Rawdon family; and how the Scotch earldom of Loudoun and the United Kingdom viscounty were held by the same family.

There are two more titles to account for—the ancient baronies in fee of Hastings, created in 1264, and Grey de Ruthyn, created in 1324. These titles were originally in the De Hastings family, one of whom married, some time in the seventeenth century, Sir Henry Yelverton, Bart., of Norfolk, since which time, Yelverton—not to be confounded with Lord Avonmore's family name—has been the patronymic of the Lords and Ladies Grey de Ruthyn. On the death of the nineteenth lord in 1831, the title descended to his daughter, who married the second Marquis of Hastings. This is how these two titles of Hastings, as a barony, and Grey de Ruthyn came to be held by the late marquis, whose mother was the twentieth holder of the latter title.

We have said that on his death in 1868 the marquisate became extinct; but what, it may be asked, became of the other titles? The answer to that question, though simple, will reveal yet further complications, caused by the assumption of surnames, &c. In the first place, all of what may be called the Rawdon honours necessarily became extinct. Not so, however, all those acquired by their marriages, &c. Thus, the Scotch earldom of Loudoun survived, and of this we will trace the devolution from the death of the last Marquis of Hastings. That nobleman left a sister, married to a commoner, Mr C. F. Clifton; and she, by her brother's death without issue, became Countess of Loudoun in her own right, and succeeded to some of the family property. Mr Clifton took the family name of his wife; and at her death some time since, her son became Earl of Loudoun, Baron Hastings, Botreaux, &c., and by the last-named title now sits in the House of Lords. The other baronies transferred to the Rawdon family by the Lady Elizabeth Hastings, Grey de Ruthyn, &c., are in abeyance; but the Earl of Loudoun is the eldest co-heir to them. (The terms 'abeyance' and 'co-heir' will be explained later on.) Mr Clifton himself, the earl's father, has been raised to the peerage as Lord Donington, the name of the Hastings' seat in Leicestershire. We see that the Earl of Loudoun is also Baron Hastings, and by that title he may also vote; but, for the following reasons, Botreaux is a preferable title whereby to sit. The fact is, there is another Lord Hastings, whose family name is Astley. He is a peer of the United Kingdom, and his title is one of great antiquity, created in 1289. The present baron is the twenty-sixth in order of succession; but it will be found that this barony is not so ancient as the oldest of those which came to the Rawdons through Lady Elizabeth Hastings, daughter of the Earl of Huntingdon. Thus, while a higher title may absorb all those of a lower rank existing in the same family, the latter may nevertheless as it were attract the higher one to them, and a nobleman of the highest rank may be heir to a title of a less exalted character than his own. Thus, the Marquis of Lansdowne

* This indicates that the barony mentioned is in abeyance, a term which will be explained afterwards.

† It may interest some readers to be reminded that the widow of this earl, Selina, was the founder of the religious body known as 'Lady Huntingdon's Connection.'

is heir to the titles of his mother, who is second Baroness Keith and seventh Baroness Nairne. It may be observed in passing that there are about ninety Scotch and Irish peers in parliament who sit and vote by titles other than those by which they are commonly known and addressed.

The story of the present great House of Northumberland also furnishes a remarkable instance of the vicissitudes of a peerage, and the strange results of changing or adopting surnames by titled families. The present name of the Dukes of Northumberland is Percy, and their table of lineage connects them with the family to which the renowned Harry Hotspur belonged. But supposing this connection to be real, which we do not dispute, such of the blood of that renowned soldier as now flows through the veins of the Percies of to-day must certainly be in an extremely diluted condition. Unless we are mistaken, the actual family name of the Northumberland family is Smithson, and that of Percy is an assumed name. Hence the following lines to a Duke of Northumberland, by no less a person than George Canning:

> No drop of princely Percy's blood
> Through those cold veins doth run;
> With Hotspur's blazon, castles, arms,
> I still am poor Smithson.

The fact is, the present Northumberlands are the issue* of a marriage which took place in 1657 between an heiress of the real Percies and one Sir Hugh Smithson, a Yorkshire baronet; and the whole narrative may be read in Burke's *Peerage* under the title of 'Northumberland.' It does not, however, mention the reply of George III. to one of the dukes of this house who complained to him that he was the first Duke of Northumberland who did not possess the Garter. 'Quite so,' said the king snappishly, 'and the first Smithson who ever asked for it!'

It appears that the lady just alluded to was a daughter of Marmaduke, second Lord Langdale; and this fact introduces us to a notable curiosity of the peerage—namely, the extinction and resuscitation of titles. The latter circumstance may occur not only in the family originally holding the extinct title, but, as already intimated, in some other family in no way connected with the former. We will shortly give a few instances of this feature of the peerage, and the title of Langdale may first be noticed.

The first peer was a Mr Marmaduke Langdale, who in 1658 was created Baron Langdale, title and family name being the same. There were in all five holders of this title, all bearing the single Christian name of Marmaduke. The last died without issue in 1777, and the title became extinct. In the year 1836, an eminent King's Counsel—still remembered by some persons—named Henry Bickersteth became Master of the Rolls, and was raised to the peerage as Lord Langdale, but so far as we know he was in no way connected with the Langdale family, and there is no Lord Langdale now. The wife of this peer, who was Master of the Rolls, was Lady Jane Harley, daughter of the Earl of Oxford; and this celebrated title will furnish another instance of the loss of titular honours by one family, and their resumption by another. The peerage of Oxford—an earldom from beginning to end—was originally held by the illustrious family of De Vere, one of whom was created Earl of Oxford by the Empress Maud, an honour confirmed by Henry II. in 1155. The ninth earl was Robert, who was created Marquis of Dublin in 1386 by Richard II., and, as stated in 'What is a Peer?' was the first marquis in the English peerage. He was banished and attainted in 1388, whereupon his honours became forfeited. Four years afterwards, however, the earldom was regranted to his uncle Aubrey, and subsequently the attainder of Robert was annulled. In 1464, we find the twelfth earl beheaded, and another attainder created; but after a lapse of three years, his son John is reinstated, only, however, to enjoy his honours for ten years, at the end of which period he also is attainted and suffers forfeiture. In 1513, all is right again; his nephew becomes the fourteenth earl; and from his time down to 1702, there is no break in the succession. But in that year, Aubrey, the twentieth earl, dies without male issue; and from that time to the present, we hear no more of the ancient and noble family of De Vere as Earls of Oxford. Perhaps the most distinguished of them was Edward, seventeenth earl (1540–1604); while another member of the family was Sir Francis de Vere, a celebrated soldier in the time of Queen Elizabeth. The title of Oxford was revived in 1711 by a stranger in blood to the De Veres—Robert Harley, Queen Anne's celebrated Tory statesman, who in that year became Earl of Oxford and Mortimer. The second of these earls was the founder of the Harleian Library. The first earl had been a great collector of books, and it is said that he was so much attached to them, that although his library contained about one hundred thousand volumes, he knew the precise position of each on the shelves! The honours of the Harley family continued until 1853, when Alfred, the sixth earl, died without issue, and the earldom of Oxford once more ceased to exist.

These are but representative instances of the creation, forfeiture, extinction, and revival of titles. We could, of course, considerably increase the list of them, but to do so, would fill a volume. We will, however, just glance at five lines of the well-known speech of Henry V. to his soldiers in Shakspeare's play of *Henry V.* (act iv., scene 3), and inquire how many of the great personages there mentioned are represented in blood at the present time by those who hold the very same titles:

> Then shall our names,
> Familiar in their mouths as household words—
> Harry the King, Bedford and Exeter,
> Warwick and Talbot, Salisbury and Glo'ster—
> Be in their flowing cups freshly remembered.

These words are supposed to be uttered on the eve of the battle of Agincourt, in 1415, and the Bedford of that day was John Plantagenet, third son of Henry IV. There were only three of these Dukes of Bedford, the last of whom died in 1495; and it was not until 1550 that the first Russell, the ancestor of the present Duke of Bedford, was

* It may be instructive to the non-legal reader to be told that the word 'issue' in law signifies lineal descendants *ad infinitum*, and therefore has a more extensive signification than 'children.' The two terms are often confounded; but while of course 'issue' will include children, it may include more than children.

ennobled. To him the existing great House owes its origin; and there has been an unbroken continuity in the succession from his time until now, according to the limitations in the grants of the various honours bestowed on the family of Russell.

The peerage of Exeter is extremely singular. Therein we find four dukes, starting from John Holland, the first of them, in 1397. Between the first and the last duke there were two forfeitures and one extinction of the title; moreover, only three of them were Hollands, the second having been a Beaufort, a natural son of John of Gaunt; and this must have been the Exeter mentioned by Shakspeare; but the poet and dates are not quite reconcilable here. Then came two Marquises of Exeter, both of whom were Courtenays; and the present Marquis is a Cecil, the originator of the now existing marquisate having been the second Lord Burleigh or Burghley, who became Earl of Exeter in 1605. The present marquisate of the title dates from 1793.

The history of the peerage or title of Warwick is one of the most extraordinary to be found on the rolls. It was commenced in the reign of the Conqueror, comprises, in the first place, fourteen earls, mostly of the name of De Newburgh and De Beauchamp, a duke, and a countess. It has been extinct four times, and forfeited five times; has been borne by royalty, by the noblest of the noble, by traitors, and by no less than thirty-three persons of various families. After becoming extinct in the family of Rich by the decease of the eighth earl without issue in 1759, it was revived in that of Greville, and the present earl is the fourth in succession since then. The first of these holders of the title was Francis Greville, a descendant of William de Beauchamp, the tenth of the first set of earls, who died in 1298. The fifth and last of the De Beauchamps as Earls of Warwick must have been Shakspeare's Warwick; so that while clearly the Bedfords and Exeters of to-day are not the representatives of those mentioned in *Henry V.*, the Earl of Warwick who fought at Agincourt has a living descendant. The same may be said as to Talbot. The person alluded to by Shakspeare was the sixth baron of that title, and was the greatest soldier of his time. He was created Earl of Shrewsbury in 1442, and the present earl—who is the twentieth from him, and premier Earl of England—is also Earl and Baron Talbot, and accordingly is a blood-relative of Shakspeare's fourth hero. Salisbury comes next; but the present marquis being descended from Robert Cecil, created Earl of Salisbury in 1605, is therefore not connected with Henry V.th's Salisbury, who was Thomas de Montacute. The Marquisate of Salisbury was created in 1780, every other previous holder of a Salisbury title having been an earl, and the honour first arose in the reign of Stephen.

With regard to the last of the personages introduced by Shakspeare, Glo'ster, it may be observed that the title of Gloucester appears from its very beginning to have been appropriated to personages of unusually exalted birth. It commenced with a natural son of Henry I., and went through eleven earldoms to 1337. From that time we have only dukes; and Shakspeare evidently alludes to Humphry Plantagenet, youngest son of Henry IV., and therefore brother of Henry V., whom the poet, with strict regard to the rules of courtesy, makes the last to be named by the gallant king. With him the dukedom of Gloucester became extinct; but it was revived in 1461, and conferred on Richard, brother of Edward IV., commonly known as 'Crookback.' At his death at Bosworth in 1485, the title merged in the Crown; and the last who held it was the uncle of our present gracious Queen, William-Frederick, Duke of Gloucester and Edinburgh. Seeing that Shakspeare's Glo'ster was the son of Henry IV., and that our present royal family trace their descent through all the previous sovereigns of England, we may conclude that while the 'Bedford and Exeter' and Salisbury of Agincourt fame have no representatives at the present day connected with them by any ties of sanguinity, yet that 'Harry the King,' 'Warwick and Talbot' and Glo'ster are so represented, and in the manner just intimated.

BY MEAD AND STREAM.

CHAPTER XXVIII.—'THE LITTLE RIFT.'

Uncle Dick was for some time busy with his meal and with the details of the scare he had got in the morning.

'I tell you, Philip, it a'most took away my appetite—and that's saying something. Seemed to me that the bullock had nearly all the signs of foot-and-mouth; and the vet. thought so too; when along comes Beecham, and shows us it was nothing of the kind, but that the brute had somehow swallowed a poisonous herb. Clever chap that. Never thought he knew anything about cattle. . . . You see what it would have been to me? I would not have been allowed to exhibit at Smithfield at all this year—I, who have some of the finest stock in the county or in Norfolk either, and I won't even bar that of His Royal Highness, although he has a prime breed—managed as well as my own too. I set my heart on getting a prize at the show this year; and it was hard lines to think that I was to be shut out at the last moment a'most, all owing to them foreigners bringing the disease amongst us.'

'But you are at rest on that score now,' said Philip, rousing himself to say something.

'O yes; it's right enough now; but it *was* a scare; and if it had not been for Beecham, the vet. would have gone off and reported me. I couldn't have said nay; for bad as it would be to get the disease amongst my own stock, I'd feel it a heap worse if I carried it to somebody else's. Don't know how to be thankful enough to Beecham.'

The repetition of the name awakened some association of sounds in Philip's ears; and whilst one division of his thoughts was entirely occupied with Madge, there seemed to be another whispering the question: 'Was not that voice I heard behind me at the "dancing beeches" like the stranger's?'

Uncle Dick went on describing the merits of the cattle he was to exhibit at Smithfield; but when he had pushed away his plate, he suddenly became aware that he was speaking to an inattentive audience.

'Got the toothache, Philip?—or lost anything?' he asked.

'No, no.—I beg your pardon, Uncle Dick,' replied Philip, a little confused, but frankly admitting his inattention. 'Madge did not seem to be quite well when she came in just now, and I was thinking about her.'

'Wool-gathering,' said Uncle Dick with a hearty laugh. 'Well, never mind. I ought to have known better. What's the use of talking about prime fat cattle to a lad when he is sweethearting! I forgive you.'

Philip made an attempt to respond to the laugh; but it was not very successful, and he was glad of the relief which the entrance of the dame afforded him. In her quiet eyes, he fancied that there were signs of disturbed thought.

'What ails Madge?' inquired Uncle Dick. 'Here is Philip in a way about her. She was well enough at dinner-time.'

'She is out of sorts a bit, and wants to see Philip in the other room.'

'Go to her lad; and if you have been amusing yourselves with a tiff—why, buss and make it up.'

Philip scarcely heard the whole of this wise counsel, for he had darted off the moment he heard that Madge wanted him.

But she was not in the room yet. So he stood watching the door, and wondering what could be the meaning of this conduct, which would have been singular on the part of any girl, but was most singular in his eyes when it was the conduct of Madge. A headache was *not* a sufficient explanation of that frightened look on her face, and it was still less a satisfactory explanation of her eager desire to get away from him, when he had expected to be chidden for his long absence. What could have happened, to account for it?

In all this wondering and questioning there was not the remotest shade of jealousy. He loved her. She loved him; he trusted her absolutely. His was the nature which gives absolute trust, and is incapable of thinking that it might be betrayed. But this absolute trust is in a keen-eyed, passionate nature a sort of windbag; and with the first pin-prick of suspicion it collapses: all trust changes to all doubt. He was still untouched by this demon. So he only wondered, and was sorry for her.

Then she came in, looking so pale—haggard almost—and quite unlike herself. She had made no attempt to conceal the fact that she had been crying. She closed the door, held out her hands to him, avoiding his eyes, and rested her head on his shoulder.

That was all right: she was not angry with him. He kissed the wet eyes gratefully, and the lips. But she did not look at him or speak; and although he wanted to say something soothing, he did not know how to begin.

Presently he was startled by a low sobbing, and words came to him: 'For goodness' sake, Madge, tell me what is the meaning of all this. Have I done anything to vex you?'

She pressed his hands, to assure him that he had not; but she did not speak.

'Then what is it, my poor Madge? What can have upset you in this way? Uncle Dick and Aunt Hessy are all right: I am all right; but I shall be all wrong in a minute, if you will not show me how I am to make you all right, like the rest of us.'

She raised her head slowly, wiped her eyes, and went to a chair by the fire. No smile, no sign of relief, but a frown at the laughing flame which rose from the burning log of wood. (That was one of Madge's own conceits, to have a homely log of wood for the evening fires.) Suddenly she lay back on the chair with hands clasped on the top of her head.

'I don't know what to say to you, Philip.'

'What about?'

'About being so foolish.'

'Tell me why you are so foolish, and then maybe some good fairy will help me to tell you what you ought to say.'

He rested his elbow on the back of her chair and passed his hand tenderly over her hot brow. Her lips tightened, then relaxed, and she seemed to be on the point of crying again. With an effort, she overcame this hysterical emotion.

'Sit down, Philip, there, where I can see your face,' she said; and the voice was steady, although there were pauses between some of the words.

'Will that do?'

He seated himself so that he could look at her face in the full light of the fire.

'No; turn to the fire, so that I can see you.'

He drew a hassock close to her chair, sat down on it, and looked up to her so that the full reflection of the fire fell upon him.

'Will that please you?'

She passed her hand timidly through his hair without looking at him.

'I am half ashamed to tell you,' she said huskily, 'because I have done something that you will be angry about.'

'Come on with it, then, and let us get the angry part over as quickly as possible, so that we may have the more time for enjoying ourselves.'

'I always thought that I should never listen to anything which I might not repeat to you, Philip,' she said hesitatingly.

'Well?'

'This afternoon, I have listened to something which I have . . . I *have* promised not to tell you—yet.'

That little word 'yet' seemed to come in as a peacemaker; and Philip felt that it was so. But he looked gravely at the merry fire for a few minutes before he answered, and she now gazed anxiously into his face.

Then, he:

'I don't like the idea, Madge, and it would be nonsense to pretend that I did. I should feel myself—well, we won't say what; but my notion is that our lives should be so much one that our acts should be clear to each other, and our thoughts should be the same, as far as possible. I am not so stupid as to imagine that we can always control our thoughts, and think only what we *ought* to think (what a weary world it would be if we could!); but I believe that a man and woman who love each other can, and ought to be honest in their thoughts, and should not keep one which cannot be confided to the twin—twin—what shall I call it?—twin spirit. There; that will do. Funny that I should be talking this way to you, Madge—you have taught it to me.'

His upturned face still wore the frank, boyish

expression which it always assumed when he was with her.

Madge took her hand from his head and clasped it with the other round her knees, whilst she stared into the fire.

'It is Aunt Hessy who has taught us both that rule. I, too, believe in it, and mean to follow it. But'——

She stopped, and the fright showed itself in her eyes again by the clear light of the cheerful fire.

'Why don't you go on?' he asked, after a moment of thoughtful silence. 'Why are you so distressed? Does this confidence, or secret, concern any of us?'

'It concerns YOU—and I may not tell you what it is. That is why I am troubled.'

And again she clasped hands over her head, as if to subdue its throbbing.

He was thoughtful; and an expression appeared on his face, so like the one often seen on his father's, that Madge, whose nerves were quickened by her pain, was startled. But he spoke kindly:

'Have you told—or are you to tell—Aunt Hessy and Uncle Dick?'

'No . . . no . . . no' (this was like a moan). 'I am not to tell them either—not now, that is. By-and-by, you shall all know—you first, Philip. . . . Don't ask me any more questions. I wish I could have held my tongue altogether—it would have spared you pain, perhaps. But I could not do that. I thought you might blame me afterwards, and maybe misunderstand many things that I may do. There is no wrong meant to any one—no harm. You will see that, when it is explained.'

He rose slowly, and stood with his back to the fire, gazing at her.

'Is not this foolish, Madge?' he said sadly. 'You see what a state you have got into already over a matter which I have no doubt appears to you innocent enough, and is very likely quite trifling in its consequences to me or any one, except yourself. I can see you are going to worry about it—I shall not—and I cannot guess why you should. At the same time, it does not please me to think that you should accept any confidence which you may not share with Aunt Hessy, if not with me.'

She looked at him with such sad eyes: no tears in them, but questioning him, as if inspired by some distant thought, as yet only half comprehended. Her voice, too, seemed to come from a distance.

'I thought you would have trusted me, Philip. I hope you will, when you know that my mother has to do with this promise I have given.'

He placed his hands on her shoulders.

'I did not need that assurance, but am glad that you have told me so much. I do trust you—so much, that if you had simply said you had a secret which was not to be told to me yet a while, I should have thought nothing about it. But when I see that this thing distresses you and makes you ill—come, now, confess you would not have liked me to be indifferent.'

She confessed:

'No; I should not have liked you to be indifferent.'

'Very well, then, you have heard—say, a riddle, about which you think it right to hold your tongue meanwhile. I am content; for I know that you would not hold your tongue if you thought that any harm was to come of it to anybody. So, let it be, until you are ready to give us the answer to this riddle.'

He stooped and kissed her.

'Thank you, Philip. I am better now; but it did seem so terrible to have to tell you that there was something'——

He put his hand playfully on her mouth, stopping her.

'We are not going to say anything more about that. I have a lot of things to tell you; and came here in fear and trembling that you would be scolding me roundly for my long absence. But I see you have not missed me so much.'

Something of her bright smile returned as she shook her head disapprovingly.

'You know that I have missed you very much, or you would not have said that. But I knew that you were busy with the work which is to make your name a blessed one all over the world. How I should like to be by your side helping you!'

'You can be, whenever you choose. Why not at once? Although Uncle Shield says he would prefer that I should not marry for a year, I refused to give any promise on that subject, and am free to please you and myself.'

'No, no; I have told you that my ideas are the same as Mr Shield's. You must be quite free to set your plans in good working order before you tie yourself down to me. For you know I shall require such a heap of attention and looking after!'

And the eyes which had been for a second clouded when he pleaded again for their early union, opened upon him with that gentle light which could lead him anywhere. And so he yielded, allowing the subject of greatest import to their future to be put aside once more for matters of the moment. He told her first with what forbearance his father had acted, and how wisely he had dealt with his fortune.

'I did expect to have a bad time with him; but he was kinder to me than ever, and has done exactly what I should have asked him to do if he had consulted me beforehand. I am proud of him, and believe that he will be the first to hold out the hand of friendship, when I come to my grand scene of reconciliation between him and my uncle.—What is the matter with you? Why did you start?'

'A chill—don't mind it, please. I do hope you will manage to bring them together in friendship. You know I have as much interest in it as you now.'

'That is as it ought to be. I am sure that the governor would give in; but Shield passes all my powers of understanding. He won't speak like a sensible man to me, and yet he writes like a philosopher—at least as if he took real interest in what I am doing, and wished me to succeed.'

'Why do you not write to him about your father?'

'Because I am keeping that part of my work in hand until I can pounce upon both of them, and make them feel so ashamed, that they will not be able to say no when I say, and you say with me—Shake hands. We will manage it, you and I. Won't we?'

'I will try to do my part.'

She spoke low, and her thoughts seemed to reach into the future and the past farther than those of her lover. She seemed to feel that her part was a much heavier one than he imagined.

'For that, of course, we must watch our opportunity, and be ready to seize it when it comes. I know you will not fail, and hope I shall not. But there is another thing I want you to do at once.'

'What is that?'

'To bring old Culver into a Christian frame of mind regarding Caleb Kersey. You will manage that by proving to him what a fortune Kersey is going to make as my foreman. I am sure he will do well, and sure too that Pansy will be a lucky woman to have such a husband.'

'I think she would be; and for a time believed that she thought so too. But lately—I do not know why—I have had a suspicion that Pansy does not care so much for Caleb as she used to do.'

'Oh—h,' is the simplest representation of the long-drawn sound emitted by Philip, with many modulations before it passed into silence. It suggested surprise, curiosity, and suspicion, combined with a degree of uneasiness. 'Surely it is not possible that Pansy, who has always appeared to me the model of an innocent country girl, has been only making fun of this sturdy fellow? Can she have taken any other man into her mind? If she has, it will turn the poor chap topsy-turvy.'

'Has he said anything to you about her?'

'No; but I could see the whole thing when we were working at the church decorations. If ever any man was ready to die for a woman, Caleb feels that way towards Pansy. I hope she is not a fool.'

The last phrase was uttered with an excess of energy which the occasion did not seem to demand.

'How could you suppose that?'

'Because she is a woman,' he replied, with forced audacity and an awkward smile. 'Why do you suppose that she is changed?'

'You cannot have noticed her lately, or you would not require to ask. She has grown pale and nervous and forgets what she is told—blushes and grows white without any reason.'

'All that fits in exactly with my suspicion,' said Philip seriously; 'she has seen somebody else who has caught her fancy more than Kersey, and she is either afraid or ashamed to own it.'

Madge looked surprised.

'I never knew you to be so uncharitable, Philip. Can you not imagine any other cause for her unhappy state?'

'No.' He could not bring himself to say: 'I have seen my brother Coutts talking to her in a way which I should call flirting if she had been a girl with a good dowry at her back. I know that he will require substantial compensation for the surrender of his bachelorhood.'

'It might be so,' said Madge reflectively; 'but my idea was that she had been so worried by her father, that she had come to wish Caleb would keep away, and was too shy to tell him frankly.'

'Perhaps it is so; and maybe it would be best that we should not interfere. At the same time, I think old Culver should have a hint that in standing in Kersey's way he is doing his daughter an injury that he may be sorry for by-and-by. You might do that without risk of hurting anybody.'

'Yes; and if Pansy gives me an opportunity, I shall tell her what you think about Caleb.'

'And about his prospects—don't forget that with both of them. I told her this afternoon, when passing, that there was good news coming to her, and there could be no better angel than you to carry it.'

'Philip!'

'I didn't tell her that last bit, of course; but I thought it.'

She was not angry; and he sat down on the hassock again. Then they laid their heads together, and saw beautiful visions of the future in the bright fire. To him the path was like one long golden sunbeam; but she saw many motes in it—some of them big ones—although she said nothing at all about them to him.

She was striving hard to make him forget the opening part of their interview, and to send him away with a feeling of contentment in the belief that she was happy, so that he might go on with his great work undisturbed by any anxiety on her account. She felt that it was a great work, and that she must do everything in her power to lift the bars to its accomplishment out of the way. He had shown himself in two characters to-night—the loving, light-hearted boy and—when he stood up with that thoughtful face which reminded her of his father—the earnest and sharpsighted man.

She was not clear as to which side of his character she liked most; but they were both hers, and it was a relief to feel that if trial came to them, he could be resolute and considerate.

So she did her best to hide the fatigue which worry had brought upon her; and for a time she was completely successful.

Suddenly he jumped up.

'How stupid I am, Madge!' he exclaimed in irritation with himself.

'What is the matter now?'

'You—why, you are as tired as can be, and ought to have been off to bed long ago. I began by trying to get you to think of something pleasant, so as to drive off the blue fit that was on you, and then in my own enjoyment forgot how weary you must be. I am going away at once.'

She relieved him with a laugh; it was a delight to feel that they had been both inspired by the same good thought.

'I am glad you did not go sooner, Philip,' she said, standing up, her hands clasped round his neck. 'Do you know that, to-night, you have made me feel what I thought was impossible?'

'That must be worth knowing. What is it?'

'That I care more for you than ever,' she whispered, as she rested her brow on his shoulder.

A pause, as his arms tightened round her—his heart in his throat. Then, as people do in accepting the greatest benefactions, trying to hide with a laugh what they, from the hard teachings of stoic philosophers, have come to regard as the foolish weakness of tears of joy.

'I was not sure for a minute whether to be

glad or sorry for that, Madge. But of course it is right. What is it Othello says—or wishes? Something about love growing as years go on. That's how it will be with us.'

'I think so—I believe so. But you must not quote Othello. He killed his love because he had no true faith in it.'

'But then he was a nigger, and I am not. All right. I won't mention the gentleman again. I shall be here to-morrow.'

'Very well. Go to Uncle Dick now and help him in my place. He has some papers to fill up, and I intended to do them to-night. He will be disappointed if they are not done.'

'Now, there is a real good girl,' said Philip, delighted. 'I like you best when you are asking me to do something for you.'

When he entered the oak parlour, Aunt Hessy was at one side of the fire, knitting. Uncle Dick was at the other, puffing with the vigour of impatience unusually large clouds from his churchwarden, whilst he stared at a blue foolscap paper. On the table were a mass of other papers, which were tossed about as if somebody had been trying to get them into as confused a mass as possible.

'Where's Madge?' he ejaculated as soon as Philip appeared. 'You've kept her long enough for once in a way, Philip. I am getting into a regular passion with all these rules and restrictions.'

'Let me fill a pipe, and I shall be ready to take Madge's place.'

'You!' was the mirthfully contemptuous exclamation. 'You don't know anything about the things, and nobody can take her place.'

'But she has sent me, and I'll do my best to please you, sir,' retorted Philip with mock humility.

'Better let Philip do what's wanted,' said the dame, as she rose to leave the room; 'Madge is not well to-night.'

Uncle Dick grumbled at the absence of his secretary, but good-naturedly resigned himself to the services of her substitute. Presently, he found that Philip was so apt in taking up his suggestions that he almost forgot Madge.

ERRATIC PENS.

The journalist has no time to pick his words or sort his sentences with care. Once he has parted company with his MS., or as it is technically termed 'copy,' it is, as a rule, a case of 'what I have written, I have written;' so that, given an easy-going 'press-reader,' the supplier of news is likely enough to have reason to fret and fume when he sees himself in print; deriving little consolation from knowing that slipshod writing oftentimes makes very funny reading. Assuredly it is amusing to read one morning that the authorities of Alexandria are busily engaged disaffecting that, by all accounts, already sufficiently disaffected city; and the next, to learn our Canadian cousins are discussing the possibility of the abduction of Her Most Gracious Majesty. For these items of news we may be indebted to the compositor's maladroit intervention; but that convenient scapegoat is hardly answerable for the statement that an opera by Signor Riaci, 'the son and nephew of the composer of that name,' had been well received at Vienna; nor can he be held responsible for the information that a town in America rejoices in a Society 'for the prevention of cruelty to animals with upwards of a hundred dollars in the bank;' and that a certain event occurred on the night of the twenty-fifth of May, at about two o'clock in the morning.

It may be taken for granted that the rising School of Art is in the ascendant; it is easy to believe in an overcome toper being found 'with a pint-pot in his hand, which he could not drink;' but some of the statements made in the newspapers tax one's credulity overmuch. Lenient as magistrates are towards feminine offenders, they would scarcely content themselves with fining a virago for 'breaking her mother-in-law's arm by weekly instalments.' Good bats as there are in the Surrey Eleven, we must take leave to doubt that one of them scored seven hundred and twelve runs in an innings. And clever as French doctors may be, they are not so clever as a Paris correspondent makes out, when, relating the discovery of a murder in that city, he tells us that 'the only portion of the body not entirely destroyed was the left foot; and a medical examination of the remains proved that the man had been killed by blows on the head.'

Shakspeare was wrong in supposing there was any bourne from which no traveller could return. Glorifying the doings of Nares's band of Arctic explorers, a leader-writer said: 'From the leader of the expedition, who occupied the crow's-nest until he was overcome by exhaustion, to the humblest seaman who died from fatigue and cold, all have earned the rewards of heroes, and have come back laden with stores of knowledge.' An unlucky workman overbalancing himself and tumbling from his airy perch into the street, we read: 'The deceased was seen to pitch head foremost from the scaffold, and little hopes are entertained of his recovery.' Perhaps the deceased might have got over it, had his doctor been as devoted as the gentleman called in to do his best for a poor hurt lad, who 'was in frequent attendance upon him after the inquest.' Not, it may be hoped, from the remorseful feeling actuating his professional brother into writing: 'This is to certify that I attended Mrs S. during her last illness, and that she died in consequence thereof.'

Here is a nut for lovers of arithmetical riddles to crack at their leisure; we give it up: 'The diamond wedding of Major-general Lennox and his wife was celebrated on Saturday, at their house in Kelvinside. The General was born in Scotland in the year 1727, and was married on the 2d of December 1882, in the city of Cawnpore, to Mademoiselle de Laval, born in 1806, who had arrived at the French settlements in India with her parents from Mauritius, when that island passed in 1810 from the hands of the French into the possession of the English. General Lennox served in India for forty-three years. He went through the Cabul wars of 1839–43; assisted at

the capture of Ghuznee, Khelat, Kandahar, Cabul, Gwalior, and was present at the battle of Sobraon. With his wife and youngest daughter, he was miraculously preserved during the Indian Mutiny of 1857. General Lennox retired from the service in 1860.' After that, there is nothing surprising in a certain baronet being 'born in Paris in 1844, and married in 1827.'

Reporting the death of a cricketer from taking carbolic acid in mistake for black draught, an Irish newspaper said: 'The shopman filled the draught bottle out of a carbolic acid jar, instead of that marked "Senna Mixture," though his orders were never to do so unless under supervision.' Anticipating the death of a whale exhibited at the inaptly named Royal Aquarium at Westminster, a London paper observed: 'It will make excellent porpoise-skin boots.' Relating a chase after a native robber, an Indian paper said: 'A Bheel outlaw, fleeing for the jungle, saw his comrades captured one by one, then followed his horse and his wife, and the wretched man at last found that his only companion was his mother-in-law. He thereupon gave way to despair, and was taken by the police without further trouble.' Noticing the meeting of a new organisation called the Grand State Defenders, a New York journal said the members were bound by a solemn oath 'never to leave the state, except in the case of an invasion by a foreign foe.' In each case the satiric insinuation is plain enough. Whether it is intentional or not, would require some skill at thought-reading to decide.

It is well for an English soldier to be equal to a sea-voyage; but it is not generally known that it is requisite he should be familiar with life on the ocean wave. Such is the case, however, or a journalist protesting against the Duke of Connaught's promotion to a major-generalship, on the ground that 'he never went to sea unless it was absolutely necessary,' is as much out of his reckoning as the correspondent representing M. Paul Bert as telling the people of Grenoble: 'We have enemies whom their triumph has not satiated. Their appetites command us to be watchful; and once our military education is made, and our army thoroughly organised, we shall be able to say to our foes: "Take care! *twelve hundred* citizens are arrayed in arms before you. They are all ready; they are all united. Do not touch France!"'

The London shopkeeper's 'Boots sold and healed while you wait,' is not so likely to attract customers as the more pronounced orthographical eccentricities of the Gloucestershire gardener, having 'sallery plants for zale,' and ready to supply all comers with kalleflour, brokaler, weentur greens, raggit jak, rottigurs cale, and sprouiting brokla. But it would be hard to resist the temptation of assisting at a dramatic entertainment lightened by the musical performances of 'a band of amateur gentlemen;' and still harder to refuse to take a ticket for a cricket-match, knowing 'the entire proceeds are for the benefit of the late Isaac Johnson, who is totally unprovided for;' but the loyal natives of the Principality were not to be persuaded into joining a proposed Welsh Land League by the suggestion that they might 'send in their names anonymously.'

When the inhabitants of a French town complained of being disturbed by the explosion of shells, the discharge of cannon, and the rattle of small-arms at a mimic presentment of the bombardment of Plevna, the authorities sent a written notice to those concerned, informing them that for the future, Plevna must be bombarded at the point of the bayonet. The guardians of public property at Concord, Massachusetts, posted up placards offering a reward for the apprehension and conviction of persons guilty of 'girdling' the trees in the school-house yard, and promising the payment of a suitable reward 'for anything of the kind that may hereafter be done to any of the trees in the streets.' Of course, they no more meant what they said, than did the Commissioners of National Education in Ireland, when, in a Report, signed by four professors, they stated that the female teachers 'were instructed in plain cooking, had, in fact, to go through the process of cooking themselves in their turn;' a specimen of official English upon a par with the inscription telling visitors to Kew: 'This Gallery, containing studies from Nature, painted by her in various lands, was given in 1882 to these Gardens by Marianne Hope.'

A scientific writer asks us to believe that on placing a decapitated frog at the bottom of a vessel filled with water, the animal rises to the surface, and keeps itself there, with its head in the air; or if the frog be placed in the same vessel, under an inverted glass, filled with water, it behaves in the same manner. Some folks hold novel-reading in contempt, but it is astonishing what a deal of information may be gathered from novels. For instance, we have learned that Scylla was a dandy; that Miss Hardcastle was the heroine of Sheridan's best comedy; that a haggis is a dish peculiar to Ireland; that it usually snows upon the Derby Day; that lilacs and violets bloom amid the hues of ripening fruit; that heather blooms on the Scottish hills in the month of May; that the drones of the hive are given to toiling overmuch; that ibis-shooting is the favourite pastime of Tyrolese sportsmen; that rising barristers shrug their shoulders under rustling silk gowns; that the Victoria Cross is won by a hundred deeds of disciplined valour; that an officer can draw half-pay after selling out; and that our best bred Englishwomen are very rarely of the same name as the men they have married. One would not care to make the acquaintance of an Olympian girl with pagan eyes full of nocturnal mysteries; or desire the company of a lady 'only a simulacrum of femininity,' or of a gentleman deserving to be described as a small Vesuvius tabernacling in corporalities; while a lip that owes no man anything and only bows to its maker, and a castle in the air overstepping all difficulties and all rancour, are altogether beyond appreciation or comprehension. Perhaps the ladies and gentlemen who delight in mystifying such readers as they may have, are urged to it as Balzac was. Asked to explain an abstruse passage in one of his books, he frankly owned it had no meaning at all. 'You see,' said he, 'for the average reader all that is clear seems easy; and if I did not sometimes give him a complicated and meaningless sentence, he would think he knew as much as myself. But when he comes upon something he cannot comprehend,

he re-reads it, puzzles over it, takes his head between his hands, and glares at it; and finding it impossible to make head or tail of it, says—"Great man, Balzac; he knows more than I do!"'

CHEWTON-ABBOT.

IN THREE CHAPTERS.—CONCLUSION.

FRANK laughed at the idea of Mrs Abbot kneeling at his feet; and had not the least intention of sending Millicent's address.

He saw little of any one for the next few days except Millicent. His poor friend Mr John Jones called several times, but each time found him absent.

'Your master is neglecting his business,' he said sternly to Frank's small clerk.

'Got something pleasanter to attend to,' said the youth with a wink. He was a sharp lad, and able to form his own opinions.

One day towards the end of the week, Mr Jones did succeed in catching his young friend, and, moreover, in smoking the whole of a long cigar in his society. 'Look here, Abbot,' he said, 'what's up with you? Are you going to be married?'

'Yes,' said Frank; 'I am.'

'Thought so,' said Mr Jones. 'When?'

'Next Tuesday,' answered Frank as laconically as his strange friend.

'Girl got money?'

'No; poorer than I am.'

'That's bad. Tell me all about it.'

Every man in Frank's plight likes a friend to unburden his heart to; so Mr Jones had the whole history of his love affair, from the moment his mother intervened down to the present happy time. Frank waxed so eloquent, that his friend's eyes glistened, and when the history was finished, he grasped the young man's hand, and wished him good wishes which were certainly heartfelt.

'I have a favour to ask,' he said, in a very humble way, quite different from his usual energetic style of talking. 'I haven't known you long, so it's presumption on my part. But I've grown very fond of you. May I come to the church and see you married?'

'You may be best-man, if you like; or you can give the bride away. It will save us having recourse to the sexton.—Only on one condition, though,' continued Frank, struck by a sudden thought; 'that is, you don't go making absurd presents.'

'I must give you something.'

'Give me a box of cigars, then.'

'Very well,' said Mr Jones. 'But you're disgustingly proud.'

So it was settled. To Frank's great relief—for he disliked paining the man by refusing anything—Mr Jones brought him a box of his big cigars, and on the Tuesday morning accompanied him to the quiet town church, where in due time Millicent appeared, accompanied by her distant relative. Mr John Jones acted in his twofold capacity with great decorum. Frank had laughingly told Millicent of the strange arrangement he had made. She raised no objection. 'What does it matter,' she said, 'so long as we are really married?' So, when the clergyman asked who gave this woman, &c., Mr Jones stepped forward and performed the office. When the ceremony was over, and the happy pair stepping into the carriage, thinking, no doubt, his services entitled him to some reward, he kissed the bride on her forehead—a proceeding which rather staggered Frank, although, as Millicent did not seem annoyed, he said nothing.

'That old Jones is a strange fellow,' he said, as Millicent and he were safely ensconced in the brougham.

'Yes. How long have you known him?'

'Only a week or two—quite a chance acquaintance.'

'Chance acquaintances are not to be depended upon,' said Mrs Frank Abbot sententiously.

Then, as was but natural, they talked of other things, and dismissed Mr John Jones from their happy minds.

During the last week, they had held many debates as to where they should spend the honeymoon. As yet, they had only partially settled the important point. By Millicent's express wish, the first week was to be passed at Clifton. 'Dear old Clifton!' she said. 'We met there first; remember that, sir!' Frank did not particularly want to go to Clifton, but he yielded without a murmur. Whether it should be Switzerland, Italy, France, Scotland, or Ireland afterwards, was to be decided at their leisure. So the brougham drove to Paddington, and Mr and Mrs Frank Abbot took the train for the west.

They spent five happy days at Clifton; although they knew the scenery by heart, it looked more beautiful than ever under the present auspices. Then Frank began to talk about going elsewhere; but Millicent seemed in no hurry to make a move. 'I wonder, Frank,' she said one evening, 'you don't go over and have a look at your old home.'

'I haven't the heart to go,' sighed Frank. 'I might have gone by myself; but I can't stand it with you. I shall be thinking all the while how you would have graced it.'

'Who lives there now?'

'A Mr Tompkinson—a London merchant.'

'I should so like to see the place, Frank! Do take me to-morrow.'

Frank, who, in truth, was longing to have a look at the old place, consented. They decided to go the next day. 'We will have a carriage, and drive,' said Frank.

'What extravagance!' said Millicent.

'Never mind. I shall only be married once. When our honeymoon is over, we will go in for strict economy.'

Millicent agreed to this. So a carriage was hired the next morning, and they started for Frank's ancestral home.

It was a lovely September morning; the air was fresh and exhilarating. As soon as the dark dusty city was left behind, Millicent's spirits rose to a mad pitch, which Frank, with all his newly married adoration, fancied was not quite in keeping with what was to him at least a sort of solemn pilgrimage. She caught hold of his hands and squeezed them, she laughed and talked; in fact, generally misconducted herself. Frank had never seen her in such a mood before. He was fain to believe that she was forcing her merriment, to show him how little she cared for the loss of the

wealth she would have shared. Nevertheless, as each landmark came in sight, and at last he knew that he was passing through lands which one day should have been his, he grew gloomy, moody, and miserable. Millicent saw what passed through his mind; she sank into silence; an occasional pressure of the hand only reminding him that at least he had her.

Presently he stopped the carriage. 'You can get the best view of the dear old house from here,' he said.

'Let us get out,' said his wife.

They alighted, and for some minutes stood looking at the long gray house. Frank's eyes were full of tears.

'Can't we go over the house?' asked Millicent.

'By permission of Mr Tompkinson, no doubt; but he is a stranger to me, so I don't care to ask it.'

'But I want to see the inside so much, Frank; you have described it to me so often. Let us go up and ask if we can go over it.'

The idea of asking leave to go over Chewton Hall was more than Frank could bear. 'I would much rather not,' he said.

'But I want to go, Frank,' said Millicent, pouting. 'No one will know us, so what does it matter?'

Frank still shook his head and raised objections. If there was one thing above another he hated, it was asking favours of strangers. Chewton Hall was not a show-place. It boasted no specimens of interesting architecture; it possessed no gallery of paintings. As likely as not, when they reached the door and preferred their request, some flunky of this fellow Tompkinson's would order them off the grounds. In short, sorry as he was to disappoint his wife, Mr Abbot firmly refused to ask leave to go over the Hall. Thereupon he discovered that he had married a young woman who had no intention of giving him abject obedience.

'It's very unkind of you,' she said. 'I *will* go over the place. If you won't come, I shall go alone.' She turned away, pushed the lodge-gate open in a most unceremonious way, and was twenty yards up the drive before her husband had recovered from his surprise. At first, he resolved to leave her to her fate; but that seemed an unkind thing to do. After all, she wanted to look over his old home solely for love of him. He could not let her go alone; besides, as he was hesitating, she turned and beckoned to him. So he walked after her.

As soon as Millicent had satisfied herself that her husband was following her, she quickened her pace to such an extent, that without actually running, he could not overtake her. Arguing that a man's running after a woman up a stranger's carriage-drive was not a dignified preparation to asking a favour, Frank followed his wife at a reasonable pace; and when he came up to her, found her standing at the door of the Hall in conversation with an elderly woman, who was evidently a housekeeper. Frank thought this good woman eyed him very curiously and suspiciously.

'It's all right, Frank,' said Millicent, turning her smiling face to him. 'We may go over the Hall. Mr Tompkinson is not here at present.'

'Please, walk in,' said the housekeeper, dropping a courtesy.

Millicent did so; and Frank followed her, sulkily. He did not approve of the proceedings. As his wife had forced him to the house, he had determined to send his card up to Mr Tompkinson, trusting that his former connection with the place would excuse the liberty he was taking. But he did not like this going behind the man's back, and felt sure that Millicent had been smoothing the way with a bribe.

'That's the drawing-room—the dining-room—library—billiard-room,' said the housekeeper, jerking her finger at the doors in succession. 'Please, walk through them; and ring when you'd like to go up-stairs and see the view.'

Therewith the woman vanished, after giving Millicent a knowing look, which Frank felt sure spoke of wholesale bribery.

'I say, Millicent,' said Frank, 'we can't go walking about a man's house alone, in this fashion.'

'My dear,' said Millicent very seriously, 'I pledged my honour we would pocket nothing.' Then she broke into an hysterical little laugh; and Frank wondered what had come to his wife.

'Let us go to the drawing-room first,' she said, recovering her gravity, and opening the door pointed out by the housekeeper.

Frank passed through the doorway, and for a moment could think of nothing but how he should keep himself from quite breaking down. The room looked almost the same as when he last entered it—the same as he had known it from his earliest days. Every chair and table the same, or apparently so. Then he remembered that the purchaser of the house had also bought nearly all the household furniture. At the time, he was glad to think the old place would not be dismantled; now he regretted it had not been. The presence of the well-remembered Lares and Penates left the old home unchanged in all—save that it was no longer his home. There was the very stool on which as a boy he used to sit at his mother's feet; there was the wonderful Japanese cabinet, with dozens of little lackered drawers, which used to be opened now and again as a great treat to him. And here was he standing in the middle of these old household gods, by permission of another man's servant. He wished he had been firm, and not yielded to Millicent's whim.

His heart was too full for words. He turned away from his wife, who was watching him earnestly, turned away, not willing she should see how much he was affected. He opened the door of the conservatory and passed out among the flowers. Even the flowers looked the same. The red stars of taxonia shone from the green clouds above as of old. The large heliotrope against the wall was in full blossom. The great centre tree-palm was still there. The fountain played as of old, and splashed down on the gold-fish swimming in the basin. How well he remembered when his great delight was to be lifted up to look at those red and white carp! He could stand these memories no longer. Let him go away—out of the house—never to come near it again. He went back to the room to find Millicent. The room was untenanted. He supposed his wife, taking advantage of the accorded permission, had extended her researches. He looked in the dining-room. As the old family portraits had been bought by his own people, this

room did not appeal to him so much. He glanced round; Millicent was not there. He walked across the hall and opened the library door. He did not notice whether this room was changed or not. He had eyes for one thing only, and, perhaps, a more astonishing sight was never seen by a six days' bridegroom. Here was Millicent—his wife, her hat and mantle thrown off, absolutely sitting on the knee of a gentleman; moreover, with her arms twined round his neck, her cheek resting against his, and so concealing his features from her outraged husband, who no doubt would have rushed to immolate his supposed rival, had not Millicent, without changing her position, looked at him with eyes so full of love, tenderness, and triumph, that Frank Abbot stood rooted to the ground, and wondered why he should be dreaming in broad daylight. Then he grew very pale, all sorts of wild things rushing into his head. He managed to take a step or two forward; and Millicent jumping off her human perch, rushed to meet him, threw her arms round his neck, sobbed and laughed, and all the while ejaculated: 'My darling—my darling! My own love! To think it should be through me! My own dear husband!'

She kissed him and embraced him in so fervent a manner, that his attention could scarcely be given elsewhere; but the impression grew upon him that over her shoulder, sitting in the chair from which she had sprung, was his chance acquaintance, Mr John Jones.

'What—does—it all mean?' gasped Mr Abbot, as his wife subsided on his shoulder.—'Mr Jones, you here! What does it mean?'

Mr Jones rose from his chair and held out his hand. 'Shake hands, Frank,' he said. 'It means this. I told you you'd have to take something from me, proud as you were. You've taken my daughter, at anyrate.'

'But'——

'Yes; I know. I'm Keene, not Jones. That girl of mine is a romantic, obstinate child. I'm an old fool, and ought to be ashamed of myself; but it did me good to find she was going to marry a man who thought she hadn't a penny-piece to her name. Shake hands, Frank.'

'But—here!' ejaculated Frank.

'Yes, here. In my house; or rather, in yours and Millicent's. The truth is, when we landed in England, the first paper Milly saw held an advertisement, saying this place was for sale. She made me go the next day and buy it, stock, lock, and barrel. Now you know all.'

'O Frank!' interposed Millicent, 'forgive me—I had been in England four months before I wrote to you! Do forgive me, Frank! They were very long months.'

As Frank gave her a passionate kiss, she supposed herself forgiven. Mr Keene drew out his cigar-case.

'Now all's settled,' he said, 'I'll send and tell your carriage to go back. You can drive into Clifton this evening and fetch your luggage.'

'Stop a moment!' said Frank. 'Mr Keene, I am too bewildered to say all I want to; but it must be clearly understood that I am not going to be a dependent on your bounty.'

'I always told you, you were absurdly proud,' growled Mr Keene.

'I will not. Had I known that you had purchased my father's estate, I could not have married Millicent. I would not have let the world call me a fortune-hunter.'

Mrs Frank Abbot glanced at her father. 'I told you what he was, papa,' she said. Then turning to Frank: 'Will you kindly look at me, sir, and tell me how I have changed so greatly that people will think I am only worth marrying for my money?'

To this challenge Frank made no reply, in words. Then he took his wife's hand. 'Millicent,' he said, 'shall it be clearly understood that you are the wife of a poor man—that you will be happy when I ask you to leave this and come to London with me, while I work at my profession as before?'

'Stuff and nonsense!' growled Mr Keene. But Millicent looked into her husband's face and whispered: 'My darling love, your wishes shall be mine!'

Then Mr Keene went out and sent the carriage away.

It is a great temptation to describe the meeting between Mrs Abbot and her daughter-in-law. The elder lady's surprise and joy simply beggar description. Loving her son as she really did, the reversionary restoration was as much a satisfaction to her as if her own husband had been reinstated. The meeting between the two ladies was embarrassing for both to look forward to; but it went off to perfection. Mrs Abbot, all smiles and sweetness, embraced her daughter-in-law, and said: 'My dear, I told you that under other circumstances we should be great friends. We shall be so now—shall we not?' It was a graceful, if not an unworldly apology; and as Millicent returned her kiss and begged her to forget what had happened, Mrs Abbot hung round the girl's neck a diamond cross, which, being her own personal property, had survived the wreck; and after this, a peace was established which as yet has not been broken.

Did Frank Abbot continue to work as hard at his profession as he had resolved to do? The events above recorded are of comparatively recent date. So I can say with truth that he is still a working member of the bar, and is supposed to be making a fair income. As Mr Keene had not the least intention of allowing his daughter to go empty-handed to a husband, however quixotic he might be, the young couple have always been far away from the poverty which one of them was continually harping upon. The last I heard about them is that Mr Keene, who, since his daughter's marriage, has spent most of his time in London, told Frank roundly, that unless he would bring Millicent back to Chewton, throw his pride to the winds, and live at the Hall as his forefathers had lived—acting, if he liked, for conscience' sake, as bailiff or manager of the estate—he, Mr Keene, would at once sell the place, and invest the proceeds in something more profitable than a large house in which he could not live alone, or acres about which he cared nothing.

Millicent, who thinks Frank looking pale and fagged, and is quite sure that London air does not suit the baby, seconds her father's appeals with eloquent looks; and Frank, who has

formed an affectionate regard for Mr Keene, and who finds that, with such attractions at home, circuit-going is dreary work, certainly wavers in his determination; so it is more than likely that one day the bar will lose what might have been a distinguished ornament to it, and that Chewton Hall will once more have a proper master and mistress.

ACROBATS.

THE following sketch of a certain gymnast's professional origin and career may not be without interest to the reader, since it presents an entire departure from the usually recognised methods of training athletes—a departure which, though exceptional, is by no means unique. The performer who furnished me with the narration is one of the best flying trapezists of the day, and has invented several novel and clever specialities of a 'lofty' character, in which he takes part with his wife and a female apprentice. Taking the liberty of excising much collateral, not to say irrelevant, detail, with which the history was interspersed throughout, I will allow the gymnast to tell his own tale.

'I was the best gymnast in the school when I was a boy. Horizontal bar, parallel bars, pole, ladder, rope, swinging-bar—anything that could be done on the rough bit of a gymnasium that we had in the playground, I could do. All the coppers I got—and they weren't many, for my parents were hard-working people who had enough to do to make both ends meet—I used to save up until they made a sixpence. Cakes and apples never drew a halfpenny out of my pocket. Then I used to treat myself to a visit to whatever circus or theatre gave most tumbling for the money; and when I got back to school next day, I used to begin to practise all the new tricks I'd seen the night before. It's a wonder I didn't break my neck at it! As it was, I used to be black and blue and grazed all over sometimes—got caned for it too, now and then; but nothing stopped me. Born in me, I suppose. Anyhow, I always liked exercises on the bar a good deal better than exercises on a slate or copy-book, even if I got black marks for one and good marks for the other; for I wasn't so bad at school-work as you might think, and could show you a writing prize now that I got over seventy other boys.

'When I left school, I joined a gymnastic club, and soon took the lead there too. But then my father died, and mother fell ill. I had to put my shoulder to the wheel in earnest to get bread for myself and help her all I could, and I had enough to think of without gymnastics. I was a shop-boy, but through writing a good hand was promoted to keeping the books. In a short time I left that, and got a regular clerkship at a very fair salary. I seemed to be in luck's way; but before I'd been in the berth a month, my master failed, and I found myself out of a situation.

'They were rough times after that for a long while. Try as I would, I could get nothing; and at last I started off, and worked my passage over to America. There I got a job, something between a junior clerk and a porter, in a merchant's office in New York.

'One summer's evening, I was passing the entrance to one of the minor entertainment gardens, when a flaming poster with a picture of some acrobats caught my eye. I hadn't quite lost my old taste; so, as the price of admission wasn't very high, I went in and saw the performance. Why, thinks I to myself, *I* used to be able to do better than that in the old playground at Hoxton! Why shouldn't I turn a few dollars that way now? I liked the idea so much, that, going home to my lodgings, I bought a few yards of rope; and that very night, without ever going to bed, I fixed up a bit of apparatus among the beams of the attic where I slept, making the foot-rail of the bedstead do duty for a trapeze bar. I had lost a lot of the neatness; but all the old tricks came back one by one before morning; for I practised all that blessed night, and never slept a wink. Before the week was out, I had an engagement at that same garden; the salary wasn't a big one, certainly, but it was three times what I was getting in the office. In less than a month I made my first appearance in fleshings and spangles.

'For a little while I managed to keep on the office-work and this too; then it got to the chief clerk's ears, and I was dismissed. "Of course you were," says everybody, though I have never been able to see why exactly. However, it didn't matter much, for just afterwards I was wanted for two turns a day instead of one, which more than made up the lost money.

'Well, I had several engagements after this at small halls and gardens; for I wasn't a big "draw" at that time, and could only do what a score of other gymnasts were doing in the city; but the style I worked in gave satisfaction; and I kept on improving on the old tricks and practising new ones, for my heart and soul was in the business. It wasn't all smooth sailing, either; for sometimes I was out of an engagement for a good while, and began to think it would have been better to have stuck to the quill-driving. All the spare cash I had went home to the mother, and—flush or hard up—I still slept in the same attic, though I had put the bed-rail back in its place.

'At last I joined a circus and came to England. I learnt fancy riding, and took a turn at clowning and the rope at times; but the low bar and single trapeze or rings was what I was wanted for most. You see, I had been nearly three years regularly at it by that time, and was beginning to make a mark. We started on a provincial tour, and pitched for a week at Norwich. I don't notice the public much; but there was a girl there that came two or three nights' running and sat close to the ring, that somehow struck my fancy. The last night but one, I caught myself looking round for her, as I sat on the bar before swinging off; and sure enough, there she was, just alongside the outer upright of my apparatus. Whether it was that that made me miss my tip or not, I can't say, but that night I had a slip—nothing of any consequence; it marked my knee and shoulder next day; but I was able to finish my performance as if nothing had happened. In fact, the public would hardly have noticed it, but for the girl's screeching out, "Oh, he's killed!" and fainting. It made a bit of a fuss; but I liked her for it. Two days afterwards, when we were on the march at five

o'clock in the morning, there she stood at the door of her father's cottage, an old farm-place just out of the town, to see us go by. That's my wife, sir!

'Eighteen she was, when she married me, and I was twenty-two. But she didn't begin to train till a year later; and six months after that we got our first double engagement. It was her idea, not mine. She suggested it. I said it was impossible. She insisted; and it was done. I get as many pounds weekly now in some places as I did quarter-dollars at starting. I've got a snug little bit of money in the bank, and I've got a snug little place of my own out at Wood Green; and soon, maybe, we shall give up business, and go in for agency or catering. And it's all through her idea and pluck. And am I going to risk her life for the want of a few yards of safety-netting and the trouble of setting it, to please a manager or the public either?

'It was her idea, too, to take an apprentice for the same business, as she had got on so well herself. So we looked about, not for a young child, but for a grown girl; and at last we found one of sixteen years of age, small and half-starved, helping her mother at the wash-tub. I hope to train a good many more, but I shall always look out for one that's been half-starved. The first thing we did was to feed her up—beefsteaks and porter, strong broth, essence of meat, and eggs beaten up in port wine. Now, all that would have turned to fat and done her no good, only I made her take exercise with it. I hung up a pair of rings about seven feet high in a doorway, and used to keep her drawing herself up and down by the arms all day long, on and off. We used to sit in the room to watch her and tell her when to leave off; and my wife would promise her a new tie or a hat or a pair of earrings as soon as she could pull up a certain number of times. For the first month, she used to complain of pains at the back of the shoulder-blades, but a little embrocation soon eased it. That's all the work she did for three months, and by that time she had arms nearly as big as mine! Then we took her up on the bars with us. She's been with us three years now, and won't be out of her time for another two; and then I shall take her into the firm as a partner, or engage her at a good salary; for she's as strong as a man, and yet light enough for my wife to catch. I have paid her mother five shillings a week ever since we have had her, and we have made her presents, besides feeding and clothing her. When she is perfect in the business we are practising now, I am going to give her a five-pound note.'

Mrs Gymnast was a graceful, slender woman of exquisite symmetry, some seven-and-twenty years old. Miss Apprentice, though nineteen, was no taller than many girls five years her junior, but had the limbs and muscles of a young giantess.

THE ABANDONMENT OF WIND-POWER.

Sir William Fairbairn, in his well-known book *Mills and Millwork*, dismisses the subject of windmills in thirteen pages, and much of this scant notice is occupied with an antiquarian rather than an engineering inquiry into the history and birthplace of windmills; proving that even ere he wrote, the 'Wind' age had merged and lost itself in its all-powerful successor the 'Steam' age. The gist of the matter is thus summed up by Sir William: 'It is more probable that we are indebted to the Dutch for our improved knowledge of windmills, and wind as a motive-power; and it is within my own recollection that the whole of the eastern coasts of England and Scotland were studded with windmills, and that for a considerable distance into the interior of the country. Half a century ago, nearly the whole of the grinding, stamping, sawing, and draining was done by wind in the flat counties; and no one could enter any of the towns in Northumberland, Lincolnshire, Yorkshire, or Norfolk but must have remarked the numerous windmills spreading their sails to catch the breeze. Such was the state of our windmills sixty years ago; and nearly the whole of our machinery depended on wind, or on water where the necessary fall could be secured. These sources of power have nearly been abandoned in this country, having been replaced by the all-pervading power of steam. This being the case, wind as a motive-power may be considered as a thing of the past, and a short notice will therefore suffice.' Thus Sir William Fairbairn dismisses the subject.

The 'English Windmill Epoch,' as it may be termed, reached its zenith between the middle of the last century and the close of the first quarter of our own. During this period, Andrew Meikle, John Smeaton, and Sir William Cubitt lived and worked; and to this period belong all the experiments and literature concerning windmills which we possess; for since this period, the introduction of steam has resulted in an almost entire abandonment of wind-power, save in certain cases, to which we shall presently refer. The advantages undoubtedly possessed by wind over steam as a prime mover—economy in first cost, very low working expenses, and great simplicity in construction—are more than counterbalanced by the uncertainty experienced in its employment. Cases, however, there now are in which wind-power is employed, and with appreciable advantage, or it would, as elsewhere, have been superseded. From Guernsey, a large export trade is carried on in granite, from quarries situated in the northern and eastern parts of the island. These quarries, sunk in some places to great depths, are invariably drained by small four-armed windmills, erected on timber uprights, and actuating bucket-pumps. Driven by the constant sea and land breezes, these little mills, dotted about over the landscape, have small difficulty in draining the quarries of the accumulated rainfall, which, owing to the comparative absence of springs and streams, is the only source of flooding. Should a calm render the pumps idle, a few weeks' accumulation of rain does not hinder the quarrymen; whilst a cessation of wind for even a week is a very rare occurrence.

Turning to the flat eastern counties of England, the visitor to Lowestoft, Yarmouth, or Lincoln will find windmills largely employed in the drainage of the fen districts. The main drain through the fields is carried between high banks, and is at a higher level than the fields themselves. The flood-water on the fields is raised into these drains by large scoop-wheels, actuated by windmills.

Here, however, steam begins to make its appearance, and an occasional tall chimney marks the presence of a small beam-engine, whose owner wishes to be independent of Boreas in draining the fields around. The advantages to be derived from a combination of wind and steam have frequently been urged, on the ground that a saving of fuel is effected by using wind-power when possible, steam-power being available in case of calm. This arrangement, though undoubtedly possessing the advantages claimed for it, involves a larger outlay of capital, together with augmented complication in construction, and has in consequence never met with much favour.

To those who delight to indulge in prophetic engineering speculation, the future of wind-power in connection with electricity will afford an ample field. The power developed during storms might be stored in an accumulator, to be used during calms; by this means eliminating the element of 'uncertainty,' the prime cause of the disfavour into which wind as a motive-power has fallen. In conclusion, though it is not unfrequently the custom to declaim against the neglect of wind as a prime motor, there are, as has been shown, many cases where it can be and is advantageously employed; and though it is undoubtedly certain that its more extended use would be accompanied by results of economic value, it is yet equally certain that a return to wind as a chief prime mover would be as retrogressive as a return to sailing-vessels, to the exclusion of our modern steam-driven craft.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

OLD-FASHIONED FURNITURE.

Quaint 'bits' of old-fashioned furniture have for a long time past been much sought after, and pretty examples are now to be met with in almost every house of refinement and taste. One occasionally meets with old-fashioned things which from change of circumstances can no longer be used for their original purpose. The silver-handled steel knives and double-pronged or tined forks—which most members of the present generation have never even seen—were, when not in use, stored away in a specially made satin-wood or mahogany box, often beautifully decorated with inlaid marquetrie-work, and in the better examples the mountings were of chased silver. The interior of the box was apparently solid, with a separate slit for each knife and fork, which, handle uppermost, stood upright. Until recently, these beautiful specimens of the cabinet-work of a bygone age could be purchased for a very few shillings each. Some one has lately discovered that by removing the interior false top and adding divisions for paper and envelopes, these old knife-boxes can easily be transformed into choice and covetable stationery cabinets; and dealers are now buying them up, and when transformed, are asking almost as many pounds as they gave shillings. Another ingenious person—a lady well known in society—has discovered that the highly polished, old-fashioned double-handled plethoric copper or brass tea-urn wherewith our great-grandmothers delighted to adorn the table when their friends assembled to discuss a dish of tea, can easily be transformed into a noble table-lamp of striking proportions. The urn proper forms the body; and a paraffine lamp, with its ordinary glass receptacle for oil, is fitted into the space formerly occupied by the heater, which, with the lid, is of course discarded. The projecting spout is likewise banished, and a simple metal boss, with a corresponding one for uniformity on the other side, takes its place. To complete, an extra large shade is fitted over an octagon-shaped wire framework of ordinary construction.

AN ELECTRICAL TRICYCLE.

A very clever and most ingeniously constructed tricycle has lately been brought forward by Messrs Ayrton and Perry, the great peculiarity of which consists in the fact that it is driven, not by the feet, but by electricity, thereby saving all labour. It is described as an open-fronted machine of the usual pattern, but with its ordinary driving-gear removed. The driving-wheel is forty-four inches in diameter, and close to it is a large spur-wheel containing two hundred and forty-two teeth. The motor is placed beneath the seat, and the armature spindle carries a spindle of twelve teeth, gearing into the spur-wheel, by which both motion and speed are regulated. The battery is composed of Faure, Sellon, Volknar cells, and is so placed as to act direct upon the spur-wheel, so that there is no loss of power. When fully charged, the battery is said to contain a store of electricity equal to what is understood as two horse-power. The engine is entirely under the control of the rider, and pace can be regulated to a nicety. Such a machine will be found invaluable to invalids, and persons who do not care for driving horses or travelling at a very high rate of speed; and, as neither fire nor water is required, there is no fear of explosion, smoke, or mess.

QUITS!

Indeed, they have not grieved me sore,
  Your faithlessness and your deceit;
The truth is, I was troubled more
  How I should make a good retreat:
Another way my heart now tends;
We can cry quits, and be good friends.

I found you far more lovable,
  Because your fickleness I saw,
For I myself am changeable,
  And like, you know, to like doth draw:
Thus neither needs to make amends;
We can cry quits, and be good friends.

While I was monarch of your heart,
  My heart from you did never range;
But from my vassal did I part,
  When you your lady-love did change:
No penalty the change attends;
We can cry quits, and be good friends.

Farewell! We'll meet again some day,
  And all our fortunes we'll relate;
Of love let's have no more to say,
  'Tis clear we're not each other's fate.
Our game in pleasant fashion ends;
We can cry quits, and be good friends.

Catherine Grant Furley.

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FROM JAFFA TO JERUSALEM.

Coasting along the arid Syrian shore, there is little to attract the attention of the traveller from Port Said to Jaffa, till the last-named town is in sight. If, however, there is a haze upon the water and the wind is from the shore, a powerful perfume of orange-flowers borne across the sea is the first intimation that one is nearing Jaffa, perhaps the most ancient town—certainly one of the most ancient towns—in the world. Presuming that no wind has sprung up since you left the Egyptian port—in which case you will be carried on to Beyrout, as the steamers only touch at Jaffa in calm weather, owing to the danger and almost impossibility of landing passengers or goods—presuming, however, that all is well, you reach Jaffa most probably in the early morning; and having anchored outside a reef of rocks which incloses a natural harbour permitting the entrance only of small boats, you look upon a scene as picturesque and peculiarly eastern in its character as you could wish. Rising abruptly from the sea, the whitened, flat-roofed houses intermingle with the domes of the mosques and the convent towers; while the surmounting citadel, the surrounding wall, and massive gates, give the distinctive character that one had observed in Tangier, or Algiers, or Cairo.

Along the quay is collected a throng of people, containing representatives of half the ports in the Levant or the East. Huge brown-sailed boats are moored in the smooth water within; while outside, the water washes over the encircling rocks—the fabled rocks of Andromeda's captivity. Palms and plantain trees are scattered here and there, with the glimpse of orchards beyond; and stately camels, with their stalwart Bedouin guides, carrying bales of merchandise or corn, now and again move across the line of vision on the shore. And now the boats are putting out to the steamer, and the swarthy boatmen ply their oars with vigour; and boats filled with oranges and lemons and gigantic melons, and bright-hued fishes, swarm around us. Not least, to add to the general effect, and certainly chiefest for one's individual comfort, are the men of Cook and Howard the agents, clad respectively in blue and red, who in well-manned boats are at the service of the traveller. Here, be it remarked, that whatever prejudice may exist amongst ordinary British travellers against 'Cooking it' on the continent, in the East the services of these agents are invaluable; and the travelling public owes much to them for having brought dragomans, guides, hotel-keepers, and stable-keepers to some decency in the matter of their charges. Placing ourselves in the hands of one of them, we are landed at the quay, and pass along the narrow crowded street that leads to the market-place at the top of the town.

The first thing that struck one was the remarkable beauty of the inhabitants, men and women alike. Jews, Turks, Syrians, and Arabs were all in marked contrast to the ugly squat Egyptians amongst whom we had recently sojourned; and the Bedouins are a much finer race than those of either the Egyptian or Sinaitic Desert, whose acquaintance we had just made. As may be assumed, there is a marked Jewish cast of countenance—as we call it at home—amongst all classes, even to the Bedouins. The camels, too, are larger and finer looking. It is to be feared, however, that it is only in physical qualities that the Syrians can show a superiority to the Egyptians; morally, they appear to be very much on a par.

We pass along the winding antiquated street, through ancient arches, up occasional broad steps, past shops of all kinds—holes in the wall, where Jews and Greeks, squatted on their hams, are ready to sell you anything from an estate to a pair of slippers—jostled by camels and mules and donkeys carrying grain and merchandise of various kinds, and accompanied by the handsome picturesque Bedouins of the Syrian Desert, through bazaars with fruit-sellers, water-carriers, and hawkers of all kinds plying their various trades, until we reach the market-place, where there seems to be more spirit and business-like

animation than one usually sees in the East. The house of Simon the tanner is pointed out to us, and we receive the information with the necessary reserve. But there are unmistakable tanneries in its neighbourhood, if that evidence goes for anything. Arrived at the hotel, we first ordered a couple of horses to be got ready as soon as possible; and having viewed the sorry-looking hacks, took a hurried breakfast, as we were anxious to be on the road. Good horses and saddles are usually to be obtained in Syria without any difficulty, but we had unfortunately hit upon the very time when they were least plentiful, namely, the Thursday following Easter Sunday. Breakfast was not a very long affair, consisting of the inevitable cutlet and eggs, anchovies, sliced sausages, olives, figs, and oranges—to which some months in the East had made us familiar. A most dirty and exasperating waiter, who seemed to take more than the average delight of his Syrian countrymen in telling lies, boldly asked for 'backsheesh,' informing us that his former statement as to being the proprietor was untrue; and when he saw us loading our revolvers, asked what we were 'going to shoot his people for; that was not good!' However, he did us the honour to guide us personally to a point where the road led to Jerusalem; and away we went on our journey.

The road was very dusty, but the air was full of the perfume of flowers; and it was delicious to ride past the orange groves and gardens and orchards that extended for nearly a mile out of the busy, jostling, evil-smelling town. After passing the orchards and gardens, the road becomes rather tame and barren, and though well enough for riding, must be terribly disagreeable for those who undertake the journey by carriage. We met many pilgrims returning from Jerusalem—there had been ten thousand of them there in Holy Week. They came trooping past, on camels, mules, donkeys, and horses, in carts and carriages, and many on foot. They were chiefly Russians, but many were Levantines. Many carried the precious relics that had been made sacred to them by being laid upon the Holy Sepulchre, or perhaps thrust into the so-called 'Holy Fire.' Sometimes a crowd would appear in the distance, and the long cylindrical tins containing sanctified candles—some of them five or six feet long—would shine like lances in the sun. 'Family' camels with a sort of howdah, or a canopy with beds on either side or 'atop,' would hold some three or four children and their mother. Others would be squatted on the top of their baggage. All their faces had a pleased and satisfied look, as of having accomplished a desirable work. At intervals of a mile or so, we passed the guardhouses of the police, placed for the protection of the road to Jerusalem; and after about three hours and a half, reached Ramleh, the first halting-place on the road, and remarkable for its broad and clean streets, and its well-to-do, sleepy appearance. Indeed, but for the hideously diseased and distorted mendicants, one might have thought one's self in some rather odd-looking English or French or German village; which feeling would not be dispelled by the homely appearance of the primitive little German hotel, where we were supplied with cold meat and salad, and the most delicious beer we had tasted since leaving England—*Marzenburg Export Bier*, it was called. After a short halt, we remounted, having only paid a hurried visit to the tower of Ramleh—a landmark for some distance over this flat country, and whence one obtains an extensive view. The road now improves somewhat, though there is little of interest or beauty to be seen. An hour's ride brought us to the village of Kubâb, where we obtained some oranges and a drink of water, the heat being very great.

Leaving Kubâb, we shortly after entered the valley of Ajalon, where we enjoyed a pleasant gallop over the rich soft earth skirting the fields, which in a few weeks would be covered with verdure. The roadway itself was in course of being mended, and one pitied the unhappy occupants of the vehicles forced to traverse the highway. Here we were passed by hundreds of pilgrims, with whom we exchanged the usual 'Liltak said,' or 'Naharak rubârah,' of friendly greeting; and shortly after ascending an incline at the end of the valley, reached Latroon, the supposed birthplace of the Penitent Thief. By the roadside was a rough kind of restaurant, at which many pilgrims were regaling themselves with coffee, cakes, fruit, and their hubble-bubbles. But turning off the main road, we alighted at the *Latroon Hotel*, where everything was of a rather primitive character, but managed by a civil and intelligent young Greek. We were made very comfortable. The freshness in the air here was delightful, after our dusty and hot ride; and as it was now about four o'clock, and there was still a good six hours to Jerusalem, we determined upon staying at Latroon for the night. The interesting historical associations of the surrounding country—the passing of the pilgrims—the tinkling of bells—the finely placed ruin of the 'Castle of the Good Thief'—the rustic character of the people about, who forgot even to ask for backsheesh—the fertile fields—here a group of Bedouins with their camels brought to knee—there a batch of pilgrims settling down for the night—while shepherds hurry home their flocks, and horses and mules and asses are being tethered for the night—all served to bring before one a charming and interesting picture, that was well worth the delay.

After a very refreshing night's rest in a clean and comfortable room, we started betimes next morning. Half an hour from Latroon brought us to the mouth of Wady Ali, a lovely glen, through which one enters amongst the Judæan hills. The glen, with large rocks and boulders on either side, but rich in wild-flowers of all kinds, and prominent amongst them our own national thistle, did indeed at times remind us of spots we had known in the west of Scotland.

After winding through a delightfully picturesque valley, well wooded, and rich in olive groves, we began to make the ascent of the Judæan hills, winding round and about by steep zigzag paths, occasionally obtaining fine views of the surrounding country, and on reaching the summit, had a splendid panorama of the coast of Syria with the Mediterranean beyond, and away to the south the bare Desert of Tih, running up to the well-cultivated country of Palestine. We had last seen this Tih Desert from the mountains of Sinai, away to the south-east.

The country about the summit of the Judæan hills is wild and bare and rocky; and as we begin again to descend gradually by zigzag and abrupt ups and downs, the road is often steep, and always difficult, and gives one an opportunity of testing and admiring the sureness of foot of the Arab horse. Poor as were the specimens we bestrode—and neither of the riders was a light weight—they picked their way amongst loose stones or glistening rocks, and down the steep inclines, with a perfectly marvellous facility, and galloped over the rough rock-strewn roads as if their legs were made of cast-iron. It is rare to find an Arab that will trot properly. The usual pace is a quick walk, or an amble, a most serviceable pace, which they seem capable of keeping up indefinitely, and which is as little distressing to the horse as to his rider. The shoe, which consists of a flat piece of metal with a hole in the middle, certainly does not seem to the stranger exactly adapted to their work; and a horse is sometimes lamed by a small stone getting into the hole; but acute judges say that this mode of shoeing—common all over the East—has advantages where the roads are hard, hot, and dry.

Presently we come upon the village of Kirjath-Jearim (the 'Village of the Grapes'), and passing the possible Emmaus, descend to Kolonieh, close by a river-bed, which we cross by a bridge, to make the last ascent of the journey. On reaching the top of this ascent, Jerusalem appears suddenly close to us with a suburb of modern buildings: hospitals, almshouses, and villas—spick-and-span with iron railings, porters' lodges, and clocks—European time, and Roman numerals on the face! which make us rub our eyes for the moment. Passing these, however, we come immediately to the walls of the Holy City; and turning sharply off to the left, past the new German hotel (Fiel), the only one outside the walls, we enter the Damascus Gate, and our journey is at an end.

It does not come within the scope of the present article to give a description, which has been done a thousand times before, of anything beyond the mere journey from Jaffa to Jerusalem. But in a few words it must be said that the impression is one of disappointment at Jerusalem. The streets are dirty and ill-paved, and scarcely any properly authenticated spot can actually be pointed out. Each sanctimonious-looking dragoman has a sniffle, and 'lies like a wily Hindu.' From the Greek or Armenian priest who humbugs the miserable pilgrims with his 'Holy Fire,' to the hawker of cards of sham flowers from Zion or Bethlehem, sham shells from the Jordan, or sham wood from Olivet, there is nothing but falsehood and extortion. About the only redeeming feature amidst the mass of corruption, dirt, and hypocrisy, is the well-kept and trim little English church, with its decent congregation; while certainly the only well-ordered quarter of the city is the Moslem quarter.

BY MEAD AND STREAM.

CHAPTER XXIX.—SUSPICION.

And those interlacing shadows of the bare branches across the footpath through the forest which had been like delicate fairy fretwork when Philip passed along, broadened and deepened into black masses before the father as he followed. He had no purpose in following, beyond a vague craving to know what Madge would say when she learned that he had disinherited this favourite of the family, and a fancy that it would be pleasant to walk back with him, when he might explain more fully than he had done the motives by which he had been actuated.

He, too, knew this pathway well; but, although he walked on, he had not yet decided to go all the way. When he entered the glade in which the King's Oak reigned, he halted. This was a place for elfin revels, and fairy-rings were common in it. Every child brought here to play felt sure that this was the very spot where little Red Riding Hood met the wolf, and that her grandmother's cottage stood over there, where some funny people tried to make them believe was once a Roman camp. Romans indeed! as if they were going to give up the delightful association of Red Riding Hood with the place for a lot of dull people they were forced to read about in school-books! And, of course, it was here also that the other Hood called Robin assembled with his merry men, and Little John and Friar Tuck. It was no use attempting to correct their geography by informing them that Sherwood Forest was a long way from here: the child's imagination insists upon associating its heroes with known places.

Mr Hadleigh was reminded of the happy group of children he had found here in the sunshine not long ago, and as their bright faces rose before him in the soft twilight, he seemed to grow strong again. Pleasant memories are as helpful to us as pleasant anticipations.

When he resumed his way, he walked more firmly than he had done since Philip left him. He had now decided to go on and wait for him near the stile; and he unconsciously *quickened* his pace, although aware that he would have plenty of time to spare. On reaching the roadway, however, he proceeded leisurely, listening to the river, but hearing no melody in it.

As he approached the stile, he saw the figures of a man and woman slowly cross the road. They shook hands, and he heard the man say:

'I have your promise, and I shall hold you to it. Be faithful, and I shall be able to think of the past without pain.'

There was a reply, but in a tone so low that it did not reach his ears. He recognised in the man the stranger who had recently taken up his quarters in the village, although he had only seen him once and, then, at a distance. The woman was Madge.

They parted. She hurried up the meadow; and

after a brief pause, Mr Beecham turned in the direction of the village.

Mr Hadleigh had involuntarily halted, feeling that he was the accidental spectator of an incident for which the actors had not desired an audience. Beecham's words and the girl's manner satisfied him of that. He became immediately aware, however, that standing still would naturally suggest that he was playing the part of a spy. And he could not escape observation, for the man was coming straight towards him. He, therefore, resumed his leisurely pace.

As was frequently his habit, Mr Beecham walked with head slightly bent, his eyes seeming to read strange writings on the ground. At the sound of approaching footsteps, he looked up. There was a momentary and unaccountable change in his expression—as if he had suddenly passed under the shadow of a tree, and coming into the full light again it was placid and gentle as usual.

'Good-evening,' said Mr Hadleigh hastily, remembering the country custom he had adopted of saluting any one he encountered on the road.

'Good-evening,' echoed Beecham, with a slight inclination of the head.

They passed, moving quietly on their opposite ways. Neither looked back, for each was conscious that the other intended or wished to do so, and did not care to be caught in the act.

That is one of the droll sensations often experienced in the common course of daily life. We meet a friend, part, and without any reason, have a desire to look after him, but restrain ourselves, lest he, being similarly disposed, should 'catch us at it.' We laugh at ourselves, and forget the absurd impulse. But what informs the look, the breath, the tone which makes us like or dislike a man or a woman without any apparent justification? The mystery is one which the poets and philosophers of all ages seem to be continually touching, but never grasping. Some call it instinct, others animal magnetism. All we know is that we feel and cannot tell why; but there are few who have not had occasion to regret that they have not allowed themselves to be guided by this inexplicable influence.

Mr Hadleigh, merely passing this stranger in the deepening twilight, knew that he was a foe.

Whether or not surprise at the words he had overheard, and wonder at their being addressed to Miss Heathcote, had anything to do with the sensation, he could not tell; but he felt as keen a chill as if he had passed an iceberg—mentally and physically the sensation was exactly the same. Yet he had heard nothing but praise of this quiet, kindly-looking gentleman. There was a degree of chagrin, certainly, in the thought that in a few weeks Mr Beecham—a casual visitor, as he might still be called—had obtained more influence amongst the villagers than the master of Ringsford had won by years of endeavour to help and guide them.

Of course, Mr Hadleigh attributed this success to the fact that the stranger was indiscriminate in his charity. He gave help wherever it was wanted, without taking the trouble to inquire into each case, or to advise the recipients of his bounty as to the future conduct which would insure their independence. He gave them their own way, in short, saying nothing about the carelessness which created their necessities. To a man who has the means, this is the easiest and shortest road to popularity. But this could never result in permanent benefit to the poor.

Now, Mr Hadleigh had really tried to do permanent good: and, compared to this newcomer, he was still a stranger amongst the people. All allowance being made for the difference of temperament and the difference of method, it was difficult to understand why Mr Beecham should so quickly win what Mr Hadleigh had long striven for with so little result—the affection of those around him.

He turned his eyes inward: was not this part—a great part—of the penalty he had to pay for making worldly success his first thought and Love the second? Was it too late to win one heart? He had gained the admiration, the esteem, the envy of many: was it too late to win one heart? How common folk would laugh at this rich, prosperous man, if they knew that life was a misery to him because he had cast away its crown—if they knew how gladly he would change places with his poorest labourer, if by so doing he might secure the affection for which he craved.

If Philip's mother had been with him, he would have lavished upon her all that wealth could buy! . . . There he stopped, in bitterness, for he came to the end of his world again: wealth could not buy love. Obsequious submission, a show of respect, obedience to his orders, he could hire: but that was all. This man Beecham, without apparent effort or sacrifice, obtained at once the 'Something' that was beyond price.

To his relief came curiosity and suspicion of—he did not know what. But why should this man receive any promise from Miss Heathcote? Why should it have to do with his past? Why should she, who was to be Philip's wife, be there, speaking to a stranger, when her lover was waiting for her?

He halted, and after a moment's hesitation, turned in the direction of the village. He was not to wait for his son.

At first he walked slowly, as if he might still change his mind; but as his thoughts quickened, so did his steps, and the church tower was looming darkly against the slate-like sky when he stopped at the gate of Mr Wrentham's cottage.

A pretty little squat building of one story, lying well back from the road; a patch of green surrounded by bushy evergreens, and the front wall covered with trellis-work, at present supporting a spider's web of branches, which in season blossomed into red and white roses, making the cottage look like a bower rather than a homestead.

At the gate, Mr Hadleigh again hesitated, as if doubtful whether or not to carry out the intention which had brought him to the place. Since the evening of Philip's accident, he had spoken very little in private to Wrentham. Natural enough as the accident had appeared, he was afflicted by an uneasy feeling that Wrentham had something to do with bringing it about, and that to his own visit to Golden Alley the first blame was due.

With some impatience at his weakness, he rang the bell and advanced to the door. The servant was new to the place, and required to ask the visitor's name; whereupon a door was flung open, and Wrentham came out with effusive cordiality.

'My dear Mr Hadleigh, this is a grand surprise. I won't stop to ask you what has made you think of dropping in upon me; but I must say thank you for a new pleasure. Come in, come in; there is nobody here but myself. I have only arrived within the last five minutes, and Mrs Wrentham is putting our girl to sleep. You have passed over these stages of domestic inconvenience; but you can excuse us for not being always in reception order. We let our visitors take us as they find us, and those who don't like it need not come again. Simple and sensible rule, is it not? But we should have liked *you* to find us a little more in apple-pie order, especially as it is your first visit.'

This was spoken with Wrentham's usual gay rapidity, allowing his unexpected guest no opportunity to protest, as he ushered him into a tidy little drawing-room which was apparently very much in 'reception order.' Chairs, tables, nick-nacks were almost too primly arranged to accord with the free-and-easy ways which the owner professed. He was, however, so seldom in the room that he was ignorant of its condition. The dining-room, on the other side of the passage, was his 'snuggery,' and there he spent his evenings when at home, which was seldom until late at night; and frequently he was absent for days on business.

But he was an affectionate husband and father. He was particular about having his wife and daughter always dressed in the newest and finest fabrics, and regularly took them out for a treat on Saturday or Sunday. Mrs Wrentham was a delicate, nervous lady, apparently content with her lot, and glad to escape from the toil of visiting and receiving visitors. Her whole existence was filled by her child Ada, a bright creature of eight years, nicknamed by her father 'Pussie,' on account of her passionate attachment to cats.

'Will you take a chair?' Wrentham went on. 'You are such a fellow for taking one by surprise—always a pleasant surprise; but you give one no chance of doing anything to show how it is appreciated. You dropped down upon me in Golden Alley, just as you have dropped down upon me here, without the least warning.'

Mr Hadleigh listened patiently, his cold, dreaming eyes staring vacantly at him, but closely noting every change on his face.

'I hope I do not disturb you?' he said quietly, taking the proffered chair.

'My dear sir!—as if I should not be delighted to see you under any circumstances—at any time—in any place!'

'You are very kind. I come to you for the same reason that I visited your office—I want some information which I think you may be able to give me.'

'About your son? I am afraid there is not much I can say in regard to him that will be satisfactory to a man of business like yourself.'

Wrentham shook his head and shrugged his shoulders, as if the subject were one he would rather not discuss.

'It is not about my son that I desire to speak to you this time.'

There was a peculiar emphasis on the last two words, suggestive that the result of the former conversation had not been satisfactory. Wrentham was, or very cleverly affected to be, unconscious of the suggestion.

'I am glad of that—real glad, as Americans say. And yet I have more than once had a notion of going to you and asking you to try to bring the young man to reason. I am supposed to be his manager and adviser. My management consists in doing the work of a message-boy—that is, strictly carrying out his instructions: my advice is nowhere.'

'I have no desire to interfere with him in his present course.'

'So I supposed, and that is what has kept me from going to you. I had no idea, until after accepting this agreement with him, that he was such an obstinate beggar—you know that I am speaking of him as my friend. He has got this mania—I have told him that I consider it a mania—and he sticks to it. Unfortunately, his uncle approves of it; but you know that this is not business—he will never get anything out of it.'

'Not in your sense, Mr Wrentham; but there are some profits which cannot be reckoned by the figures in our ledgers—and some losses too.'

'Undoubtedly, sir, undoubtedly; at the same time, you cannot blame me for taking the commonplace view of things, and regretting that a young man with such a splendid opportunity should deliberately chuck it into the gutter. Why, with his capital, I can see a magnificent future, if he would only consent to follow the dictates of common-sense.'

'You mean those dictates which lead to the making of money. His notion is to make people happy. Well, as you are aware, I have had some experience in obeying common-sense, as you understand it; and I am curious to see the result of Philip's experiment. I have no desire and no right to interfere with him.'

'The result will be ruin—absolute ruin. In less than twelve months he will not have a penny of the whole capital now at his disposal. However, as you say, we have nothing to do with it. At the same time, I trust you will, for my sake, remember by-and-by that I have entered my protest against the course he is pursuing.'

'I shall remember,' said Mr Hadleigh, inclining his head gravely. 'What I called to ask you was, do you know anything about Mr Beecham, who seems to have taken permanent quarters at the *King's Head?*'

'Beecham!' exclaimed Wrentham gleefully, as if intensely relieved by an agreeable change of subject. 'I should think so. I believe that it was my privilege to be the first amongst his acquaintances in Kingshope. I don't think he would object to my saying that he is a friend of mine. A capital fellow—simple as a child, and yet wise as a philosopher ever can be.'

'That sounds like a sneer at philosophers.'

'I did not mean it; but there is a difference between the man who is a philosopher and the man who is up to the time of day. Now, this Beecham has travelled a great deal, read a great

deal, and knows a great deal; but he doesn't know a game at cards. I had to show him how to play Nap!'

Mr Hadleigh was not interested by this record of the simplicity of the stranger; he was occupied by some other reflection, which caused his brows to contract and his eyelids to droop.

'Has he told you what part of the world he comes from?'

Wrentham laughed.

'Why, he comes from everywhere—America, Australia, and likely enough the North Pole, although he has not particularly referred to it.'

Mr Hadleigh rose.

'Will you find out for me, if you can, where he came from last?'

Wrentham became suddenly serious.

'You don't suppose there is anything wrong about him? He acts and talks straightforwardly enough.'

'I am asking you, Mr Wrentham, for information,' answered Mr Hadleigh with a mechanical smile. 'If you have won money from him in betting or playing Nap, I have no doubt you will be paid. My inquiry is suggested by the fact, that he has reminded me of an old—acquaintance' (he seemed to falter over the word, as if he had wished to say friend, but could not). 'Should he be the man, I want to have a little conversation with him.'

'Meaning no harm to him?' queried Wrentham, suspiciously.

'On the contrary—good to him and to myself.'

'Then I shall go along and see him this evening. He'll tell me at once.'

'I would prefer that my name was not mentioned.'

'Oh . . . that may make a difference. However, I have no doubt of being able to give you the information you want by to-morrow.'

Mr Hadleigh went away, turning his steps homeward. Through the forest again. Those withered branches were like the milestones of his life, and the pathway of withered leaves was a fitting one for him. You who love nature know that those leaves which the careless call dead are the nurses of the coming spring blossoms; and to him they brought back old thoughts, old faces. How beautiful they are: beautiful, because our tenderest thoughts have their roots in graves.

SOME CURIOSITIES OF THE PEERAGE.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART II.

THE most recent instance of reviving an extinct title is the assumption by Sir Henry Brand, late Speaker of the House of Commons, of the Viscounty of Hampden. It is usual for the Speaker, on retiring from office, to be created a Viscount, and there are circumstances of interest surrounding the elevation of Sir Henry Brand to this dignity. In the first place, he is heir-presumptive to the barony of Dacre, now held by his brother, the twenty-second lord, who was born in 1808. Should, therefore, Lord Hampden survive Lord Dacre, the ancient barony will merge in the recent viscounty and be lost sight of. But why should Sir Henry Brand have chosen the title of Hampden? The fact is this title is young compared with the *name* borne by 'the great Buckinghamshire Esquire,' as Macaulay calls the illustrious patriot. It was created in 1776, when Robert Trevor, fourth baron of that title, assumed the name of Hampden, and was created Viscount Hampden of Great and Little Hampden, in the county of Bucks, where the Hampdens had been the untitled lords long before the Conquest. Three Trevor-Hampdens bore this title, which became extinct in 1824. Now, between the Trevors and the Lords Dacre there is a connection, which we will endeavour to shortly exhibit. The original family name of the Lords Dacre was Dacre; but an unusual variety of other surnames have been at different times assumed by them. In 1715, the fifteenth lord died without male issue; and his daughter Anne became Baroness Dacre, sixteenth holder of the title, who was three times married, and had male issue by each of her husbands. One of them, Thomas Barrett Lennard, became seventeenth Lord Dacre. A son, Charles, by her second marriage, became the husband of Gertrude, daughter and co-heir of John Trevor, Esq., of Glynde in Sussex. The children of Charles and Gertrude were a son and a daughter; of whom the former became eighteenth Lord Dacre, and the latter another Baroness Dacre (nineteenth), who married, in 1771, Thomas Brand, Esq., of the Hoo, Welwyn, Herts; and thus we bring together the Trevors and the Brands. The twentieth Lord Dacre died without issue, and was succeeded by his brother, the twenty-first lord, who assumed the name and arms of Trevor, in compliance with a direction in the will of the last Viscount Hampden. Accordingly, while the surname of the present Lord Dacre is Trevor, that of his brother, Lord Hampden, is merely Brand. It is understood that some members of the family of the Earl of Buckinghamshire, whose patronymic is Hobart Hampden—they being descended in the female line from the patriot, who left no male issue—endeavoured to dissuade Sir Henry Brand from taking the title which he chose. But surely, considering the circumstances mentioned above, he was justified in his selection; and all will feel that the title of Hampden could not be borne by one more worthy to be associated with this great name than the late Speaker.

The foregoing transcripts from titular and family history have been somewhat detailed, inasmuch as their features are representative of many other peerages, and also elucidate various matters connected with the peerage not patent to all persons. They show *inter alia* how titles may not only be extinguished, but may be shifted about from family to family when the limitations of those titles are in fee. They show, also, why it is that a peer who is generally known by one title may yet sit and vote in the House of Lords or Peers by some other; the short explanation being, that he is not a peer of the United Kingdom, or, in other words, a peer of the entire realm, so far as his first title is concerned. In our previous paper 'What is a Peer?' this feature of the peerage was alluded to; and we may now add that there is only one peer, who, not being a peer of the realm in regard to his chief title,

yet sits and votes in the House of Lords by a title as exalted as the other. This is the Duke of Hamilton, who, though premier Duke of Scotland, yet, as such has no hereditary seat in parliament,* while as Duke of Brandon he has; and he would be so described in the Lords' division lists. Then, again, the Marquis of Huntly, though premier Marquis of Scotland, is yet only Lord Meldrum when sitting in the House of Lords. The Marquis of Sligo is only such in the peerage of Ireland, but sits in parliament as Lord Monteagle; and there is also a Lord Monteagle who is a peer of the realm by that title only. The eighteenth Earl of Erroll is singularly situated. When sitting in parliament he is Lord Kilmarnock, and this is the courtesy title borne by his eldest son, so that there are two Lords Kilmarnock!

The distinctions just referred to between peers of the United Kingdom and those who are not have given rise to some singular features in the peerage which are, at first sight, of an anomalous character. Thus, while the son of a tradesman who becomes a peer of the United Kingdom to-day may die to-morrow, and his son may take his seat in the House of Lords as an hereditary legislator; on the other hand, the thirty-fourth Scotch Earl of Mar—merely as such—and the thirty-first Irish Lord Kingsale have no hereditary right to a seat in the legislature, although the latter is premier Baron of Ireland. It is of course competent to the Crown—the fountain of honour—to promote these and other noblemen similarly situated to the peerage of the United Kingdom; but until this is done, they take rank below the last created baron of the realm. At one time it appears to have been usual to honour a man by first making him an Irish peer, and then to promote him gradually, as in the case of Rawdon, Earl of Moira, and conspicuously so in that of the Fitzwilliam peerage and others. But then we must remember that it was not before January 1, 1801, that the expression 'United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland' was known; nor before 1707 that the term 'Great Britain' was, or could in law have been applied to England and Scotland as a whole.† The one was created by the statute 39 and 40 Geo. III. c. 67 (July 2, 1800), the other by 5 and 6 Anne c. 8 (May 1, 1707). To these statutes we refer the reader desirous of more information on this subject. He may also peruse that interesting work of light reading, *The Reports of the Lords' Committees on the Dignity of a Peer of the Realm*, comprised in four folio volumes (1826).

In 'What is a Peer?' we made allusion to peerages created by writ of summons and by letters-patent. We may here observe that there was another form of barony, that by tenure, which, however, long ago became obsolete. Now, it is to be remarked with regard to the creation of a barony by writ of summons, that it always conferred a peerage in fee—in other words, one descendible to males and females—and this will introduce us to two terms previously mentioned, 'abeyance' and 'co-heirs,' which require a short explanation. It will be convenient to furnish this by reference to those baronies of the Huntingdon earldom which, we have seen, were transplanted, so to speak, from the Hastings into the Rawdon family by the single act of marriage of an heiress of the former with a member of the latter house. The word 'abeyance' itself is peculiar, and signifies, to look at something expectingly—in fact, with open mouth. It has been used with regard to corporeal hereditaments; but the subject of estates in abeyance, or *in nubibus*, is far too intricate to be entered upon here. We must, however, make some allusion to the law of real property, in order to render our succeeding statements intelligible—and titles of honour are to be dealt with under the rules of that branch of law. There are some of those rules, however, which, though applicable to ordinary incorporeal hereditaments, are not so to titles of honour. Thus, while an acre of land in fee is alienable, a title in fee is not; it may devolve, but cannot be devised. Again, if the tenant or, as we commonly say, the owner of an estate in fee simple dies intestate, leaving no sons, but daughters, all the latter inherit as 'co-heirs,' or, as lawyers call them, 'coparceners,' who are regarded in law as making one heir. Under such circumstances, they may sever the joint ownership if they like; but if they do not, the entire estate may devolve upon the last survivor, assuming the others to die unmarried and intestate. This right of survivorship will not, however, exist as against the heir of any of them where the above circumstances are wanting. Thus, if A. and B. are coparceners, and B. marries, dies, and leaves a son C., the right of B. will descend on C.; and so on. Well, now, a title of honour clearly cannot be made the subject of partition; and accordingly, if the male holder of a barony which originated in a writ of summons dies leaving two daughters, his barony does not become extinct, but falls into 'abeyance.' If one of these daughters marries, then dies, leaving a daughter, but her own sister still unmarried, the barony is still in abeyance until either the aunt or her niece dies. If the latter predeceases the former, leaving no issue, there is an end of the abeyance; the aunt assumes the title; but if she dies without having been married, the title then becomes 'extinct.' If, on the other hand, the niece has male children, and dies, her eldest son succeeds; and if the latter dies without issue, leaving no brothers or their issue, but only sisters, who do not marry, the title will again fall into abeyance. Thus, it is seen how a barony may be in abeyance, and how there may be co-heirs thereto as claimants also, how such co-heirs and their heirs may exist as such for an indefinite period, or until the title can devolve upon *one* person. The Crown, however, may exercise its prerogative of terminating the abeyance in favour of one of them, as was done in the Zouche peerage in 1828.

But to return to the Hastings' honours, and the baronies which Elizabeth transferred to the Rawdon family. The first Baron Hungerford was

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* We not unfrequently hear persons speaking of the House of Commons as though that assembly alone constituted the parliament of these realms. It should be borne in mind that parliament consists of the sovereign and both Houses of legislature.

† The union of the *crowns* of England and Scotland by the accession of James VI. of that country to the English throne as James I. in 1603, must not be confounded with the union of the two *kingdoms* themselves, one hundred and four years afterwards.

summoned by writ in the reign of Henry VI.; and his son married Margaret, daughter of Baron Botreaux, thus acquiring this title. Their son Robert married the daughter of Baron Molynes or Molines, and in her right assumed that title, with his own and Botreaux. He was beheaded in 1463. The son of this last Baron Hungerford had a daughter, Mary, who married the first Baron Hastings somewhere about 1480, was summoned to parliament by writ; and in 1485 the attainder of the Hungerfords was reversed, and the family honours were restored. The third Baron Hastings was raised to the earldom of Huntingdon, in which dignity these honours were merged; and when the eighteenth earl died in 1789, they descended to his sister, the mother of the first marquis, and this is really how they came into the Rawdon family. It will also be understood from what precedes *that* the only dignity in the peerage which can fall into abeyance, and, accordingly, to which there can only be co-heirs, is a barony created by writ; and we may observe, that when it cannot be determined upon whom a higher title devolves, there is said to be a 'suspension' of that title. It is also to be remembered that as no barony is known to have been created by letters-patent prior to the eleventh year of Richard II., baronies created before then are presumed to have been created by writ of summons.

We have said that the Crown by the exercise of its prerogative may terminate an abeyance, and this may be done either in favour of a person who is, or one who is not, a peer. In the former case, a writ of summons issues to him by the style of the barony in abeyance; in the latter, letters-patent are employed, and this is the practice where the person on whom the title falls is a lady.

And now a few words as to the 'forfeiture' of a title. This will follow in all cases upon a conviction for high treason, but not necessarily for felony. If, however, a peerage has originated in a writ of summons, and therefore descendible to heirs-general, it will be forfeited on an attainder for felony. It is a curious fact, too, that although the Crown can pardon a criminal, it cannot in any case restore a dignity once forfeited for attainder, so as to place the offender and his family *in statu quo*. This can be done only by an Act of Parliament. The Crown can revive the forfeited title, but it then becomes a new one; so that if a twentieth Earl of X. is attainted, although the Crown may create his son Earl of X., yet the latter becomes not the twenty-first, but only the first Earl of X.

There is one more matter of interest which ought to be mentioned here. We have seen that the barons of Hungerford acquired two titles in right of their wives. Now, with regard to real property, if a man is married to a woman possessed of an estate in fee simple or in tail, and she dies without having had a child born alive, he will, in the absence of a settlement, or a will by her to the contrary, lose all interest in such property. If, however, she has had a child which may have lived only long enough to utter one cry, or can be proved in any way to have lived after its birth, the husband will in such case, after his wife's death, become tenant of the estate for life, and will be termed 'tenant by the curtesy.' Such, however, is not the case with regard to titles of honour; and although, as we have seen, there are instances of this 'curtesy' in regard to dignities, yet, according to Sir Harris Nicolas, there are none to be met with after the reign of Henry VIII., the latest examples being those of Hungerford, already referred to, and Strange.

Although the House of Lords is undoubtedly an aristocratic assembly, yet it is essentially a cosmopolitan body, and paradoxical as the statement will perhaps appear, it may even be said to be in one sense democratic. It is also to be observed that in this respect the House of Lords differs from the peerage viewed in its entirety. For whereas the latter, so regarded, is aristocratic because of the remote ancestry, wealth, and power of many of its members who have no seat in the House of Lords, yet this assembly, as a section of the peerage, will be found to contain men who may fairly be said to be—employing a significant common phrase—'Of no family at all.' Hence our application of the term 'democratic' to this assembly; and on consideration, it will be found to be hardly either far-fetched or inappropriate, because the history of England will disclose instances in which the sympathy of the House of Lords has been with the people, where rights and liberties have been endangered, either by injudicious action by the Commons, by the attempt to unduly enlarge the prerogatives of the Crown, or from other causes. The truth is, we have peers who have sprung from all sorts and conditions of men—from traders, retail as well as wholesale; also from the professions. Of these sources of supply the legal profession is the most distinguished, about half the members of the present House of Lords, including some of the oldest, wealthiest, and grandest of them, either being descended from, or owing their position to, successful members of the Bar. We are not aware of any solicitor, as such, having been raised to the peerage; but the great Lord Chancellor Hardwicke, ancestor of the present earl, commenced life as an articled clerk; and Thomas Parker the first Earl of Macclesfield practised as a solicitor before becoming a barrister. Like his illustrious predecessor Bacon, he was impeached for corrupt practices in his office, and fined thirty thousand pounds.

It is amusing to notice—though, of course, the fact is not mentioned as an argument for any previous statement—that in the peerage we have a Browne, a Jones, and a Robinson, which are the family names respectively of the Marquis of Sligo, Viscount Ranelagh, and the Marquis of Ripon, the present Governor-general of India. Four of our greatest dukes—Cleveland, Grafton, Richmond, and St Albans—are severally descended from Charles II. and his mistresses, the last-named having for his ancestress the fair and amiable, but frail Eleanor Gwynne, or as she is commonly called, Nell Gwynne. Another 'irregular scion of royalty' is the present Earl of Munster, whose grandparents were King William IV. and Mrs Jordan the actress. With regard to the above-named dukes, it is a remarkable circumstance that although the sovereigns of England ceased in 1801 to perpetrate the act of absurdity and effrontery of styling themselves kings of France, yet the above-mentioned noblemen still quarter the arms of that country on their heraldic shields. At the same time, over such arms, which are those

of Charles II., there is placed the sinister* baton —that is, one extending from nearly the top of the left of the shield to nearly the bottom of its right—which is the emblem of illegitimacy. Lord Munster also bears the royal arms with the same 'abatement,' as a herald would say. Then, on the other hand, there are eight dukes, three marquises, seventeen earls, three viscounts, and fourteen barons who are entitled to quarter the royal arms of Plantagenet on their shields without this said baton. But this is not so singular as the fact disclosed during the course of the 'Sussex Peerage Case,' to be noticed again presently, that upwards of thirty thousand persons in this country have royal blood in their veins!

The distinction between what may be termed personal titles and those of a local or territorial character should be observed. Occasionally, one hears of a Marquis *of* Townshend, a Marquis *of* Conyngham, an Earl *of* Waldegrave, *of* Granville, &c. Such expressions are erroneous; there are, in fact, no such titles, and the 'of' is improperly introduced. We ought to say Earl Granville, &c. So also with the Earls Cairns, Fitzwilliam, Grey, Stanhope, &c., whose name and chief title are the same. We have, however, Earl Brownlow, whose family name is Cust. Moreover, a peer whose chief title is personal, may yet possess others which are local, but not, so far as we know, territorial. Thus, Earl Fortescue's second title is Viscount Ebrington, and the Marquis Conyngham is Earl of Mountcharles. Again, all a peer's titles may be the same as his name, as in the case of Sir J. V. S. Townshend, Bart., who is Marquis, Viscount, and Baron Townshend. It is, however, usual in this family for the eldest son to be designated Viscount Raynham during his father's lifetime, the viscounty being, in fact, 'Townshend of Raynham, in the county of Norfolk.'

But even where peers do bear territorial or local titles, as, for example, the Duke of Norfolk, Marquis of Northampton or Earl of Derby, it is not usual in society to so speak of them except in the case of a dukedom; all noblemen, whether actually so, or only by courtesy, being styled simply Lord So-and-so.

It now and then happens that some distinguished man, who for some reason is not disposed to accept a peerage himself, will yet permit such honour to be conferred on his wife. This was the case with the late Lord Beaconsfield, whose wife became in 1868 Viscountess Beaconsfield, her husband still remaining a commoner. Then, again, in 1836 the wife of Sir John Campbell, afterwards Lord Campbell, and Chief Justice of England, was raised to the peerage as Baroness Stratheden, before her husband was, a circumstance which will be found to disclose the unusual fact of three baronies being conferred in the short space of six years on two families, each indebted for its elevation to nobility to a successful lawyer. The father of Lady Stratheden was Sir James Scarlett, who was created Chief Baron of the Exchequer and Lord Abinger in January 1835. Next year the Stratheden peerage was created; and in 1841, Lady Stratheden's husband became Lord Chancellor of Great Britain and Lord Campbell. She died in 1860, whereupon her eldest son succeeded to her title. Lord Campbell died next year; and the same nobleman also took his father's title. Thus we have what seems at first sight the puzzling title of Stratheden and Campbell.

There are a few other instances in the peerage of the employment of a double title, for example, the Dukes of Buckingham and Chandos; Hamilton and Brandon; Richmond and Gordon: the Earls of Mar and Kellie; Warwick and Brooke; Pembroke and Montgomery; Stamford and Warrington; Suffolk and Berkshire; Wemyss and March; Winchelsea and Nottingham, &c.: Viscount Massereene and Ferrard (who sits as Lord Oriel): Baron Saye and Sele; Baron Mowbray, Segrave, and Stourton; Orannore and Browne; De L'Isle and Dudley, &c., which the reader inclined to do so may investigate for himself.

Then we have titles of another compound order, as those of Lord Clifford of Chudleigh, Howard of Glossop, Vaux of Harrowden, Willoughby de Broke, Willoughby de Eresby, &c.; and as an instance of *idem sonans* in titles, we may mention the barony of Middleton and the viscounty of Midleton, the respective holders of which are peers of the realm, and pronounce their titles in the same way.

Some of the heraldic mottoes of our nobility are extremely peculiar. A very blunt one is that of Byron, *Crede Byron* (Believe a Byron). A few of them have reference to the achievements for which the peerage was originally conferred, or from which promotion therein was the result. Thus, Baron Exmouth, upon whom a viscounty was conferred after the bombardment of Algiers in 1816, placed his family motto over his crest, and the word 'Algiers' under his shield. In the same way the celebrated Field-marshal Viscount Gough had the words 'China,' 'Barrosa,' and 'Goojerat' painted on his armorial bearings, also the Irish words *Faugh a Ballagh*—that is, clear the way, which is the war-cry of the regiment known as the Connaught Rangers. Again, Lord Radstock's motto is 'St Vincent,' commemorating a naval exploit of the first peer, who was a son of the third Earl Waldegrave, which, however, took place off Cape Lagos in 1797. The motto of the hero John Jervis, who destroyed the Spanish fleet off Cape St Vincent in 1797, and who was raised to the peerage as Earl St Vincent, was the strange-looking word 'Thus,' and it is still borne by the representative of the Jervis family, who, however, is only Viscount St Vincent. 'Thus' is a nautical term of command which, shortly explained, signifies an order to keep the ship's head in the direction in which she is proceeding. The motto of Earl Fortescue, *Forte scutum salus ducum* (that is, A strong shield is the safeguard of the leaders), is noteworthy. According to Sir B. Burke, the ancestor of the Fortescues was one Sir Richard le Fort, who protected the Conqueror at the battle of Hastings by his shield. *Escue* being the Norman word for shield, it was added to *Fort*, and thus produced the name and the title of Fortescue. The above motto is also that of the Fortescues Lords Clermont, who are kinsmen of the others. Two ennobled barristers chose mottoes associated with their professional pursuits, Pratt, Marquis Camden,

* In heraldry, the terms dexter and sinister are used for right and left; and the right of a shield is that which is on the left of the person looking at it, and *vice versâ*.

having taken *Judicium parium, aut lex terræ* (that is, The judgment of our peers, or the law of the land); while the renowned advocate Thomas, Lord Erskine, adopted the phrase *Trial by Jury.* This nobleman was the son of the fifth Earl of Buchan, whose family motto is *Judge nought;* and there is some singularity about the abandonment of this motto for that of *Trial by Jury.* There are two mottoes of an extremely suggestive character—that of Earl Howe (*Let Curzon hold what Curzon held*), and that of the Marquis Conyngham (*Over Fork over!*). The history of the latter family will show that the spirit of this phrase, taken in its vulgar acceptation, has not been disregarded by them. In some of the mottoes we discover a play of words—a fanciful conceit, as it would have once been termed. Thus, the Earls of Onslow use the well-known proverb, *Festine lente*, or 'Hasten slowly,' which evidently has reference to the present form of their name, On-slow, which, however, was originally Ondeslow. Then, again, Earl Manvers' is *Pie repone te* (Repose with pious confidence). If the position of the letters in the Latin words be changed, we have *Piereponete;* and 'Pierrepont' is the family name of the above nobleman. The motto of the Earls of Wemyss, *This our Charter is*, contains their name of Charteris. So also does that of the Roches, Lords Fermoy, *Mon Dieu est ma roche;* and the motto of the Earls of Sandwich, *Post tot naufragia portum* (After so many shipwrecks, we arrive at port). Then, again, the Duke of Devonshire, and Lords Chesham and Waterpark, all of the Cavendish family, have for their motto *Cavendo tutus* (Safe by being cautious), evidently a *jeu de mots*, a hazy sort of play on the name of the title.

In a previous paragraph, we alluded to the Sussex Peerage Case. This was a very painful curiosity indeed of the peerage. The Duke of Sussex, sixth son of George III., had married, in 1793, Lady Augusta Murray, daughter of the Earl of Dunmore. The marriage ceremony was twice performed—first at Rome, and next at St George's, Hanover Square, and the union was one of affection on both sides. Two children were born of it—a son and a daughter, the former having been Colonel Sir Augustus F. D'Este, and the latter, Mademoiselle D'Este, who became the second wife of Serjeant Wilde, afterwards Lord Chancellor Truro. That lady died in 1855 without issue, and the present Lord Truro is accordingly descended from the first wife. On the death of the Duke of Sussex in 1843, Sir A. D'Este claimed the Dukedom of Sussex; but the Prerogative Court of Canterbury, the then forum of matrimonial causes, held the marriage of his parents to have been null and void, as contrary to the provisions of the Royal Marriage Act (12 Geo. III. c. 11). Sir Augustus D'Este died in 1849; and this lamentable story in its legal aspect may be read in the second volume of Clark and Finnelly's *House of Lords' Reports.* The Sussex Peerage Case, beyond its painful interest, is of importance to lawyers, several rules of the law of evidence having been fixed by it. The same may be said of some other peerage cases, as those of Banbury and Shrewsbury. And we may also mention that one which probably stands without a parallel in the records of scandalous family history, the celebrated Berkeley Peerage Case, a veritable curiosity, not of the peerage only, but of human life generally, being, in fact, an agglomeration of frauds, perjuries, and immoral proceedings, all surrounded by an atmosphere of the most repulsive vulgarity. We gladly pass it by. Indeed, it ought, except for illustrative purposes, to be let severely alone.

We have spoken in a previous paragraph of 'premier peerages;' and perhaps a few words are necessary on this subject.

The premier peerages of the realm are as follows:

England—Duke of Norfolk, 1483; Marquis of Winchester, 1551; Earl Shrewsbury, 1442; Viscount Hereford, 1550; Baron Le Despencer, 1264.

Scotland—Duke of Hamilton, 1643; Marquis of Huntly, 1559; Earl Crawford, 1398; Viscount Falkland, 1620; Baron Forbes, 1442 (?).

Ireland—Duke of Leinster, 1766, who is also premier Marquis and Earl of Ireland; Viscount Gormanston, 1478; Baron Kingsale, 1181.

Of all these, Kingsale is the oldest existing title, but, as already intimated, Lord Kingsale has no seat in the House of Lords. The barony (by writ) of Le Despencer is the oldest in England, but is at present held by a lady, who is the wife of Viscount Falmouth, whose son is therefore heir to both titles. The oldest title borne by a member of the House of Lords under which he sits and votes is that of De Ros, this barony having been created 1264, but after that of Le Despencer.

Earls, Viscounts, Barons, and Baronesses are entitled to be styled 'Right Honourable;' a Marquis is 'Most Honourable,' or 'Most Noble and Puissant Prince;' a Duke is 'Most Noble,' or 'Most High, Potent, and Noble Prince.' All peers except barons are by the etiquette of heraldry regarded and styled as cousins of the sovereign. Thus, a Viscount or an Earl is addressed as, 'Our right trusty and well-beloved Cousin;' a Marquis as, 'Our right trusty and entirely beloved Cousin;' and a Duke as, 'Our right trusty and right entirely beloved Cousin.'

A ZULU ROMANCE.

As a rule, the course of true love runs smoother in Kaffir-land than in more civilised countries. The reason for this is not far to seek. In Europe, the business of matrimony is complicated by its being associated with the impulses of the heart; but amongst our Ethiopian brethren the emotional has but little place or power. The whole affair is simply arranged by the father of the girl. Eight or ten oxen are handed over to the dusky Paterfamilias by the eligible suitor, who in exchange receives the damsel—blushing, no doubt, if one could perceive it beneath the dark skin. In rare instances, it may be a case of mutual affection; and in the true story which I am about to relate, affairs went 'clean off the track' in a quite phenomenal fashion. A good deal of this romantic drama, which took place in and about Maritzburg, the capital of Natal, came under the immediate notice of my wife and myself, while the rest of it was told us by one or other of the chief actors.

It was towards the close of a summer afternoon.

The day had been more than usually hot, but a slight curtain of cloud was now pleasantly veiling the sun. Our house was situated on a gently rising ground on the outskirts of the town—a comfortable one-storied cottage, surrounded by a deep veranda, and standing a short distance back from the road. There would have been sultry stillness, but for the chirp and whir of insects, the too frequent 'ping' of the mosquito as it hovered around one's ear, the 'clunk-clunk' of the frogs in a neighbouring streamlet, and the sonorous voice of our Kaffir 'boy' chanting some barbarous lay in one of the outhouses. Occasionally a creaking, full-laden bullock-wagon would toil past, drawn by a span of twelve or fourteen patient oxen, and overhung by a cloud of red dust, stirred up from the broad, rut-lined, arid highway. Anon, a buggy would dash jolting along, to the imminent danger of family groups of itinerant Kaffirs, who would, with a loud 'Wow!' jump aside; and once in a while a solitary horseman, booted and spurred, would be seen galloping to or from the town.

I was lying in a swing-hammock suspended in the veranda, smoking a cigar, and fitfully reading that day's paper. Now and again, my eye mechanically rested on the road, watching the several wayfarers. Presently my attention was more particularly drawn to a young Zulu woman, who had opened our front gate, and was slowly walking up the path leading to our house. She was probably about seventeen years of age, though, to one unacquainted with Kaffir physique, she might have seemed at least twenty-one, and moved with the erect and graceful carriage characteristic of the race. Her dress consisted of what may be best described as a canvas tunic, which had originally been a sack, but round the arm-holes and short skirt was a border of many-coloured beads. Upon her shapely arms were brass rings and circlets of beads, while similar ornaments graced her calf and ankle. Her hair had been combed up, stiffened with red clay, and tied into a bunch—a toilet significant of her status as a married woman, the Kaffir virgin usually rejoicing merely in her primitive 'wool.'

The young woman's steps were directed to the back of our premises, where she disappeared. What could she be after? The next moment I said to myself that she must be one of our 'boy's' relations. The kinship of one's Kaffir boy, be it here remarked, is invariably very extensive; and unless you exercise some strictness, your rearmost premises are very apt to be invaded by his parents, his brothers, 'his sisters and his cousins and his aunts,' not to speak of his uncles and vaguely remote relatives. Our boy, Capelle by name, had been told that we were not to be annoyed by frequent visits from his friends; and as that day he had already welcomed and hospitably fed—with *our* maize-meal—about half-a-dozen of his acquaintances, I somewhat resented the coming of this youthful matron.

It was in my mind to jump out of the hammock and remonstrate with our domestic, when I heard stealthy footsteps in the veranda. The next moment Capelle stood before me, asking permission, as far as I could make out, for his sister to remain overnight. My wife now appeared, telling me that Capelle and the young woman had been having high words in the Kaffir-house. Thereupon I questioned him as to the cause of the quarrel. 'Baas' (Master), he began; and then delivered a fluent discourse in his native tongue, doubtless full of information, but almost wholly unintelligible to me, until my wife acted as interpreter. My better-half, having to scold and direct the boy, had in about two years' time mastered the colloquial Kaffir generally spoken in Maritzburg kitchens. Out of the facts extracted from Capelle and his sister by cross-examination, the following interesting narrative was evolved.

Some six months previous, this young woman, whose name was 'Manthla, had plighted her troth to one Umhlassu, who was now working as a porter at an ironmonger's in Maritzburg, and was rapidly saving up the money to buy the necessary cattle wherewith to purchase her from her papa. He had now eight oxen, only two short of the number required, and had secured a hut for her reception. For her part, 'Manthla had given Umhlassu a pair of earrings, a necklace, a snuff-box, bead ornaments for the head, and other gifts such as Kaffir maidens present to their lovers. Unfortunately, another wooer had come to her father, offering twelve bullocks for 'Manthla; and the parent, very naturally—for such doings are not unknown even in Mayfair—favoured the wealthier suitor. The oxen were accepted there and then, without the daughter being consulted in the matter. As a rule, the reception of the live-stock by the father is an important point in the marriage-service of the Zulus. The next step is the arranging of the wedding-feast, at which there generally is dancing for two or three days, as well as the consumption of one of the oxen which form part of the 'marriage-settlement,' not to mention the drinking galore of native beer.

'Manthla had steadily declined to take any part in the proceedings, though she had been in the charge of the matrons of the kraal, who had dressed her hair in the manner already described. With still greater persistence, she refused to accompany Indebbelish, her would-be lord and master, to his kraal, even going the length of producing a knife and protesting she would take away her life, rather than become his bride. Her father threatened to beat her with a stick; all her friends upbraided her; and finally, she was handed over to the old women, who kept her a prisoner and all but starved her, to induce a better state of mind. Her almost unheard-of defiance of 'use and wont' astonished the marriage-party; but their amazement reached its climax when, in the midst of the festivities, it was discovered that 'Manthla had seized a favourable opportunity to escape. She had travelled on foot fifty miles into Maritzburg, and it was at the close of that journey that I had seen her from our veranda.

When 'Manthla had greeted her brother and told him the whole story, he was of course highly indignant at her disregard of tribal custom. He rated her in good sound terms, jeered at her, and treated her to a variety of ill-favoured epithets, in which the Zulu vocabulary is unusually rich. It was the sound of this fraternal reproof which my wife had heard. There was really nothing for it but to give shelter to the fugitive for at least one night. It would scarcely have

been humane to have turned 'Manthla adrift, tired and hungry as she was; and accordingly the 'pilgrim of love' was allowed to take her fill of porridge and sleep on the kitchen floor.

Early next morning, as I was mounting my cob at the stable-door, preparatory to a 'spin' over the *veldt* before breakfast, there appeared an elderly Kaffir, who held up the forefinger of his right hand and exclaimed 'Inkosi!'—the native salutation of respect. This was no less a personage than Pank, the father of 'Manthla and of our boy Capelle. He was attired in a soldier's old coat, and ragged trousers that descended no farther than his knees. On his head was a battered felt hat; while through the lobe of one ear was stuck a cigar, and through the other a cylindrical 'snuff-box.' Though old Pank had come in hot haste from the kraal all those fifty miles, and was presumably in a state of great mental agitation, he sauntered into our back-yard as carelessly as if he had only casually dropped in from next door. I have noticed the same characteristic in several other Kaffirs. After the afore-mentioned salutation, Pank's lean face broadened into a grin, and he vivaciously ejaculated two or three times: 'It's allee right, allee right!' This phrase, which proved to be the only English at his command, was introduced with great frequency, and sometimes with ludicrous effect. This optimist remark, however, was not upon his lips when he caught sight of his daughter 'Manthla timidly peeping out from the door of the Kaffir-house. His face darkened in expression, and pouring forth a volley of reproaches, the 'stern parient' approached her. I stood anxiously watching the interview, fearing lest violence might be the outcome. But after Pank had uncorked the vial of his wrath, it quickly evaporated, and in a short time he sat down on his haunches, took the snuff-box from his ear and regaled himself with a hearty pinch.

I rode off; and on my return, half an hour later, the old fellow was in our kitchen, calmly consuming a large pot of porridge. It turned out that he had ordered 'Manthla to be ready to accompany him at once to the kraal of Indebbelish. Alas, however, for the 'best-laid schemes!' When the *babba* (father) went into the Kaffir-house, he found 'Manthla had again fled. His anger and disgust were now turned upon Capelle, who vowed he had had no hand in her flight. The father retorted, the son recriminated, and it was only by rushing out and brandishing my riding-whip that order was restored. The old man suddenly grinned and exclaimed: 'Allee right, allee right!' and then his eye catching sight of a big iron pot which had fallen into disuse, he asked if we could spare it. My wife sarcastically inquired if there was anything else he would like; upon which Pank requested a bottle of castor-oil, for the purpose of anointing his body when he reached home. This being given him, the injured father strode away, with the big pot over his head like a huge helmet, and we hoped we had seen the last of him. Not at all! In five minutes or so the old rascal came back, begging Capelle's wages for the next three months. It is customary for the *babbas* to collect the money due to their sons, but payment in advance was altogether without precedent. Happily, by disbursing the wages due for a month which had almost expired, we for a time got rid of the father of our heroine.

It is time that we again followed her fortunes. When 'Manthla ran away from our house, she betook herself to Umhlassu, who, true lover that he was, forsook his work, packed up his blankets, and went off with his bride to his own kraal. Feasting and dancing were again indulged in, this time, however, by the bridegroom's relatives. Hearing of this, the unsuccessful Indebbelish indignantly demanded the cattle back from 'Manthla's father; but this just request was point-blank refused. Indebbelish saw he had no other alternative but to trudge into town to institute an action for 'breach of promise' against Babba Pank. The machinery of the native court in Maritzburg was in due course set in motion, and the case appointed to come off in three weeks, a fact we knew one evening by the advent of Indebbelish, who was about the most handsome Kaffir we had ever seen. He came to have a chat with Capelle, who had favoured his wooing in time past, and was still friendly. We naturally objected to have our larder drawn upon alternately by the plaintiff and defendant in the pending suit, and so declined to give Indebbelish board and lodging. But he made up for this by calling night after night and smoking Capelle's tobacco.

At length the great day of the trial dawned, and with it came the beaming face of 'Manthla's father with his irrepressible 'Allee right!' He marched in and billeted himself upon us for about six days. I am not aware whether this was owing to prolonged litigation or to the enjoyment of living at some one else's expense. At all events, when the week expired, the *babba* vouchsafed the information that the case had gone against him, and that he had to restore the bullocks, at the same time cheerily adding: 'It's allee right, allee right!' Nevertheless, he went away very downcast, after another ineffectual attempt to collect Capelle's wages in advance. A day or two afterwards, the cattle were returned to Indebbelish with a bad grace; but Umhlassu gave Babba Pank eight oxen, with a promise of other two at some future period; and the heart of the old man rejoiced. The sympathies of my wife had been aroused in favour of Indebbelish; but her interest instantly vanished when she found that 'the poor, forsaken young man,' long previous to his 'courtship' of 'Manthla, was already possessed of three wives! When Indebbelish received back the oxen from the *babba*, he simply drove them off to another kraal, and purchased an ebony virgin to complete his connubial quartet.

About eighteen months afterwards, I happened to be amongst the Saturday morning throng on the Market Square of Maritzburg. Hundreds of people—English, Dutch, Indian, and Kaffir—were moving about the dusty expanse of ground, which was covered with auctioneers' stands, bullock-wagons, sacks of produce, cows and horses on sale, and large quantities of the miscellaneous household goods which find their way to colonial marts. At one part of the ground, a number of Kaffir wives were squatted alongside heaps of firewood, which they had conveyed into town, and were now selling. As I observed them, my boy Capelle suddenly drew my attention to a woman who was walking towards the group. She carried a great load of firewood in long lengths poised upon her

head, and a baby slung behind her in a blanket. I dimly recollected her face; Capelle told me her name, and ran forward to speak to her. It was none other than the heroine of the love-match—poor 'Manthla!

CONCERNING LOVE.*

IN TWO PARTS.—PART II.

HAVING in the former part of this paper considered certain theories concerning the nature, qualities, power, and vitality of love, we would now invite the attention of our readers to some of the symptoms, evidences, and effects of that passion. Here we find ourselves upon somewhat firmer ground, for the field now before us is not so much that of theory and definition as of observation and experience. While the profoundest philosophers find themselves at a loss in attempting to formulate some satisfactory theory on the subject, the most unsophisticated observer can tell us something of the signs and tokens by which love manifests its presence. The symptoms of the tender passion are both varied and varying, and we have it on the authority of Addison that there is no other passion which produces such contrary effects in so great a degree. Byron describes love as bearing within itself 'the very germ of change.'

For a thoroughly comprehensive catalogue of love's tokens take the reply of Silvius to Phebe in *As You Like It*. 'Good shepherd,' says Phebe, 'tell this youth what 'tis to love.' 'It is,' replies Silvius, 'to be all made of sighs and tears; it is to be all made of faith and service; it is to be all made of fantasy, all made of passion, and all made of wishes; all adoration, duty, and observance; all humbleness, all patience, and impatience; all purity, all trial, all observance.' If the foregoing be accepted as an accurate description of what it is to love, one is enabled to understand the belief that the reason why Love is not included among the virtues is that it combines them all in one.

Dryden has given us several accounts of the way in which the tender passion operates upon the mind. In one passage he says:

> Love various minds does variously inspire:
> He stirs in gentle natures gentle fire,
> Like that of incense on the altar laid;
> But raging flames tempestuous souls invade:
> A fire which every windy passion blows;
> With pride it mounts, and with revenge it glows.

The same writer, descending to more every-day observations, and speaking of the condition of a person in love, declares:

> You pine, you languish, love to be alone,
> Think much, speak little, and in speaking sigh.

This is certainly a faithful description of the conventional lover, whom you meet in novels, and there are no doubt a great many sentimental people who still languish and sigh, after the old romantic pattern. Yet there are a great many more who get through all their love experiences with very little languishing and very few sighs. They are much too busy, or too cheerful, or too matter-of-fact, to indulge their passion to the pining or languishing degree; so that tears and sighs and groans are not by any means inevitable or necessary symptoms of love. While one lover is to be found 'sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad made to his mistress' eyebrow,' another is discovered basking joyfully in the sunshine of his love, and singing with Moore that

> There 's nothing half so sweet in life
> As love's young dream.

Ovid remarks that tears are by no means unserviceable in love, because by tears you may touch a heart of stone. He therefore advises the lover to endeavour that his mistress should find him with his cheeks bathed in tears; and he adds, that if you are not quite equal to the shedding of genuine tears, you may bathe your eyes and cheeks by other means. But Ovid is discoursing on the *art* of love, and what we are at present considering are the true marks of the genuine passion. There are, no doubt, few matters in which there has been, since the world began, so much dissimulation and hypocrisy as in love affairs, and Ovid's artful suggestions recall the profane observation of a cynical writer, that 'Love consists of a little sighing, a little crying, a little dying—and a deal of lying.' It is not our present purpose, however, to enter upon the false in love, or the spurious impersonations which stalk about in his name. Let it suffice to say that Ovid's crafty advice is founded on the fact that true love is often tearful and desponding. It may not be, as Silvius puts it, 'all sighs and tears,' but even the most sanguine love may have its moments of sadness and doubt. 'Love,' says one of the poets—

> Love, though most sure,
> Yet always to itself seems insecure.

And Scott declares that 'Love is loveliest when embalmed in tears.' Another poet argues that unless you quake and are struck dumb when your mistress enters the room, you have loved amiss, and must begin anew.

But if love is sometimes downcast and fearful, it just as often soars aloft on the pinions of hope, for 'Love can hope where Reason would despair.' The lover has a miraculous way of finding hope and encouragement amid the most unpromising circumstances. He can feed for weeks together on a word or a glance; and if his mistress frown and turn her back upon him, he must still lay the flattering unction to his soul that she merely frowns, as Shakspeare expresses it somewhere, to beget more love in him. Truly, the lover had need be 'all patience,' for 'tis a fickle god he woos. If he would not woo in vain, he must bear with a thousand caprices, inconstancies, and tyrannies.

Lovers are proverbially blind to each other's shortcomings, and their praises of each other are therefore untrammelled by ordinary scruples on the score of veracity. 'There never,' says Bacon, 'was a proud man thought so absurdly well of himself as the lover doth of the person loved.' It is therefore at once easy and natural for men and women under the influence of the tender passion to present to each other, and to swallow with the keenest relish, a great deal of this kind of food.

* Concluded from page 156.

If we are to credit the French poet Chamfort, who says he has seen women of all countries, an Italian woman does not believe that she is loved by her lover unless he is capable of committing a crime for her, an Englishwoman an extravagance, and a Frenchwoman a folly. Let us hope that worthier performances than these are sometimes demanded in token of love's sincerity—acts of self-denial, of merit, of generosity, and of faithfulness. Richter is of opinion, however, that 'love requires not so much proofs as expressions of love—it demands little else than the power to feel and to requite love.' Dryden gives expression to the same idea, when he says :

> All other debts may compensation find,
> But Love is strict, and must be paid in kind.

How often has love spurned riches, power, enjoyment, the good opinion of the world, and everything else, in order to meet responsive love amid poverty, suffering, deprivation, and even dishonour! True love will sacrifice everything to be requited; for 'Lovers all but love disdain.'

Whatever form its manifestations may take, it may be assumed that the fickle god will not fail to show itself. 'There are two things not to be hidden,' says the proverb—'Love and a cough.' It may be expressed by sighs and tears, by a dejected and distracted mien, and by what Shakspeare calls 'the pale complexion of true love.' It may be discovered in tell-tale blushes—'celestial rosy red, Love's proper hue,' as Milton puts it—in bashful awkwardness, and in a distressing self-consciousness in the presence of the adored object. And it may be shown no less plainly and emphatically in quiet self-devotion, dutifulness, and self-sacrifice. It often identifies itself with various kinds of manias, such as a mania for composing amatory epistles or writing verses, a mania for going to church, for haunting a particular street, or for buying kid gloves, patent-leather boots, and eau-de-Cologne. These, with many other similar and equally harmless symptoms, are quite familiar.

Then there is a more extravagant class of manifestations that the hard unfeeling world would describe as folly. When love reaches what Bacon calls 'the mad degree,' there is absolutely no limit to the excesses that may be perpetrated in its name. But of the comparatively harmless kinds of folly there is usually a considerable admixture in even the sedatest loves. Thomson describes the lover as 'the very fool of nature.' It is not, of course, to be supposed that he is ever conscious of his folly—when he is engaged in it, at all events—for

> Love is blind, and lovers cannot see
> The pretty follies that themselves commit.

Yet it cannot be denied that the folly in love is, to the lovers, by no means the least agreeable part of it.

> I could not love, I'm sure,
> One who in love were wise,

is Cowley's frank confession; and most lovers, if they carefully examine their experience and speak the truth, will echo the sentiment. Wisdom would never give utterance to all those fond, foolish fancies, those 'airy nothings,' and sweet flatteries that the lover prizes so much; and wisdom would often dictate a degree of prudence and reserve and formality that could never be endured by two hearts that beat as one.

> The proverb holds, that to be wise and love,
> Is hardly granted to the gods above.

After what we have seen of Cupid's fickleness and ever-varying moods, it will not be imagined that when love is not all smiles and sunshine, it is therefore insincere or undesirable. In the words of the poet Walsh :

> Love is a medley of endearments, jars,
> Suspicions, quarrels, reconcilements, wars,
> Then peace again.

After the storm, the sun returns as bright and genial as before, and the air is all the purer and the sweeter for the electric war that has disturbed its stillness. The love that cannot outlive a few misunderstandings and disagreements can hardly claim to be considered as genuine, and had better be allowed to pass at once into the limbo of exploded myths. The truth is, however, that Love often dispenses his favours in a very eccentric way, and each favour is sometimes paid for with a more than proportionate amount of suffering; so that the lover must be often tempted to exclaim with Addison :

> Mysterious love! uncertain treasure!
> Hast thou more of pain or pleasure?

Yet he will probably resolve the problem in much the same manner as the poet does in completing the stanza :

> Endless torments dwell about thee,
> Yet who would live and live without thee?

Spenser finds that 'love with gall and honey doth abound,' and in computing the proportion of each, he expresses the belief that for every drachm of honey there is a pound of gall. Notwithstanding this, however, he is prepared to assert that

> One loving hour
> For many years of sorrow can dispense;
> A drachm of sweet is worth a pound of sour.

This is the attitude which the lover must adopt; and if the gall preponderate in his experience—which we sincerely hope it won't—he must comfort and sustain himself with thoughts of the honey he has enjoyed, and that may be yet in store for him.

If the course of true love does not run smooth, that is not always because the way is not clear enough or level enough, but very often entirely on account of Love's injudicious and impracticable behaviour. If Love will indulge his propensity to masquerade in the guise of frenzy or delirium, folly or extravagance, there is nothing at all surprising in his getting into trouble. But what is the use of sermonising? Notwithstanding all the striking lessons he has received, and the painful experiences through which he has passed, Cupid is still much the same wilful, rollicking, mischief-loving sprite that he was when he first appeared upon our planet; and so, no doubt, he will remain to the end of the chapter.

At the same time, when all is said and done, is it not just possible that Love gets blamed for a good deal of trouble and mischief for which he is really not responsible? Do people not often cry out against Love's tyranny and unreasonableness, when they ought to blame their own

selfishness, or pride, or blundering stupidity? Love must be treated as an honoured guest, not as a slave; and if he leave us, may we not reasonably ask ourselves, before we begin to upbraid and revile him, whether we have not driven him away by our own neglect and heartlessness and querulous impatience? When we consider how he is sometimes treated, the wonder is, not so much that he should have departed, as that he should have stayed so long.

THE PROGRESS OF CYCLING.

It is exceedingly interesting to the reflective cyclist of the present day to indulge in a retrospect of ten or fifteen years, and compare his present position with the status that subsisted in those early days of the wheel. Nothing could better illustrate the rapid growth of this comparatively modern method of locomotion than the spread and increasing importance of the various Exhibitions in different parts of the country devoted entirely or in part to demonstrating the advances made in the two or three wheeler during the recess of winter. And these advances have been most marked during the past year, the machines now exhibited showing plainly the care and attention bestowed upon them. In one important detail in particular this is markedly apparent, namely, in that of gearing for tricycles. It is a well-known fact among cyclists that the temporary exhaustion following the rapid traversing of a smooth level road does not proceed in a tenth degree so much from the actual strength expended as upon the rapid exertion required. To obviate this, a system of gearing-up has been introduced, whereby the wheels make more revolutions than the feet. But as this would place the rider at a disadvantage in ascending inclines or in traversing rough roads, a system of gearing level or down has been combined, whereby, by a mechanical arrangement, the wheels perform either the same number of revolutions as the feet, or less. The combination of these systems has produced some of the most intricately ingenious mechanisms that have lately appeared before the public, and cyclists are busily engaged in testing and otherwise determining which system shall be introduced into their mounts for the coming season.

In the June number of the *Journal* for last year we predicted the approach of a period of unusual activity in cycling, and the prediction has not proved fallacious; for the season which closed with the approach of last winter was remarkable in many respects, as the following will show. In October, the extraordinary distance of two hundred and sixty miles was ridden on a two-wheeler in twenty-four hours over ordinary roads; a tricycle under similar circumstances has covered over two hundred and twenty-one miles when ridden by a gentleman, and one hundred and fifty-two miles when propelled by a lady. In August, a tricycle was driven from John o' Groats to Land's End—ten hundred and seven miles—in fourteen days; the bicycle record by a shorter route being a little over nine days; whilst in October a bicyclist rode from London to Derby—a distance of one hundred and twenty-six miles—without either stopping or dismounting. Many feats of endurance and determination similar to the above have taken place upon the public roads; whilst upon the racing-path, the great feature has been the 'record cutting' of the year. In 1882, a well-known doctor and amateur bicyclist rode twenty miles and three hundred and twenty-five yards in an hour; in 1883, this was beaten by a professional at Leicester, who covered twenty miles nine hundred and five yards in the same time; whilst the time for one mile has been lowered from two minutes forty-one and three-fifth seconds to two minutes forty and four-fifth seconds. The time for one mile for a tricycle was also lowered to three minutes five seconds, and all existing tricycling records from a quarter of a mile to one hundred miles were beaten last year. But the rapid advances which characterise the sport will doubtless enable faster times than the above to be made in the not far distant future, and the records which we now behold with pardonable pride may sink into comparative insignificance.

The objection has been raised by many opponents of cycling that it is of no practical value to mankind apart from the means it provides for healthy recreation. This objection no longer exists. The tricycle is now used extensively in many parts of the kingdom by professional men; clergymen in particular are very partial to it; to the doctor it is a positive boon, ay, and to the patient as well at times, for in an emergency, the ready steed can be mounted at once, and no delay caused by awakening drowsy coachmen and harnessing horses. A new description of tricycle now enables enterprising tradesmen, notably news-agents, grocers, and others whose wares are of a comparatively light nature, to deliver their goods with more despatch than formerly; and the Post-office authorities have been alive to the advantages offered by this means of distribution by obtaining machines for rural districts in connection with the Parcels Post and the delivery of letters. The Inland Revenue Office by a recent order recognises the tricycle; and the police in some of our colonies have used them for some time. These facts plainly show that the tricycle has entered upon a new phase of its existence, and that a noble and useful career undoubtedly awaits it.

The 'freemasonry of the wheel' has been pushed on to a greater extent than ever during the past year, and is a factor which undoubtedly influences a large proportion of the British public. This is shown by the increasing numbers of the Cyclists' Touring Club, which increased from seven to nearly twelve thousand during 1883, and promises to reach even twenty thousand during the current year. The ladies are giving their heartiest support, and are joining in large numbers; whilst the movement offers so many attractions to all riders in providing touring companions, hotels with fixed tariffs in nearly every town in Great Britain and the continent, good-fellowship and congenial society wherever the cyclist may happen to alight, and other advantages too numerous to mention, that it includes in its roll many of the nobility and gentry in all parts of the land, and is supported by some of the highest dignitaries of the Church and members of the legal, medical, military, and naval professions.

Other great cycling institutions exist, which

are rendering good service to the general public in various ways, one notably in calling attention to the decadence of our public roads since the old coaching-days. In many parts of the country, main roads now exist that are all but impassable to ordinary traffic; their deterioration may be attributed mainly to the competition and monopolisation of the railways in diverting the traffic that once passed over them. Their condition is a misfortune to the public in general, and especially to the inhabitants of the locality; for as good roads are certain to advance the prosperity of a district, so bad ones have ever been considered an indication of a backward state of civilisation. The local authorities to whom the construction and maintenance of these roads have been intrusted, are being aroused to a sense of their responsibility by influentially and numerously attended meetings of persons interested in cycling; the laws relating to the highways have been collected and discussed, and many leading newspapers have given prominence to the grievances vented at these assemblies. If the result should be the amelioration of the condition of these highways, the thanks of the general public will be due to the cyclists, and it will tend to forge still stronger the link which is fast binding them into closer fellowship.

To many manufacturing towns, the rise of cycling has been a boon; to one in particular, Coventry, it has proved perhaps the greatest blessing that has ever befallen it. That ancient city was fast sinking into absolute inertness through the falling-off of its staple trade; it can now boast of being one of the most prosperous towns of the midlands, with huge manufactories and busy hives of men sending forth to the world those apparently delicate structures which are now in such universal request. Other towns, such as Birmingham, London, Wolverhampton, &c., sensibly feel the demands of the two hundred thousand cyclists who are computed to be in Great Britain alone, and the export trade of these towns is rapidly becoming greater in this particular branch. The two and three wheeler have now penetrated to nearly every part of the globe; they are no longer strangers to the Russian, the Turk, and the Hindu; in Brazil, Australia, and New Zealand, they make steady progress; and even the sacred land of the Celestials is not free from their enchantments. This wide and general dissemination of a sport which is essentially English, cannot fail to be a source of the greatest gratification to those who so sturdily fought for it and upheld it during the trials of its early existence.

SPRING IN THE ALLEY.

She stooped and told him that the Spring was born;
  A ring of triumph in her fresh young voice;
For she, poor child, was in her life's glad morn,
  And the soft sunshine made her heart rejoice.
'Wert thou not longing for the Spring?' she said;
But the pale sufferer sadly shook his head,

And gazed with sunken eyes upon her face,
  Till its pure beauty filled his soul with peace,
Then smoothed her locks, and in a fond embrace,
  Clasping her slender form, he whispered: 'Cease
To sing the praises of the young Spring flowers;
Child of the narrow court! they are not ours!'

O'er the despondent sufferer bending low,
  Till her fair tresses swept his throbbing brow,
With tender glistening eyes, and cheeks aglow
  With joy and hope, she softly told him how,
Not very far away, the golden bees
Wooed the white clusters of the hawthorn trees.

She spoke of twittering birds, and raised her eyes,
  Bright with the glory of poetic thought,
To the dark ceiling that shut out the skies,
  And lowered upon her, as she vainly sought,
With words of loving sympathy, to cheer
The flickering life that suffering made so dear.

For oh, that life, unlovely though it seemed,
  Was the dear object of her fondest love;
Volumes of witching poesy she dreamed,
  Morn, noon, and evening, as she bent above
His weary form, yet neither light nor bloom
Could tempt her footsteps from that dingy room.

Oft, when she heard his hollow cough, she wept
  In the still midnight—how it wrung her heart!
Yea, she could hear it even when she slept,
  And often wakened with a feverish start,
Beseeching God, in many a tearful prayer,
To ease the pain that *she* so longed to share.

Blithely she carolled when the morning sun
  Rose o'er the alley like a blushing bride;
Or grave and silent, like some meek-faced nun,
  Plied she her needle by the sufferer's side—
And oh, it was so sweet to toil for him
Till her hands trembled, and her eyes grew dim!

Till from those weary hands her work would fall,
  And her dim vision could distinguish nought
Save the black spiders crawling on the wall,
  And the dead violets she herself had bought
With the few coppers she had stored away
From her poor scanty earnings day by day.

For when before the market-stall she stood,
  Her little purse clasped tightly in her hand,
She needs must purchase—for each dewy bud
  Seemed like a messenger from fairyland;
And well her fine poetic fancy knew
The sheltered places where the violets grew.

And when she raised them to her eager lips
  With the pure rapture of a little child,
The dewdrops twinkled on their azure tips,
  Till the young dreamer bent her face and smiled
With the sweet consciousness that they would bring
Into the meanest slum a breath of Spring.

Returning home, her joyous footsteps fell
  Like the soft patter of the summer rain;
And oh, *one* weary sufferer knew it well,
  And moaned a welcome from his bed of pain!
Close to his breast she crept, and kneeling there,
He twined the violets in her sunny hair.

Charmed from his fretful mood, the sufferer laid
  One thin white hand upon her worn gray dress;
'Dear child!' he murmured, while the sunbeams played
  At hide-and-seek amid each wandering tress,
'Withdraw the blind—let in the rosy morn;
I too am grateful that the Spring is born!'

Fanny Forrester.

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OUR DETECTIVE POLICE.

The number of murders that have taken place, and the very few murderers that have been brought to justice in and about London during the last few months, must go far towards contradicting the assertion to the effect that the metropolis of England is 'the safest city in the world' to live in. And if to the list of crimes against life which have not been, and never are likely to be, brought home to the perpetrators, we add the innumerable thefts, burglaries, and other offences against property which go unpunished because the criminals are never found out, it can hardly be denied that we require a new departure in the system of our Detective Police, for the simple reason that, as at present constituted, the practical results of the same are very much the reverse of satisfactory.

It has been my lot, for reasons which need not be entered into here, to see not a little of the French detective system, and of the plans adopted by those employed in discovering crime in Paris. The two systems, those of the London and Parisian detective, differ most essentially. With us, it is as if the general commanding an army in the field was to send spies into the enemy's camp, taking care they were dressed and behaved themselves in such a manner that every one would know who they were. On the other hand, the French system of detection is based on the principle that the enemy—namely, the criminals amongst whom they have to make their inquiries—should never be able to discover who the spies are. Now, with some fifty or sixty detectives trained to perfection in the art of disguising themselves, must it not be far more easy to discover the whereabouts of crime and the identity of the criminals, than can possibly be done under our system? Our detectives are as well known to a Londoner of any experience, and we may presume they are also just as well known to the criminal classes, as if they wore uniform. Nay, in a very useful volume called *The Police Code and Manual of the Criminal Law*, compiled by Mr Howard Vincent, it is clearly laid down that 'the idea that a detective to be useful in a district must be unknown is erroneous in the great mass of cases, as he is then unable to distinguish between honest men who would help a known officer and others.'

It seems to me, as it must do to all who study the question, that this is the fundamental mistake we make, and that it is for this reason our detection of crime is so defective. We have no spies in the enemy's camp. Our detective officers are merely policemen in shooting-jackets and billy-cock hats. The great criminal army knows who they are as well as if they wore their blue tunics. A French detective has nothing whatever to do with arresting criminals. He is not the sportsman who shoots the bird, but only the dog which points out where the game is to be found. The French agents of police, or detectives—many of whom have been over in England on business, and are well acquainted with our system—say that our regular police who keep order in the streets are the best guardians of peace and order in the world, but that our detective system is the worst and, practically, the most useless in Europe. Nor can any one acquainted with the subject say they are wrong. Even the most casual readers of the papers must be struck with two facts relating to crime in London. In the first place, the vigilance of the ordinary police is so great, that, as a rule, they lay hands upon a very great number of criminals, and cause a vast deal of crime to be punished. But, on the other hand, if a murderer, burglar, or other offender against society *does* manage to get clean away, he is rarely if ever caught. The police—that is, of course, the detective police—invariably 'get a clue' to the affair; and there the matter seems to end. The detection of crime is evidently not an art that has been cultivated in England.

The French detective is a man who would never be thought, by any one who did not know him personally, to be connected with the police. In fact, he generally does his best to hide his real occupation from even his most intimate

friends. Like our Londoner who is 'something in the City,' he assumes the indefinite appellation of *un employé du gouvernement;* but in what office he is 'employed,' or what his 'employment' may be, he refrains from stating. He is generally a quiet, unpretending individual, who neither courts nor avoids notice. The facility with which he assumes all kinds of disguise, and the admirable manner in which he acts the part he assumes, must be seen in order to be realised. As a rule, he takes some time before bringing his inquiries to a close; but he is rarely at fault in the long-run, and generally manages to bring down the game he is hunting.

Our English detective is the exact contrary of his French *confrère.* He does not wear uniform, but he might just as well do so, for his appearance and dress proclaim him to be what he is quite as plainly as if he was clad like X142 of the force. He is a well-meaning, intelligent fellow; but both his want of training and the system under which he has to work quite unfit him for the detection of any crime which is hidden in mystery. I remember, some years ago, being on a visit at a country-house, where the jewel-case of a lady visitor was stolen. It was quite safe when the owner had finished dressing for dinner; but a couple of hours later her maid missed it, and gave the alarm. Search was made—it is needless to say, in vain. The house was full of visitors, many of whom had brought with them their own valets and ladies' maids, besides which there was a large staff of servants belonging to the house itself. A telegram was despatched to Scotland Yard the next morning; and in due time two detective officers arrived from London. They examined the room from which the jewel-box had been taken; questioned, and, as a natural consequence, set by the ears, all the servants of the house, as well as those of the different visitors; made inquiries at the neighbouring railway station about the travellers who had left the place during the last few days; and finally, took their departure, leaving matters exactly where they were—where they have remained to the present day, and where they are likely to remain for all time.

As a comparison with the foregoing, I may mention a case of a very similar kind which I once witnessed in Paris. A friend of mine, living with his wife, daughter, and a male and female servant *au second* of a large old-fashioned house, found one morning that all his plate had been stolen. It was quite safe when the family went to bed the previous night; but in the morning it had vanished. He communicated with the police; and an elderly gentleman, who looked like the manager or one of the head-clerks of a bank, was sent to the house. Neither the *concierge* nor any one else had the slightest idea who the individual was. He came ostensibly to see my friend on some business, and only told *him* what this business really was. He came again the next day and the following four or five days, making his visits purposely when my friend and all his family were out, so as to have an excuse, whilst awaiting their return, of talking to the servants, or of wasting a quarter of an hour in the *concierge's* den. He managed to ingratiate himself with this latter individual; and in the course of the next few weeks, during which time he still paid occasional visits, ostensibly to my friend, became quite intimate with the servant. It ended in the *concierge* being arrested one fine day on a charge of having stolen the plate. This was brought about partly by something the detective had seen in the *concierge's* room, but chiefly on account of what he had heard at a place where a number of the agents or brokers for stolen goods used to congregate for business, and to which the detective went in the character of a thief. The crime was thus discovered, and the thief was duly punished.

I mention these two cases, out of not a few with which I am acquainted, as illustrating in some measure the very different systems on which the detectives of England and France do their work. In the latter country, as in every other country in Europe, London is regarded by the dangerous classes as the happy hunting-ground of thieves and rogues of all kinds. I am fully aware that many Englishmen would regard the French detective mode of working as underhand and mean, and object to what they would term any underhand work of the kind. But surely when a question of such magnitude as the detection of crime is mooted, the authorities ought not to be guided by what is merely a matter of sentiment. Murderers, burglars, thieves, swindlers, and all other evil-doers, do not hesitate to use the most effectual means at their command in order to insure success to themselves. Why, then, should we do so? Crime of every kind is getting daily more and more clever and scientific in its working; why should we not avail ourselves of every possible advantage which the perpetrators of crime can command? One thing is very certain, that unless we take a new departure in the manner we attempt to detect crime, the dangerous classes will very soon have everything their own way. As a French police agent once told me, every crime that is undiscovered serves as an incentive for a dozen more of the same kind.

With respect to the very strong dislike which some persons have to anything in the shape of a secret police—or rather to disguised agents of the police acting as spies in the camp of the dangerous classes—it ought not to be forgotten that the same prejudice existed half a century ago against the 'new police,' or the 'Peelers' as they were called, being substituted for the watchmen or 'Charlies' of our grandfathers' days. If the authorities are wise enough to constitute and maintain a really efficient system of secret police agents in the place of what we now call 'plain-clothes officers,' the result will be much the same as was the substitution of a regular metropolitan

police in place of the old watchmen. But if this greatly called-for change is delayed much longer, we shall see the criminal classes gaining in strength every year, until it will become as difficult to get the mastery over them as is the case in some of the Western States in America. A secret police, or rather, a number of secret agents of the police, organised on the French system, is what we must institute ere long, and the sooner it is taken in hand the better. Those who require their services do not hesitate to employ 'Private Inquiry Offices' and other similar establishments; why should the government decline to entertain the idea of such an agency as is here advocated? If any man of influence and authority in the land could be present at a 'business' meeting of English, French, and a few German thieves in some of the lowest haunts of 'Foreign London,' an efficient system of secret detective police would very soon become established in what has been foolishly called 'the safest city in the world.'

In England, we have a curious but very erroneous idea that if a policeman wears a suit of plain clothes instead of his regular uniform, he is fully able to find out all about any crime that has ever been committed. A greater mistake was never made. Not only to the 'dangerous classes,' but to almost every Londoner who is anything of an observer regarding his fellow-men, 'plain-clothes' officers, as our detectives are called, are actually as well known as if they wore the helmet, blue tunic, and black leather waist-belt of the regular policeman. It is quite otherwise in France. A French detective, as we have remarked before, has nothing whatever to do with serving summonses or warrants. He never arrests a criminal, but he points out to the regular police where criminals are to be found. It is only on very rare occasions that he even appears as witness against a prisoner; and when he does so, he assumes for the future a dress and general appearance quite unlike what he has hitherto borne. A French detective who cannot disguise himself in such a manner that his oldest friend would not be able to recognise him, is not deemed worth his salary. He takes the greatest professional pride in this art. In a word, the French detectives are the spies sent by the army of law and order to find out all about the enemy that is constantly waging war against life and property. In England, we have no similar set of men, and what are the consequences? Why, that unless a murderer, burglar, or other offender is either taken red-handed, or leaves behind him some very plain marks as to who he is or where he is to be found, crime with us is, as a rule, undetected. Sooner or later, notwithstanding our national prejudices against all that is secret and underhand, we must adopt a system for the detection of crime on the plan that is found to work so well in France; and the sooner we do so the better, unless we want to make England in general, and London in particular, more than even it is now the happy hunting-ground of all the scoundrels in Europe. All Frenchmen who have visited our country say that our *ordinary* police is the very best in the world; that the manner in which they preserve order in the streets is above praise; and they are right. Nor can a word be said against the character, the integrity, or the intentions also of our detectives. But the system on which they are trained is essentially bad. They are the wrong men in the wrong place—the square pegs in the round holes.

BY MEAD AND STREAM.

CHAPTER XXX.—CURIOUS.

'I AM going to the village, Ada, to see Mr Beecham, but I shall not be long,' said Wrentham to his wife.

She in her pale, delicate prettiness was as unlike the mate of such a man as Wrentham as a gazelle linked to a Bengal tiger would appear. But she was fond of him, believed in him, and was as happy in her married state as most of her neighbours seemed to be. Indeed, she believed herself to be a great deal happier than most of them. So far as the household arrangements were concerned, he was a model husband: he interfered with none of them. He seldom scolded: he accepted his chop or steak with equanimity whether it was over or under done (of course he did not think it necessary to mention the repasts he indulged in at the *Gog and Magog*); and he had even put on a pair of unbrushed boots without saying anything aloud. What woman is there who would not appreciate such a husband?

Mrs Wrentham did appreciate him, and was devoted to him. She had brought him a few hundreds, with which her father, a country tradesman, had dowered her, and of that Wrentham declared he was able to make a fortune. With that intent most of his time was occupied in the City; and she often lamented that poor Martin was so eager to make 'hay whilst the sun shone'—as he called it—that he was working himself to death.

'Never mind, dear,' he would say: 'there is no time like the present for laying by a store; and we shall have leisure to enjoy ourselves when we have made a comfortable little fortune.'

'But if you should kill yourself in the meanwhile, Martin!'

'Nonsense, Ada; I am too tough a chap to be killed so easily.'

Then he would go off gaily to the City (or the betting-ring). She would sigh, and sit down to wait for the happy time when that little fortune should be made.

The man whilst he spoke to her was sincere enough; but in the feverish excitement of his speculations he forgot all about wife and home.

At present he was at ease, for he did not mean to go farther than the *King's Head*. So he made the little woman quite happy by his effusive tenderness, and still more by the information that she might wait up for his return. What pleasanter intimation could a loving wife receive?

The village was in darkness, for gas had not yet found its way into Kingshope. The feeble glint of a candle here and there looked like a dull glowworm striving to keep up a semblance of life. The half-dozen shops with their oil-lamps were a little brighter than the houses; but their innermost corners were dark and mysterious. Even the *King's Head* and *Cherry Tree* wore such veils upon their faces that a stranger would have passed by without suspecting

that these were hostelries within the gates of which was to be found good entertainment for man and beast, and where on market-days and fair-days were held high revels.

In one of the darkest parts of the street there was a little window illuminated by a single 'dip:' that 'dip' revealed a jumble of sweetmeats, cheap, gaudy toys, and penny picture-books. The eager eyes of a group of children discovered there a palace of wonder and delight, filled with objects of surpassing interest and ambition. There was a wooden sword which young Hodge regarded as more powerful than his father's spade and pick-axe: there was a gilt gingerbread man with a cocked-hat, which was looked upon with breathless admiration as a correct model of the Prince of Wales in all the splendour of royal attire. There was a brief discussion as to whether the cocked-hat should not have been a gold crown, which was undoubtedly the proper headgear for a prince. This, however, was settled by a mite of a girl, who suggested that the cocked-hat was worn when the Prince went out for a walk, and the crown when he was in the palace.

Next in attractive power was a greenish bottle full of brandy-balls; and the children's teeth watered as they gazed upon it. A Lord Mayor's dinner must be a small thing compared with that window with its jumble of sweets and toys.

'Wouldn't you like to have some of these nice things? How happy we would be if life could be all gilt gingerbread and brandy-balls!'

That was exactly what they had been thinking, and an appalled silence fell upon the little group, as they turned to stare at the wizard who had read their desire through the backs of their heads. But they all knew the kindly face of the gentleman who was looking at them so pleasantly. They did not note the shade of sadness and pity that was in his eyes. The faces of the younger children broadened into smiles of expectation: the elder ones hung their heads a little—shy, doubting, hoping, and vaguely fearing that they had been caught doing something wrong.

Mr Beecham patted one of them on the head—a child of about six years.

'Suppose you had sixpence, Totty, what would you do?'

'Buy all the shop.'

'And what then?'

'Eat um,' was the prompt and emphatic answer.

'What! would you not share with your friends?'

Totty looked round at her friends, who were anxious about her next reply.

'Such a lot of 'em,' she said with a kind of sulky greediness.

'Well, sixpence will not buy the whole shop; but I shall give it to your brother, and he must spend it upon something which can be easily divided into equal parts, so that you may all share alike.'

The gift was accepted in silence; but he had only moved a few paces away when there arose a hubbub of young voices angrily disputing as to what should be purchased with their fortune. He turned back and settled the matter for them. Whilst thus occupied, he was visited with the unpleasant reflection that what we want does not cause us so much trouble as what we possess. These children had been happy gazing at what they had no expectation of attaining. In imagination they could pick and choose each what he or she most fancied. Then he had come like an evil genius amongst them and by his trifling gift had produced discord. Had he purchased all that was in the shop there would still have been dissatisfaction.

'Communism will never thrive,' he muttered as he walked away, after pacifying his little protégés as best he could; 'the selfish individual will always be too strong for it. Master Philip is making a mistake.'

'He *is* a rum chap,' was the comment of Mr Wrentham, who had been watching the incident from the outside of the small semicircle of light cast from the window of the sweet-shop. 'In his dotage? . . . No. I might have said that, if we had not spent a few evenings together. A man who can pick up Nap and play it as he did, is no fool, however much of a knave he may be. He is not that either. . . . Wonder what can be the reason of Hadleigh's curiosity about him.'

His first movement from the darkness in which he stood suggested that he purposed saluting Mr Beecham at once; but he altered his mind, lit a cigar, and strolled leisurely after him. He had found a new interest in the stranger: it sprung out of his profound respect for Mr Hadleigh, for he was convinced that every word spoken by that gentleman, and certainly every act performed by him, was the result of careful reflection and shrewd foresight. He was not a man to do anything without a distinct view to his own advantage. Wrentham intended to share that advantage. But as he was at present unable to conceive what it might be, and was working entirely in the dark, with the hope merely that he should discover the meaning of it all as he proceeded, he considered it wise to move with caution whilst he maintained the bearing of a most willing servant.

He had been under the impression that he had sounded the depths of Mr Beecham's character pretty correctly; but Mr Hadleigh's inquiries and the incident with the children suggested two such opposite phases, that Wrentham could only conclude one of them must be wrong. Mr Hadleigh had started the suspicion that Beecham had some design in hand, the discovery of which would be useful: the scene with the children brought Wrentham back to his first impression—that he was a simple-minded but clear-sighted gentleman who was willing to lose a few pounds at cards occasionally without grumbling.

Mr Beecham had so few visitors in his village quarters, that he had not yet found it necessary to give the attendants at the *King's Head* the unpalatable but frequently unavoidable instruction to say 'Not at home.' So that, on Wrentham's arrival, his name was at once conveyed to him. The message brought back was that, if Mr Wrentham would be good enough to wait for a few minutes, Mr Beecham would be ready to receive him.

When at length he was shown into the room, Mr Beecham was closing a large envelope, which he placed on his desk in order to shake hands with his visitor. At each side of the desk was a bright lamp with a white shade, reflecting the light full upon the document he had laid down. Wrentham had no difficulty in reading the address.

'Hope I am not disturbing you. Got home early, and took it into my head to come down and have a cigar and a chat. If you're busy, I'll bolt.'

'No necessity. I had only to address an envelope to a friend with some inclosures, and that is done. You are very welcome to-night, although we are not likely to have a chat, as I have invited some young people to a conjuring entertainment.'

'I am afraid you will find me an ungracious guest,' said Wrentham, laughing, 'for I had made up my mind to have a quiet evening with you alone, and I have no fancy for jugglers—their tricks are all so stale.'

'You will find this man particularly amusing. He is clever with his tongue as well as his hands, and is remarkably well-mannered, although you will be astonished, perhaps, to learn that he is only a street performer. I ought not to have told you that until after you had seen him. However, my chief pleasure will be—and I am sure yours will be—in seeing how the children enjoy the magician's wonders. Mr Tuppit tells me that he never has so much delight in his work as when he has an audience of young people. We have got the large dining-room for the performance, and it is likely to turn out a brilliant affair. You must stay.'

At the mention of the conjurer's name, Wrentham made a curious movement, as if he had dropped something—it was only the ash of his cigar which had fallen on his sleeve. He dusted it into the fender.

'I wish I could go into things of this sort like you,' he said, smiling admiringly at Mr Beecham's enthusiasm; 'but I can't. I don't believe you could do it either, if you had heavy and anxious work on hand. But you belong to the lucky ones who have successfully passed the Rubicon of life. You have made your hay, and can amuse yourself without thinking about to-morrow. I am never allowed to get to-morrow out of my head.'

'Most people say that,' was Mr Beecham's response, with one of his quiet smiles; 'and I always think it is because we waste to-day in thinking of to-morrow.'

'Hit again,' exclaimed Wrentham with a frank laugh. 'I believe you are right; but we cannot all be philosophers. Nature has most to do in forming us, whatever share education may have in it. Where the dickens did you pick up your philosophy? In the east, west, north, or south? Have you been a traveller for pleasure or on business? Where have you been? What have you done, that you should be able always to see the sunny side of life? There's a string of questions for you. Don't trouble to answer them, although I should like if possible to learn how you became what you are—so calm, so happy.'

All this was spoken so good-humouredly—as if it were the outcome of nothing more than jesting curiosity—that Wrentham fancied he had very cleverly turned to useful account a passing observation. His host could not avoid giving him some direct information about his career now.

Mr Beecham appeared to be amused—nothing more.

'I have travelled in many directions of the compass, partly on business, partly on pleasure. Everywhere I have found that although the scenes are different, men are the same. Those who have had a fortune made for them spend it, wisely or unwisely as may be; those who have not, strive or wish to strive to make one for themselves. Some succeed, some fail: but the conditions of happiness are the same in either case—those who are the most easily content are the most happy.'

'Beaten,' thought Wrentham. 'What a clever beggar he is in answering the most direct questions with vague generalities.' What he said was this:

'I suppose that you had a fortune made for you, and so could take things easy?'

'A little was left to me, but I am glad to say not enough to permit me to be idle. I cannot say that I have worked hard, but I worked in the right direction, and the result has been satisfactory—that is, so far as money is concerned.'

'Wish you would give me a leaf out of your book: it might start me in the right direction too.'

'Some day you shall have the whole book to read, Mr Wrentham, and I shall be delighted if you find it of service.'

'But what line were you in? I should like to know.'

'So you shall, so you shall—by-and-by.—You have allowed your cigar to go out. Try one of these Larranagas; and excuse me for a minute—I want to send this away.'

He took up the packet which Wrentham had observed lying on the desk, and quitted the room.

'Wish I could make him out,' was Wrentham's reflection, as, after lighting his cigar, he stood on the hearth with his back to the fire and glared round the room in search of something that might help to satisfy his curiosity. 'Maybe there is nothing to make out. . . . But what does he want sending off letters to Madge Heathcote at this time of evening? I saw the address plainly enough, and that letter was for her. . . . There *is* something to find out.'

(*To be continued.*)

THE ASHBURNHAM COLLECTIONS.

In 1763, Mr Grenville, then First Lord of the Treasury and Chancellor of the Exchequer, had occasion to enlist the services of a gentleman familiar with ancient handwriting, in the arrangement of papers and other business. So well did Mr Thomas Astle do his work, that, two years later, he was made Receiver-general on the Civil List; subsequently becoming, in succession, chief clerk in the Record Office, and keeper of the records in the Tower. Astle was a diligent and discreet collector of manuscripts; and mindful of his obligations to the Grenvilles, directed by his will that his valuable library should pass into the possession of the Marquis of Buckingham for the sum of five hundred pounds. That nobleman gladly accepted the conditional bequest, and housed the sometime keeper's treasures honourably at Stowe. As opportunities offered, he and his successor added books and documents to Astle's store, until they had brought together a mass of original materials for the history of the three kingdoms unrivalled by any other private collection.

The middle of the present century saw Stowe shorn of its glories; and in 1849, its famous manuscripts were advertised for public sale; but their threatened dispersion was fortunately averted by the Earl of Ashburnham purchasing the entire collection, and adding it to his own extensive library, rich in works of early European and English literature. At the time of the earl's death he was the possessor of four distinct collections, known as the Stowe, the Barrois, the Libri, and the Appendix. The last-named, representing his occasional purchases, consisted of two hundred and fifty volumes, including richly illuminated missals and Books of Hours, choice copies of the works of Chaucer, Wickliffe, Gower, Dante; English chronicles, monastic registers, and individual manuscripts of great rarity and value. The Barrois collection of seven hundred and two manuscripts was notable for its specimens of ancient bindings, its illuminated manuscripts, and its examples of early French literature; while the Libri section was remarkable for its very ancient manuscripts, its copies of Dante's Commedia, its works of early Italian literature, its rare autographs, and its letters of distinguished French men of science.

In 1879, all these treasures were offered by the present Earl of Ashburnham to the trustees of the British Museum for the sum of one hundred and sixty thousand pounds; but upon their requesting him to separate the manuscripts from the printed books, the earl intimated that, finding he had underpriced his library in the first instance, he should require the hundred and sixty thousand pounds for the manuscripts alone; or fifty thousand for the Stowe collection, and fifty thousand for the Appendix collection, if the trustees elected to buy them only; and with that intimation the negotiation ended. In the autumn of 1882 the Museum authorities sought Lord Ashburnham again, to learn that he would only sell the collection as a whole at the price he had originally named. The keeper of the department of Manuscripts went down to Ashburnham Place, examined the collection volume by volume, and returned with above nine hundred of the choicest volumes and portfolios of papers, for the inspection of the trustees themselves; and they came to the conclusion that, all things considered, the collection was worth the money demanded for it; and recommended the Treasury to purchase it, and give the trustees power to make over certain portions of the Libri and Barrois collections—said to have been abstracted from the public libraries of France—to the French government on payment of twenty-four thousand pounds. To this proposition the Treasury would not agree, not being prepared to purchase the collection *en bloc*.

Then Lord Ashburnham agreed to sell the Museum the Stowe and Appendix divisions for ninety thousand pounds. The Treasury offered seventy thousand pounds; whereupon the earl requested that the manuscripts in the possession of the Museum trustees should be returned to their proper home. Determined, if possible, to avert what they regarded as an irreparable national calamity, the trustees proposed to make good the twenty thousand pounds by allowing a reduction on the annual vote for the Museum to the amount of four thousand pounds for the next five years. 'My Lords' were obdurate, the earl was firm; and the disappointed Museum trustees had nothing left to them but to retire with an expression of their regret at the untoward result of their efforts to save the precious manuscripts from probable expatriation. A week or two later, however, they were gladdened by receiving a verbal intimation from the guardian of the public purse that the government were ready to purchase the Stowe collection provided it could be obtained for forty thousand pounds. Lord Ashburnham would not lower his demand to that extent, but consented to accept forty-five thousand pounds. So the bargain was struck, the House of Commons voted the money, and the much-talked-of manuscripts became the property of the nation.

Whatever the pecuniary value of the Stowe collection may be, the custodians of our great library may well rejoice upon acquiring its nine hundred and ninety-six volumes of charters and cartularies; ancient missals and rituals; old English chronicles; old statutes; reports of famous trials; household books; royal wardrobe accounts; papal bulls and indulgences; historical, legal, and ecclesiastical documents; diplomatic, political, and private correspondence; and papers of more or less value to the antiquary, genealogist, and general student. In truth, the subject-matter of this mass of manuscripts is of so varied a nature that it would almost be easier to say what is not, than what is to be found therein. We shall not attempt to do either, but content ourselves with enumerating some of the curiosities of the collection.

First among these comes a volume of Anglo-Saxon charters, the cover of which is adorned with figures of saints and martyrs, and a representation of the crucifixion, worked with the needle, in coloured silks and gold-thread. The first charter in the volume is one of six lines, by which Withred, king of Kent, granted certain lands to the nuns of Liming; His Majesty, 'being illiterate,' making the sign of the cross against his name. Another relic of Anglo-Saxon times is the register of Hyde Abbey, Winchester, the greater part of which is supposed to have been written in the reign of Canute. On the first page are portraits of that monarch and his queen 'Ailgythu' in their robes of state. On the fourth leaf are memoranda of the Conqueror's building a palace at Winchester, and of the burning of the city in 1140 by Robert, Earl of Gloucester. A copy of Alfred's will is followed by an account of the burying-places of the Anglo-Saxon kings and saints, various forms of benedictions, a list of relics preserved at Hyde, and a calendar of saints. On one page is a fragment of the *exultat* as chanted on Holy Saturday in the monastery, with the musical notes—consisting of lines and points placed over the syllables, and indicating by their forms the high and low tones in which these syllables were to be sung.

Of historical interest are—the original report of the trial of 'Johanne d'Arc,' dated the 7th of July 1456, and duly signed and attested by the notaries; the original declaration of eight of the bishops in favour of Henry VIII.'s assumption of power in church matters, in which they pronounce that Christian princes may make ecclesiastical laws; and two little volumes—one about

three inches square, containing sundry calendars and tables, written on leaves of vellum, and bearing on the fly-leaf, in the handwriting of the Duke of Somerset: 'Fere of the lord is the begenning of wisdume: put thi trust in the lord wh all thine heart; be not wise in thyne own conseyte but fere the lord and fle from evele frome the toware the day before deth, 1551. E. SOMERSET.' The other booklet is about an inch square, and bound in gold, enamelled in black, and furnished with two small gold rings, by which it could be suspended to its owner's waist. It consists of a hundred and ninety-six pages of vellum, on which are written the seven penitential psalms. This was one of Henry VIII.'s gifts to Anne Boleyn, and was given by her—Horace Walpole says—to her maid of honour Mrs Wyatt, when the beautiful queen bade farewell to the world on Tower Hill.

Among other originals of political importance may be noted the return concerning the levy of ship-money, made to Sir Peter Temple, High-sheriff of Bucks, from the parish of Great Kimble, bearing the names of those who tendered their refusal to the constables and assessors; the said constables' and assessors' names appearing in the list of protesters, at the head of which stands the name of John Hampden. Of a little later date is the secret article of the treaty made in 1654 between Louis XIV. and the Protector of England for the expulsion from France of Charles II., the Duke of York, and eighteen royalists; Cromwell undertaking in return to expel certain Frenchmen from England. This document is signed by De Bordeaux on the part of the French king; by Fiennes, Lisle, and Strickland on the part of the Commonwealth. The Grand Monarch's own signature appears to an order addressed to the governor of the Bastile—an order for him to permit the Countess de Bussy to sleep with her husband.

There are two literary curiosities in the shape of a five-act tragedy by Bale, Bishop of Ossory, who died in 1563; and a comedy, author unknown, intended to be played for the amusement of Elizabeth and her court; the latter ending with the following lines, addressed to Queen Bess:

> May you have all the joys of innocence,
> Injoyinge too all the delights of sense.
> May you live long, and knowe till ye are told,
> T' endeare your beauty, and wonder you are old;
> And when heaven's heate shall draw you to the skye,
> May you transfigured, not transfigured dye!

In the original draft of a dedication to be prefixed to some operas by Purcell, Dryden says: 'Musick and poetry have ever been acknowledged sisters, which walking hand-in-hand support each other. As poetry is the harmony of words, so musick is that of notes; and as poetry is a rise above prose and oratory, so is musick the exaltation of poetry. Both of them may excel apart; but sure they are most excellent when they are joined, because nothing is then wanting to either of their perfections, for thus they appear like wit and beauty in the same person.' At the end of a copy of Bacon's *Essays*, presented to Mrs Newsham, in 1725, by 'her servant, A. Pope,' is a sonnet in the poet's handwriting, entitled *A Wish to Mrs M. B. on her Birthday, June* 15. It is to be found in his works, expanded into a twenty-line *Epistle to Miss Martha Blount, on her Birthday.*

'The Emperor of Morocco's curses against his two eldest sons, taken from the original in his own writing in the register of the principal church at Morocco,' is a curiosity, if scarcely a literary one; and the same may be said of a specimen of French penmanship—a series of portraits of the time of Louis XIV., executed with such freedom that they seem to have been done with one uninterrupted flourish of the pen. Each portrait has a song with music appended to it, the volume ending with a piece of music in Rousseau's own hand, composed by him at Paris in 1776.

The letters, original and transcribed, in the collection are so multitudinous, that it is impossible to enter into detail about them; they cover every reign from Edward III. to George III., and unrepresented Englishmen of any note are few indeed; while epistles written by such illustrious foreigners as Doge Andrea Contarini, Francis I., Cardinal Mazarin, Louis XIV., Madame de Maintenon, Voltaire, Frederick the Great, Mirabeau, Lafayette, and Napoleon the Great, figure in the catalogue of contents.

We must mention that among the treasures acquired by the nation are a number of manuscripts in the Irish language, and of manuscripts relating to the history and antiquities of Ireland; besides the correspondence of Arthur Capel, Earl of Essex, Lord-lieutenant of Ireland under Charles II. The government having decided that manuscripts in the Irish language, and those bearing more or less directly upon Irish history and literature, should be lent indefinitely to the Royal Irish Academy, for the use of students and the public, the greater portion of the above will be lost to Bloomsbury—how large a portion will not be known, until the representatives of the British Museum and the Irish Academy have settled the matter between them.

A SKETCH FROM MY STUDY WINDOW.

THERE were three of them, little pale-faced, grave-eyed girl-children, unmistakable Londoners in their lack of the healthy colouring and sturdy limbs which would have marked country-bred children of their age. The eldest was perhaps eleven; the younger ones, eight and six years old respectively; and it was pretty, as well as pathetic, to see the prematurely motherly care which the eldest sister—whom the little ones called 'Gertie'—bestowed upon the tiny mite whose responsible protector she seemed to be.

When first I noticed them, they were walking demurely round the gravel-path of the square upon which my study window looks out. Each had a skipping-rope dangling loosely from her hands; and the younger ones were evidently intent upon some grave story from the lips of their sister. Presently, they came along the upper side of the garden, towards my window, and I had my first glimpse of their faces. Each was pretty in her childish way. The eldest, tall for her age, slight and dark, had regular features and soft brown eyes, whose naturally pathetic expression was heightened by the deep mourning-frock and crape-trimmed hat which each alike was wearing. The two younger children were less noticeable in

appearance, the second being, I fancied, ordinarily a merry, dimpled little maiden, whom, but for some temporary cloud on her spirits, I could more easily have pictured enjoying a good game of romps with some of the other small frequenters of our garden; and the youngest, like Gertrude, a pensive-faced baby, with sadly transparent colouring and fragile figure, betokening constitutional delicacy. It was summer-time; and as they passed beneath my widely opened window, I caught the word 'Mother' two or three times repeated, gravely pronounced by Gertie; and I judged, from the reverent expression of the three little faces and from their deep mourning, that she was recalling to the memory of her charges some childish reminiscences of a recently lost parent.

I had certainly never seen them before, or, child-worshipper that I was, I could not have failed to recognise them. All the other young people in the garden—from Tommy, surname unknown, aged two, with a penchant for sticky sweetmeats, and an aversion to nurses, to Miss Mildred Holford, verging upon sweet seventeen, and alternating between spasmodic propriety and innate tomboyism—were intimately known to me—by sight, at all events; and in my idle speculations upon the little strangers, I jumped to the conclusion—subsequently verified—that they were new-comers to one of the large empty houses facing mine on the further side of our square.

From that day forward I saw them frequently, generally, as on the first occasion, alone, the eldest in charge of the younger ones, sometimes accompanied by a tall lady, also in deep mourning, whom they addressed as 'auntie;' sometimes with a sober, matronly looking nurse, who carried in her arms a bundle of white drapery, enveloping what I opined to be a baby of tender weeks. This baby was the favourite toy of the three little sisters. Nothing else possessed the slightest attraction for them when their tiny brother was present; and it was a pretty study to watch the pride and delight of the two elder girls, when their nurse allowed each in turn to carry the white-robed atom a few steps away from her side and back again. Nor was little Ethel, the youngest of the trio, debarred from the privilege of playing nurse sometimes. Too weak and frail to be safely trusted to carry the precious burden, it was her chief delight to sit, still as a mouse, on the corner of one of the garden-seats, crooning and talking baby-talk to the unconscious morsel on her lap, while the nurse and elder girls kept guard at a few yards' distance, their absence being clearly a highly valued condition of this innocent 'confidence-trick.'

Morning after morning, throughout the first week of their residence in our square, was the same routine carried out; the younger ones sometimes indulging in a run with their hoops, from Gertie's side; sometimes amusing themselves with dolls or skipping-ropes; or again listening while their aunt or Gertrude read aloud to them. But on Saturday morning they did not appear as usual, and I found myself quite missing their company, and puzzling myself with vague speculations to account for their absence. Even in this short time my heart had gone out towards the little motherless girls, and I had begun unconsciously to weave fanciful theories of their past and present life, to account for the sweet seriousness and precocious womanly airs of the eldest girl, and the influence of love—for her manner was untinged by any assumption of elder-sisterly prerogative—which she clearly possessed and exercised over the younger ones. Rightly or wrongly, I never knew, but I pictured them the children of parents separated by a long interval of years in age, but united by strong bonds of confidence and affection. Gertrude's sedate air suggested that she had been rather the companion than the plaything of her mother; and that the mother's influence had been tender, without caprice, was apparent from her child's gentle gravity, and from the unquestioning attention paid to her lightest hint or remonstrance by the younger sisters. The words, 'Mother would not have wished it,' or, 'Father would not like to see it,' from her lips were sufficient in a moment to quell Edith's occasional fractiousness, or to dry Ethel's ready tears; while the confidence existing between all three was enough to show that no undue favouritism had ever wakened jealousy of one another. Unselfish to a fault, Gertrude was the one to give way in every question of mere personal preference; but she never swerved from her adherence to what she believed would be 'mother's' wish or course of action, and an appeal from her opinion to aunt or nurse was rare indeed.

Such were some of my dreams of these little ones that Saturday morning. Luncheon-time came, and passed, without a sign; and so restless and idle had I been all morning, owing to the absurd interest I had taken in the non-appearance of my little friends, that, contrary to my usual custom, I was obliged to forego my half-holiday and settle to work again. Suddenly, glancing from my book for the thousandth time that day, I spied the little trio approaching. They looked less grave than usual, and were manifestly preoccupied, as I judged from the frequent glances cast by one and all towards the entrance-gate, at the far corner of the square. At last the cause became evident. The gate swung open, and an elderly gentleman in deep mourning came hastily into the garden. He was quickly perceived; and with a glad cry of 'Father!' all three children scampered off to meet him. 'Father's' half-holiday was clearly the event of the week for his little motherless girls; and for the first time since I had seen her, the sad cloud passed from Gertie's eyes, and for a few hours was lost in the light of unalloyed happiness. Under 'father's' generalship they played merry childish games, laughing and romping as I had never yet deemed it possible they could laugh or romp; and when the delicate little Ethel grew weary and could play no longer, there was a knee for each of the younger pets, and a seat at her father's side for Gertrude, while it was evident that he was spinning yarns and racking his brains for fairy tales, each of which was rewarded with unanimous applause, and reiterated calls upon the narrator's memory or invention. So passed the happy holiday afternoon, a peaceful idyll in the great prose volume of London life; and when at length the father rose from his seat, and, with a tiny hand in each of his, moved slowly homewards, I felt as if the colour had faded out of the summer

evening, and the workaday clouds had begun to close in upon me again.

So the July days glided by, bringing no greater change into the lives of my three little maidens than the regular alternations of grave morning walks and gay Saturday afternoon romps. They seemed shy of making friends among their light-hearted young neighbours; and the other children appeared to be awed and checked in their advances by the sombre crape and sedate looks of the new-comers. Now and then, a timid overture was made, generally to Edith, the second of the trio, whose dimpled cheeks looked more suggestive of successful negotiation than her sisters' demure faces; but such attempts were rare, and as a rule, my own unsuspected interest was the only notice taken of their doings, and they were left unmolested in the pursuit of their quiet routine.

By-and-by my vacation-time arrived, and I left the lreat and bustle of London for a country rest. On my return, the days had shortened perceptibly, the sun was shorn of half his brightness, the garden trees were shedding their leaves, and autumn fogs and winter frosts were approaching apace. There, as usual, on the first morning after my return to work, were the little ladies. But there were no longer quiet hours of basking in sunshine on the seats, and much of the sober confabulation seemed to have taken wing with the flight of their summer surroundings. Time was acting its usual part as the disperser of clouds and lightener of hearts. 'Mother' had become less a recent reality than a sweet occasional memory, and the young blood of the younger sisters called for more active exercise than the grave promenade that had sufficed previously.

But as autumn faded into winter, and the London sky donned its accustomed leaden-hued uniform, the fireside usurped the attractions of the window-seat, and but for an occasional glimpse, accidentally caught as I passed the window, I lost sight of my little triad of maidens.

The spring of 187– was unusually late in making its appearance. The sun sullenly refused to pierce the shroud of fog and mist; the buds seemed reluctant to shed their outer coats, and unfold their tender greenery to the dangers of frost and blighting east wind. The grass was still discoloured and sodden in our garden, and the costermonger appeared to have forgotten his customers in our square, so tardy was he in making the welkin ring with his hoarse vindication of his wares, 'All a-blowin' and a-growin'.' Though the almanac stoutly averred that we had entered upon the 'merrie month of May,' a fire was still an absolute essential for comfort, and I hesitated long before wheeling my writing-table to the window and taking up my fine-weather quarters. However, the move was at length made; and the first group that met my eyes, as they wandered from my work to the outer world, was the now familiar one of the 'serious family.' But they were no longer alone; with them walked a middle-aged lady, of precise and dignified aspect, whom it required but slight knowledge of female human nature to identify as a governess. The little ones too were changed. Gertie and Edith had grown apace. The former, prettier and even more demure than of yore, had shot up into a tall slip of a girl, giving promise of graceful figure and carriage, though as yet showing the angularity and awkwardness of too rapid growth. Edith was more roguish-looking, and a trifle less roundabout than before, and had clearly a fine fund of animal spirits, longing for a chance of making their escape. But Ethel! Alas! more plainly than ever were the sure signs of delicacy noticeable in the sweet wee face and unnaturally deep-set eyes. She had lost rather than gained ground during the long severe winter. The effort to take part even in her sisters' quiet sports was clearly beyond her strength, and it was sad indeed to catch the patient, hopeless expression with which she urged her weariness, as a plea for resisting Edith's thoughtless, childish allurements.

Before long, I noticed that she had given up the attempt to join the play; and Edith herself was forced to recognise her plea, and to find allies in her romps among the other small-fry in the gardens, with many of whom she had now struck up acquaintance. Presently, even the daily walk grew to be too much for the feeble little frame, and a miniature carriage was devised, in which, tended constantly and lovingly by her eldest sister, she spent her outdoor hours. Many a long silent morning did she while away under the trees, the baby on her lap, and the sweet child-voice of her devoted sister reading to her, or telling her stories, with unwearying patience. Many a time have I paused in my work to watch the sad drama of pure unselfish love. Many a Saturday afternoon have I spent at my window, unable to turn away from the simple yet solemn scene, enacted in that commonplace London square, to seek pleasure and distraction among the busy haunts of river-side or park.

Those Saturday half-holidays were no longer joyous festivals for the father and children. His coming was as regular, and as eagerly looked for, as ever; but now there was no glad rush to meet him at the gate, no merry romps, in which he was the youngest child among the group. He saw, all too clearly, and Gertrude too had long since recognised, the inevitable parting that was slowly but surely approaching, and the tender devotion of both parent and sister was touching indeed to witness. Again a little while, and the bright summer sun, falling on the garden and its merry groups of children, kissed the little pale cheek no more. I could see the sudden pause in game and romp, when the two sisters appeared as usual for their morning walk. I could see the players hasten to their side, and could imagine the eager inquiries for the little invalid, the looks and words of childish sympathy offered with heartfelt though transient earnestness, before they turned away to resume their games, claiming Edith as a playmate, and leaving poor Gertie alone with her sad thoughts. Till at length the day came when inquiry was vain. The blinds were drawn close in the house across the square; the accustomed walk in the garden was omitted; for the little sister's pure innocent spirit had passed away into eternal peace; and ere yet the mourning-frocks worn for their mother were laid aside, baby Ethel had gone to join her in the better home, and Gertrude had another sweet memory to treasure up in her young heart, another heavy grief to add intensity to the pathos of her soft brown eyes.

Many months passed without my catching more than a passing glimpse of the young mourners. The garden had too many associations with the past to be any longer the scene of Edith's romps or Gertrude's daily walks; and it was only when I happened by accident to meet the children in the street, or to get a distant peep at them in the gardens of the Temple, now their chosen resort, that I could judge of my favourite's recovery of her spirits, or admire the delicate beauty which grew with her growth. She was fulfilling the promise of her childhood, and ripening into a quiet pensive style of beauty, forming a more marked contrast than ever to the vivacious younger sister, whose chatter and merry laugh rippled through the cloistered precincts of the Temple, and drew many a backward glance from the blue-bag laden lads passing through these quiet courts. Then came a long break in my connection with our square. Duty called me from England for a spell of some years, and on my return to the familiar scenes, I found it impossible to take up the old threads of association, and to recognise, in the grown youths and maidens who played lawn-tennis in the well-known garden, the little ones whom I had seen playing under care of nurses and governesses on those grass plots in my student days. I was forced to form a new circle of acquaintances-by-sight, among another generation of children, and I looked in vain for any among the gay tennis-players to remind me of the sombre-clad sisters, in whose childish joys and sorrows I had learned to feel so deep an interest.

Not long after my return to England, I was present, one summer night, at a large party given by a neighbour of ours in the square. It was a sultry evening, and the gas-lighted drawing-room, stripped of its furniture, and given up to such indefatigable dancers as will not be daunted by a thermometer standing at fabulous figures in the shade, had no attraction for a lazy non-dancer like myself. I therefore strayed, shortly after midnight, into the cooler atmosphere of an anteroom, where card-tables were set out, and a few of the quieter sort were enjoying a rubber within hearing-distance of the music. One of the players rose from his seat as I entered, and moved towards the folding-doors which opened into the drawing-room. There he stood for a moment or two watching the waltz, and then beckoned to some one among the dancers. From my quiet corner I saw a young couple approach in answer to his sign, and a happy, ringing voice entreated for one more dance.

'I have promised it to Gerald, father, and he will be so disappointed if I go before he has had it. Just this one more, and I will come.'

'Very well, dear,' he replied. 'But then we must really be going. Remember, you will have a tiring day to-morrow.'

'It is because of to-morrow that I don't want to disappoint Gerald to-night,' she answered, smiling to her partner. 'He won't care to waltz with me after to-morrow.' Gerald did not look as if he indorsed this statement, which was made with a pretty affectation of despair; and the couple were just turning to the dancing-room again, when the gentleman she had addressed as 'father' asked: 'Where is Gertrude?'

'She was with Mrs Gaythorn a few minutes ago,' replied the girl.—'Oh! here she comes.'

I glanced at the approaching figure, and instantly recognised my favourite of days gone by. She had fully realised all my expectations of her. Tall, graceful, beautifully moulded in face and figure, there was all the old pensiveness and the sweet half-melancholy of expression; and as she met my gaze, standing in her white cloud-like draperies in the shadow of the doorway, I could see at once that she was utterly unconscious of her loveliness, and unspoiled by the admiration it must win. I could not, even at the risk of appearing impertinent, resist the pleasure of studying her beauty and noting the grace of every movement and gesture. Fortunately, the corner in which I had ensconced myself was shaded, and my admiration passed unnoticed and unrebuked. I watched her as she courteously but decidedly declined the invitations of two or three eager candidates for the dance; and when at last the waltz was over, and the pretty girl I had before noticed came back, leaning on her partner's arm, and showing me in her *riante* features a dim resemblance to the merry little Edith of my earlier recollections, I followed the party down-stairs. Then having seen them don their wraps and start two and two, Gertrude with her father, and Edith with the happy Gerald, to walk round to their own side of the square, I took my hat and strolled home, my mind full of the sad memories of the old days when I used to watch the little trio of serious faces from my study window.

The following morning broke with a cloudless sky and brilliant sunshine, even in our gloomy old-fashioned quarter of London. I was taking a half-holiday that day; but feeling disinclined for exertion, I contented myself with a volume of Thackeray and a seat under the plane-trees in the square garden, where the sparrows were twittering with a specious make-believe of being in the country. My book lay neglected at my side, and my thoughts were wandering again to the past, prompted by my *rencontre* of the previous night. Half curiously, I turned from the contemplation of the groups of youngsters playing on the grass, to look up at the windows of the house in which my little friends had lived. A carriage and a cab stood at the door; and even as I looked, the door itself was opened, and a procession of trunks and bonnet-boxes was carried down the steps and deposited on the roof of the cab. Among the luggage was an unquestionably male portmanteau; and it needed not the white rosettes worn by the servants to suggest to me the meaning of these preparations. The despairing glance and mock-mournful suggestion that 'Gerald will not care to waltz with me after to-morrow,' recurred to my mind, confirming my conclusion. Five minutes more and the doorway was filled with a group of host and guests bidding farewell to the happy couple. Edith—the brightness of her eyes slightly dimmed as she clung to her father and sister in a last embrace—forced a glad smile through her tears as she turned to her young husband. Together they passed down the steps and entered the waiting carriage. A parting cheer, a shower of rice and satin shoes, a rattle of wheels upon the stony street, and in a moment the carriage turned the corner of the square and disappeared

from sight. Gertrude, who with her father and one or two of their guests had remained at the foot of the steps, to see the last glimpse of her sister, now turned to re-enter the house. But before they passed out of earshot, I heard one of the elder gentlemen exclaim, in a tone of banter: 'Well, Miss Gertrude, I suppose it won't be long before we see some fine young fellow coming to carry you off; and then, what will your poor father do without his housekeeper?'

Gertrude turned at the words, and met her father's eyes with an expression of true, lasting, unselfish affection, which disposed of any need for answering this question. There was no misconstruing its meaning, no room to doubt its changeless truth. Her father took the hand she had slipped into his own, and pressed it closely, without speaking a word. So they moved slowly up the steps and into the house. The door closed; and the picture of sweet unspoken confidence passed from my eyes, to be engraved indelibly on my memory, the closing scene of the simple drama of everyday life, of which I had so long been an unknown and unsuspected witness.

AN INTERESTING ISLAND.

THERE are few subjects of more general interest to the inhabitants of this country than agriculture, in one form or another. To those who earn their bread by tilling the soil, it is of the first importance; to those who do not, it is of importance as indirectly affecting their material prosperity. But apart from the question of pecuniary interest, there is an inborn love of agricultural pursuits, which is a national characteristic. In some few privileged persons the taste shows itself so strongly as to lead them to indulge in farming for pleasure. Others, whose time and means will not allow of this, it leads to employ much of their leisure time in gardening. Many are obliged to confine its indulgence to tending a few flowers in pots. They are very few indeed who feel no interest whatever in the subject. The trait has shown itself more or less in all the greatest races that have swayed the destiny of the world. The haughty Roman dictator who yesterday was omnipotent, is content to-day to return humbly to his farm, and exercise his authority not over a nation, but over a team of oxen.

A peculiarly interesting example of the splendid results which have been brought about by this national taste is presented by the island of Ascension, which has been transformed from a comparatively barren rock, exposed to the most terrific and damaging winds, producing scarce enough of the coarsest vegetation to afford a meagre sustenance to a few wild goats, into a pleasant and fertile island, amply supporting in comfort and luxury a very considerable population. This change it took some time and considerable trouble to effect; but before indicating how it was brought about, a short history and description of the island itself may not be out of place.

The island owes its name to having been discovered on Ascension Day in the year 1501, by the Portuguese navigator Juan de Nova Gallego. Two years later it was visited by Alfonzo d'Albuquerque; and from time to time other navigators landed, among them Captain Cook. Such was its dreary aspect, however, that no one was induced to settle on it. But 'Jack' has always been famous for his ingenuity, and even here it did not fail him. In the north-west part of the island, which affords the best anchorage for ships, there is a small inlet called Sandy Bay. One of the rocks near the landing-place contains a very curious crevice. This was soon christened 'The Sailors' Post-office;' and it became an established custom to leave letters there, well corked up in a bottle, which were always taken to their respective destinations by the first ship bound thither which happened to call. This seems to have been the sole use made of the island till the year 1815, when it was taken possession of by the English, who erected a fort and placed a garrison on it soon after the banishment of Napoleon to St Helena.

Ascension is situated far out in the Atlantic Ocean, off the coast of Africa, and eight hundred miles north-west of St Helena. It is of a triangular shape, eight miles long, and six broad at its widest part, with an area of thirty-four square miles. It is one of the peaks of the submarine ridge which separates the northern and southern basins of the Atlantic. Its volcanic origin is clearly shown by the numerous crevices and ravines into which its surface is broken, and which are filled with scoria, pumice-stone, and other igneous products. The highest peak, called the Green Mountain, rises to a height of two thousand eight hundred and seventy feet. From this the land, on the north, sinks gradually towards the shore; but on the south it terminates in bold lofty precipices. Communication with the shore is frequently rendered dangerous by the setting in of heavy seas or rollers, which rise suddenly in the most perfect calm, and break with tremendous force on the beach. The cause of this phenomenon is unknown. Only such plants as required very little water were to be found. Of these, the tomato, castor-oil plant, pepper, and Cape gooseberry were the chief. It was always famed for its turtles, which abound to such an extent that as many as two thousand five hundred have been captured in one year. They are now usually collected into two ponds or crawls, the water of which is occasionally changed. They can be obtained only by purchase, any one taking them on the beach or near the island being liable to a heavy penalty. Fish abound, of which the conger-eel is the most prized. Another indigenous delicacy is the egg of the tropical swallow, or 'wide-awake' as it is called on the island. They are largely used as an article of food, ten thousand dozen being frequently gathered in a week. In addition to the goats referred to above, the only other useful product was the wild guinea-fowl, which were found in considerable numbers.

Napoleon's presence, even as a prisoner, in the island of St Helena determined the English government to place a garrison on Ascension. This was in 1815; and for years that garrison was entirely supported on food and water brought there at great expense by ships. The death of the illustrious prisoner in 1821 did away with the immediate necessity for keeping a garrison there; but the Admiralty were anxious if possible to turn the island into a victualling station for the African squadron. To ascertain the practica-

bility of this plan, they appointed Captain Brandreth, in 1829, to make a thorough survey, and use every effort to discover water. We can imagine him diligently examining every portion of the barren and uninviting rock, long discouraged by want of success. With indefatigable zeal, he and his willing workers sank shaft after shaft in the hope of discovering a spring, however far down. His strong belief that one did exist was at length justified. In the Green Mountain, at a great level from the sea, he found one at a depth of twenty-five feet which proved to be capable of supplying all the wants of the island. Large tanks were at once made and piping laid to the garrison.

Having now an abundance of water, the most vigorous efforts were put forth to bring some of the land under cultivation. The most promising parts of the Green Mountain were first planted; and sheltered spots in other parts of the island were chosen, and the ground broken up and irrigated. Recourse was even had to excavating in the side of the mountain, in order to gain the desired shelter. The government did all in their power to insure the success of these attempts. They sent out a trained head-gardener from the Kew Gardens, who took the utmost interest in his work. Great progress was made with the planting of young trees, shrubs, furze, grasses, and hardy plants. The Australian wattle was perhaps the most successful. Holes four feet wide and three deep were prepared, in which it was planted in layers. The hardiness and rapid growth of these may be seen from the fact, that in twelve months they reached an average of between six and seven feet in height. Among the grasses early tried was one kind known by the name of 'Para,' a case of which was sent out by Sir William Hooker, of the Royal Gardens, Kew, who always took great interest in the cultivation of Ascension. This grass succeeded admirably, increasing in the most astounding manner, and growing down all weeds and inferior grasses. In 1861, Captain Bernard was appointed governor of the island, and by that time the most thankless part of the task of bringing Ascension into cultivation had been accomplished. He displayed, however, the full zeal of his predecessors; and with the able assistance of Mr Bell, the head-gardener, accomplished wonders in the next few years. A scarcity of manure was one great drawback. This was supplied by using the guano which was found in large quantities on Boatswain Bird Island, a small rock that lies off the west coast of Ascension. This is now largely supplemented by the manure supplied by the cattle, the island being able to support a large number without any imported food. The rapidity with which sheep fatten on the grass is very satisfactory, nearly doubling their weight in three months after importation.

The island is by no means free from vermin. The horses and cattle suffer greatly from a fly, in appearance like the house-fly, but which bites venomously, and causes intense irritation. The 'black grub,' as it is called there, effects great devastation at times among the plants, and as yet no practical remedy has been found for its ravages. The next destructive enemy is the field-rat, which attacks the root-crops, and feeds principally on the sweet-potato. Land-crabs, too, exist in very large numbers, and add to the destruction. Another animal, the wild-cat, proves itself an enemy, as it lives on the rabbits, and is useless as a vermin destroyer. A determined war is being waged against all these tormentors, a regular system of trapping having been set on foot. In one year, fifty-three cats, seven thousand four hundred rats, and eighty-five thousand one hundred and fifty land-crabs, were destroyed. The thorough cultivation of the ground is also being furthered by the introduction of rooks, minhas, and other birds that help the farmer. With all these drawbacks, the island has been brought step by step from its original barrenness to such a pleasing condition, that we now have over thirty-one acres under actual cultivation, producing among other things, sweet and English potatoes, cabbage, carrots, pumpkins, and turnips; pine-apples, bananas, endive, French beans, leeks, herbs, seedling date-palm, and coffee; sugar-cane, guavas, oranges, shaddocks, fig bushes, mulberries, and cuttings of shrubs. There is good pasturage one thousand acres in extent for cattle, and five thousand acres for sheep, supporting easily over forty head of cattle and between seven and eight hundred sheep. Parts of the island are now well wooded, and about forty acres are laid out in fruit-trees and shrubbery. Few brighter monuments could be pointed out of the success sure to attend the enterprise and unyielding zeal of a nation when well and wisely directed.

THE MONTH:

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

Mr Petrie's excavations in Upper Egypt, to which we briefly alluded last month, have already made considerable progress, and no fewer than one hundred and forty labourers are busily at work upon them. To some extent, the discoveries made possess that peculiar interest which attaches to the excavations at Pompeii, for they bear witness to the home-life of a people that lived many centuries ago. Thus, the walls of the now exhumed temple have had built upon them at a remote period various private dwellings. In one of these, apparently lived an artist, who possibly was engaged upon the decoration of the temple itself; his sketch-book and eraser—represented by a slab of fine limestone and a piece of black emery—have been found. The limestone is ruled in squares, just in the same way that a modern artist will rule his paper preparatory to making a drawing 'to scale.' Other houses seem to have been used as workshops for a Company of jewellers, for chips of carnelian, lapis-lazuli, and other valued stones have been found there, together with waste metal from copper working. A box filled with rolls of burned papyri, upon which, however, the writing is still legible, is considered one of the most important finds. Mr Petrie is careful to examine every block of stone and every brick in search of inscriptions. Every inscription so found is carefully copied, and every other object of interest is photographed. The work is evidently being carried on with both energy and skill.

Another important archæological discovery has been made also in Upper Egypt by Professor Maspero, who has found between Assiout and

Thebes the hitherto unsuspected site of a vast necropolis. Five catacombs have been already opened, and have yielded one hundred and twenty mummies; and Professor Maspero in a cursory manner has fixed the positions of more than one hundred of such sepulchres. We may therefore conclude that some thousands of embalmed bodies lie in this old cemetery, many of them probably of historical interest. In addition to the mummies, there will also be many treasures, in the shape of papyri, &c., which experience has taught us to look for. It seems to be something more than a fortunate accident that so many ancient peoples were moved to bury with their dead, relics connected with the arts or pursuits of the deceased.

A Canadian correspondent of *Nature* gives a curious and interesting account of a phenomenon often to be seen on Lake Ontario during the prevalence of cold and stormy weather, such as the past season has afforded. 'Ice volcanoes,' as they are aptly named, are formed by an uneven strip of ice accumulating along the shore, on which appear mounds twenty or thirty feet in height. Many of these mounds are conical in form, and often have a crater-like opening, communicating with the water beneath. In stormy weather, every wave dashes spray and fragments of ice through this opening, which congeal upon the sides of the cone and add to its height; just in the same way that the fragments of pumice and other material ejected from a fiery volcano gradually build it up into a mountain. But the ice volcano soon becomes extinct, for the crater is gradually clogged up with ice, and the irruption can no longer find a vent.

M. Trouvelet, who for the last nine years has been engaged in studying and mapping the configuration of the planet Mars, which, although not our nearest neighbour in the solar system, is that most conveniently situated for telescopic observation, has just presented a Report of his labours to the French Academy of Sciences. Sir W. Herschel long ago discovered that the polar patches of white on Mars increased and decreased in size in the winter and summer seasons of the planet, in the same manner as is experienced in the like regions of our own earth. Other observers have also mapped out the distant orb into regions of supposed land and sea, sometimes obscured by belts of cloud; moreover, the spectroscope has revealed to us, in its own wonderful way, the undoubted presence of water upon the planet. What are believed to be the continents of Mars are covered with faint grayish spots; and as these spots change their form and volume with the changes of the Martial seasons, M. Trouvelet supposes them to represent masses of vegetation which grow and die under the same solar influences which affect our own globe. Every contribution towards our knowledge of distant worlds—many of them proved to be so much greater than our own globe—must always have a fascinating interest for us.

The ingenious individual who lately accounted for the possession of a suspicious amount of dynamite by the statement that he used it as a remedy for chapped hands, may be congratulated upon pointing out a legitimate use for that commodity, although we trust that the majority of sufferers from injured cuticle will be content with glycerine in an uncombined form. Hitherto, almost the only legally recognised use for the explosive has been for mining operations, and without doubt it has in this connection been of immense service. Attempts to use dynamite for firearms or artillery have hitherto failed because the explosive action is so rapid that the strongest barrel is shattered. Indeed, dynamite was employed by our naval brigade at the late bombardment of Alexandria for destroying the guns of a deserted fort. For such purposes, and for torpedo warfare, dynamite is invaluable; but hitherto it has been found impossible to use it in gunnery. An entirely new form of weapon has, however, recently been tried with success in the United States, in which dynamite, although not representing the propelling force, plays an important part. The new form of gun consists of a tube forty feet in length, made rigid by being fixed to a steel girder. By means of compressed air, a dart-like projectile charged with dynamite is propelled with great force from the tube. The weapon already tried has only a two-inch bore; but with an air-pressure of four hundred and twenty pounds on the square inch, a range of a mile and a quarter is attained. With the four and six inch weapons now in course of construction, it is believed that, with increased pressure, a range of three miles will be possible. The guns can be cheaply made, and are free from smoke or noise; while their destructive power must be far greater than those heavy guns whose shells can only be charged with gunpowder.

In our own navy, a new form of machine-gun will be probably supplied to the various ships, more especially for boat-service. For some time the Nordenfelt gun has been a service-fitting; but it is now proposed to introduce a Nordenfelt of larger calibre, which will fire explosive shells instead of solid bullets. From recent experiments at Portsmouth, the new weapon seems to be wonderfully efficient. For instance, a gun firing a shell weighing only two pounds was able to send its projectile through a solid steel plate two inches thick at a range of three hundred yards. It was shown, too, that a far larger Nordenfelt, a six-pounder, could be fired from a boat without straining it. These destructive weapons can be fired so rapidly as to deliver from eighteen to twenty-five shots per minute.

The *Telegraphist* newspaper publishes an account of what must be regarded as a truly marvellous triumph of electrical communication, before which Puck's proposal to 'put a girdle round the earth in forty minutes' seems to be quite a second-rate achievement. A correspondent of the paper in question visited the office of the Indo-European Telegraph Company by invitation, in order to note how good signalling could be maintained over thousands of miles of wire. First, a few words of conversation were exchanged with the telegraphist of a German town. The wire was next connected with Odessa, and next with the Persian capital (Teheran). In a few more minutes the experimenters in London were talking with the clerk in charge at Kurrachee; next they had a chat with a gentleman at Agra; and as a final triumph of science, the line was made direct between London and Calcutta, a distance of seven thousand miles. It is said that the signals were excellent, and the speed attained about thirteen words per minute.

In a recent lecture upon gas-lighting, Mr Thomas Fletcher pointed out that blackened ceilings and darkened picture-frames are not due to smoke from the gas-burners, but are caused by floating particles of dust being caught in the flame and thrown against the ceiling. It is easily proved, by holding a glass tumbler for a few seconds over a flame, that water is one of the products of combustion of gas. This water condenses upon a cold ceiling when the gas in a room is first lighted, so that the burnt particles of dust readily adhere to the flat surface. The servant who lights the gas on a dark morning before she proceeds to sweep and dust the room does practically all the smoking of the ceiling that takes place.

That unfortunate commercial experiment, but marvellous triumph of engineering skill, the *Great Eastern* steamship, will shortly proceed to Gibraltar to take up her position in the harbour as a coal-hulk. The gigantic paddles with their engines will be removed, leaving the screw propeller only to carry the ship to her last berth. The Admiralty authorities look with much favour upon the scheme, for the immense ship will supersede a number of small coal-hulks which now encumber the harbour, and are a source of much inconvenience to other vessels. We are glad that a use has been found for the unwieldy vessel, whose only serviceable work has been as the layer of the first Atlantic cables. She was far too big to be profitably worked, and has for many years been lying idle. Her new vocation, although of a lowly kind, is at anyrate better than pauperism.

A new motor, called a 'Triple Thermic Motor,' has, it is said, been in use in New York for the past seven months driving a sixty horse-power engine. Heat is generated by a fifteen horse-power boiler, and the steam thus raised is carried to a receptacle containing carbon disulphide, which passes into vapour at one hundred and eighteen degrees Fahrenheit. An engineer, in reporting upon this new contrivance, says that the fifteen horse-power boiler with very little fire under it generates steam, which operates the motor, which in turn runs the sixty horse-power engine. These seem to be all the particulars published; and it would be interesting to have details of the motor, if it be really as successful as reported. There are one or two difficulties to surmount in the employment of carbon disulphide. It has a most disagreeable and penetrating odour; its vapour is highly inflammable; and lastly, it is by no means cheap.

Some interesting particulars of the American lead-pencil trade have recently been published. With the improved machinery now in use, it is possible for ten men to turn out four thousand pencils a day. The cedar comes from Florida in slabs cut to pencil-length. Four parallel grooves are sawn in each little slab, each groove being destined to hold the lead, or rather graphite. The so-called leads are kept in hot glue, and after being inserted in the grooves, are covered over with a thin slab of cedar, also glued; then the whole is passed through a moulding-machine, and comes out at the other side in the form of four finished pencils. The graphite is mixed with a variable amount of white clay—the greater the proportion of clay the harder the pencil—and is ground with moisture into a paste. The paste is pressed into dies, and is baked at a high temperature.

The recent outbreak of smallpox in London reminds us that we have not yet succeeded in stamping out this loathsome disease, although the practice of vaccination has checked it to a wonderful extent. Anti-vaccination agitators are very fond of pointing to the circumstance that many persons who have been apparently successfully vaccinated in childhood are in after-years attacked with smallpox. This is perfectly true; and statistics are available which show that in the years between 1871 and 1881 nearly eighteen thousand such cases were treated in the London hospitals. But the popular agitator abstains from pointing out that in ninety per cent. of these cases the sufferers were above ten years of age. These figures prove, in fact, what has been long ago acknowledged, that vaccination does not afford permanent protection. When a child reaches adult age, revaccination should take place. In our smallpox hospitals, the nurses and attendants enjoy complete immunity from infection by taking care to adopt this precaution; and all persons, for the general good of the community at large, would do well to submit to the trifling inconvenience which the operation entails.

The Isthmus of Corinth Canal, a scheme which was promoted originally so far back as the time of the emperor Nero, is now almost an accomplished fact. The dredging operations at the approaches to the canal proceed very rapidly, for about five thousand cubic mètres of soil and sand are removed every twenty-four hours. There are large numbers of workmen employed also on the central portions of the channel, and they have the help of railway and plant for the conveyance of material. A new town, called Isthmia, has sprung into being, and it contains some two hundred houses and stores.

'The Rivers Congo and Niger viewed as Entrances for the Introduction of Civilisation into Mid-Africa,' was the title of a paper lately read before the Society of Arts by Mr R. Capper, Lloyd's agent for the district of the Congo. The lecturer stated that within the past five years, the western African trade has quadrupled in value. Twelve years ago there were but four English houses, one French, and one Dutch, trading up the Congo. There are now upon the river's banks forty-nine European factories, and the imports and exports are valued at two millions sterling. Mr Capper pointed out that the great value of these rivers lies in the possibility of connecting them with future railways. Such railways could be easily laid, for the interior of Africa is one vast tableland. A railway across the Desert of Sahara would turn a perilous journey of four months into one of twenty-four hours. By such means the interior slave-trade would be annihilated.

Boring in the earth for water is an operation often attended by great uncertainty. Some few years ago in the heart of London a firm of brewers bored to a depth of several hundred yards without tapping the precious fluid, and the expensive well had to be abandoned. Quite recently, at Burton-on-Trent a similar failure occurred upon a far smaller scale. When the operators had pierced to a depth of one hundred and seventy-six feet without finding water, they called in the advice

of some experienced artesian-well engineers, who recommended the abandonment of the works, and the commencement of a fresh bore upon a site which they selected two hundred yards away. At a depth of only one hundred and fourteen feet, a copious supply of water was found, yielding, in fact, between five and six thousand gallons per hour. It is remarkable that the sites of both bores were at the same level.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

THE RECENT EARTHQUAKE IN ENGLAND.

DURING the past few years, there have been recorded, unhappily, an unusual number of earthquakes in various parts of the world; and many thousands of lives have been lost by those terrible convulsions of nature. Inhabitants of Britain, although constant in their complaints of fog, inclement seasons, and other meteorological inconveniences, have hitherto congratulated themselves upon living in a country which is exempt from volcanic phenomena, and in which earthquakes seemed to be things of a past era. These comfortable reflections were suddenly dispelled on the morning of the 22d of April, when over a large tract of country in Southern England a shock of great severity occurred. In the town of Colchester, and many villages eastward of it, the destruction of houses was very great. Many were entirely unroofed; and in some villages, as the writer can testify from personal observation, it was the exception to note a dwelling in which the chimney-stacks had not been demolished. Providentially, no lives were lost, although several narrow escapes have been recorded. The damage is estimated to amount to several thousand pounds, and unfortunately the sufferers are as a rule very poor cottagers, who are unable to bear the expense of the necessary repairs. For their relief, a subscription has been set on foot under the auspices of the Lord Mayor, and there is little doubt that sufficient money will be readily forthcoming for their needs.

The occurrence of such a rare phenomenon in the British Isles—not quite so rare, by the way, as some people imagine, for nearly three hundred shocks have been actually recorded—has caused an immense amount of earthquake lore to be unearthed and published in the various newspapers. From *Iron* we have an interesting account of the way in which luminous paint is utilised in connection with earthquake alarms in countries where such visitations are prevalent. We are informed that large consignments of the paint are sent to such places, and that the material is employed in the following manner. Small metallic plates covered with the paint are fixed on the doorposts of the different rooms, so that at the first alarm—and happily there is often a premonitory warning of something more serious to follow—the inmates of the houses can readily find their way outside. In Manila, the paint is laid in patches about the staircases, door-handles, and various points of egress. A light which gives off neither fire nor heat is of the greatest value in such situations, where any other form of light would be apt to add its quota of disaster to the dangers to life, already too prominent.

IMPROVED ELECTRIC LIGHTING FOR SHIPS.

Mr J. D. F. Andrews, Woodside Electric Works, Glasgow, has lighted with electricity, after a new fashion, the North German Lloyd s.s. *Ems*. The system, which includes over three hundred and twenty incandescent lamps and a masthead arc lamp, presents some features of a novel and important character. In the case of the small lights, Swan's lamps and Siemen's machines are employed. The wires are all completely hidden, but they are nevertheless arranged in such a way that they can be easily reached when necessary. For these lamps there is provided a new style of holder, which is at once simple and efficient. Each lamp has its own switch, which is entirely of metal; and it is provided with a lead-wire, which fuses in the event of the current being too strong. In the case of every set of about twenty lamps there is another switch, so that the lights can be turned on and off in groups as well as individually; and another lead-wire, so that the leading wires may be protected from too strong a current. The whole system is such as to preclude the possibility of fire. Duplicate machines are fitted up to guard against any breakdown, and either of them can be started or stopped without interfering with the engine which drives them. The masthead arc lamp, of which Mr Andrews is the inventor, is here brought into requisition for the first time. It has about five thousand candle-power concentrated in a single beam of light, that can be moved in any direction forward of the ship. In construction it is extremely simple, consisting merely of a cylinder and piston, the former being an electrical coil of wire. The illuminating power of the lamp is so great that by means of it an object half a mile away can be clearly distinguished by the naked eye on a dark night.

DUTCH RUSH.

'Many years ago,' says Mr W. Mathieu Williams, in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for March, 'when the electrotype process was a novelty, I devoted a considerable amount of time and attention to the reproduction of medallions and other plaster-casts in copper by electro deposition. This brought me in contact with many of those worthy and industrious immigrants from Bagni di Lucca (between Lucca and Pisa), who form a large section of the Italian colony of Leather Lane and its surroundings. These Lucchesi are the image-makers and image-sellers, and general workers in plaster of Paris. Among other useful lessons I learned from them was the use of the so-called Dutch rushes, which are the dried stems of one of the most abundant species of the equisetum (*Equisetum hyemale*) or "horse-tail," which grows on wet ground in this country and Holland. It is well known to practical agriculturists as a tell-tale, indicating want of drainage.

'Plaster-casts are made by pouring plaster of Paris, mixed to a creamy consistence with water, into a mould made of many pieces, which pieces are again held together in an outer or "case-mould" of two or three pieces. When the mould is removed piece by piece, fine ridges stand up on the cast where the plaster has flowed between these pieces. These ridges are removed by rubbing them obliquely with the surface of the stem

of the dried equisetum. It cuts away the plaster as rapidly as a file, but without leaving any visible file-marks. The surface left is much smoother than from fine emery or glass-paper, and the rush does not clog nearly so fast as the paper.

'In order to find the explanation of this, I carefully burned some small pieces of the equisetum stem, mounted the unbroken ash on microscope slides with Canada balsam, and examined its structure. This displayed a flinty cuticle, a scale-armour made up of plates of silica, each plate interlocking with its neighbours by means of beautifully regular angular teeth, forming myriads of microscopic saw-blades, which become loosened from each other and crumpled up in drying, and thus present their teeth obliquely to the surface. These teeth supply the image-maker with a file of exquisite fineness, and harder than the best Sheffield steel. Their comparative freedom from clogging I think must be due to their loose aggregation while held by the dried and shrivelled woody tissue of the sub-cuticle.

'This natural file is used for other purposes, such as the polishing of ivory, hard woods, and metal, but is only understood in certain obscure industrial corners. I here commend it to the attention of my readers, because I have just discovered a new use for it. Like many others, I have been occasionally troubled by minute irregularities of the teeth, lacerating the tongue, and producing small ulcerations, which, I am told, are dangerous to those who have passed middle age, being provocative of cancer. A friendly dentist has ground down the offending projections with his emery-wheel, and thus supplied relief. But in course of time other sharp angles have stood forth, but so trivial that I felt ashamed of visiting the torture-chamber for their removal. I tried emery paper; but it was ineffectual and unpleasant, as the emery rubbed off. Then I tried the Dutch rush, rubbing its surface cross-wise and obliquely against the offending angles. The success was complete, both grinding down and smoothing being effected by one and the same operation.'

LIGHTNING-STROKES IN FRANCE.

M. Cochery, the French Minister of Posts and Telegraphs, has presented to the French Academy of Sciences a Report on the lightning-strokes in France during the last half of 1883. During the month of July there were no fewer than one hundred and forty-three strokes in France, thirty of these occurring on the 10th, and thirty-two on the 3d. Seven men, four women, a young girl, and a child were killed by these strokes, and over forty persons were injured, including ten men who were affected by the same flash, which struck a plane-tree in their neighbourhood. Nine horses were also injured by the flash in question, which happened at Castres, in the department of Tarn, at 9.15 A.M. on July 4. The same storm also killed a woman at Castres, three-quarters of an hour earlier. The total number of animals killed during July was fifty-seven, including a calf, two horses, three sheep, one goat, one dog, and one chicken; while fourteen cows, eleven horses, one dog, and a goose were injured. In general, the strokes were attracted by poplar-trees, or masts, chimneys, and steeples, as well as elm, oak, and fir trees. The stems and points of lightning-rods have also been struck, the latter being fused, and the former heated red-hot. The wire used to support vines has also drawn the stroke. In the majority of cases, rain, often abundant, attended the discharge. In August there were only nine strokes, as compared with one hundred and forty-three in July; six persons were killed, and two bulls were injured. In September there were fourteen strokes, killing four persons and six animals, and injuring ten persons in all. In October there was only one stroke, on the 16th (4 P.M.), at Castellane, in the Basses-Alpes. In November and December there are no strokes recorded.

'ONLY COUSINS, DON'T YOU SEE?'

CHARMING cousin, tell me where
Shall I find one half so fair?
Let me, as I taste thy lip,
Swear how sweet is cousinship.
Like a sister? Yes, no doubt;
Still, not sister out and out.
Who that ever had a sister,
Felt his heart beat when he kissed her?
Who by looking ever knew
That his sister's eyes were blue?
Who in name of all the loves
Bets his sister pairs of gloves?

Charming cousin, still are you
Sister in a measure too.
We can act as pleases us,
No one thinks it dangerous;
Talk of love or of the weather,
Row or ride or read together,
Wander where we will alone,
Careless of a chaperon.
You may dance with none but me—
'Only cousins, don't you see?'
Cousins safely may forget
All the laws of etiquette.

Charming cousin, in your eyes
I can read a faint surprise;
Most bewitchingly they glisten
To my nonsense as they listen;
'What can Harry mean to say?'
You may come to know some day.
Just one word, sweet cousin mine,
Ere we go to dress and dine:
If I ever chance to woo,
Cousin, she must be like you,
And the one who comes the nearest
To yourself will be the dearest;
Type of what my love must be,
Cousin, what if you are she?

J. WILLIAMS.

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THE NEWSMONGER.

He is nothing if not omniscient; and, like Othello, his occupation's gone if he be not the first to spread the news and carry the fiery cross of scandal to the front. For the Newsmonger does not care to carry good news so much as bad; the latter having a dash of spice in it, wanting to the former—as red pepper titillates the palate more than does either honey or sugar. The Newsmonger knows everything, and foresees as much as he knows. When A's sudden bankruptcy takes the world in general by surprise, he, on the contrary, is not the least astonished. He knew it weeks ago. He can put in black and white the exact sum for which he has failed—for all that the books are still in the safe, and the accountant has not begun to score up the items; and he knows who is the largest creditor, who the most implacable, and what is the bad debt which has caused all the mischief. He takes care, however, not to state plainly all these things. He only says he knows; and people are found to believe him. When Mrs B runs off with Mr C, and thus exposes the hollowness of the domestic happiness of the B's, which was considered so complete; he knew all about that, too, long before it happened. Indeed, he had warned C that he was going too far, and that harm would come of it, Mrs B being but a feather-head at the best; and he had even thrown out friendly hints to B, advising him to be a little more strict in his guard and watchful in his care. But no man is so deaf as he who will not hear, nor so blind as he who will not see; and B was bent on his own destruction, and would not be enlightened. Whom the gods would destroy, they first madden; and what is the use of hammering your head against a stone wall? Again, when Edwin and Angelina come to an abrupt rupture, and the engagement which promised so well and looked so satisfactory all round, is broken off in a hurry, to the open-mouthed amazement of society—though the cause remains a profound mystery to all the rest, Our Newsmonger winks knowingly when he gives you the story, and tells you that he is in the confidence of both parties, and understands the whole thing from end to end. How should he not, when he has been consulted from the beginning, and himself advised the rupture as the only thing left to be done? Whatever happens, he has been at the back of it; and no event takes place of which he has not been cognisant or ever it was made manifest to the crass public. This must needs be, seeing that he is the general adviser of the whole world, and taken into every one's confidence, from the laying of the egg to the strutting forth of the full-plumaged fowl.

It is the same thing with political matters. To hear him, you would say Our Newsmonger had a telephonic communication with all the courts in Europe; and that he and the secret things of the future lay together on the knees of the gods. He has the insight of Tiresias, and the prophetic vision of Cassandra. Russia cannot make a spring of which he had not seen the secret silent combining. France cannot pass a law which is not the logical outcome of the position he explained not so long ago. That insurrection at the back of unpronounceable mountains among tribes of whom no one but a few nomadic experts know, or the existence, or the aims, or the wrongs—did he not foretell it?—that tightening of the Bismarckian gag—did he not foretell that too? No one remembers that he did foretell any one of these things; but if he says so? As it is impossible to doubt the word of a man who is also a gentleman, and whom you ask to dinner four times in the year, we must take Our Newsmonger at his own showing, and assume that we have been deaf, not that he was—mistaken. When Major Corkscrew, however, twits him with that drop made in Panslavonic Unifieds, of which Our Newsmonger was a rather large holder, and asks him, why, knowing the turn things were *sure to* take, he did not go in for the fall, and sell out while stock was steady?—he puts on a grave air and says he thinks confidential communications ought to be sacred, and that it would be highly

dishonourable on his part were he to use his private information for his own private gain. Whereupon Major Corkscrew rubs up his three hairs and a quarter, and whistles, in that low way he has. 'Only give *me* the chance, that's all!' he says, swelling out his chest. 'If I knew a quarter as much as you say you do, my good friend, I would be a rich man before the year was out. Hang me else!'

And after all, it was strange, was it not? that, knowing of this coming insurrection at the back of the unpronounceable mountains, Our Newsmonger should have gone in for a rise, when Panslavonic Unifieds were so sure to come down with a rattling run, as soon as the first gun was fired by the obscure tribes aforesaid? Those who like it can accept the explanation as gospel truth and sure; but a healthy scepticism is not a bad state of mind for the more wary to cultivate, and the doctrine of infallibility is not so fashionable as it used to be.

On all the undiscovered mysteries of history and the undisclosed secrets of literature, Our Newsmonger has opinions as decided as on other things. Sometimes he follows one authority out of many—as when he supports himself on the dictum of Voltaire, and maintains that the Man in the Iron Mask was the twin-brother of Louis XIV., and that all other hypotheses do not hold water. And sometimes he asserts, but forgets to prove—as when he ascribes the *Letters of Junius* to Lord George Sackville, and scouts the reasoning of experts which gives them to Sir Philip Francis. In modern times, he knows all the 'ghosts,' and spots all the Anons. He does not give their names, because that would be dishonourable, you know, as he has been told by the people themselves in confidence, and he must not betray his trust. He would give them if he chose; but he must not; and you must be content with this vague flash of a dim light before your eyes. If you are not, you will have nothing better; for Our Newsmonger is above all a man of honour where undiscovered secrets are concerned. When they are made public, then he can say that he knew them all along—thus betraying no one.

This reticence in large matters where no one would be hurt by free speech, unfortunately does not influence Our Newsmonger in those small things of private life which do a great deal of harm and cause much personal pain when blurted abroad. It would not signify more than the buzz of a fly on the window-pane if the unknown inhabitants of an obscure village in the west of England were told the name of the person who wrote *Democracy*, for instance; or that of the Russian woman of high rank who played 'La Dame aux Camellias' in a mask; if they had the true key to one of Daudet's novels, or could dot the *i*'s of all the 'Queer Stories' in *Truth*. No one would be substantially the wiser for knowing that the hero of the midnight escapade recorded in the one was the Duke of Sandwich or the Prince of Borrioboolagha. Nor would it be of the least consequence to any one whatever, inhabiting the pretty district of Pedlington-in-the-Mud, if the name of the young gentleman who fell among thieves when he went to the Jews, and had to pay eighty per cent. for a loan which included bad champagne and worse pictures, were George Silliman or Harry Prettyman. But things are different when it is said of Mrs Smith—the wife of the rector who rules over things spiritual, and directs things temporal too, in Pedlington-in-the-Mud—that she dyes her hair and corks her eyebrows; of Miss Lucy, the daughter of the Squire, that she paints her face and flirts with the footman; and of Major Corkscrew, that he tipples—and his housekeeper knows it. Such things as these carried from house to house as so many black beetles to infest the kitchen—so many moths to eat into the ermine—do an incalculable amount of damage. But Our Newsmonger, who would not sell a hundred pounds-worth of stock on information received, nor tell the name of Louis Napoleon's private counsellor, has no scruple in letting fly all these dingy little sparrows to peck at the golden grain of local repute, and to do irremediable harm to all concerned.

There is nothing that does not pass through the alembic of the Newsmonger. He knows the exact spot in the house where each man keeps his skeleton, and he can pitch the precise note struck when the bones rattle in the wind and the poor possessor turns pale at the sound. Mrs Screwer starves her servants; but then Mr Screwer gambles, and the family funds are always in a state of fluctuation which makes things too uncertain to be counted on. Mrs Towhead scolds her household till she maddens the maids and dazes the men, so that they do not know which end stands uppermost. But then Mr Towhead sends the poor woman mad herself by his open goings-on with that little minx round the corner. And if Mrs Towhead takes it out in a general conflagration, is it to be wondered at, seeing the provocation she has? The Spendthrifts are out at elbows, and no one can get paid, for all they gave that magnificent ball last week on the coming of age of young Hopeful, who inherits more debts than rents, and has more holes in his purse than coin to stop them with. Miss Hangonhand is taken to Paris for the chance of a husband, those in London proving shy and the supply not equalling the demand; and Dr Leech's bill was exorbitant, and a lawsuit was threatened if he would not abate just one half. And then that Mr Fieri Facias—have you not heard that he has been dealing with his clients' securities, and that if matters were looked into he would be now standing in the dock of the Old Bailey? I assure you they say so; and for my part I always believe that where there is much smoke there must be some fire! The Bank, too, is shaky; and you who are a shareholder, and you who are a depositor, had both better get out of it without a day's delay.

All these things, and more, Our Newsmonger will say with a glib tongue and a light heart; and whether what he says has a grain of truth, or is pure unmixed and unmitigated falsehood, troubles him no more than if the wind blows from the south-west or the south-south-west with a point to spare. He can retail a bit of gossip which will make his visit pass easily and keep the conversation from lagging; and which also will put him into the position of one who knows, and thus place him on rising ground while his friends are only in the shallows. And what matters it if, for this miserable little gain, he obscures a reputation, breaks a heart, destroys a

life? He has had his pleasure, which was to appear wiser than the rest; and if others have to pay the bill, the loss is theirs, not his!

A Newsmonger of this kind is the very pest of the neighbourhood where he may have pitched his tent. A fox with silent feet and cruel flair prowling about the henroost where the nestling chickens lie—a viewless wind laden with poison-germs, and bringing death wherever it blows—a lurking snake, hidden in the long grass and discovered only when it has stung—these and any other similes that can be gathered, expressive of silent secret wrong-doing to innocent things, may be taken as the signs of the Newsmonger in small places where propinquity places reputations at the mercy of all who choose to attack them. From such, may the good grace of fortune and the honest tongues of the sturdy and the upright deliver us!—for if all the evil that is said of men were tracked to its source, that source would be found to lie, not in fact, but in the fertile imagination of the Newsmonger. After all, we know nothing better than each other. And as we have to live in human communion, it is as well to live in peace and harmony, and in seeing the best, and not the worst. The Newsmonger thinks differently. But then those who are wise discard him as a nuisance and a mischief-maker; and their way in life is all the more peaceful in consequence.

BY MEAD AND STREAM.

BY CHARLES GIBBON.

CHAPTER XXXI.—THE CONJURER.

Mr Beecham returned.

'The young people are crowding in now; and Mrs Joy and the schoolmistress with some of their friends are trying to place them comfortably, so that the smallest may have the front benches. Come along and help them.'

The long narrow hall was already well filled, the faces of the children shining with the combined effect of recent scrubbing and excitement. Some of the youngest faces wore a half-frightened expression, for the only magician they knew about was the wicked one in the story of Aladdin, and they did not know what the magician they were to see to-night might do to them. But others had seen this conjurer performing on the village green in open daylight on fair-days, and were able to reassure the timid ones, whilst regaling them in loud whispers with exaggerated accounts of the wonderful things he had done.

In the background were parents, on whose heavy and usually expressionless faces a degree of curiosity was indicated by open mouths and eyes staring at the still unoccupied platform on which the performance was to take place. Along the side, near the front, was a row of chairs occupied by Mrs Joy and her friends, who were presently joined by Mr Beecham and Wrentham, and later by Dr Joy. One of Mr Beecham's ideas was not to overawe the children by the presence of too many of the 'gentry;' consequently, he only invited those who were to help him in making his young guests comfortable.

The whispering ceased suddenly on the appearance of the conjurer.

Wrentham leaned carelessly back on his chair, so that Mrs Joy's bonnet hid his face from Mr Tuppit.

The latter looked quite smart in his well-brushed black frock-coat, his white collar, his lavender-coloured tie, secured in a large brass ring with a glass diamond in the centre, which glistened in the lamp-light and at once attracted the children's eyes. The professor of wonders had a long solemn face, and black hair brushed close to his head, where it stuck as if pasted on with oil. His voice had a pleasant ring, and he began by merrily informing his audience that he intended to explain to them how all his tricks were done. Every boy and girl who watched him attentively would be able—with a little practice, of course—to do everything he did. This was delightful information, and secured immediate attention. But it was a *little* dashed by the intimation that they would first have to learn how to spell the mystic word 'Abracadabra.' However, he would teach them how to do that too; and he pinned on the wall a scroll bearing the word in large red letters. This was a clever dodge to divert too quick eyes from his sleight of hand.

Then, chattering all the time, he began his tricks. Pennies were transformed into half-crowns and back to the poorer metal, much to the regret of the grinning yokels—one of them denounced it as 'a mortal shame;' handkerchiefs were torn into shreds and returned to their owners neatly folded and uninjured; a pigeon was placed under a cap, and when the cap was lifted there was a glass of water in its stead; cards seemed to obey the conjurer like living things—and so on through the usual range of legerdemain.

The great feat of the evening was the last. Mr Tuppit advancing with a polite bow—an excessively polite bow—begged Mr Wrentham to be so good as to trust him for a few minutes with his hat, which should be returned uninjured. Wrentham stared at the man, as if privately confounding his impudence, and complied with the request. Another polite bow and a smile, and the conjurer returned to his rostrum. The glossy hat was placed on the table: flour, water, raisins, and all the ingredients for a plum-pudding were poured into it amidst the laughter and excited exclamations of the youngsters, who could scarcely retain their seats. The whole was stirred with the magic rod, then covered with a cloth, and when that was removed, there arose a column of steam as from a caldron. A waiter brought a huge plate, and the conjurer tumbled out on it a piping hot plum-pudding from the hat. The wonder was not over yet. The pudding was quickly cut into hunks, and two waiters were employed to serve it to the astounded audience. But how that pudding came to suffice for the supply of all those young folk and their parents was a mystery which only the conjurer, Mr Beecham, and the hotel cook could properly explain.

The hat was restored to its owner in perfect condition. Wrentham said 'Thank you,' and again stared at the man, who again bowed politely, and retired after saying good-night to the children,

whose cheers were not stifled even by mouthfuls of plum-pudding.

'There is another of my sources of happiness,' said Mr Beecham as Wrentham was going away; 'doing something to make others happy.'

Wrentham had not gained the particular information he had been seeking as to Beecham's antecedents, but he had learned several things.

'Bob is becoming troublesome. I must arrange with him either to sail in the same boat or not to run foul of me in this way.'

His report to Mr Hadleigh was brief and decisive. 'I can make nothing of Beecham except that he is a harmless, good-natured chap, who likes to spend his money in standing treat to all the youngsters in the parish. There is no sham about his philanthropy either: never a bit of fuss. Take last night, for instance. Nobody knew anything about it barring those who were invited. I can't make him out; but Miss Heathcote may be able to help you. He corresponds with her.'

'Corresponds with her?'

'Yes; I saw a letter addressed to her on his desk. They seem to be great chums, too, as I hear—and he is not too old to be a lover.'

'That is curious,' said Mr Hadleigh thoughtfully, but not heeding the jest with which Wrentham concluded his remarks.

CHAPTER XXXII.—THE ENTHUSIAST.

Philip was a little bothered by what Madge had told him. In honest dealing he was unable to comprehend how man or woman could have any knowledge or design which might not be communicated to the person who was nearest in affection to him or her. He took for granted that he must stand nearest in affection to Madge. If the knowledge or design was not intended to hurt anybody, why should there be any mystery about it? The more light that shone upon one's work, the better it would be done. Those who by choice worked in the dark must be trying to deceive somebody—maybe themselves. He had as little liking for mysteries as Aunt Hessy herself, because he could not see the use of them.

Had he consulted his brother Coutts on this subject, he would have learned from that City philosopher that the business of every man was to cheat—well, if the sound was more pleasing, overreach—every other man. Only a fool would make plain to others what he was going to do and how he meant to do it—and the fool paid the penalty of his folly by going promptly to the wall. He would have learned that in the race for Fortune there are many runners who want to be first to reach the winning-post. Therefore, it behoved every racer to keep the qualities of his horse dark, and to keep his fellows ignorant of the turns on the course where he purposed to put on an extra spurt and outwit them.

'A clever lie,' Coutts would have said with his cynical smile, 'often saves much trouble, and wins the game. Most of the losers grin and bear, and whilst congratulating the winner, laugh at the "truthful James" who grumbles that he has lost because he did not understand or could not submit to the recognised rules of the course.'

'But how can a lie be necessary?' Philip would have asked—'how can it be useful unless you mean to cheat?'

That was his great stumbling-block: he could not understand the use of a lie, any more than he could understand a captain in a fog running his vessel straight ahead without regard to compass or charts.

Coutts would regard him pityingly, and answer with the calmness of one whose principles are founded upon established law:

'Why I tell a lie is because I wish to gain an advantage over somebody. If gaining this advantage be cheating, then I must cheat, because everybody else is doing the same thing; or I must submit to be cheated. However, in the City it is vulgar to talk about cheating and lies in connection with respectable business transactions. When we profit by the ignorance of others, we call it rules of trade, custom, and may occasionally go so far as to speak of sharp practice; but so long as a man keeps on the right side of the law, we never use such rude language as you do. When he gets to the wrong side of the law, however—that is, when he is found out—we are down upon him as heavily as you like. You had better not meddle with business, Philip, for you will be fleeced as easily as a sick sheep.'

Philip turned away in disgust from the ethics of selfishness as expounded by his brother, and refused to believe that the primary rule for success in business was to do the best for yourself no matter what others lose, or that any enterprise of moment had ever been carried to a successful issue under the guidance of such a theory. People might hold their tongues when silence meant no harm to any one and possible good to somebody. That was right, and that was what Madge was doing.

So, after the first sensation of bother—for it was not displeasure or suspicion of any kind: only a mixed feeling of regret and astonishment that there could be, even for a brief period, a thought which they might not both possess—he proceeded with the work in hand. She gave him what is most precious to the enthusiast, sympathy and faith in his visions.

'People of experience,' he told her, 'say that I am aiming at an ideal condition of men, which is pretty as an ideal, and absolutely impracticable until human nature has so altered that all men are honest. Besides, they say, I am really striving after community of interest, which has been tried before and failed. Robert Owen tried it long ago—Hawthorne and his friends tried it—and failed. I answer, that although my object is the same as theirs, my way of reaching it is different. It is certainly community of interest that I seek to establish, but under this condition—that the most industrious and most gifted shall take their proper places and reap their due reward. Every man is to stand upon his own merits: if fortune be his aim, let him win it by hard work of hand and brain. The man who works hardest will get most, and he who works least will get least. I think that is perfectly simple, and easily understood by any man or woman who is willing to work. There are to be no drones, as I have said, to hamper the progress of the workers.'

Madge could see it all, and the scheme was a

noble one in her eyes, which ought to be workable—if they could only get rid of the drones. But that 'if' introduced Philip to his troubles.

The question as to the price of the land Philip desired to purchase had been settled with amazing promptitude after he had, in the rough but emphatic phrase, 'put his foot down.' Wrentham came to him with looks of triumph and the exclamation, 'See the conquering hero comes.' He was under the impression that he had done a good stroke of business.

'I treated the greedy beggars to what I call the don't-care-a-brass-farthing style. I was only an agent, and my principal said take it or leave it. I didn't care which way they decided, at the same time I had a conviction that they were throwing away a good offer—cash down. We had some fencing—I wish you had been there—and at last they agreed to accept a sum which is only two hundred beyond what you offered, so I closed the bargain.'

The difference was not of much consequence; but for a moment Philip thought it strange that Wrentham had been able to conclude the bargain so easily after what he had told him. The thought, however, passed from his mind immediately.

Now came the business of starting the work. Here Caleb Kersey proved useful, not only in organising the labourers but in dealing with the mechanics. The difficulty was much the same with the skilled and unskilled workers—namely, to enable them to understand that it was better and honester to employer and employed to be paid for the work done than for the time spent over it. Prospective profit did not count for anything in the minds of most of the men; and the 'honesty' that was in the system was regarded as only another word for extra profit to the employer.

'Gammon!' was the general remark; 'you don't take us in with that chaff. We get so much an hour, and we mean to have it.'

In spite of this, however, Philip, aided by Caleb, collected a band of workmen sufficient for his purpose. For a time all went well. There were grumblings occasionally; but most of the men began in a short time to comprehend how they could improve their own position by the amount of work produced. But these presently found themselves hampered and scoffed at by those whose chief object was to 'put in time.' That was the grievance of the real workers: the grievance of the master, which was not found out until too late, was that the highest market price for the best materials was paid for the worst. The groans became more numerous, and their outcries louder, as their pay decreased in accordance with their own decrease of production. But they said they had 'put in time,' and ought to be paid accordingly. They were completely satisfied with this argument, which proved to themselves beyond question that they were being injured by the man who pretended to be their friend.

Next the unions spoke, and all the men who belonged to them were withdrawn. Those who remained were picketed and boycoted until Philip took what was considered by his friends another mad step.

'Look here, lads, you who are willing to stand by me—you shall have your home in the works, and before long we shall have help enough. I am sorry that we should have had this breakdown; but I expected something of the sort; and when I started this scheme of mutual labour for mutual profit—I ought to say the system of individual work—I was prepared to encounter much misunderstanding, but I was inspired by the hope that in the end I should find real help amongst the real workers. I am convinced that there are plenty of men willing to work if they can find it. Now, why should we not work together? The principle is a very simple one, and easily understood. You want to get as much as you can. So do I. But in getting it, let us try to deserve it by really earning it. I am trying to earn my share of the profit that ought to come from the capital that I hold in trust. At the same time, I will not allow any man to share with me who says he cannot produce, but must be paid for the time he spends inside our gates.'

He was striving to bridge that troublous sea which lies between capital and labour; and the great pillars of his bridge were to be productive labour on the one side and honest buyers on the other. The men applauded these sentiments, satisfied that nothing was wanting except the honest buyers.

'The real capital of the world is Brains,' he said; 'and to carry out the work which they devise, the labourer of all degrees is as necessary as the man with money.'

'Hear, hear!' cried a grim-visaged fellow who was leaving Philip's service; 'and, consequently, the labourer ought to have share and share alike in the profits with the money-man.'

'Undoubtedly; and he should, likewise, take his share in the losses,' was Philip's reply; and he endeavoured to explain his projected scheme of the regulation of wages by results.

But this was not easy to understand. So long as he talked of sharing profits, the thing was clear enough; but when it came to be a question of also sharing losses, the majority could not see it. Philip was impatient of their stubborn refusal to believe in what was so plain and simple to him—that when a man was paid for what he produced he would be the gainer or loser according to the degree of his industry.

However, Philip persevered eagerly with his scheme, and in his character of honest buyer of labour he met with many surprises.

Work was scamped: he detected it, and dismissed the scampers. They went to join the clamorous crowd of incompetent or lazy workmen who cry that they only want work, but do not add to the cry that they want it on their own terms.

The few real workers who remained became disheartened because they were so few, and some of them were frightened by vicious crowds outside. They had wives and families dependent on them; but they must obey the inexorable majority, although in doing so they would have to accept charity or starvation. They accepted the charity, and clamoured more loudly than ever against the tyranny of capital which left them no other alternative. They loafed about public-houses, drank beer, discussed their grievances, whilst their wives went out charing or washing. And they called themselves over their pewter

pots the ill-used, down-trodden people of England!

'I wish you could get rid of all that sham,' Philip said, irritated at last with himself as much as with the men. 'So long as you are mean enough to live upon the earnings of your wives, and what you can borrow or obtain from charity, and thus supported, refuse to work unless the terms and the nature of your work be exactly what you choose to accept, you will never have the right to call yourselves honest sellers of labour. I want you to understand me. I say that if a man wants work, he should be ready to take up any job that is offered him, whether it is in his line or not. The nature of the work is of no consequence so long as a man can do it, for all work is honourable. What is of consequence is that a man should be independent of the parish and the earnings of his wife. I say, here is work; come and do it: you shall not only have payment for what you do, but a share in whatever extra profit it may produce.'

That speech settled the whole affair so far as the men were concerned. All, except some half-dozen, left him, and filled their haunts with outcries against the new monopolist who wanted them actually to produce so much work for so much pay. Meanwhile, they got on comfortably enough with the earnings of their wives and the parish loaves.

'God forbid that we should call such creatures workmen!' cried Philip in his desperation; 'but the country is crowded with them—a disgrace as much to legislation as to human nature. Let us see how we can do without them.'

He could have done without them if he had been allowed a fair chance. But in the first place, there was Wrentham's frankly declared objection that the scheme was all nonsense, and could never succeed until all men ceased to be greedy or lazy. And then there was the hardest blow of all to Philip in the sudden change which came over Caleb Kersey.

Caleb had entered upon the work with an enthusiasm as strong as that of Philip himself, although not so openly expressed. There was a glow of hopefulness and happiness on his honest brown face when Philip first laid the plans before him. Here was the Utopia of which he had vaguely dreamed: here was the chance for poor men to take their place in the social sphere according to their capacities and without regard to the conditions under which they started. Here was the chance for every man to have his fair share of the world's wealth.

'I hadn't the means to work it out as you have, sir, but my notion has always been something of the kind that you have got into ship-shape form. I'll try to help you.'

And he kept his word. There was no more earnest worker on Shield's Land (that was the name Philip had given to the estate he purchased) than Caleb. Example, advice, and suggestions of the practical advantage each man would secure if he faithfully followed out the rules Philip had laid down, were given by him to all his fellow-workmen.

Suddenly the enthusiasm disappeared. The light seemed to fade from his eyes; and Caleb, who had been the sustaining force of the workers, became dull and listless.

About Wrentham's opposition there was a degree of lightness; as if one should say, 'Just as you please, sir; I don't believe in it, but I am entirely at your command,' which did not affect personal intercourse. With Caleb it was the reverse, because he felt more deeply. Wrentham could be at his ease because he regarded the whole affair as a matter of business out of which he was to make some money. Caleb thought only of the possibilities the scheme suggested of the future of the workman.

Philip had given up all hope of persuading Wrentham to believe in his theories; but he could not give up Caleb. So he resolved to speak to him.

'What is wrong, Kersey? You have not lost heart because those fellows have left us?'

'No, not because of that' (hesitatingly and slowly); 'but they were not so much to blame in leaving us as you may think, sir.'

'What do you mean?'

'Well, they did not understand you; and when they saw things coming in in the raw state at higher prices than could be got for them when made up, they didn't see where the profit you spoke of was to come from.'

'Oh——!' murmured Philip, curiosity aroused, and the note passing through the stages of surprise and perplexity to suspicion. 'Why have you not told me about this before?'

'It weren't my place, sir; Mr Wrentham has charge of these things.'

A pause, during which Philip tried a paper-knife on the desk as if it were a rapier. Then: 'All right; I'll see about that. But you have not answered me as to yourself. You are sulking for some reason. You say it is not the loss of the men which has put you out of sorts; I know it is nothing connected with me, or you would tell me. Then what is it?'

There was no answer; but Caleb bowed his head and moved as if he wished to go.

'You have not heard anything about Pansy?' said Philip suddenly, moved by a good-natured desire to discover the cause of the man's depression, in the hope that he might be able to relieve it.

There was a lurch of the broad shoulders, and Caleb's dark eyes flashed like two bull's-eye lanterns on his master. 'No—have you?'

The question was an awkward one for Philip, remembering what he had thought about the attentions of his brother to the gardener's daughter. He was immediately relieved from his unpleasant position by Caleb himself. 'No—I won't ask you that, sir; it 'ud be hard lines for you to have to speak about'——

The rest was a mumble, and Caleb again moved towards the door. Philip called him back. 'I won't pretend not to know what you mean, Kersey,' he said kindly; 'but if you listen to what is said by envious wenches or spiteful lads, you are a confounded fool. Trust her, man; trust her. That is the way to be worthy of a worthy woman.'

'And the way to be fooled by an unworthy one,' said Wrentham, who came in as the last sentence was being uttered. Then seeing Philip's frown and Caleb's scowl, he added apologetically: 'I beg your pardon. I thought and hope you were speaking generally, not of any one in particular.'

'Come to my chambers this afternoon, Kersey; I want to speak to you.'

Caleb gave one of his awkward nods and left the office.

STAINED GLASS AS AN ACCESSORY TO DOMESTIC ARCHITECTURE.

In a former paper (September 1879) we briefly reviewed the growth and progress of the art of glass-staining and painting, and described the various processes necessary to its prosecution, and practised at the present day; and, after tracing its career in its application to the purposes of ecclesiastical decoration, hinted at its capability of adaptation to ornamental requirements beyond those pertaining to the embellishment of the sacred edifice. We propose in the present paper to deal more exhaustively with this branch of an art, and to endeavour to point out, as succinctly as possible, the more prominent and obvious cases where its introduction would be desirable in secular ornamentation.

Public buildings of course demand the first attention; and in a country like our own, owing its prosperity to its commercial enterprise, its political organisation, and its unequalled system of municipal government, we have witnessed in the course of the last few years the commencement, progress, and completion of costly and magnificently adorned buildings. Upon these noble buildings have been lavished the utmost resources of decorative art; and latterly, stained glass has formed an important element in the general scheme of decoration, and it is to its adaptation to this class of domestic architecture that we would first draw attention.

One of the first, as it is one of the most natural, motives prompting the enrichment of the ornamental accessories of a building, is discovered in a desire to see perpetuated the memory of its founder or founders. The most natural expression of this feeling is, of course, the desire to permanently retain a record of their features and personal characteristics in the shape of a pictorial representation. This desire at first sight seems to be susceptible of immediate gratification by a portrait, either on canvas or in marble; but further consideration will tend towards the conviction that the use of these media is not altogether free from objection. Little, perhaps, can be said against the statue in itself; but the elaborate and gorgeous decoration of our more sumptuous buildings is likely to be unpleasantly marred by the marble pallor of sculpture; and after all, dignified and stately as are many of our statuesque memorials, they convey little more than an idealised impression of the features of the person commemorated.

The employment of oil portraiture is also open to certain objections. It must be remembered that modern decoration means a great deal more than a mere picking out in gold and colour of the salient lines of a cornice, or the stencilled powdering of a conventional pattern over the area of a wall or a ceiling; it has advanced far beyond the province of the builder and house-painter, and demands no inconsiderable proportion of the genius of the artist. If the decoration of a room or hall is designed to constitute in itself a complete work of art, its effect may be grievously injured by the injudicious introduction of a heavy gold frame, and colours, which while admirably accomplishing the purpose of the artist, may in a great measure interfere with the surrounding harmony of colour. We have, then, no other place left but the window, and the problem seems to be in a fair way towards solution. The perfection to which the painting of glass has attained leaves no room for doubt as to the fidelity of the likeness; but apart from this fact, a far more extensive recognition of the virtues or services of the subject of the memorial is to be obtained by various devices and emblems, appropriate to the character and life of the person honoured, which could hardly with propriety be introduced into an oil picture. One example, recently erected, may serve to more clearly demonstrate our meaning. The lately erected town-hall of Lerwick has been enriched by two windows illustrative of persons and scenes connected with some of the primitive traditions of Orkney. In one window, divided by a central mullion into twin-lights, is represented the figure of Archbishop Eystein, one of the earliest of Orcadian prelates, clad in his archiepiscopal vestments; while a panel beneath the figure illustrates his consecration of King Magnus. Side by side with the figure of the archbishop stands Bishop William, the founder of the venerable cathedral of Kirkwall, the formal ceremony itself being depicted in the panel below. The corresponding window displays the gigantic form of the Norse warrior Harald Haarfager, with his landing in Zetland shown in the lower panel; and Jarl Rognvald, whose investiture as Earl of Orkney, 870 A.D., is represented in the panel beneath. In the 'tracery' above the two windows are shown respectively the Orcadian and Norwegian coats-of-arms. Now, a combination of such historical and traditional interest could hardly be otherwise so successfully treated, while the glowing colours and fine design materially add to the effect of the neighbouring beauties of the structure.

There is another consideration not without importance in connection with the establishment of a complete scheme of internal decoration. Light is one of the most important essentials in a building where exact and extensive business is transacted, and the presence of large and frequent windows is a necessity. But how painfully is the harmony and continuity of the ornament interrupted by the constant recurrence of these patches of white light. The eye, in following the progress of the decorative design, grows weary of the constant loss and recapture of its thread; and that which would otherwise have pleased and charmed by its beauty as a whole, only perplexes and tires by its division into parts. Here, then, is called into requisition the art of the glass-stainer; without any vital diminution of light, the scheme of colour is no longer disturbed, a perfect chromatic harmony is established, and the window serves a double purpose, by admitting the necessary illumination from without, and enhancing the beauty of the building within.

The foregoing remarks naturally have *reference* to all public buildings of more or less importance, though we have instanced the town-hall as a representative building, associated with the more imposing class of secular edifices.

There is an institution and building, without the existence of which the writing on subjects of beauty and art would be a serious waste of time —namely, the school; and here the introduction of stained glass may be found of beneficial effect. It is not to be denied that when the watchful eye of the master relaxes its vigilance, the youthful eye will wander too, and the direction of nearly every eye will be towards the window; and principals of schools and their subordinates are fully aware of the fact. They are also aware of the attractions or distractions presented by the tempting spectacle of green trees and spreading meadows in summer; or falling snow and ice-bound stream in winter, or even at all times the freedom of the open street; so, to remove the cause of temptation, the glass is made opaque by painting it over with a dull white mixture which effectually conceals the dangerous landscape. But by the introduction of cathedral glass, of the simplest patterns and pleasing tints, the unsightly whitewashed panes would be replaced by panels of unblemished glass more or less ornamental, perfectly effectual in their primary purpose, and at the same time affording some relief to the eyes from the monotony of the barren school walls. Tinted glass leaded in various geometric or flowing patterns might be made most useful as an excellent substitute for drawing copies of the elementary stage; the rudiments of freehand drawing could all be acquired from the glazed patterns; while, under competent hands, it could afford most valuable assistance in the teaching of the laws of the harmony and artistic contrasting of colours. The trifling initial expense would be speedily saved, as there would be no wear and tear of copies; there could be no *measuring*, most disastrous to the student; the copy would be always clean; the colour would be refreshing to the eye; and much labour would be saved to the teacher, as he could demonstrate his teaching to the whole class at once.

Passing from the consideration of public requirements to those of the private home, the increasing cultivation and appreciation of the fine arts, and their application to domestic necessities, are sufficient encouragement for the advancing of the claims of stained glass to hold a place in the general scheme of internal decoration. Of course, with such diversity as necessarily exists in the comparative size and extent of family abodes, from the lordliest mansion, standing in the midst of its own far-stretching grounds, to the more humble dwelling, forming a unit among the many that go to constitute a street, or terrace, or 'gardens,' it would be impossible to lay down any precise suggestions for their ornamentation; but it may be possible to offer a few general and broadly elastic ideas, capable of being expanded or contracted according to the means and wants of all.

The more pretentious of the mansions of the nobility and gentry are pretty sure to boast of at least one fine, large, and imposing window, affording ample scope for artistic design, and, whether in the family tracing its pedigree for centuries, or the *nouveau riche* who began life with a struggle, heraldry and its concomitants seem to be held, more or less, in equal reverence. It needs little apology, therefore, for suggesting the blazonry of shield, helmet, crest, mantling, motto, supporters, and other resources of the gentle science, as affording a most appropriate exercise of the glass-stainer's skill. Making use, as heraldry does almost exclusively, of the five most prominent colours, as well as white and gold, it is admirably adapted for its reproduction in stained glass, whose exquisite and transparent tints are seen to fine effect in heraldic compositions. The matter of expense is of course an important consideration; but the treatment of heraldic design can be almost endlessly modified or elaborated; so that, while within easy reach of the only moderately affluent, it may, on the other hand, be raised to such a height of gorgeous enrichment as to form no unworthy element in the decoration of a palace.

Nor is a large and finely proportioned window an absolute necessity. At Rydal Hall, Westmoreland, the seat of the family of Le Fleming, a window, the heraldic blazoning of which was designed by the present writer, consisted merely of nine upright oblong square panels, each about two feet high by eighteen inches wide, arranged three, three, and three; and separated by mullions and transoms. But this unpromising rigidity of construction was not only overcome, but made subservient to the general design, in the following manner: the arms of the Le Fleming family, in a shield of nine quarterings, occupied the centre panel; the quarterings (all divisions of a shield above two, no matter how many in number, are called quarters) being those respectively of Le Fleming, of course in the place of honour, the dexter chief; and of eight ancestral and collateral branches of the family; and each of these quarterings, thus brought together in one shield to form the perfect 'achievement of arms' of the present representative, was displayed separately on single shields occupying the eight surrounding panels.

One of the principal documents in the muniment rooms of the great is the genealogical tree, duly set forth on musty parchment, in itself a guarantee of its own antiquity. How admirably could this be executed in glass! The tree, very conventionally designed, trained over the whole surface of the window; the quaintly hung shields depending from its branches at intervals; the whole forming an interesting study for antiquary and genealogist.

But in less ambitious dwellings, stained glass under various forms may be introduced with picturesque advantage. It will be acknowledged that very often, while the front of a house may look on a well-kept garden, or form part of the side of a spacious and beautiful square or public garden, the back may very likely look out on equally spacious but not equally beautiful or savoury mews. We know it may be contended that most back-rooms are bedrooms, and only used at night. This is true enough. But in nine cases out of ten, in houses of this class, there is a staircase window on the first landing, which, as a rule, looks out on the back, and is continually calling the attention of those passing up or down the stairs to the interesting spectacle of an equine toilet, or some similarly delectable operation. In this case, a window, though consisting of only two or three tints of rolled cathedral glass, and leaded in geometric or ornamentally flowing lines, would completely shut out the offensive prospect, while in no way

interfering with the necessary lighting of the stair, nor the opening or shutting of the window-frame; and the expense would be scarcely if any more than glazing the sashes with plate-glass, which, moreover, to look commonly decent, requires infinitely more frequent cleaning than the other. This, of course, is almost the simplest form of treatment; but, according to the length of purse of the householder, the window may be more or less ornate in its design. The owner's arms, or monogram; floral painted devices, heads, or figures representing the four seasons, field-sports, fables, nursery rhymes, and numberless kindred subjects, are all most appropriate for delineation, and can be obtained at far less cost than a doubtful 'old master,' or piece of Brummagem bric-à-brac. A very pretty effect is obtained at night by filling the sides of a hall-lamp, or any large conspicuous lamp, with painted glass of design according to the owner's fancy; the old-fashioned clumsy window-blinds are now frequently superseded by leaded glass screens, more or less ornamental in their details; and a great objection to the use of stationary firescreens hitherto—that while they screen, they also hide the fire, is removed by the use of screens of glass, leaded and painted according to the taste and purse of the buyer.

A great and most important consideration in the adoption of stained glass is the great variety of design of which it is susceptible, its range of artistic production being so extensive and pecuniarily elastic as to bring it, in one form or another, within the reach of almost any one occupying a house; while for cleanliness, durability, and pleasing effect, whether in the comfortable dwelling of the thriving tradesman, or adorning the noblest monuments of private munificence or national philanthropy, it cannot fail to charm the eye by its intrinsic beauty; while from the artist's practised hand, the jewels of design shed their lustre on the illuminated walls.

SILAS MONK.

A TALE OF LONDON OLD CITY.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER I.

One evening—a pitch-dark evening in autumn—a girl stood at one of the doors in a row of old houses in the neighbourhood of Crutched Friars, watching. It was difficult to see many yards up or down the street, for it was only lighted by three widely-separated gas-lamps. Under one of these lamps, at a corner of the street, there presently appeared a little old man. He came along slowly, but with a jerky step like a trot; his head was bent and his shoulders raised; and he seemed to be rubbing his hands together cheerfully and hugging himself from time to time, as though his thoughts were of a congratulatory nature.

'Why, grandfather,' said the girl, descending into the street as soon as she caught sight of this figure—'why, grandfather, how late you are!'

The old man came jogging on, still in his jerky manner, though faster, at the sound of her voice. 'Ay, ay!' said he, shaking out his words, 'ay, Rachel, my dear. Always late. Don't you take any notice of that. It has been so for years—fifty years; ay, more than fifty.'

'Fifty years, grandfather, is a long time,' remarked the girl as they passed in at the doorway together, her arms placed protectingly around him—'a very long time.'

'Ay, Rachel; so it is, my dear,' continued the old man—'so it is.'

They entered a small front-room on the ground-floor. An oil-lamp was burning on the mantelshelf; it threw a dim light upon bare and dingy walls, upon an old deal table, two wooden seats without backs, and a well-worn leathern armchair near the fire. Towards this chair the girl now led the old man as one might lead a child. Then she began to lay the cloth for the evening meal. She was a pretty, homely-looking girl of about eighteen; perhaps a little too pale; and with eyes, though large and lustrous, somewhat sad and weary for one so young. But as she busied herself about the room preparing the supper, her eyes gradually brightened; and her face, growing more animated, gained colour, as though to match the better with her red lips.

The old man, crouching in his armchair before the fire, took no notice of the girl. His look had become deeply thoughtful, and he seemed to be gaining a year in age with every minute that was passing. The wrinkles increased, and covered his face like the intersecting lines in cobwebs; the white eyebrows drooped thick as a fringe, and meeting over the brow, seemed to be helping to hide some secret, vaguely expressed in the small gray eyes. His head was bald, except at the sides, where scanty locks of snowy white hair hung about his neck. His long lean fingers were occasionally spread out upon his knees, though sometimes the hands grew restless when an incoherent word escaped his lips. The workings of the mind indeed were expressed in the nervously shaped figure as much as in the face. There were moments when the fingers clawed and clutched perplexedly; then there came into the eyes a look of avarice, and the whole form would seem busily engaged in solving mysterious problems. There was something almost repellent in the workings of the mind and body of this strange old man.

'Come, grandfather!' cried the girl, when the meal was presently spread. 'The supper is ready now; and I hope,' she added, assisting him to a place at the table—'I hope you have a better appetite than usual.' She spoke in a cheerful tone, though looking doubtfully the while at what she had spread on the board. There was a small piece of cheese, part of a loaf, and a stone pitcher filled with water—nothing more.

The old man eyed the food keenly. 'No, Rachel, no,' said he; 'not much appetite, my dear.'

The girl sighed, and took her place opposite to the old man. 'I wish,' said she, 'that I could provide something more tempting. You must be almost famished, after all these hours of work. But'——

'Eh?'

'But we cannot afford it. Can we?'

'No, my dear, no,' said the old man, very shaky in voice; 'we can hardly afford what we have.'

Rachel cut her grandfather a slice of bread.

'Too much, my dear!' cried he, with a wave of his hand—'too much! I've no appetite at all.'

The girl divided the bread, a painful look

passing over her face. The old man, although there was a ravenous glance in his eyes strangely contradictory to his words, began to eat his bread slowly.

Presently the girl, as though expressing her thought impulsively, cried: 'Grandfather! why are we so poor?'

The old man, who was munching his crust, and staring abstractedly at the morsel of cheese, looked up with bewilderment at Rachel.

'I cannot understand why,' she continued, forcing out the words—'why we are so very, very poor! I cannot understand why such a wealthy House as Armytage and Company, where you have been a clerk for more than fifty years, should pay you such a small salary.'

'Small, Rachel?' asked her grandfather. 'Fifteen shillings a week, small?'

'Well, it does seem so to me,' the girl replied in a modest tone.

The old man rubbed his knees nervously and bent his head, and deep furrows gathered on his brow. 'Small, eh? Fifteen shillings a week, small? Why, Rachel, you talk as though you knew nothing of this hard-working world. How many clerks are there in this old city who would go down on their knees and thank Armytage and Company for fifteen shillings a week!'

'Many—very many,' said the girl sorrowfully. 'I know that too well. But, grandfather, not one like you—not one who has served a great House for more than fifty years.' She placed her hand upon the long lean hand of her grandfather. 'No,' she continued; 'not so long as you have. And,' she added, 'surely not so faithfully? The House of Armytage and Company—I have often heard you say—place every confidence in you as their head-cashier. Thousands and thousands of pounds in the course of the year pass through your hands: piles of bank-notes, bags and bags of bright sovereigns, have been paid by you into the bank'——

'Ay, ay!' cried the old man, looking straight before him, as though at a vision—'ay, ay! Bright sovereigns—bags and bags of them—bags and bags of bright sovereigns!—ah! how they shine!' While speaking, he rose from his seat, rubbing his hands slowly together and hugging himself, as he had done on his way through the dark street. He began to pace the room, still staring at the vision, and muttering: 'Ay, ay! how they shine!'

Rachel, watching him with a wondering expression, said in a low voice, as if speaking aloud her thoughts rather than addressing her grandfather: 'What a blessing, if only some of those shining sovereigns were ours!'

The old man stopped suddenly, staggering as though he had received a blow, and looked fixedly at the girl. 'What can have put that idea into your head?'

Rachel hung her pretty head as she replied: 'I want them, grandfather, for you! I want to see you placed at your ease.'

The old man was silent. His eyes remained for a moment bent upon the girl's face; then he sat down before the fire, and gradually seemed to fall back into his thoughtful mood, his face wrinkling more deeply, and the nervous movements of his hands answering to the constant plodding of his brain.

Rachel now rose from her seat to clear the table, moving silently about the room. When she had finished, she seated herself at her grandfather's feet, upon the threadbare patch of carpet before the hearth, and raising her eyes to his face, she said: 'You are not angry with me, grandfather, for speaking my mind?'

The old man placed his hand tenderly upon the girl's head. 'No, my child—no. There is nothing in your words to make me angry. But you know little of the world. You think that we are poor. You do not know, Rachel, what poverty is. Does,' he added, with a sudden glance at the girl's face—'does starvation threaten us?'

'Why, no, grandfather.'

'Is there any danger,' he demanded, 'that we shall be turned out of our old home?'

'None, grandfather, that I know of.'

'Then, my dear, do not let us say that we are poor. It sounds as though we were in sight of the workhouse; and that, you know,' he concluded, 'that is not true: no, no—not true.'

These words seemed to pacify the girl; and the two remained silent for a while. Rachel retained her place at the old man's feet, her head drooping on his knee, his hand laid protectingly around her shoulder.

'You are tired, Rachel,' said the old man presently, noticing that her eyes were half-closed with sleep. 'Go, my dear, get to bed. I shall find my way to my room soon. Don't mind me.'

'Shall you stay up, grandfather?' asked Rachel, looking at him with surprise.

'A little while, Rachel—a little while.'

The girl lingered, and looked reluctantly around the room. 'Are you sure you would not like me to stay with you?'

'Quite sure, my dear.—Good-night.'

The girl kissed her grandfather. Deep affection was expressed in her whole demeanour as she bent over him to say good-night. Then she placed a very ancient-looking candlestick on the table and left the room.

When she was gone, a striking change came over the old man—his face became more animated; he was younger in look and manner. Presently, he rose from his seat with surprising ease for one so old. He stood for a moment in the middle of the room, leaning forward and listening, with keenness and cunning expressed in his eyes. There was not a sound. The street outside, little frequented even during daylight, was silent. The old man lit the candle, blew out the lamp, and went up the old staircase noiselessly. On one side of the landing above there were two rooms—the first the bedchamber of the grandfather, the second that of the girl. Reaching the landing, he entered his room and closed the door very cautiously, and always listening.

The room was grotesquely furnished. In one corner was a large bed, with four black, bare, oaken posts, with spikes, nearly touching the low ceiling. The bed-coverings were neat and clean; and beside the bed was a strip of carpet. But here all appearance of comfort began and ended. The contrast gave to the rest of the room a dreary aspect: the sombre walls, the patched-up window-panes, the uneven floor, suggested nothing beyond abject poverty and decay.

Still in a listening attitude, and frequently

glancing keenly about, as though the fear of being taken by surprise amounted almost to terror, the old man placed the candle on the drawers, and taking a bunch of keys from his pocket, unlocked a cupboard in the wall and took out sundry articles. Firstly, a thick long overcoat, into which he disappeared, leaving only his head visible; secondly, a large fur-cap, which he drew down to his eyebrows and over his ears; thirdly, he brought forth a dark-lantern; this he carefully trimmed, lighted, and closed. These strange proceedings completed, he threw the bedclothes, with evident intention, into some disorder, put out the candle, and left the room. For a moment he stood on the landing, listening at his grand-daughter's half-open door. It was dark within her room, and a soft regular breathing, as from one who sleeps, fell upon the old man's ear. Apparently satisfied, he nodded his head slowly; and then he began to descend the dark staircase. Step by step he crept down, casting at intervals a trembling ray of light before him from the lantern which he held in his shaky hand. When he reached the passage, he opened the front-door and went into the night, closing the portal without a sound. As he had come, when his grand-daughter stood waiting for him on the doorstep, so he went, hugging himself, and moving with a jerky trot along the silent, lonely way, under the dim lamps fixed in the walls over his head. So he went, like a mysterious, restless shadow. Where? The old city clocks are striking midnight; they awaken echoes in tranquil courts and alleys; their droning tones die out, and break forth again upon the night, as though demanding in their deep monotonous voices—'Where?'

When Rachel arose at an early hour on the following morning, her pretty face expressed no surprise when she found that her grandfather was up and away without awakening her. The same thing had occurred so often in her young life, that although she felt regret at not seeing him at the breakfast-table, she took for granted that the important affairs of the great firm of Armytage and Company had called him away to the counting-house; so she made herself as happy and contented as might be under the circumstances. She lit the fire, breakfasted, and then busied herself about the old house until towards noon, when she sat down by the window in the sitting-room with her work, looking out upon the dismal row. A dismal place, even upon a bright autumn morning. The row faced a plot of waste ground. On this plot there had once stood, in all probability, a row of houses similar to the row in which Rachel and her grandfather lived; but nothing now remained except the foundations of houses, filled with rubbish of every description in the midst of broken bricks. In the centre of the place there was planted a wooden beam with a crossbar, like a gibbet, from which was suspended a lantern, broken and covered with dust. Whether this lantern had ever been lighted, may be doubtful; but that some one had placed it there with the intention of warning people who had some regard for their shins against trespassing after dark, and had afterwards forgotten to light it, is the probable explanation of the matter. Be this as it may, Rachel sat regarding this scarecrow-looking lamp dreamily, as she had often done, without being conscious that it was there, with the piles of dark houses in the background, when the figure and, more especially, the handsome face of a young man on the opposite side of the street, somehow got in front of the lantern and blotted it out.

As Rachel's eyes met the eyes of the young man, a smile of recognition crossed the girl's face. She threw open the window. 'Good-morning, Mr Tiltcroft.'

To which the young man answered, as he stepped across the road: 'Good-morning, Miss Rachel.'

'Have you come from the counting-house?'

'Yes; I'm on my "rounds," you know, as usual,' replied the young man; 'and happening by mere accident to be passing this way on matters of business for Armytage and Company, I thought it would scarcely be polite to go by the house of Silas Monk without inquiring after the health of Miss Monk, his grand-daughter.'

'You are very kind. Won't you come in?'

The young man willingly assented. The girl opened the front-door, and they went in together, and sat down side by side near the fire.

'You have always been such a kind friend to my grandfather and to me, Walter,' said the girl, 'that although it may seem strange to you that I should put the question I am going to ask, still I am sure you will believe I have a good reason for doing so. Tell me, if you can, why it is that my grandfather, who has served the House of Armytage and Company so many years—so many, many years,' she repeated with emphasis, 'and so faithfully too, should receive so paltry a salary? Can you explain it?'

The young man looked up with some surprise expressed in his frank eyes. 'Paltry, Rachel?' asked he. 'I call it princely!'

A look of disappointment, even of regret, came into the girl's face. 'That is what grandfather says. He talks as though he thought it princely too. He always reminds me, when I mention the subject, that there are hundreds of poor clerks in this old city of London who would be only too glad if they could make sure of a like remuneration.'

'So *I* should think,' cried the young man, laughing. 'Why, Rachel, if I had a salary half as large as your grandfather, I'd ask you to marry me to-morrow!'

'Be serious, please.'

'So I am serious! What astonishes me is, that Silas Monk, with the fine salary—in my opinion, very fine salary—which he draws from Armytage and Company, should live in a back street like this. It's downright incomprehensible!'

'What can you mean?' The girl uttered the words in a hurried voice, as though a sudden thought had crossed her mind. She placed her hand upon Walter's arm and said: 'Don't speak!'

What troubled her was the discovery that her grandfather had deceived her. There was no truth in what he had led her to believe about their intense poverty. They were perhaps rich, and had been for years, while she had remained in ignorance of the fact. What was his object in concealing this from her? She could not doubt that it was a good one. He knew the world and

all the horrors of poverty; how often he had spoken of that! He wished to leave her in a position of independence; and doubtless he had the intention of telling her this secret as an agreeable surprise.

'Walter,' said she, looking up into the youth's face after this pause, 'you must think me strangely discontented to speak as I have just done of Armytage and Company. I value my grandfather's services to the firm perhaps far too high. But he was a clerk in the House before the oldest living partner was born. No salary, not even the offer of a share in the business, would seem to me more than he merits.'

'Exactly what we all say in the office,' replied Walter. 'But then, you know, five hundred a year is not so bad. I shall think myself lucky if I ever get within two hundred of it—I shall indeed.'

Could she be dreaming? Five hundred pounds a year! Ever since her earliest childhood, she had implicitly believed that fifteen shillings a week was the amount her grandfather earned—not a farthing more.

Rachel rose from her seat and went to the window. Her perplexity was too great to allow her, without betraying it, to utter a word. Yet she wished to speak; she wanted to question Walter in a hundred ways. There were perhaps other mysteries—at least so she began to think—which he might assist her to solve. Calming herself as best she could, she turned to him, and said: 'Can you stay a moment longer? There is something I should like to know about my grandfather.'

'There are many things, Rachel, that I should like to know,' said the young man, laughing. 'Many things that most of us at the office would like to know about the dear, eccentric, old fellow! —Well, Rachel, what is it?'

The girl, hesitating a moment, replied: 'One thing puzzles me greatly—why is grandfather kept so very late every evening at the office?'

Walter Tiltcroft looked round quickly. 'What do you call late, Rachel?'

'Ten o'clock, eleven, sometimes midnight.'

'No one remains after six.'

'No one?' asked the girl—'not even grandfather?'

'That,' replied the young man, 'no one knows. He is always the last. He locks up the place. He is First Lord of the Treasury. He looks after the cash: he stays to see that all is safe in the strong-room. That has been his office for years. He is, some of them think, getting too old for the post. But that's a matter for the partners to settle. He is still hale and hearty. There is, therefore, no reason why he should be superseded—at least, none that I can see.'

'But surely, Walter, the mere matter of locking up the strong-room cannot occupy grandfather from six o'clock until even ten, much less until midnight.'

'That's the mystery,' said the young man thoughtfully.

Rachel clasped her hands and turned her pale face towards Walter. 'What you tell me, makes me very anxious,' said she. 'Indeed, I know not why, but I begin to be seriously alarmed. What can all this mean?'

'What, indeed? That's the mystery,' repeated the young man, in a still more meditative tone.

'Then again, Walter, I cannot understand why grandfather leaves home for the counting-house, as he tells me, at five o'clock in the morning. Can that be necessary?'

'Oh, no, no! The hours are from nine till six,' cried Walter. 'But at what hour Silas Monk arrives, no one knows, or ever did know. We always find him seated at his desk in the morning when we come, just as we leave him there when we go in the evening.—Do you know, Rachel,' added Walter, 'if I was ignorant of the fact that he had his home and this little housekeeper, I should be disposed to agree with the fellows at the office who declare Silas Monk haunts the counting-house all night long.'

Rachel started. These words, uttered by the young man half in jest, brought thoughts into the girl's head which had never entered there before.

'Good-bye, Rachel,' said Walter. 'Armytage and Company will be wondering what has become of me.'

The lovers went together to the front-door, where Walter hastily took his leave. He looked back, however, more than once, as he went down the street, and saw Rachel standing on the doorstep watching him. So, when he reached the corner, he waved his hand to her, and then plunged into the busy thoroughfare.

SEALS AND SEAL-HUNTING IN SHETLAND.

BY A SHETLANDER.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART I.

THERE are but two species of seal permanently resident on our coasts—the Common Seal (*Phoca vitulina*) and the Great Seal (*Phoca barbata*). The Greenland seal has occasionally been seen in Shetland, and even shot; but these were only stragglers, not improbably floated far southward on small icebergs or floes of ice from the Arctic regions. The two species named, the common and the great seal, are very much alike in appearance, and not easily distinguished by a casual observer; but a Shetlander who has frequent, if not constant, opportunities of seeing them, is never at a loss to recognise them. In many respects, especially in their habits, they are distinguished by well-marked characteristics. The common seal is called in Shetland *Tang-fish*—that is, shore or bay seal; and the great seal is vernacularly the *Haff-fish*, or ocean seal. The male and female of both species are distinguished by the prefix 'Bull' and 'She'—*Bull-fish*, *She-fish*.

The common seal is gregarious, and appears to be polygamous. In herds of from ten to a hundred they frequent the small uninhabited islands, holms, and skerries, where the tideways are strong, but the ocean swell not great; and they do not seem to stray far from such favourite haunts, resting for several hours each day from the commencement of the ebb-tide on small outlying rocks, or stony beaches on the lee-side of the little islets, but almost always in such a position as to command a pretty extensive view, in case of surprise. Their food consists chiefly of piltocks

and sillocks—vernacular for the young of the saithe or of the coal-fish—small cod, flounders, and crustacea. In June, they bring forth their young, never more than one at a birth, and in the same season, on the low flat rocks close to the sea, and immediately lead them to the water, where they seem at once perfectly at home, disporting themselves amongst the waves with ease and grace equal to their seniors. For some time previous to this, the sexes separate into different herds; and during the two succeeding months in which they suckle their young, the females affect a somewhat solitary life. After that, they again become indiscriminately gregarious. The adult common seal sometimes attains the size of six feet, measured from the point of the nose to the end of the tail. It is obviously a mistake to measure to the end of the hind flippers, as is sometimes done. The males are considerably larger than the females, but I have never seen one exceeding six feet.

On the other hand, the haff-fish grows sometimes to eight or nine feet, and such venerable ocean patriarchs will weigh from six to seven hundredweight. This species is much less numerous than the tang-fish. They appear to be monogamous, and are not gregarious, being commonly met with in pairs. They frequent the wildest and most exposed of the outlying rocks and skerries along the coast where there is free and immediate access to the ocean, and are very seldom seen in the bays or amongst the islands, which are the haunts of their less robust congeners. They seem to luxuriate in the roughest sea, and delight to sport in the broken water and foam at the foot of steep rocks and precipices when the waves are dashing against them. They bring forth their young in caves, open to the sea—called in Shetland *hellyers*. These hellyers are natural tunnels in the lofty precipices, running or winding inwards, sometimes two hundred yards, into darkness, and generally terminating in a stony or pebbly beach. Some of these hellyers can be entered by a small boat, but only when the sea is perfectly smooth; others are too narrow for such a mode of access; and the openings to others are entirely under water.

It is in these wild and for the most part safe retreats that the female haff-fish, about the end of September or beginning of October, brings forth her young; and here she nurses it for about six weeks, all the time carefully and affectionately attended by her lord and master. Not till the baby haff-fish is nearly two months old does it take to the water. If thrown in at an earlier age, it is as awkward as a pup or kitten in similar circumstances, and does not seem to have the power of diving. In these respects, the two species differ markedly. Nor is the haff-fish so often seen basking on the rocks; and when he does take a rest on shore, he does not appear to mind what is the state of the tide or wind. But probably his usual and favourite resting and sleeping place is his hellyer, where he will feel secure from intrusion. His principal food is cod, ling, saithe, halibut, and conger-eel. Both species are exceedingly voracious, but can endure a very long abstinence. A tame one we once had never tasted food for three weeks before he died. They always feed in the water, never on land, tearing large pieces off their fishy prey, and swallowing it without almost any mastication. They do not migrate, but remain in the vicinity of their breeding-places throughout the year. Formerly, seals' flesh used to be eaten by the natives of Shetland, but not now. I have eaten a part of a seal's heart, and found it by no means unpalatable. It was offered to me as a special delicacy by an old gentleman who could not have been induced to taste a crab or lobster. By-the-bye, why is it Shetlanders won't eat these delicious crustacea? I once put the question to an old fisherman, and his reply was: 'They 're unkirsn—they eat the human,' meaning the dead bodies of sailors and fishermen. (Unkirsn is the vernacular for unclean, in the sense of being unfit for food.)

I believe seals' flesh is still sometimes salted and eaten by the Faroese and Icelanders; but if one may judge from the very strong coal-tarry smell of the carcass, it cannot be particularly savoury. It is different, however, with whale-flesh, that of the bottlenose at least. Shetlanders don't eat it; but the Faroese do, and esteem it highly. I remember, many years ago, being in Thorshavn shortly after a shoal of about twelve hundred bottlenoses had been driven ashore, and the houses of the little town were all covered with long festoons of whale-flesh hung up to dry and harden in the sun. The natives call it *grind*, and regard it as excellent, palatable, and nutritious food. I ate some of it. It looked and tasted very much like good coarse-grained beef, and had no unpleasant, fishy, or blubbery flavour.

Seal-hunting is splendid sport—superior, I confidently affirm, to every other species of sport in this country at least, not excepting deer-stalking and fox-hunting. The game is a noble animal, large, powerful, exceedingly sagacious, intensely keen of sight and hearing, suspicious, shy, and wary. You have to seek him amid the wildest and grandest scenery, where you will sometimes encounter danger of various kinds. To be a successful seal-hunter you must be acquainted with the habits of the animal. You must be cool and cautious, yet prompt and fertile in expedients, a good stalker, a good boatman, and a good cragsman; and you must be at once a quick and a steady shot. It is not enough to strike a seal; you must shoot him with a bullet through the brain, and thus kill him instantly, or you will in all probability never see him again. He may be lying basking on a rock within forty yards of you; you may put a bullet through his body; he plunges into the sea and disappears. But a seal's head is not a large object at any considerable distance; and if he is swimming, you have probably only a part of his head in view. If you are in a boat, your stance is more or less unsteady, however smooth the sea may be. Then, however close he may be to you, it is needless to fire, if, as is usually the case, he is looking at you; for he is quite as expert as most of the diving sea-birds in 'diving on the fire,' or rather throwing his head to a side with a sudden spring and splash. Further, if you kill him in the water, the chances are at least equal that he instantly sinks, fathoms deep, amongst great rocks covered with seaweed, where dredging is out of the question; and other expedients that may be tried, equally, in nine

cases out of ten, fail. At other times, however, a seal shot in the water will float like a buoy. It is not very clear why one seal should float and another sink. It is certainly not referable to the condition of the animal. Fat seals sink as readily as lean ones; and lean seals float as readily as fat ones. Probably they float or sink according as their lungs are or are not inflated with air at the moment they receive their death-wound.

Besides a thoroughly trustworthy weapon, the seal-hunter requires to provide himself with a 'waterglass,' a 'clam,' and a stout rod twelve to twenty feet long, with a ling-hook firmly lashed to the end of it, making a sort of gaff. These are for use in the event of a seal sinking. The waterglass is simply a box or tub with a pane of glass for its bottom. Placed on the surface of the water, it obviates the disturbing effect of the ripple. Looking through it with a great-coat or piece of cloth thrown over the head after the manner of photographers, you can see down as far as sixty feet if the water is pretty clear; and even to a hundred feet or thereby if it is very clear. The 'clam' is an enormous species of forceps, with jaws of from two to three feet width when open. Two stout lines are attached—one for lowering the clam with open jaws; the other for closing the blades over a dead seal that, by help of the water-glass, has been discovered lying at the bottom, and hauling him to the surface. Many a seal is secured in this way, which, but for these simple appliances, would inevitably be lost. The long-handled gaff is used for raising a seal that may have sunk in very shallow water where the rod can reach him, and sometimes is found very useful when he is just beginning to sink, if you have shot him from your boat. For a few seconds after being shot, he usually floats. Instantly, you pull up to him, but find him sinking slowly—only as yet, however, a foot or two beneath the surface. You at once and easily gaff him, and then he is safe enough.

The largest haff-fish I ever shot I lost from not having a seal-gaff in the boat. I was not seal-hunting, but shooting sea-fowl along the lofty precipices on the east side of Burrafirth, in the island of Unst. Suddenly a big haff-fish bobbed up close to the boat, but instantly disappeared with a tremendous splash. Seals are very inquisitive animals; and as he had not had time to gratify his curiosity, I thought it very likely he might show face again. We always carried two or three bullets in our pocket, to be prepared for such chances. One of these I quickly wrapped round in paper and rammed home above the shot, with which my fowling-piece—a long, single-barrelled American duck-gun—was charged. Again selkie broke the surface of the water, this time at a more respectful distance, but still within easy range. After taking a good look at the boat, and at me doubtless, who just then covered him with the sights, he turned fairly round and gave a contemptuous sniff of his nose skywards, preparatory to making off. Fatal and unusual hardihood; it cost him his life, for just then I pulled the trigger, and sent the bullet through his head. I was in the bows of the boat. 'Pull men, pull hard!' I shouted. As we came up to him, I saw he was beginning to sink. A rod there was in the boat, but it had no hook at the end. I seized it, and stretching forward, got it under him, and raised him close to the surface. I tried to keep him up, but he slipped and slipped several times, and at last sank. I could have secured him easily enough, had there been a hook on the end of the rod. The water was very deep, and not clear; and although I spent that evening and the next day searching for him with the usual appliances, I was unsuccessful. All these conditions, contingencies, and uncertainties make the sport of seal-hunting surpassingly exciting and captivating.

OVER-EDUCATING CHILDREN.

A SINGULAR question has arisen within the last few months in reference to the education of young children in our public and National Schools, and that is the somewhat startling query: Is not the present system of 'cramming' very young children not only inexpedient, but dangerous to brain and life, in trying to force too much 'book-learning' into small minds ill fitted for its reception? Many thoughtful people have of late given much attention to this interesting question; but the whole subject has at last been forced upon the notice of the public in a manner as tragic as it was unexpected. Two young children have lately suffered miserable deaths in consequence of over-work, in other words, over-education. One of these children, in the delirium of brain-fever, continually cried out, with every expression of pain and distress: 'I can't do it—I can't do it!' alluding, of course, to the difficult sum or long lesson which had been given her; and so the poor little overtaxed brain gave way, fever set in, and death speedily put an end to her sufferings.

Now this is very sad, and surely need not, and ought not, to be even possible. To put a higher and better class of education than was meted out to our forefathers within the reach of all, is one of the grandest systems of the present enlightened age—a system to which no sane person could possibly object. But even this blessing may be overdone, through the indiscreet zeal of teachers, until it becomes a curse, instead of what it really ought to be, a blessing. The body of man, acted on by the unerring laws of Nature, plainly rebels against all overdosing, whether it be in food, drink, exercise, heat or cold, and clearly indicates a limit—'Thus far, and no farther.' So it is with the brain. Children are not all constituted alike, and it is certain that all should not be treated in the same manner in the training either of their bodies or their minds. One boy will develop great muscular strength, and distinguish himself in athletic games and gymnasium practice. But will it be pretended because A and B can do this to their advantage, that C and D, who do *not* possess the physical requisites, should also be compelled to go through the same course? What must be the consequence? An utter break-down. So is it with the mental organisation; a point which seems to be the last thing that many teachers take the trouble to study, or even to think of. All the children who attend the school—to use a homely but truthful saying—must be 'tarred with the same brush,' no matter what their capacity or ability. The weak sensitive

mind, lacking both ready intelligence and quick perception, is to be 'crammed' and overdosed with learning for the reception of which it is unfitted; whilst no allowance is made for want of ability. And all this in obedience to the Revised Code of the Education Department, the principles of which have been denounced as not seldom producing more evil than good, and serving only to degrade the higher aims of true education. The consequences of this system, when it is overdone, are that the mind gives way, and brain-fever and death are the painful results. As far as the public have heard as yet, only two deaths of children have been recorded as having been produced by over-pressure of the brain in schools; but it is not improbable that if two have occurred in this way, that these are by no means all. It is also possible that a child may sicken and die from this overwork without its parents at all suspecting the real cause.

The question is now fairly before the public; and a large and influential meeting was held on the 27th of March last in Exeter Hall, under the presidency of the Earl of Shaftesbury, 'to protest against the existing over-pressure in elementary schools.' The most remarkable resolution was moved by Dr Forbes Winslow, a gentleman who, from his great professional experience, was well able to give a fair opinion on a question of brain-work and brain-pressure. This resolution was to the effect: 'That, in the opinion of this meeting, a serious amount of over-pressure, injurious to the health and education of the people, exists in the public elementary schools of the country, and demands the continued and serious attention of Her Majesty's government.' The resolution then goes on to condemn the Revised Code, adding, that 'if the recent changes even alleviate, they will not remove, this over-pressure.'

Other resolutions passed at this meeting also referred to the excessive brain-pressure exercised in schools, and deprecated the Code generally, especially the inelastic conditions under which the Education grant is administered, the excessive demands of the Code itself, and the defects of inspection. The system of 'classification' was also severely condemned by one speaker, who added these remarkable words: 'Ingenious cruelty could not have provided a more ruinous system than that of payment by results. All the children were ground upon the same grindstone, without reference to their capacity; and accordingly as they were ground up or ground down to the very same level, so was the percentage of public money handed over.' It was also insisted that teachers should classify according to ability, and not merely according to age; a wise and salutary suggestion, which, if carried out, would undoubtedly save much useless over brain-work, for it would follow that, where a child was found to be of a low order of intellect, cramming and over-pressure would be futile, and therefore not attempted, as being simply loss of time. But where children are placed according to age only in one particular class, it follows that all constituting that class—dull or bright—are to be crammed exactly alike, whether they can bear it or not, and the consequence must be that whilst the intelligent advance rapidly, the stupid break down entirely. Such a system, added to the principle of payment by results, can be productive of nothing but disaster.

The question has recently been before both Houses of Parliament; but Mr Stanley Leighton unfortunately lost his motion by a majority of forty-nine. His motion was to the effect, that children under seven should not be presented for examination—that greater liberty should be given to teachers to classify according to abilities and acquirements, and not age only—and that a large share of the grant should depend on attendance, and a smaller upon individual examinations. Mr Leighton concluded by saying that 'the existing over-pressure was killing not only children, but teachers as well.'

As this important subject has at length been fairly ventilated, it will probably not be allowed to drop until something has been attempted to modify and re-arrange much that now exists in the objectionable Revised Code. Nothing, however, will accomplish this much-desired result but agitation and pressure in the right quarters, and public opinion must make itself both heard and felt.

GAS COOKING-STOVES.

BY AN ANALYTICAL CHEMIST.

A SHORT time ago, it was feared that the electric light would quickly and entirely supersede gas as an illuminating agent; and whether it eventually did so or not, there was no doubt that in the future it would prove a formidable rival. Those who were most interested in gas, foreseeing the inevitable change, whilst improving the positions they occupied so prominently and so long, sought new fields for the application of gas, in which they might hold their own, and probably more than their own, against the conquering rival. The application of gas to cooking purposes was one of the results, and, as experience has since proved, was a very useful and beneficial one. The writer has had a gas cooking-stove for some time in his possession, and offers, therefore, for the benefit of others the results of personal experience.

The gas-flame used in gas cooking-stoves differs essentially from the ordinary gas-flame used for lighting purposes. It is necessary to bear this in mind, for some persons object to gas-cooking because they are only acquainted with gas in the form used for illumination, in which it is capable of giving off so much soot and other objectionable products of combustion. In the gas cooking-flame the combustion is more perfect, and consequently the temperature is very much higher, so that by this simple change an extraordinary saving of gas is effected, while the objectionable products before mentioned are almost entirely eliminated. To effect this change, all that is necessary is to mix the gas with a sufficient quantity of air before it reaches the flame, and to subdivide the flame itself. This mixture of gas and air has been for a long period in use for heating purposes in the laboratory of the chemist under the form of the Bunsen burner, and also in the blowpipe, and is almost indispensable to him.

The advantages which gas possesses over coal and peat for cooking purposes may be summed up as follow: (1) It is always ready, and can be turned on and off in a moment; (2) It is

very clean, deposits no soot if properly lighted; (3) The heat can be regulated to the requirements of the occasion; (4) It requires no attention; (5) It is cheap and economical; (6) It preserves the flavour of meat; and (7) It saves time and labour.

Any person who considers the amount of labour and time expended in connection with ordinary fires—the comparative difficulty of lighting them—the frequent attention necessary to maintain them, and the waste of fuel when not in use—the amount of soot they discharge about the compartment, and deposit, more particularly in open stoves, on the utensils used in cooking—the absence of any means by which the heat can be properly regulated—cannot fail to be convinced that coal for cooking purposes has a great rival in gas. That gas is economical cannot for a moment be disputed, even when the question of labour is not included. Of course the comparison will vary in different localities; but wherever the price of gas is in proportion to the price of coal—that is to say, wherever no exceptionally high price is charged for the cost of manufacturing gas—the cost of cooking by the latter will compare favourably with that of coal. A few figures taken from actual trial will make this clear. A ton of Wallsend coals in London costs twenty-six shillings, and will feed a small kitchen stove for two months; making the charge thirteen shillings a month. To this must be added one shilling a month for firewood, which costs in London three shillings and sixpence per hundred bundles. This amounts to fourteen shillings a month. The cost of gas for doing the same amount of cooking amounts, at three shillings per thousand cubic feet, to, say, fourpence a day, or ten shillings a month; to which eightpence a month for rent of gas-stove has to be added. This amounts to ten shillings and eightpence; making the saving per month upwards of three shillings. Where stoves can be had for hire from the Gas Companies—and they can now be had from most Companies—hiring is cheaper than purchase. Moreover, the Company keep them in repair without extra cost.

The advantages of gas are felt chiefly in summer, when coal-fires are not only not required for heating purposes, but when kept lighted all day, are positively objectionable; and to the workers in the kitchen almost intolerable. The atmosphere of a kitchen where gas is used at this season contrasts strongly in temperature with that of one in which coal is burned. When coal-fires are kept up only for the preparation of each meal, the cost of relighting is somewhat considerable.

There are many objections offered to the use of gas for cooking. It is very commonly said that an offensive smell is imparted to the victuals cooked by gas—that gas is really more costly in the end—and that the statements made by gas and gas-stove manufacturers in respect to working cost are lower than can be obtained in practice. If the stove be a good one, the victuals are generally better cooked than by the ordinary method; there is no objectionable smell, and no objectionable taste. The flavour of meat roasted or baked in a good stove is superior, because it can be done quickly, and is not allowed to toughen, as frequently happens before a low kitchen fire. That gas is not more costly than coals is proved by the figures given above.

We will conclude by saying a few words about stoves. It should be seen that means are provided for supplying a sufficient quantity of air for admixture with the gas before it reaches the flame. The air is admitted through a number of holes or slits opening into the tube through which the gas passes, and in rushing forward under pressure the gas draws the air with it into the flame. To realise a maximum amount of heat out of a given quantity of gas, it is necessary to add to it a definite proportion of air. When the gas rushes rapidly towards the flame, a greater quantity of air is drawn in through the orifices provided for that purpose than when the gas passes more slowly. This to a certain extent regulates the supply of air; but it sometimes happens that too much or too little air is admitted. A small quantity of gas passing through the pipe cannot exercise the force necessary to create a partial vacuum into which the air would be drawn, and as a consequence, the heat derived from the flame is far below what might be expected—in short, it ceases wholly or partially to be a blue flame, and becomes a luminous and comparatively cold, or perhaps a smoky one. The other provision is made for the proper control of the supply of air; and since an excess is the lesser of the two evils, it is wiser to adopt the precaution of having holes or slits in the pipe large enough to admit a sufficient quantity of air. The larger the oven or roaster, the more convenient it will be. This oven should be provided with movable 'grids' or trays, and should have one metal tray for the reflection of heat, by which the tops of pies, &c., may be browned; and also with a ventilator, to allow the gases to escape. A gas-stove with a small oven, or with one divided into a number of parts without the means of being enlarged, will be found very inconvenient if it is required to roast a large joint.

A BUTTERFLY IN THE CITY.

Fair creature of a few short sunny hours,
Sweet guileless fay,
Whence flittest thou, from what bright world of flowers,
This summer day?

What quiet Eden of melodious song,
What wild retreat,
Desertest thou for this impatient throng,
This crowded street?

Why didst thou quit thy comrades of the grove
And meadows green?
What Fate untoward urges thee to rove
Through this strange scene?

Have nectared roses lost their power to gain
Thy fond caress?
Do woodbine blooms, with lofty scorn, disdain
Thy loveliness?

Oh, hie thee to the fragrant country air
And liberty!
The city is the home of toil and care—
No place for thee! Edwin C. Smales.

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ST MARGUERITE AND ST HONORÂT.

THE HOLY ISLES OF THE MEDITERRANEAN.

A melancholy interest is lent just now to the name of St Marguerite by the fact that the last public act of the lamented Duke of Albany was to sign a petition protesting against the sale of that island. The thrilling tale of 'the man with the iron mask,' which used to be a favourite in school-books, has since our childish days enveloped the little island for us in a halo of mystery and awe. St Marguerite and its companion island of St Honorât lie, like twin gems of ocean, in the Golfe de Frejus, and form a romantic point in the seaward view from Cannes; and among all the excursions which can be made from that delightful centre, none is more charming than a sail to the islands. Tradition tells us that they were first colonised by a noble young knight from the land of the Gauls, who in the early ages of Christianity embraced its tenets, and with a chosen band of friends, sought a retreat from the sinful world in this distant islet. He had one sister, the fair Marguerite, who loved him as her very life, and who was so inconsolable for his loss, that she followed him to his retreat in the southern sea. As Honorât and his brother-ascetics had vowed themselves to solitude, he could not allow his sister to take up her abode with him; but in compliance with her urgent desires, found a home for her in the neighbouring island, now known by her name of Marguerite. Yet this was only granted on the condition that he should never see her but when the almond tree should blossom. The time of waiting was very dreary to the lonely Marguerite, and with sighings and tears she assailed all the saints, till the almond tree miraculously blossomed once a month, and her poor heart was made glad by the sight of her beloved brother!

A little coasting-steamer plies daily between Cannes and the islands; and passengers land at a little pier near the fortress, which is built on steep cliffs at the eastern extremity of the island. Like the old castles of Edinburgh and Stirling, it is in itself no very imposing building, and owes its strength and its romantic air solely to the rocky cliffs on which it is perched, and to the interesting associations which cluster around it.

It was a lovely day in April, like one of our most delicious midsummer days, that we went with some French friends to visit the islands. The water of the Mediterranean is so limpid that we could look down through fathoms of it to the sand and see the shells and seaweed. It is of such a true sapphire blue, that surely Tennyson must have had memories of it and not of the gray North Sea when he spoke of the

> Shining, sapphire spangled marriage ring of the land.

The view of the coast, looking backwards, as the boat nears St Marguerite, is splendid: Cannes basking in the sweet sunshine, lying in a white semicircle around the bay, and climbing up the hills behind, with the gray olive groves making a silvery haze to tone down the brilliant colours. In the distance, the dazzling white peaks of the Maritime Alps form a noble background; while the picture is bounded on the west by the sierra-like range of the Esterel Hills, painted against the skyline in vivid blues and purples. Landing at the little stone pier, we went up the causewayed road to the fort, which, with its whitewashed walls and red-tiled roof, is built around a wide stone court. Here we found the guide waiting, an old *cantinière*, very ugly, but proportionately loud and eloquent—a very different being from the pretty *vivandière* of comic operas. She carried us along a narrow passage to the dungeon where the unhappy 'Masque de fer' spent fourteen long years of hopeless confinement. It is closed by double doors of iron; the walls are of great thickness; and four rows of grating protect the little window. From this cell the prisoner was sometimes permitted egress to walk along the narrow corridor, at the end of which is a niche in the wall, which in his time held a sacred image. The 'Masque de fer' was never seen

without his iron veil, even by the governor of the prison; it was so curiously fitted as to permit of his eating with ease. He was treated with all the deference due to a royal personage; all the dishes and appurtenances of his table were of silver; the governor waited on him personally; but one day the prisoner succeeded in eluding his vigilance so far as to write an appeal for help on a silver plate and throw it over the precipice on which this part of the fortress stands. As the well-known story tells, a fisherman found it, and brought it at once to the governor, who turned pale and trembled on reading what was scratched thereon. 'Can you read, my friend?' he said. 'No,' answered the fisherman. 'Thank God for that, for you should have paid for your knowledge with your life!' He dismissed him with the gift of a gold-piece, and the caution to preserve a prudent silence as to what had passed.

When the governor communicated the attempt to headquarters in Paris, orders came for the prisoner to be removed to the Bastile. After some years of close confinement, he died there, and was buried in his mask; and the governor of the Bastile, who knew the secret of his august prisoner's name, died without divulging it. And thus ended the tale in the old school-books: 'The identity of the "Masque de fer" must remain for ever a mystery.' But it was no mystery to our old *vivandière*, or indeed to any of the French people who were listening to the story of his woes; for, in surprise at our ignorance, they all exclaimed: 'Don't you know that he was the *frère aîné* [elder brother] of Louis XIV.?' He was considered too weak in mind to govern France, and was therefore always kept in seclusion, till an attempt which was made to bring him forward was the cause of his being condemned to the life-long prison and the iron mask.

A very queer old gilded seat like an old Roman curule chair is shown in the chapel as that used by the 'Masque de fer.'

To this fortress, also, Marshal Bazaine was sent as a prisoner, after what the French call his 'betrayal of Metz.' The places where he and his family—who were permitted to follow him to the island—used to sit in the tiny chapel were pointed out to us; also the terrace-walk where he was allowed to promenade, unguarded, in the evenings; and the rock down which he escaped, by means of a rope-ladder, to the little boat which his wife had arranged to be in waiting below. Of course, it is said that Macmahon connived at his escape, not wishing his old comrade to be tried by a court-martial, which he knew would inevitably condemn him. He sent him to a sham imprisonment in this pleasant island, till the first wild wrath of the people of France against him had cooled down. A Frenchman told us that he now lives at ease in Spain, having saved his fortune from the wreck, but *tout déshonoré* in the eyes of France!

From St Marguerite we crossed in less than half an hour to the smaller island of St Honorât, now the property of the Cistercian order of monks. The shore is fringed with the beautiful stone-pines which are so conspicuous on the Riviera and in some parts of Italy. The first object which strikes one on landing is a large new archway, made probably as the gateway for a future avenue; behind it, at some distance, lie the church and monastery. On a promontory at the western end of the island stands an old ruined monastery of the thirteenth century. It is very like the style of architecture of some of the old castles in Scotland. There is a fine triforium in it with Gothic arches. In the refectory we saw on a raised platform at the side the arch for the lectern, from which it was the duty of a monk to read to his brethren while at their meals. The view from the tower is magnificent: the deep blue sea stretches to the southern horizon; the snowy line of the Alpes Maritimes bounds the northern; on the right, the white waves break in feathery foam on the Cap d'Antibes; while the purple Esterels, with the jagged summit of Mont Vinaigrier, lie to the left; and Cannes, with its picturesque old town on the hill of Mont Chevalier, and its modern wings spreading far and wide, fills up the middle distance. Since the young St Honorât sought a retreat here from the world in the fifth century, this island has been usually held by monks, although it was often ravaged by the Saracens. The ruins of the oldest monastery are within the present cloisters. At a little booth outside the monastic walls we found an English monk, who was deputed to sell photographs of the island and the ruins, and to make himself agreeable to the visitors. He told us that he had been in the Grande Chartreuse, near Grenoble; but as his health was not strong enough to bear the keen air on those rocky heights, he had been sent to spend the winter in this convent of the sunny south. In his youth he had been stationed in Edinburgh, and was much interested in speaking of it and hearing of the changes which had taken place there.

During the past century, St Honorât's isle has passed through strange phases. First of all, a Parisian *comédienne* bought it, meaning to build a summer villa there; then tiring of it, she sold it to a Protestant clergyman. When it came again into the market, the Cistercians bought it, built the new monastery, and settled a congregation of their order in it. The Cistercian rule is not so severe as that of the Trappists, but still, they are not allowed to speak except during the hours of recreation and on Sunday. The lay brother who showed us round told us he had a dispensation to speak, as he was told off to the post of cicerone for that day. He said it was a very happy life, as tranquil and blessed as in Paradise; and truly his face beamed with heavenly light and peace. One of our company was a gentleman from Grenoble, who came in the hope of seeing a young friend who had lately joined the order. He hoped even to get some of us invited to the 'parloir' to speak with him. Alas! the young monk would not even see his old friend, but sent him a tender greeting, and thanks for his kindness in coming. The English 'father' said he did this of his own accord, fearing to be

disturbed by old associations from his hardly won tranquillity. However that might be, we had to bid adieu to St Honorât without seeing the young recluse.

BY MEAD AND STREAM.

CHAPTER XXXIII.—HER PROBLEM.

MADGE in her own room; but it was evening and almost quite dark, so that it was not at all like the pretty chamber which it appeared to be in the bright sunshine of an autumn morning. *Can* there be any sympathy between the atmosphere and our feelings? There must be. A bright day helps us to meet sorrow bravely; a dull, dark day makes sorrow our master: we bow our heads and groan because nature seems to have entered into a conspiracy against us. The strong will may fling aside this atmospherical depression, but the effort is needed: whereas when the sun shines, even the weak can lift their heads and say without faltering: 'Let me know the worst.'

Madge held in her hand a letter—the same which Wrentham had seen on Beecham's desk, and of which he made due report to Mr Hadleigh. She knew well where to find the matches and candle, and yet she stood in that deep gloom looking at the window, as if she were interested in the invisible prospect on which it opened.

It is not instinct, but a telegraphic association of ideas which makes us hesitate to open particular letters. That was her case. And yet, if her face could have been seen in that gloom, no sign of fear would have been found upon it; only a wistful sadness—the expression of one who feels that some revelation of the inevitable is near.

After the pause, she quietly lit the candle, and, without drawing down the blind, seated herself by the window. Then, as methodically as if it had been only one of Uncle Dick's business letters, she cut the envelope and spread the paper on her lap. She was very pale just then, for there was no message from Beecham; only this inclosure of an old letter, which seemed to have been much handled, and of which the writing had become indistinct.

There were only a few lines on the paper. She looked at the name at the foot of them, and raised it to her lips, reverently.

'Poor mother!' was her sigh, and she laid the letter gently on her lap again, whilst she looked dreamily into the gloom outside.

Should she read it? He had left her to answer that question for herself. Yes; she would read, for there were so few words, that there could be no breach of faith in scanning them. Moreover, the letter had been sent to her for that purpose by the man who had received it, and who, therefore, had the right to submit it to her.

There was no need to raise any great question of conscience in the matter; the words were so simple that they might have been written by a mother to a child. No passion, no forced sentiment, no 'make-believe' of any kind. Only this pathetic cry:

'Dear Austin, do not go away. I am filled with fear by what thou hast said to me about the vessel. I know it is wrong, since God is with us everywhere, and I am ashamed of this weakness. But thou art so dear, and—— I pray thee, Austin, do not go away.'

Then followed in the middle of the page the simple name:

'LUCY.'

This was what she might have written to Philip, and had not. It was all so simple and so like her own experience, with the difference that the lover had not gone away. Few daughters are allowed to know the history of their mothers' love affairs, and there are fewer still who, when they hear them, can regard them as anything more than commonplace sketches of life, which they pass aside as they turn over the leaves of a portfolio.

But to Madge!——

What did all this mean? That, with the best intentions, she was entering into a conspiracy against the man she loved, and her mother was invoked as the inspiration of the conspiracy!

Sitting there, the candle flickering in the strange draughts which came from nowhere, the gloom outside growing quite black, and the shadows in the little room growing huge and threatening, Madge was trying to read the riddle of her very awkward position.

A sharp knock at the door, one of those knocks which impudent and inconsiderate females give when they have no particular message to convey, and resent the necessity of carrying it.

'A man in the oak parlour wants to see you, if you ben't too busy.'

Madge passed her fingers over the aching head. She could not guess who the man might be, but presumed that he was one of Uncle Dick's customers.

She found Mr Beecham in the oak parlour. This was the first time he had been under the roof of Willowmere. He and Madge were conscious of the singularity of the meeting-place.

'I trust, Miss Heathcote, you are not annoyed with me for coming here,' he said softly. 'I did not mean to do so; but it occurred to me, after despatching that letter, you might require a few words of explanation. At first, my intention was to say nothing; but on consideration, it seemed to me unfair to leave you without help in answering the disagreeable questions which the situation suggests.'

Madge still had the letter in her hand; the tears were still in her eyes. She tried to wipe them away, but still they would force their presence on the lids. That was the real Madge—tender, considerate to others beyond measure.

'Oh, if'——

Here the superficial Madge claimed supremacy, and took the management of the whole interview in hand. Calm almost to coldness, clear in speech and vision almost to the degree of severity, she spoke:

'I have considered all that you have said to me, and I do not like the position in which you have placed me. I gave you my word that I should be silent, believing that no harm could follow, and believing that my mother would have wished me to obey you. You have satisfied me by this letter that I have not done wrong so far. Take it back.'

She folded the letter, carefully replaced it in the envelope, and gave it to him.

'Thank you,' he said, with the shadow of that sad smile which had so often crossed his face.

'You cannot tell how much that letter has affected me. You cannot know what thoughts and impulses it has aroused. But you can believe that in my mother's blunder I read my own fate. . . . I know you are my friend: be the friend of those I love. Help *him*, for he needs help very much.'

Mr Beecham had quietly taken the letter and placed it in a small pocket-case, to which it seemed to belong.

'I feared you would not understand me, and the desire to save you from uneasiness has brought me here. You have promised to be silent: I again beg you to keep that promise for a little while.'

She bowed her head, but did not speak.

'In doing so,' he added, anxious to reassure her, 'you have my pledge that no harm will come to any one who does not seek it.'

'You cannot think,' she said coldly, and yet with a touch of bitterness that she seemed unable to repress—'you cannot think any one purposely seeks harm! It came to you and to my mother.'

For an instant he was silent. He was thinking that no harm would have come to them if both had been faithful.

'That is a hard hit, and not easily answered,' he said quietly. 'Let me say, then, that even if there had been no other motive to influence me, I should be his friend on your account. But I am your friend above and before all. For your sake alone I came back to England. For your sake I am acting as I am doing, strange as it may seem. If he is honest and faithful to you'——

'There is no doubt of that,' she interrupted, her face brightening with confidence.

Beecham inclined his head, as if in worship. He smiled at her unhesitating assertion of faith, but the smile was one of respect and admiration touched with a shade of regret. What might his life have been if he had found a mate like her! The man she loved might prove false, and all the world might call him false: she would still believe him to be true.

'A man finds such faith rarely,' he said in his gentlest tone; 'I hope he will prove worthy of it. But let him take his own way for the present; and should trouble come to him, I shall do my best to help him out of it.'

She made a quick movement, as if she would have clasped his hands in thankfulness, but checked herself.

'Then I am content.'

'I am glad you can say so, for it shows you have some confidence in me, and every proof of kindly thought towards me helps me.'

He stopped, and seemed to be smiling at the weakness which had made his voice a little husky. Looking back, and realising in this girl an old dream, she had grown so dear to him, that he knew if she had persisted, his wisest judgment would have yielded to her wish.

She wondered: why was this man so gentle and yet so cruel, as it seemed, in his doubts of Philip?

'Let me take your hand,' he resumed. 'Thanks. Have you any notion how much it cost me to allow this piece of paper' (he touched the pocket in which her mother's letter lay) 'to be out of my possession even for a few hours? Only you could have won that from me. It was the last token of . . . well, we shall say, of her caring about me that came direct from her own hand. She was deceived. We cannot help that, you know—accidents will happen, and so on' (like a brave man, he was smiling at his own pain). 'The message came to me too late. I think—no, I am sure, that if she had said this to me with her own lips, there would have been no parting . . . and everything would have been so different to us!'

Madge withdrew one hand from his and timidly placed it on his shoulder.

'I am sorry for your past, and should be glad if it were in my power to help you to a happy future.'

His disengaged hand was placed upon her head lightly, as if he were giving her a paternal blessing.

'The only way in which you can help me, my child, is by finding a happy future for yourself. I am anxious about that—selfishly anxious, for it seems that my life can gain its real goal only by making you happy, since I missed the chance of making your mother so. I know that she was not happy; and my career, which has been one of strange good fortune, as men reckon fortune by the money you make, has been one of misery. Do you not think that droll?'

'You are not like other men, I think; others would have forgotten the past, and forgiven.'

She was thinking of Philip's wish that his father should be reconciled to Austin Shield.

'I can forgive,' he said softly; 'I cannot forget. —Now, let us look at the position quietly as it is. The only thing which has given me an interest in life is the hope that I may be useful to you. When my sorrow came upon me, it seemed as if the whole world had gone wrong.' (That was spoken with a kind of bitter sense of the humorous side of his sorrow.) 'Doctors would have called it indigestion. You see, however, it does not matter much to the patient whether it is merely indigestion or organic disease, so long as he suffers from the pangs of whatever it may be. Well, I did not die, and the doctor is entitled to his credit. I live, eat my dinner, and am in fair health. But there is a difference: life lost its flavour when the blunder was made. When your mother believed the false report which reached her, the man who loved her was murdered.'

'She could not act otherwise than she did,' said Madge bravely in defence.

'She should have trusted to me,' he retorted, shaking his head sadly. 'But that is unkind, and I do not mean to say one word of her that could be called unkind. She would forgive it.'

'How she must have suffered!' murmured Madge, her hand passing absently over the aching brow.

'Ay, she must have suffered as I did—poor lass, poor lass!'

He turned abruptly to the hearth, as if he had become suddenly conscious of the ordinary duties of life, and aware that the fire required attention.

'I want you to try to understand me,' he said

as he stirred the embers, and the oak-log on the top of the coal started a bright flame.

'I wish to understand you—but that is not easy,' she replied.

He did not look round; he answered as if the subject were one of the most commonplace kind; but there was a certain emphasis in his tone as he seemed to take up her sentence and continue it.

'Because you stand on the sunny side of life, and know nothing of its shadows. Pity that they will force themselves upon you soon enough.'

'If you see them coming, why not give me warning?'

He turned round suddenly, his hands clasped behind him so tightly that he seemed to be striving to subdue the outcry of some physical pain.

'It is not warning that I wish to give you, but protection,' he said, and there was a harshness in his voice quite unusual to him.

The change of tone was so remarkable, that she drew back. There were in it bitterness, hatred, and almost something that was like malignity.

'You must know it all—then judge for yourself,' he said at length.

CURIOSITIES OF THE MICROPHONE.

It would be interesting to learn all the particulars relating to the birth of some great invention; to know the inventor's frame of mind at the time the pregnant idea occurred to him, and the influences under which he lived and laboured. This is usually an unwritten chapter of biography; but sometimes we can learn a little about these things. It is not always necessity, or the need of help, that is the mother of invention. In the case of the microphone, it was the need of occupation. Professor Hughes was confined to his chamber by an attack of cold, and to beguile the tedium of the time, he began to experiment with the telephone. This was in the early winter of 1877; and at that time the transmitting and receiving parts of the Bell telephone system were identical. The result was that the received speech was very feeble; and Professor Hughes began to try whether he could not dispense with the transmitting telephone, and make the wire of the circuit speak of itself. Some experiments of Sir William Thomson had shown that the electric resistance of a wire varied when the wire was strained; and Professor Hughes thought that if he could get the vibrations of the voice to strain a wire, so as to vary its resistance in proportion to the vibrations, he might be able to make the wire itself act as a transmitter. He therefore connected a battery and telephone together by means of a fine wire, and pulled on a part of the wire in order to strain it, at the same time listening in the telephone. But he heard no sound at all until he strained the wire so much that it gave way. At the instant of rupture he heard a peculiar grating sound in the telephone; and on placing the broken ends of the wire in delicate contact, he found that the slightest agitation of the ends in contact produced a distinct noise in the instrument.

This experiment, then, was the germ of the microphone. For the metal ends of the wire in contact, he substituted carbon points, and obtained a much more sensitive arrangement. When one of the carbon pencils was lightly *pressed* against the other in a stable position, he found that the joint was sensitive to the slightest jar, and could transmit the voice when spoken to direct. Pursuing his researches further, he found that a loose and somewhat crazy metal structure, such as a pile of gold-chain or a framework of French nails, acted in a similar way, though not so powerfully as carbon. This material was found so sensitive, that a fly walking on the board supporting the microphone could be distinctly heard in the telephone, and each tap of its trunk upon the wood was said by one observer to resemble the 'tramp of an elephant.'

The marvels of the microphone were published to the world in the early summer of the next year; and many useful applications followed. The most obvious was its use as a telephone transmitter; and as Professor Hughes had made a public gift of his invention, a great many telephone transmitters were based upon it. Edison, who had invented a carbon transmitter which bore some resemblance to the microphone, laid claim to having anticipated the invention; but the merit of the discovery remains with Professor Hughes.

It is through the help of the microphone that telephony has become so practical and so extensively adopted. The Blake transmitter, the Ader, and many others by which music and speech are now conveyed so many miles, are all varieties of the carbon microphone. In some churches, microphone transmitters are now applied to the pulpit, so that the sermon can be transmitted by telephone to invalid members who cannot leave home. At the Electrical Exhibitions of Paris, Vienna, and the Crystal Palace, the music of an entire opera was transmitted from the stage by wire to other buildings where great numbers of persons sat and listened to it. The transport of music and other sounds in no way directly connected with the wire, is frequently effected by what is termed induction or leading-in. Over and over again, persons listening into telephones for the purpose of hearing what a friend is saying, have heard the strains of this music—aside, communicated by induction from some neighbouring line to theirs. Not long ago, a telegraph clerk in Chicago was listening in a telephone early one morning, and to his surprise heard the croaking of frogs and the whistling of birds. The explanation of the phenomenon is, that a loose joint in the telephone wire where it passed through a wood, acted as a microphone, and transmitted the woodland chorus to his ears. Messages in process of transmission are sometimes drowned by the rumbling noise of street-traffic induced by the wire.

The microphone is not only useful as a transmitter of sounds, but also as a relay of sounds received on a telephone. Professors Houston and Thomson of America were perhaps the first to construct a telephonic relay. They mounted a carbon microphone on the vibrating plate of a telephone in such a way that the vibrations of the plate due to the received speech would react on the microphone, and be transmitted in this way over another line to another receiving telephone at a distance. Thus the speech would be

relayed, just as a telegraph message is relayed, when it is weak, and sent further on its way. Curiously enough, the microphone acts as a relay to itself, if placed on the same table with the telephone with which it is in circuit. The jar of placing the microphone on the table causes the telephone to emit a sound; this sound in turn is transmitted by the microphone to the telephone, which again repeats it. The microphone re-transmits it as before, the telephone utters it, and so the process of repetition goes on *ad infinitum*.

Since the microphone can, as it were, magnify small sounds, and in this respect has some resemblance to the microscope, which magnifies minute objects, it might be thought that it would prove useful for deaf persons. But though the microphone enables a person with good ears to hear mechanical vibrations which otherwise would be inaudible, the sounds that are heard are not in themselves very loud, and hence a dull aural nerve might fail to appreciate them. M. Bert, the well-known French physicist, constructed a microphone for deaf persons; but its success was doubtful. Professor Hughes, however, has succeeded in making deaf persons hear the ticking of a watch by means of the microphone. In this case the telephone was placed against the bones in the head, and the vibrations communicated in this way to the aural nerve. The 'audiphone,' a curved plate held between the teeth, and vibrated by the sound-waves, also acts in this way; and it is probable that we hear ourselves speak not through our ears, but through the bones of the head as set in vibration by the voice.

Its power of interpreting small sounds has caused the microphone to be applied to many other purposes. Professor Rossi, for example, uses it to detect the earth-tremors preceding earthquakes and volcanic eruptions. It has been employed in Austria to detect the trickling of underground water; and its use has also been suggested for hearing the signal-taps of entombed miners and the noise of approaching torpedo boats. It is not, however, quite possible to realise all that has been claimed for it. Thus the *Danbury News* jestingly remarks that 'with a microphone a farmer can hear a potato-bug coming down the road a quarter of a mile away, and can go out with an axe and head it off.'

In 1876, a year before the microphone was invented, a writer named Antoinette Brown Blackwell foretold the use of such an apparatus. 'It remains,' she said, 'to invent some instrument which can so retard the too rapid vibrations of molecules as to bring them within the time adapted to human ears; then we might comfortably hear plant movements carrying on the many processes of growth, *and possibly we might catch the crystal music of atoms* vibrating in unison with the sunbeam.' Without calling in question the writer's theory, which does not apply to the microphone, we may mention that Professor Chandler Roberts attached a microphone to a thin porous septum, and on allowing hydrogen gas to diffuse through the latter, he heard a rushing sound, as of a wind, which became silent when the rapid diffusion ceased. The jar of the atoms on the pores of the septum was probably the source of this molecular sound. Again, Professor Graham Bell has found a metal microphone joint sensitive to the impact of a beam of intermittent light; and it is highly probable that a microphone with selenium contacts would be still more sensitive to the sound of light falling upon it.

In medicine, the microphone has been usefully applied to enable a physician to read the pulse better and auscultate the heart.

Numerous experiments have been made recently with the microphone by Messrs Stroh, Bidwell, and others. Not long after the original invention of the apparatus, Professor Blyth found that the microphone would act as a receiver as well as a transmitter of sounds in an electric circuit. Thus, with two boxes of coke cinders (hard carbon) connected together through a wire and battery, Professor Blyth found that if words were spoken into one of the boxes, he could faintly hear them by listening in the other. Mr Bidwell has constructed a receiving microphone, composed of a pile of carbon cylinders resting on a mica diaphragm, and this gives out distinct effects when a strong battery is employed. On speaking to the transmitting microphone in circuit, the words can be distinctly heard in the receiving one.

By the use of the microscope, Mr Stroh has observed that the carbon points of the microphone which were supposed to be in contact, are not really so during the action of the instrument, but are separated by a minute distance. It would appear, then, that there is a repulsion between the points, and this repulsion accounts for the action of the microphone as a receiver. Metal microphones are also reversible in their action, and give out feeble sounds when used as receivers. The probability is that the contacts vibrate rapidly on each other, either in direct or very close contact, against a certain repulsive action of the current, which operates like a cushion or re-acting spring.

Metal microphones are in some respects more interesting theoretically than those of carbon. For example, one has been constructed of two different metals, zinc and iron, which when heated by the flame of a spirit-lamp generates its own current by thermo-electric action. Iron is one of the most useful metals for forming microphones; and one of iron-wire gauze has been found to act with singular clearness when inclosed in a high vacuum, such as that given by an incandescent electric lamp.

SILAS MONK.

A TALE OF LONDON OLD CITY.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER II.

THAT day in the city seemed to Walter as if it would never end. This mystery about Silas Monk was now a matter to him of real interest. Hitherto, the eccentricities of the old man had given him little or no concern; for it had been so long the custom among the clerks to crack their jokes about 'Silas,' that nothing which he might do, however queer, could appear otherwise than perfectly consistent with his character. For so many years had Silas Monk been a clerk in the House, that his columns of pounds, shillings, and pence could be traced in the oldest ledgers,

it was said, even when books more than a hundred years old were examined. There was no record extant which satisfactorily settled the date of his engagement as a clerk by Armytage and Company. The oldest partners and the oldest clerks, with this one exception of Silas, were dead and buried many years ago.

It was a very old-looking place, this ancient counting-house; it seemed older even than the firm of Armytage, which had seen two centuries. There were railings in front, broken in places, but still presenting some iron spikes among them, standing up with an air of protection before the windows, like sentinels on guard. The stone steps leading up to the entrance were worn by the tread of busy men who had in their time hurried in and out in their race for wealth, and who were now doubtless lying in some old city churchyard hard by.

Walter Tiltcroft having at last finished his 'rounds,' as he called his various errands, came back to the old counting-house. The clerks' office was on the ground-floor. It was a dark and dusty room, with men of various ages seated at long desks, all deeply engaged, with pens in hand and heads bent low, over the business of the firm. No one looked up when Walter entered; every one went on working, as though each individual clerk was a wheel in the great machine which had been going for nearly two hundred years.

Within an inner room, smaller, darker, and more dusty, was seated alone at his desk Silas Monk. The old clerk had several large ledgers before him; he was turning over the leaves with energy, and making entries in these books with a rapidity which seemed surprising in one who had an appearance of such great age. With his white hair falling on his shoulders, his long lean trembling fingers playing among the fluttering pages, and his keen eyes darting among the columns of pounds, shillings, and pence, he seemed, even by daylight, like an embodied spirit appointed by the dead partners and clerks of Armytage and Company to audit the accounts of that old mercantile House in Crutched Friars. So at least thought Walter Tiltcroft as he sat at his own desk watching Silas Monk, and revolving in his mind how he could best solve the mystery which surrounded Rachel's grandfather.

It was growing dusk when the old city clocks in the church towers began to strike six, and the clerks in the office of Armytage and Company began to show signs of dispersing. Silas Monk alone remained at his post. Wishing to say a few words to the old man before taking his leave, Walter Tiltcroft lingered behind; and when the last clerk had gone, he went to the door of the 'strong-room,' as Silas Monk's office was called, and said in his usual cheerful tone: 'Good-night, Mr Monk. You 'll see, I suppose, that everything is safe and sound, as usual? Won't you?'

'Ay, ay! safe and sound, Walter.—Good-night.'

But the young man lingered with his eyes curiously fixed on Silas. 'The evenings are getting short,' continued he. 'Can you see to work by this light?'

'Why, no—not well,' Silas owned, with his eyes raised towards the window; 'and what makes it still more difficult is that scaffolding the workmen have put up outside—that 's what makes it so dark. Ay, ay!' he added, 'they 're repairing the old walls. Dear me, dear me!'

The old walls outside, which surrounded a courtyard, were black with dust and age, and they had also in many parts a tumble-down aspect, which appeared to plainly indicate that repairs were needed badly. Upon the scaffolding, some half-dozen labourers were gathering together their tools and preparing to go home, as the clerks had done already. Silas was lighting an oil-lamp. 'Give me a hand, Walter,' said he, 'to close these shutters and put up the iron bar.'

'All right, Mr Monk,' said the young man, unfolding the old-fashioned shutters in the walls and clasping the iron bar across them with a loud clink. 'All right and tight!—Shall you remain long at the office?' he added, moving towards the door.

'Not long; half an hour, perhaps—not more.'

Still the young man lingered. 'Mr Monk,' said he, walking a step back into the strong-room, 'I saw your grand-daughter Miss Rachel this morning.'

Silas, who had reseated himself at his desk before the large ledgers, looked round keenly at Walter, with the light from the shaded lamp thrown upon his wrinkled face. 'You see my grand-daughter Rachel pretty often; don't you, Walter?'

'Pretty often, Mr Monk, I confess.'

Silas shook his long thin forefinger at the young man. 'Walter,' cried he, 'that 's not business!'

'No; that 's true. But you see, Mr Monk, it 's not much out of my way. And,' he added, 'besides, I thought you would like to know that she 's well. You 're so busy here, that perhaps you don't see so much of her as you would like, and so I thought that news of her at any time would be welcome.'

'So it is, Walter!' said the old man, his voice trembling slightly as he spoke—'so it is. She 's a good girl, and I love her dearly. But you don't pass that way, Walter, simply to bring me a word about my grand-daughter. You 're not going to try and make me believe that, surely?'

'Not entirely, Mr Monk,' said the young man, smiling. 'I won't deny that it 's a very great pleasure to me to see Rachel at any time; indeed, no one could admire her more than I do.'

The old man held out his hand. 'Come, come! That 's more candid, my boy,' said he, as Walter took the hand in his and pressed it affectionately. 'So you admire Rachel, do you?'

'Mr Monk,' said the young clerk, 'I more than admire her—I love her!'

The deep lines in Silas Monk's face grew deeper at these words. 'Well, well,' said the old man presently, with a heavy sigh; 'it was to be. Better now, perhaps, than later—better now. But you won't take her from me yet, Walter—not yet?'

'Why, no, Mr Monk; I 'd no thought of taking her away from you.'

'That 's right!' cried Silas—'that 's right! You 're a good lad. Take care of her, Walter; take care of her when I am dead.' As Silas pronounced the last word, the sound of footsteps, which seemed strangely near, changed the expression on his face. 'What 's that?' asked he in a tone of alarm.

Walter listened. 'Some one on the scaffolding above your window.'

'If it's a workman,' said the old man, 'he's rather late. Will you see that every one has left the premises; and then shut the front-door as you go out?'

'I'll not forget.—Good-night!'

It was just sufficiently light in the passage for Walter to find his way about the old house. Having promised Silas Monk to make sure that every one had left the premises, he ran up the dark oaken staircase to ascertain whether the partners, who occupied the floor above the office, had gone. He found the doors to their rooms locked. The young man threw a glance around him, and then descended the way he had come, walking out into the court, behind the clerks' offices, where the scaffolding was erected. It was not a large court, and on every side were high brick walls. The scaffolding reached from the ground almost to the eaves.

'Any one there?' Walter shouted.

Not a sound came back except a muttering echo of his own voice.

Walter Tiltcroft then turned to leave the house. But at this moment his conversation with Rachel occurred to him, and he thought that he might do something to clear up the mystery of her grandfather's frequent absence from home at all hours of the night. 'Why not,' thought Walter, 'watch the old man's movements? Some clue might be found to the strange affair.' He formed his plan of action without further delay. No moment could have been more opportune. He closed the front-door with a slam which shook the old house; then he crept back along the passage softly, and, seating himself in a dark corner on the staircase, watched for the figure of Silas Monk.

The first thing he heard, very shortly after he had taken up his position, was a step in the passage leading from the courtyard. He sprang up with a quick beating heart, and reached the foot of the stairs just in time to confront a tall, powerful man dressed like a mason, and carrying in his hand a large basket of tools.

'Why, Joe Grimrood,' said Walter, 'is that you?'

The man, who had a hangdog, defiant air, answered gruffly, as he scratched a mangy-looking skin-cap, pulled down to his eyebrows: 'That's me, sir; asking your pardon.'

'Are you the last, Joe?'

'There ain't no more men on the scaffold, if that's what you mean.'

Walter nodded. 'Didn't you hear me call?' he asked.

'Not me. When?'

'Not five minutes ago.'

'How could I? I was among the chimneys.'

'Repairing the roof, Joe?'

'Fixing the tiles,' was the reply.

Having thus accounted for his tardiness, Joe Grimrood again scratched his cap, in his manner of saluting, and moved along the hall, in the semi-darkness, towards the front-door. 'I wish you a very good-night,' said the man, as Walter accompanied him to the entrance—'a very good-night, sir; asking your pardon.'

Walter Tiltcroft closed the door, when the workman had gone out, with as little noise as possible; for he feared that if any sound reached Silas Monk in the strong-room, his suspicions might be aroused, and the chance of solving this mystery might be lost.

Again retiring to his retreat upon the staircase, Walter waited and watched; but nothing happened. The twilight faded; the night became so dark that the lad could not see his hand before him. The hours appeared long; at endless intervals he heard the city clocks striking in the dead silence. He filled up the time with thoughts containing a hundred conjectures. What could Silas Monk be doing all this while? A dozen times Walter descended to the door of the office to listen; but never a sound! A dozen times his fingers touched the handle to turn it; yet each time he drew back, fearing to destroy the object he had seriously in view—the solution of this strange affair.

Ten o'clock had struck, and the young clerk was growing weary of waiting for the clocks to strike eleven. He began to imagine that something must have happened to Silas Monk. Had he fallen asleep? Was he dead, or—what?

Presently, the notion entered his brain that perhaps a grain of reassurance might be had by regarding the window of the strong-room from the courtyard. Possibly, thought he, a ray of light might find its way there through the shutters. He stepped out silently, but with eagerness. When he reached the yard, there, sure enough, was a streak of light piercing through a small aperture. Walter was drawn towards it irresistibly. He mounted the scaffolding by the ladder at his feet, and crept along the boarding on his hands; for the darkness, except within the limits of this ray of light, was intense. He reached at length the spot immediately above the window. The ray of light fell below the scaffold, slanting to the ground. Grasping the board, upon which he lay full length, he bent his head until his eye was almost on a level with the hole in the shutter. To his surprise, the interior of the strong-room was distinctly revealed. But what he saw surprised him still more. Silas Monk was seated there at his desk, under the shaded lamp. But he was no longer examining the ledgers; these books were thrown aside; and, in their place, before his greedy eyes, was to be seen a heap of bright sovereigns.

The change which had taken place in the face of Silas Monk since the young man had left him, was startling; and the manner in which he appeared to be feasting his eyes upon the coins was repulsive. He handled the sovereigns with his lean fingers caressingly; he counted them over and over again; then he arranged them in piles on one side, and began to empty other bags in their place. His look suggested a ravenous madman; his attitude resembled that of a beast of prey.

Walter was so fascinated by this unexpected scene in the strong-room, that he found it impossible, for some minutes, to remove his gaze. The mystery about Silas Monk had been solved. Rachel's grandfather was a wretched miser!

Walter descended from the scaffolding, and went out quietly into Crutched Friars. His lodgings were in the Minories, hard by. But he could not have slept had he gone home

without passing under Rachel's window. He hurried along through the dark and silent streets. What he had witnessed, haunted him; he could not banish the scene of the old man and his bright sovereigns. When he entered the street, and was approaching Silas Monk's house, he was astonished, though not displeased, to see Rachel standing on the door-step.

'Why, Walter,' cried she, 'is that you? I thought it was grandfather.'

'I wish, Rachel, for your sake that it was. But I'm afraid, late as it is, that he won't be back quite yet.'

The girl placed her hand quickly on Walter's hand and looked up appealingly. 'Has anything happened? You have a troubled face. Don't hide it from me, if anything has happened to grandfather.'

The young man hastened to reassure her. 'Nothing has happened. Silas Monk is at the office still. I have just come away, Rachel. I left him there deeply occupied.'

The girl threw a quick glance into Walter's face. 'Then grandfather does work for Armytage and Company after six o'clock?'

'I doubt that, Rachel, very much.'

'Then why does he stay so late at Crutched Friars?'

'To dabble in a little business of his own.'

'What business is that, Walter?'

'Well, something in the bullion line of business, to judge from appearances.'

'Explain yourself, Walter! I am puzzled.'

'I'm afraid I can't; I'm puzzled too,' said the young man. 'This bullion business,' he added thoughtfully, 'is a strange affair.'

Rachel clasped her hands with an impatient gesture. 'Walter, tell me what you have seen!'

'I've seen,' said the young man reluctantly—'I've seen, through a hole in the shutter, an old man at a desk, under the light of a shaded lamp, seated over handfuls of gold. The desk was Silas Monk's, in the counting-house of Armytage and Company. But the face of the man was not the face of your grandfather; or if it was his, it was greatly changed.'

'In what way changed, Walter?'

'It was a face expressing dreadful greed. It was the face of a miser, Rachel—nothing less!'

The girl, standing under the dim street-lamp above the doorway, looked with wondering eyes into Walter's face. 'Does not all the money at the counting-house belong to the firm?'

'So I have always thought, Rachel.'

'Then grandfather was balancing the cash?'

'Not the hard cash of Armytage and Company. That is taken every day, before the closing hour, to the bank.'

Looking still into the young man's face, the girl said: 'Then the money must be his own.'

'He certainly seemed to eye it, Rachel, as if every sovereign belonged to him.'

The girl became pensive. 'He must be rich,' said she.

'Very rich, if all those sovereigns are his.'

'And he loves gold more than he loves his grand-daughter!' Rachel complained, in a tone of deep disappointment, while tears started into her eyes.

Not being able to deny that there appeared some truth in the girl's words, Walter could answer nothing. He remained silent and thoughtful. Suddenly the clocks of the old city began striking midnight.

'Your grandfather will soon be coming now, Rachel,' said the young man, 'so I had better be off. It would never do to let him find me here at this late hour.' Taking leave of the girl tenderly, he quickly disappeared into the darkness.

Rachel re-entered the house, and threw herself into the old armchair, stricken with surprise and grief at what she had learned. Since she was a child, she had been taught to believe that she was struggling, beside her grandfather, against poverty. She had been happy in the thought that, although they were needy, nothing divided their affections. She believed that her grandfather was slaving day and night for their sake—slaving to keep the old house over their heads. But what was he slaving for, after all? For gold, it was true; but for gold which he hoarded up in secret places, hiding all from her, as though it were, like a crime, something of a nature to be shunned.

Meanwhile the clocks are striking the small-hours. But Silas Monk does not come home. The candle on the table beside Rachel burns low. The girl grows alarmed, and listens for the footsteps of her old grandfather. She goes out and looks about into the dark night. No one is to be seen, no one is to be heard. Four o'clock—five. Still no footsteps—not even a shadow of the man.

The dawn begins to break in a clear gray light above the sombre houses; the roar of traffic in the streets hard by falls upon the girl's ear. Another busy day has commenced in the old city. 'Is it possible,' thinks Rachel, 'that her grandfather can still be at his desk, counting and recounting his gold?'

FAMILIAR SKETCHES OF ENGLISH LAW.

BY AN EXPERIENCED PRACTITIONER.

II. PARENT AND CHILD.

CHILDREN may be divided into two classes—legitimate and illegitimate; and the liability of a father in respect of his children is widely different in the case of the latter class from the ordinary duty and responsibility of a parent. In order to clear the ground, we will first dispose of the illegitimate class; and throughout this paper it must be understood that the words parent and child, when used without any qualifying terms, refer to those between whom that mutual relationship lawfully subsists.

An illegitimate child, or bastard, is one who is born without its parents having been lawfully married; and in England, a bastard born is illegitimate to the end of his or her life; but in Scotland, such child may be rendered legitimate by the subsequent marriage of its parents, provided that at the date of its birth and of their marriage they were both free to marry. The father of an illegitimate child has no right to its custody; but he may be compelled to contribute to its support by means of an affiliation order. A bastard cannot inherit either real or personal estate from either of its parents, nor from any other person; neither can any person inherit from

a bachelor or spinster who is illegitimate. If, however, such a person marries, the husband or wife and children have the same legal rights as if the stain of illegitimacy had not existed.

A legitimate child—with the exception noted above—is the offspring of parents who were lawfully married before the time of its birth. A posthumous child, if born in due time after the husband's death, is legitimate.

The father has *primâ facie* a right to the custody of his children while under the age of sixteen years; after that age, if they are able to maintain themselves, they may be emancipated from his control. But a mother can apply to the court for an order that she may have the exclusive care of her children while they are respectively under seven years of age; and after that age, for leave of access to them at reasonable times, in cases where husband and wife do not live together. In case of the divorce of the parents, the court will give directions as to the custody of the children of the marriage, taking into consideration the offence against morality of the guilty parent, but also what is best for the children's education and upbringing and prospects in life.

A parent is bound to maintain and educate his children according to his station; and if the father should neglect his duty in this respect, the mother—if living with her husband—may, as his agent, order what is necessary, and he would be responsible for the expense thus incurred, which must be strictly limited to what is reasonably necessary. If a child should become chargeable upon the poor-rates, both father and grandfather are responsible for repayment of the cost incurred; the former primarily, and the latter secondarily, in case of the absence or inability of the father. In like manner, a child may be compelled to repay to the poor-rates authorities the cost of maintenance of his parents, if he have the means of doing so.

A child while under the age of twenty-one years cannot enter into a binding contract, even with the consent and concurrence of its parent, except for special purposes. One of these purposes is the acquisition of knowledge which will enable the child to earn its livelihood when it arrives at maturity. Thus apprentices and articled clerks may be bound in such a manner as to render it compulsory for them to serve until they respectively attain the age of twenty-one years; but the binding cannot be extended beyond that age. As soon as an apprentice attains his majority, he may elect to vacate his indenture, and be free from any further compulsory service. This is founded upon the well-known principle, that a minor can only be compelled to perform contracts entered into on his behalf during his minority; and that when he attains the age of twenty-one years, he is free to enter into contracts on his own behalf, which stand upon an entirely different footing, and are entirely inconsistent with the former contract. It may also be mentioned here that a minor, when he becomes of age, is free to elect whether he will perform any other contracts which he may have entered into during his minority. If any such contract be beneficial, he may allow it to stand; and if it be otherwise, he may cancel it; but the other party, if of full age, will be bound by his contract.

In this connection we may notice the Infants Relief Act, 1874. Although primarily aimed at the protection of 'infants' from the consequences of their own imprudence, this statute, the operation of which extends to the whole of the United Kingdom, has been found very useful in relieving children against a cruel but not uncommon kind of pressure by impecunious parents, who in many cases induced their children to encumber their expectant property in order to assist them (the parents) when in difficulties. The manner was this: The son would while under age sign a promise to execute a valid charge, which would accordingly be executed the day after he attained his majority; and though the first promise was worthless, the deed was binding. But it was enacted that all contracts entered into by 'infants' for the repayment of money lent or to be lent, and all accounts stated with 'infants,' should be not merely voidable, but absolutely void; and further, the ratification when of full age of any such promise should be void also, and the ratified promise should be incapable of being enforced.

A parent may lawfully maintain an action on behalf of his child, whether such child be an infant or of full age, without being liable to be prosecuted for the offence of maintenance or champerty. In like manner, a child if of full age may maintain an action on behalf of his parent, even though he may have no personal interest in the subject-matter of the action.

A parent may also protect his child, or a child protect his parent, from violence or assault, in such circumstances as would expose a stranger to the charge of officiously intermeddling with strife which did not concern him.

The power of an Englishman to dispose of his property by will being absolute, the consideration of a parent's will as affecting his children need not detain us long. The principal peculiarity is this: In case of the death of a child or grandchild of a testator in the lifetime of the latter, leaving lawful issue, any devise or bequest in the will in favour of the deceased child or grandchild will take effect in favour of his issue in the same manner as if he had survived the testator and died immediately afterwards. In similar circumstances, a gift in favour of any other person who died in the testator's lifetime would lapse, that is to say, it would altogether fail to take effect.

But in Scotland, the power of a father to dispose of his property by will is much more restricted, being confined to what is called the 'dead man's' part—namely, so much as remains after setting aside one-third of the personal property or movable goods for the widow; and one-third for the children of the testator. Or if there be no widow, then the share of the children is one-half, which is divisible among them equally. The rights of either widow or child may be renounced by an antenuptial marriage contract, or for some equivalent provision given in such a contract, or by will; and a child of full age may by deed discharge his claim for *legitim*, as the children's share of the succession is called.

In case of intestacy, the eldest son is by the common law his father's heir-at-law, subject to his mother's dower, if not barred or discharged. But in some localities, special customs exist, such as Borough English—prevalent at Maldon

in Essex and elsewhere, by virtue of which the youngest son is the heir—and Gavelkind, which affects most of the land in Kent, where all the sons inherit in equal shares. Returning to the common-law rule, where there are both sons and daughters, the eldest son inherits to the exclusion of his younger brothers, and his sisters whether elder or younger. But if the intestate had no son, but several daughters, they would take as co-parceners in equal undivided shares. It will be understood that heirs and co-heiresses take freehold houses and land; but that leaseholds are personal property, and like money and goods, stocks and shares, are distributable, subject as hereinafter mentioned, among the widow (if any) and relatives of the deceased. Copyhold property is real estate, and the descent is in each case regulated by the custom of the manor of which the property is holden; Borough English and Gavelkind being much more common as affecting copyhold than freehold estates, though even in the case of copyholds the common-law rule is by far the most general.

The personal property of an intestate is the primary fund for payment of funeral and other expenses, costs of administration, and debts. When these have been paid, the widow (if any) is entitled to one-third of what is left; and the other two-thirds are divisible among the children. If there be no widow, the children take all, the collateral relatives having no claim. If any of the testator's children have died before him, leaving issue, such issue take in equal shares the portion which their parent would have taken if living.

In England, the heir-at-law who takes his father's freehold estates is not thereby deprived of his share, or any portion of his share, of the personalty. But in Scotland, the heir must bring into account or collate the value of what he has received in that capacity, before he can claim any part of the movables.

If a son or daughter be possessed of real and personal estate, and die unmarried, or widowed without children, and without making a will, leaving a surviving father, he would take the real estate as heir-at-law, and the personal estate as sole next of kin. If he were dead, the mother would take a share of the personal estate with the surviving brothers and sisters, and the eldest brother would inherit the real estate as heir-at-law. If the mother were living, but no brothers or sisters, nephews or nieces, she would have the personal estate, but could not inherit the real estate so long as any heir could be found on the paternal side. The children of deceased brothers and sisters take equally amongst them the share of personal estate which their deceased parent would have taken if living.

The law of Scotland is not so favourable to the father and mother of intestates. The father does not succeed to real or heritable estate if there be a brother or sister, and in the same event his right is limited to that of one-half the movable estate. When the father has predeceased, and the mother survives, she takes one-third of the movable succession, and the rest goes to brothers and sisters or other next of kin.

Having thus considered the rights, duties, and liabilities of parents with respect to the persons, the necessities, and the property of their children, and the corresponding rights and obligations of children with regard to their parents, we must offer a few remarks on the authority of parents over their children, and the extent to which that authority may be delegated to others.

A parent may control the actions of his children so long as they remain under his roof, and may insist upon his regulations being observed and his commands obeyed. While they are of tender years, he may inflict any reasonable punishment for disobedience or other offence, either by personal chastisement or otherwise; but he must not torture them, nor endanger their lives or health. He may also instruct his children himself; or he may send them to school; in the latter case, delegating to the schoolmaster so much as may be necessary of his power to restrain and correct the children so intrusted to his care. Since compulsory education became law, he *must* use reasonable means to get them educated. If a child should prove incorrigible, the parent may apply to the justices of the peace to send him or her to an Industrial School; which they have power to do on being satisfied by evidence upon oath that the child is altogether beyond the power of its parent to manage or control; and an order may be made upon the parent to pay the expense of the child's maintenance and education in such school, if his means are sufficient to enable him to do so.

The liabilities imposed by marriage differ to some extent from the responsibilities of actual parentage. Thus, a man may be compelled to repay the expense incurred by the maintenance of his own father, but not of his wife's father, in the workhouse. And though a married man is bound to keep his wife's children, born before his marriage with her, until they are sixteen years of age respectively, if his wife live so long; yet, if she were to die while any of them were under that age, his responsibility would immediately cease. And if any of them were to become chargeable upon the poor-rates when more than sixteen years old, the stepfather could not be required to contribute towards the expense of their maintenance, even though their mother should be still living.

IN A FURNITURE SALEROOM.

A DAY-DREAM.

I JUST missed by a neck, as they say in steeple-chasing dialect—though on second thoughts I think it must have been liker a full horse-length—my lot being cast among second-hand furniture. I believe I was of too philosophic a nature to make a practical auctioneer and furniture-broker of. At least, such was something like the opinion held by my employer—the old gentleman was a bit of a wag—who told my father, when the latter went to see why this knight of the hammer had dispensed with his son's services, that my mind, like the late lamented Prince of Denmark's, was of too speculative a character ever to 'mak' saut to my kail' at his profession, and advised him to bring me 'out for a minister.' I need not say that this advice was, for divers reasons, never acted upon.

I suppose it must have been my twelve-months' sojourn in this old worthy's service which gives me to this day a certain meditative interest in brokers' shops and old furniture salerooms. I am not at any time much of a stroller about the streets and gazer into shop-windows; but next to looking into the windows of book or print and picture shops, I have a weakness for sauntering into musty old salerooms, and staring idly at the miscellaneous articles of second-hand furniture huddled within their walls, and moralising on the mutability of human hopes and possessions. A spick-and-span new furniture and upholstery establishment has no more fascination for me than a black-and-white undertaker's. But out of the bustle of the street and the broiling heat of the mid-day sun—which is my favourite time of indulgence—and in the dusty and shadowy corners, festooned with cobwebs, of a broker's shop or old furniture saleroom, I forget how the time goes, as I join over again the sundered human relationships to the pieces of furniture at which I stand staring in half-reverie. I fancy it must have been this same dreamy tendency which, peeping forth in my boyish career, led my shrewd master to forecast my future with so much certainty to my parent. I care not about purchasing any of the articles that so absorb me. It is not the barren desire of possession which makes me haunt these dusty salerooms. When the place becomes crowded with people, and the auctioneer mounts his little pulpit, I gather my wandered wits together and 'silently steal away.'

I say I love to linger among the cobwebs and amid the silence of old furniture salerooms—as fruitful a source of meditation to me as loitering among tombs ever was to Harvey. That venerable eight-day clock standing against the wall, behind those slim walnut chairs and couch done up in the bright green repp, its mahogany almost as black as your Sunday hat with age, turns on my thinking faculty just as the 'auld Scots' sangs' moves my guidwife Peggy to tears. I think of all the pairs of eyes that have gazed up at the hands and figures on its olive-tinted face, and wonder how many of them have taken their last look of earth. My imagination transports it to some well-to-do Scottish cottage home, where I see, held up in fond arms, the marvelling youngsters, in striped cotton pinafores, with their wide-open eyes staring at the representatives of the four quarters of the globe, painted in bright dazzling colours on each corner of the dial-plate. Perhaps some of those same youngsters, to whose inquiring and wondering minds the pictures were an every-day exercise, are settled down, old men and women now, in one of these distant quarters of the globe, say America, and are sitting at this very moment in their log-hut in the backwoods, their minds' eyes reverting to the familiar face of that old clock tick-ticking away in their childhood's home.

Over against where it stood in that same old home, between the room door and the end of the white scoured wooden dresser with its well-filled delf rack, I picture to myself the wasted face of a sick woman pillowed up in bed. What weary nights she has listened to its tick-tack, and counted the slow hours as they struck, waiting for the dawn! I know that her head aches no longer, and that she sleeps sound enough now, with the summer breeze stirring the green grass on her grave.

Turning away from the venerable time-keeper, my eye falls on an old-fashioned low-set chest of drawers, with dingy folding brass handles, and little bits of the veneer chipped off here and there, and the ivory awanting in some of the keyholes. Where are now, I ask myself, the ashes of those bright household fires, which have winked in the shining depths of their mahogany in the darkening gloaming, before the blinds were drawn and the candles lit? What secrets and treasures have not these same drawers been the repositories of! I see a pensive female form, in striped shortgown and drugget petticoat, stop while she is sweeping the kitchen floor, and, with palpitating heart, pull out the centre small top drawer to take another look at the golden curl, wrapped in a precious letter, in the corner beside two or three well-worn toys. That bruised heart will throb no more with joy or pain; neither will her tears fall any more like scalding lead on the blurred parchment, as she lifts the bright curl to her lips before wrapping it away out of sight again—till, mayhap, the next day, when the old yearning returns, and she must needs go and unfold her treasure, the sight of which brings the little chubby face—over which the curl used to hang—once more before her brimming eyes.

The little bookcase, with the diamond-shaped panes, on the top of the chest of drawers is an object to me of even nobler regard than the drawers themselves. My venerable uncle, who was an author too, had just such a little bookcase on the top of his drawers, about three-fourths filled with sombre-looking volumes. I remember I never looked up at it as a boy, and beheld the dim dusty books, like gray ghosts, sitting erect, or leaning against one another in the twilight shelves, but I associated it in my fancy with the inside of his own gray head. Already I see the titles on the backs of some of these children of dead brains looming out of the empty gloom through the diamond-shaped panes; and I can recognise many of my own favourites among them. The binding is more faded and worn on the backs of some than others, as if they had been more often in the hand and more dear to the heart of the reader. I am almost tempted to stretch forth my hand and renew their acquaintance. One in particular, in faded green-and-gold binding, looking out from amongst a motley company of fiction, *The House with the Seven Gables*, I have a covetous eye upon.

How I should like to revisit the shadowy chambers of that old puritan mansion, especially

that low-studded oak-panelled room with the portrait of the stern old Colonel looking down from the wall; and feel the smell of its decaying timbers, 'oozy' with the memories of whole generations of Pyncheons; to see poor perplexed old Hepzibah in the midst of her first day's shop-keeping, with her wreck of a resurrected brother to care and provide for; and watch—not without reverence, even though we are constrained sometimes to laugh—the miraculously minute workings of her crazed old heart fighting—a kind of comic pathos, as well as rarest heroism in her mimic battling—those troublesome spectres of gentility which she has inherited with her Pyncheon blood.

Alas for this most bewitching of romancers! Well might his friend Longfellow exclaim of him:

> Ah! who shall lift that wand of magic power,
> And the lost clue regain?
> The unfinished window in Aladdin's tower
> Unfinished must remain!

Sitting on the shelf beneath *The House with the Seven Gables* is the king of all the magicians—the enchanter's name printed in tarnished gold letters on a faded square of scarlet morocco on its calf back—'Shakspeare.'

On this hot July forenoon, with dusty smelling streets, when the united heart of our mighty Babylon is panting for the water-brooks, wouldn't it be a treat just to step into the forest of Arden? You don't require to change your clothes, or bolt a hurried luncheon, or run to catch a train, or take your place on the crowded deck of a snorting greasy steamboat under a vertical sun; but simply to open out the volume at that most delightful of all comedies, *As You Like It*, and at once fling yourself down 'under the shade of melancholy boughs,' and 'lose and neglect the creeping hours of time' listening to the moralising of a Jaques

> As he lay along
> Under an oak, whose antique root peeps out
> Upon the brook that brawls along this wood:

or to an encounter of his wits with the sage fooleries of a Touchstone; or the love-sick ravings of an Orlando; or the nimble pleasantries and caustic humours of a Rosalind.

But, to speak the truth, I don't know whether I should not prefer at this moment—to a lounge in the forest of Arden—a meditative ramble and chat with the Wanderer in Wordsworth's *Excursion*, which I spy leaning against my old friend *The Vicar of Wakefield*, there, on the other side of Shakspeare. How pleasant it would be, after toiling across the bare wide common, baked with the scorching heat, to join that venerable philosopher and retired packman just where the author himself meets him by appointment, reposing his limbs on the cottage bench beside the roofless hut of poor Margaret!

> His eyes as if in drowsiness half shut,
> The shadow of the breezy elms above
> Dappling his face.

But the unceremonious porter is apparently unwilling to gratify me so far, having, in his preparations for the sale, pushed a tall half-tester bedstead right in front of my view of the chest of drawers and bookcase.

This alteration has brought to light an old armchair among a crowd of odd window-poles and bed-bottoms, a kind of bewilderment and shyness in its wrinkled features, as if it hardly felt at home in this nineteenth-century saleroom, rubbing shoulders, so to speak, with pompous old sideboards, and gouty old sofas and stuff-bottomed chairs, and wishing it were back to the earthen cottage floor again. From its shape and the colour of its wood, it looks more than a hundred years old. My Aunt S——, who was a paralytic, had just such a chair, which she sat in for ten years before she died. It had belonged to her mother's mother; and she took great pride in averring that Burns—who, her own mother told her, was a crony of her father's—had many a time sat in it. I think I see herself sitting in it at this moment, with her great black piercing eyes, and hear her clever critical tongue wagging as of old.

This ancient armchair, stuffed away amid the dust and lumber of the saleroom, touches my feelings more nearly than any other object joined together with hands. Its low, firm, but narrow seat, its solid curved arms, its straight sloping back with three spars in the centre, recall the tottering gait of silvery-haired grandfathers in knee-breeches and 'rig-an'-fur' stockings, and hale old grandmothers with white bordered 'mutches' or caps on their heads, and tartan napkins about their stooping shoulders; and old-fashioned Scotch kitchens with eight-day clocks, and wooden dressers, and clean-clayed roomy fireplaces with big-bellied pots hanging from the links on the 'swee' or crane.

But what household god is this which is the subject of whispering criticism behind me? Turning round, I observe two women, evidently intending purchasers from their remarks, and not idle dreamers like myself, moving away from a large chest to inspect some dishes they have suddenly caught sight of on a side-table at the further end of the room. This chest I have seen before, especially about the term-time, mounted on the footboard of a cab beside the driver, while its 'sonsie' proprietress—unaccustomed as she is to ride in carriages—sits on the edge of the cushioned seat inside, staring apologetically at the foot-passengers on the pavement. It is the same kind of thing thrifty housewives in the country used to keep their blankets in, before the trunks and tin boxes came so much into vogue. It is painted an oak colour, though to my mind it resembles more a musty gingerbread; and it has a black line forming a square on each of its plain panels. Instinctively I lift the lid and peep in. Its white wood is covered with a wall-paper pattern of moss-roses. It has a 'shuttle' too, with a little drawer underneath; the same as was in the chest I had when a bachelor. I used to keep all my valuables in that little drawer, such as love-letters. How those epistles accumulated! I remember I had to press them down before the drawer would shut, when I happened to be refreshing my memory with some of their pleasant sentiments. Peg's portrait used to lie here in a corner of this same charmed sepulchre. If I were to tell my young readers how often I made an excuse to go into my chest for something or other, and never withdrew my head without

taking a peep at Peg's face, they would no doubt call me spooney, though they know quite well they do the same thing themselves.

The bustling old porter, who kept hovering in my vicinity—a kind of astonished interest looking out of his not unkindly gray eyes—here cut short my amorous reminiscences by shutting down the lid of the chest, and, apparently with a view to economise space—for odd customers were beginning to drop in—lifting a cradle on to the top of it. The cradle is one of the old-fashioned wooden sort, with good solid rockers, which used to be seen in the houses of plain folks in my young days, and was usually of some antiquity, being considered an heirloom, and descending from parent to eldest son. I remember another cradle just like this one, in our old home. It was painted a bluish-green colour inside, and a loud mahogany colour outside, interspersed with numberless artificial black knots, more like figures in the hangings, or wall-paper, than the grains of wood. That cradle had rocked no end of generations of my progenitors; and when baby visitors gave over showing their chubby little red pudding faces at our house, my sister and I used to play at 'shop' and 'church' in it on wet days. On these occasions, though I allowed her—as I no doubt thought became her good-for-nothing sex—the full management of the shop, yet I always insisted on being the clergyman, turning the cradle on its end, and preaching from under its hood, which served as a canopy.

That oldest and ever newest tragedy which we must all, some time or other, be witnesses of, or chief performers in, has been enacted in this hollow little bed ere now. I see the worn and anxious mother seated on a stool bending over the little sufferer in the cradle. She has not had her clothes off for nearly a week, but she will not be persuaded to lie down. She could never forgive herself if those glazed little windows, so set-like now in their deep sockets, under the ashy pale brow, were to be darkened for ever, and she not see the final darkening. She wets continually the livid and senseless little lips, and sighs as if her heart would burst, as she watches, in her own words, 'the sair, sair liftin' o' the wee breist, an' the cauld, cauld dew on the little face!' The struggle will not last long now, and the mother's pent-up feelings will ere long get relief.

Whether desirous of diverting my thoughts from this harrowing scene, or merely thinking it a pity that I should be exercising my mind over a lot of lifeless old sticks, the porter, with a delicacy of insight that I would hardly have credited him with, has brought two pictures, and without a word has put them up against the backs of two mahogany chairs in front of me. If that porter had been my friend the biggest half of his natural lifetime—which, judging from the furrows on his lean face and the whiteness of his scant locks, was already anything but a short one—he could not have selected two works of art more pat to my taste or my present mood; and I inwardly blessed him for his thoughtful trouble, though I had a vague suspicion that there might be a gentle touch of irony in his ministrations.

The largest picture, 'Crossing the Sands,' is a gloaming or twilight subject, somewhere, I fancy, on the Ayrshire coast. Its features are as familiar to me as the streets and houses in my native town. It brings to mind the days of my childhood, when the old folks used to hire a garret at the seaside for a few brief—for us youngsters all too brief—days in the summer; and the lonely walks and talks of later years, when the sun had gone down, and the newly awakened winds blew all the stronger and fresher in our faces for their afternoon's slumber, and our voices mingled with the rhythmic murmur of the waves as they broke at our feet.

The artist, I suppose, has named his picture from the dim outline of a horse and cart, with two figures sitting in it, crossing the darkening sands. The tide is far out, and has left long zigzag shallow pools of water lying in the uneven places on the sands, into which the swift vanishing day, through a break in the dark saffron clouds, is casting wistful looks. The same pale reflection is glimmering faintly along the wave-broken verge of the distant sea; while the denser flood, where it stretches out to meet the gray sky-line, wears something of a sad melancholy in its cold blue depth. In comfortable contrast with this lonesomeness, sitting among the deepening shadows on a dark clump of moorland, or bent, on the left-hand corner of the picture, is the dreamiest little hut, with the rarest blue smoke rising out of its crazy chimney, and floating like a spirit among the dark grays and purples sleeping on the hillsides.

The smaller upright picture is a street in Dieppe—the time, evening, from the green tinge in the blue of the sky, and the roseate hue of the low-lying clouds. It is just such an old French street as one would delight in strolling through at that poetic hour, to feast one's eyes on the bewitching mixture of sunlight and shadow, reclining side by side, or locked in loving embrace among the sombre reds, and rich browns, and warm ochres on the quaint roofs and gables and walls; and to note the leisurely figures of the picturesque women in white caps, blue shortgowns, and red petticoats, chatting in the mellow sunlight at the street corner, or moving along in the shadow under the eaves of the overhanging gables; or the slow cart in the middle of the street, its wheels resting on that streak of sunshine slanting from the old gable at the corner; or the decrepit vegetable-woman at her stand on the opposite side of that gutter, the fresh green colour of her vegetables—all the fresher and greener against the daub or two of bright red—wafting one's thoughts away to cottage gardens and pleasant orchards.

But I must not tarry any longer in this old French street, or, indeed, in this musty old saleroom, which has thrown off its pensive and meditative humour, and taken on a brisk, practical, and business-like air. Already the auctioneer and his spruce clerk have arrived, and the faces of the knots of people scattered up and down the floor are looking with expectancy towards the little pulpit. It is no longer a place for an idle dreamer like myself, and so I saunter out to the street. The sudden transition from the shadow of the saleroom to the bright white sunshine on the bustling city thoroughfare, together with the sight of the refreshing water-cart, with a group of barelegged, merry children prancing

in its cooling spray, instantly dispel my illusions; and in another moment I am as completely in the midst of the living present as I was before in the dead past.

SURGICAL SCRAPS.

THERE is a curious instrument in the *armamentarium* of the surgeon called a probang, employed for removing foreign bodies which have become fixed in the esophagus or gullet. It consists of a flexible stem, at one end of which is an arrangement of catgut fibres, and at the other end a small handle. By moving the handle slightly, these threads of catgut—which are stretched all round and parallel to the stem at its lower end—can be bent outwards in a radiating manner, which gives the instrument the appearance of a chimney-sweep's broom in miniature. When a person is so unfortunate as to get a piece of bone stuck in his throat beyond the reach of the surgeon's hand, the probang is sometimes found very useful. It can be passed down the gullet, in a closed condition, beyond the obstruction, then opened somewhat like an umbrella, and drawn upwards, carrying with it—if all goes well—the foreign body. The passing of such an instrument is far from being pleasant to the patient; but if it be done with ordinary care and judgment, it will not be attended with any harm. Every one who has known the misery attendant upon getting a good-sized piece of bone impacted in the food-passage, will understand that when the operation has proved successful, the patient is likely to consider the pleasure of seeing the offending fragment caught in the meshes of the probang cheaply purchased by the discomfort attendant upon the passage of the instrument.

Another instrument employed for passing down the esophagus is used for a different purpose. When the gullet has been severely burned internally—as, for instance, from the accidental swallowing of corrosive acids—after the ulcer produced has healed, there is a great tendency to contraction in the scar, and consequent stricture of the esophagus. This may threaten life, by tending to close the passage altogether. To prevent this, instruments called bougies are passed through the constriction from time to time. These bougies are simply firm, smooth, slightly flexible rods with rounded ends, and are various in size as regards their diameters. An instance of the passing of these instruments being turned to account in a very curious way, occurred some years ago in one of the London hospitals. A patient was suffering from stricture of the esophagus, brought about in the manner above described; and the tendency to contraction was in this case so great, that it was only by the frequent passing of instruments that it could be prevented from becoming to the last degree dangerous. Now, it was impossible that the man could remain in the hospital permanently; it was therefore decided to teach him to pass the instrument for himself. He proved capable of this, after a certain amount of instruction; and it then occurred to some one about the hospital that the daily performance of this operation might be made the means by which the man could earn a livelihood. Accordingly, the patient was advised to get a bougie made as much as possible to resemble a sword. This he did; and for a long time afterwards was to be seen about the streets of London making money by what looked like the swallowing of a sword. In his case there was really 'no deception' as regards the passing of a long instrument down towards his stomach was concerned, the only deception being that the instrument was not the weapon it represented. His daily street performance thus served him in two ways—it supplied him with food, and also kept open the passage by which that food could be conveyed to his 'inner man.'

The contraction about which we have spoken as taking place in scars formed after burns of the gullet, and which is so dangerous there, also occurs in burns on the surface of the body, and often leads to a good deal of deformity. Burns, indeed, are a great source of trouble to the surgeon in many ways. For instance, if a burn is very extensive, there may be great difficulty in getting a cicatrice to form over the whole of it. Cicatrisation only begins in the immediate neighbourhood of living epidermis, and therefore a burn or ulcer must heal from the circumference to the centre. But the further that the cicatricial tissue extends from the margin of the burn, the more slowly and the more imperfectly is it formed; and indeed it may fail altogether to reach the centre. This difficulty has often been met by a small operation called skin-grafting. A piece of sound skin about the size of a split pea is pinched up—say, on the outside of the arm—and the epidermis snipped off with a pair of curved scissors, the scissors just going deep enough to cut slightly into the second layer of the skin and draw a little blood. A special kind of scissors has been invented for the purpose, that will only take up just the right amount of skin, so that the operation is thus made even simpler still; and if it is skilfully performed, it causes only very trifling pain. The little fragment of skin thus separated is then placed gently, with its raw surface downwards, on the unhealed surface of the burn. The same thing is repeated again and again, till there are many grafts, if the burn is a large one. Isinglass plaster, or some other similar material, is employed to keep the grafts in position and preserve them from injury. In about four days they should have taken root, and then the covering can be removed. There is now a number of foci from which cicatrisation can start; for, as before said, it will begin from where there is an epidermal covering, and thence alone. After a time, a number of little islands of scar tissue may be seen, which go on increasing until at length they coalesce with one another, and also join that extending from the margin of the burn. This is what happens if all goes well; but, unfortunately, there is a very great tendency for a cicatrice formed from grafts to break down and disappear, so that the result is not by any means always so satisfactory as it at first promises to be.

Another trouble with burns is the great pain which they invariably cause; and numberless are the applications which have been recommended for its relief. The great essential in all such applications is that they should completely exclude the air; for the very slightest irritation to

the surface of a burn will give rise to the most excruciating pain. To prevent irritation and to keep the parts at rest is indeed one of the surest ways of relieving pain, not only in the case of burns, but in the treatment of other forms of injury, and also in many kinds of disease. An instance of this is found in the method adopted to relieve the pain in certain joint diseases. Those who have visited the Children's Hospital in Ormond Street, or indeed any other hospital for children, may remember having noticed that at the foot of many of the beds there was fixed a pulley, over which ran a cord with a weight attached to the end of it. This cord, it may further have been noticed, was fixed at the other end to a kind of stirrup which depended from the patient's foot. Thus the weight—which consisted of a tin canister partly filled with shot—had the effect of keeping the child's leg on the stretch continuously. In fact, the little patient looked very much as though he was lying on a kind of rack; and if the visitor could have heard the surgeon order more shot to be poured into the canister, saying that he thought the patient was able to bear more weight, the command would have sounded very like that of a torturer, rather than that of one whose object it was to relieve pain. But the truth is that this rack is a very humane one indeed. It is the rack of modern times, as distinguished from that of past ages; it is the rack of the surgeon, and not that of the inquisitor. The cases in which this apparatus is used are almost always instances of disease of the hip or knee joint. The object of this arrangement of pulley and weight is, by making traction on the foot and leg, to keep the lower of the bones, which go to form the diseased joint, away from the upper, and so avoid the excruciating pain caused by the carious or ulcerated surfaces touching one another.

The benefit in such cases of having a weight drawing on the leg is most marked at night, when the patient wishes to get to sleep. With a good heavy weight, many a patient may sleep comfortably, who would otherwise be in a most pitiable condition through the long watches of the night. The position of such a person without any weight attached would be this. Knowing from past experience what too often followed on his dropping off to sleep, he would endeavour to keep himself from doing so. This, however, would of course be impossible for long, and at last the heavy eyelids would droop, the ward with its long rows of beds would grow dimmer and dimmer, the breathing of the neighbouring sleepers would sound fainter and yet more faint, until sight and hearing failed him, and his long watching ended in sleep. But now that he was no longer on his guard to keep his limb in a state of perfect rest, the irritation of the diseased part would give rise to spasmodic contraction of the neighbouring muscles. This contraction of the muscles would bring the lower bone of the joint, with more or less violence, against the upper; the two highly sensitive ulcerated surfaces would touch, and with a shriek of agony, the child would awake, quivering in every limb. And then, as the pain gradually grew less, again the same terrible drowsiness would begin to oppress him; and after another long spell of watching, he would fall asleep once more, to be once more awakened in the same horrible manner as before. But with a sufficient weight attached, the patient may go to sleep confident of comparative ease; for the weight is too much for the spasmodic action of the muscles to overcome, and the bony surfaces therefore remain separated. And not only does the surgeon's rack thus save the patient from a terrible amount of pain, but, by allowing him to get good rest of a night, it must increase enormously the probability of ultimate recovery.

IN THE RHINE WOODS.

CUCKOO! CUCKOO!

I HEAR it again!
An echo of youth from its far sunny shore;
Through the dim distant years it resoundeth once more.
How mingled the feelings that rise with the strain—
The joy and the pain!

I hear it, but not
In the home of my childhood, the glorious and grand,
'Mid the wild woody glens of my own native land.
Ah! dear to me still is each far distant spot,
And present in thought.

I see them to-day!
The glory of Spring-time on valley and hill,
That struck to my heart with a rapturous thrill,
And friends in the sunshine of life's early ray,
Young, happy, and gay.

All vanished and gone!
Could I see it indeed as in spirit I see,
The home of my youth would be joyless to me;
Like a bird's empty nest when the tenant has flown,
Deserted and lone.

Soft, softly it rings!
O shades of the buried Past, slumber in peace!
O heart, bid thy sad, tender memories cease!
And welcome the Present, with all that it brings
Of beautiful things.

How often in youth
I have dreamed of this land of the oak and the vine,
This green, lovely land on the banks of the Rhine,
With longing prophetic, that one day in sooth
The dream should be truth.

Now gladly I rest
'Mid its scenes of enchantment with those that I love;
Warm hearts are around me, blue skies are above;
And though distant are some of the dearest and best,
I am thankful, and blest.

The years as they roll
Rob the cheek of its glow and the eyes of their light,
And much we have cherished is lost to the sight;
But one thing remains that they cannot control—
The youth of the Soul.

I. A. S.

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NATURE ON THE ROOF.

BY RICHARD JEFFERIES,

AUTHOR OF THE 'GAMEKEEPER AT HOME,' ETC.

Increased activity on the housetop marks the approach of spring and summer exactly as in the woods and hedges, for the roof has its migrants, its semi-migrants, and its residents. When the first dandelion is opening on a sheltered bank, and the pale-blue field veronica flowers in the waste corner, the whistle of the starling comes from his favourite ledge. Day by day it is heard more and more, till, when the first green spray appears on the hawthorn, he visits the roof continually. Besides the roof-tree and the chimney-top, he has his own special place, sometimes under an eave, sometimes between two gables; and as I sit writing, I can see a pair who have a ledge which slightly projects from the wall between the eave and the highest window. This was made by the builder for an ornament; but my two starlings consider it their own particular possession. They alight with a sort of half-scream half-whistle just over the window, flap their wings, and whistle again, run along the ledge to a spot where there is a gable, and with another note, rise up and enter an aperture between the slates and the wall. There their nest will be in a little time, and busy indeed they will be when the young require to be fed, to and fro the fields and the gable the whole day through, the busiest and the most useful of birds, for they destroy thousands upon thousands of insects, and if farmers were wise, they would never have one shot, no matter how the thatch was pulled about.

My pair of starlings were frequently at this ledge last autumn, very late in autumn, and I suspect they had a winter brood there. The starling does rear a brood sometimes in the midst of the winter, contrary as that may seem to our general ideas of natural history. They may be called roof-residents, as they visit it all the year round; they nest in the roof, rearing two and sometimes three broods; and use it as their club and place of meeting. Towards July, the young starlings and those that have for the time at least finished nesting, flock together, and pass the day in the fields, returning now and then to their old home. These flocks gradually increase; the starling is so prolific that the flocks become immense, till in the latter part of the autumn in southern fields it is common to see a great elm-tree black with them, from the highest bough downwards, and the noise of their chattering can be heard a long distance. They roost in firs or in osier-beds. But in the blackest days of winter, when frost binds the ground hard as iron, the starlings return to the roof almost every day; they do not whistle much, but have a peculiar chuckling whistle at the instant of alighting. In very hard weather, especially snow, the starlings find it difficult to obtain a living, and at such times will come to the premises at the rear, and at farmhouses where cattle are in the yards, search about among them for insects.

The whole history of the starling is interesting, but I must here only mention it as a roof-bird. They are very handsome in their full plumage, which gleams bronze and green among the darker shades; quick in their motions and full of spirit; loaded to the muzzle with energy, and never still. I hope none of those who are so good as to read what I have written will ever keep a starling in a cage; the cruelty is extreme. As for shooting pigeons at a trap, it is mercy in comparison.

Even before the starling whistles much, the sparrows begin to chirp; in the dead of winter they are silent; but so soon as the warmer winds blow, if only for a day, they begin to chirp. In January this year I used to listen to the sparrows chirping, the starlings whistling, and the chaffinches' 'chink, chink' about eight o'clock, or earlier, in the morning; the first two on the roof, the latter, which is not a roof-bird, in some garden shrubs. As the spring advances, the sparrows sing—it is a short song, it is true, but still it is singing—perched at the edge of a sunny wall. There is not a place about the house where they will not build

—under the eaves, on the roof, anywhere where there is a projection or shelter, deep in the thatch, under the tiles, in old eave-swallows' nests. The last place I noticed as a favourite one in towns is on the half-bricks left projecting in perpendicular rows at the sides of unfinished houses. Half-a-dozen nests may be counted at the side of a house on these bricks; and like the starlings, they rear several broods, and some are nesting late in the autumn. By degrees as the summer advances they leave the houses for the corn, and gather in vast flocks, rivalling those of the starlings. At this time they desert the roofs, except those who still have nesting duties. In winter and in the beginning of the new year, they gradually return; migration thus goes on under the eyes of those who care to notice it. In London, some who fed sparrows on the roof found that rooks also came for the crumbs placed out. I sometimes see a sparrow chasing a rook, as if angry, and trying to drive it away over the roofs where I live. The thief does not retaliate, but, like a thief, flees from the scene of his guilt. This is not only in the breeding season, when the rook steals eggs, but in winter. Town residents are apt to despise the sparrow, seeing him always black; but in the country the sparrows are as clean as a pink; and in themselves they are the most animated, clever little creatures. They are easily tamed. The Parisians are fond of taming them. At a certain hour in the Tuileries Gardens, you may see a man perfectly surrounded with a crowd of sparrows—some perching on his shoulder; some fluttering in the air immediately before his face; some on the ground like a tribe of followers; and others on the marble seats. He jerks a crumb of bread into the air—a sparrow dexterously seizes it as he would a flying insect; he puts a crumb between his lips—a sparrow takes it out and feeds from his mouth. Meantime they keep up a constant chirping; those that are satisfied still stay by and adjust their feathers. He walks on, giving a little chirp with his mouth, and they follow him along the path—a cloud about his shoulders, and the rest flying from shrub to shrub, perching, and then following again. They are all perfectly clean—a contrast to the London sparrow. I came across one of these sparrow-tamers by chance, and was much amused at the scene, which, to any one not acquainted with birds, appears marvellous; but it is really as simple as possible, and you can repeat it for yourself if you have patience, for they are so sharp they soon understand you. They seem to play at nest-making before they really begin; taking up straws in their beaks, and carrying them half-way to the roof, then letting the straws float away; and the same with stray feathers. Neither of these, starlings nor sparrows, seem to like the dark. Under the roof, between it and the first ceiling, there is a large open space; if the slates or tiles are kept in good order, very little light enters, and this space is nearly dark in daylight. Even if chinks admit a beam of light, they do not like it; they seldom enter or fly about there, though quite accessible to them. But if the roof is in bad order, and this space light, they enter freely. Though nesting in holes, yet they like light. The swallows could easily go in and make nests upon the beams, but they will not, unless the place is well lit. They do not like darkness in the daytime.

The swallows bring us the sunbeams on their wings from Africa to fill the fields with flowers. From the time of the arrival of the first swallow the flowers take heart; the few and scanty plants that had braved the earlier cold are succeeded by a constantly enlarging list, till the banks and lanes are full of them. The chimney-swallow is usually the forerunner of the three house-swallows; and perhaps no fact in natural history has been so much studied as the migration of these tender birds. The commonest things are always the most interesting. In summer there is no bird so common everywhere as the swallow, and for that reason, many overlook it, though they rush to see a 'white' elephant. But the deepest thinkers have spent hours and hours in considering the problem of the swallow—its migrations, its flight, its habits; great poets have loved it; great artists and art-writers have curiously studied it. The idea that it is necessary to seek the wilderness or the thickest woods for nature is a total mistake; nature is at home, on the roof, close to every one. Eave-swallows, or house-martins (easily distinguished by the white bar across the tail), build sometimes in the shelter of the porches of old houses. As you go in or out, the swallows visiting or leaving their nests fly so closely as almost to brush the face. Swallow means porch-bird, and for centuries and centuries their nests have been placed in the closest proximity to man. They might be called man's birds, so attached are they to the human race. I think the greatest ornament a house can have is the nest of an eave-swallow under the eaves—far superior to the most elaborate carving, colouring, or arrangement the architect can devise. There is no ornament like the swallow's nest; the home of a messenger between man and the blue heavens, between us and the sunlight, and all the promise of the sky. The joy of life, the highest and tenderest feelings, thoughts that soar on the swallow's wings, come to the round nest under the roof. Not only to-day, not only the hopes of future years, but all the past dwells there. Year after year the generations and descent of the swallow have been associated with our homes, and all the events of successive lives have taken place under their guardianship. The swallow is the genius of good to a house. Let its nest, then, stay; to me it seems the extremity of barbarism, or rather stupidity, to knock it down. I wish I could induce them to build under the eaves of this house; I would if I could discover some means of communicating with them. It is a peculiarity of the swallow that you cannot make it afraid of you; just the reverse of other birds. The swallow does not understand being repulsed, but comes back again. Even knocking the nest down will not drive it away, until the stupid process has been repeated several years. The robin must be coaxed; the sparrow is suspicious, and though easy to tame, quick to notice the least alarming movement. The swallow will not be driven away. He has not the slightest fear of man; he flies to his nest close to the window, under the low eave, or on the beams in the out-houses, no matter if you are looking on or not. Bold as the starlings are, they will seldom do this. But in the swallow, the instinct of suspicion is

reversed; an instinct of confidence occupies its place. In addition to the eave-swallow, to which I have chiefly alluded, and the chimney-swallow, there is the swift, also a roof-bird, and making its nest in the slates of houses in the midst of towns. These three are migrants, in the fullest sense, and come to our houses over thousands of miles of land and sea.

Robins frequently visit the roof for insects, especially when it is thatched; so do wrens; and the latter, after they have peered along, have a habit of perching at the extreme angle of a gable, or the extreme edge of a corner, and uttering their song. Finches occasionally fly up to the roofs of country-houses if shrubberies are near, also in pursuit of insects; but they are not truly roof-birds. Wagtails perch on roofs; they often have their nests in the ivy, or creepers trained against walls; they are quite at home, and are frequently seen on the ridges of farmhouses. Tits of several species, particularly the great titmouse and the blue tit, come to thatch for insects both in summer and winter. In some districts where they are common, it is not unusual to see a goatsucker or fern-owl hawk along close to the eaves in the dusk of the evening for moths. The white owl is a roof-bird (though not often of the house), building inside the roof, and sitting there all day in some shaded corner. They do sometimes take up their residence in the roofs of outhouses attached to dwellings, but not often nowadays, though still residing in the roofs of old castles. Jackdaws, again, are roof-birds, building in the roofs of towers. Bats live in roofs, and hang there wrapped up in their membraneous wings till the evening calls them forth. They are residents in the full sense, remaining all the year round, though principally seen in the warmer months; but they are there in the colder, hidden away, and if the temperature rises, will venture out and hawk to and fro in the midst of the winter. Tame pigeons and doves hardly come into this paper, but still it is their habit to use roofs as tree-tops. Rats and mice creep through the crevices of roofs, and in old country-houses hold a sort of nightly carnival, racing to and fro under the roof. Weasels sometimes follow them indoors and up to their roof strongholds.

When the first warm rays of spring sunshine strike against the southern side of the chimney, sparrows perch there and enjoy it; and again in autumn, when the general warmth of the atmosphere is declining, they still find a little pleasant heat there. They make use of the radiation of heat, as the gardener does who trains his fruit-trees to a wall. Before the autumn has thinned the leaves, the swallows gather on the highest ridge of the roof in a row and twitter to each other; they know the time is approaching when they must depart for another climate. In winter, many birds seek the thatched roofs to roost. Wrens, tits, and even blackbirds roost in the holes left by sparrows or starlings.

Every crevice is the home of insects, or used by them for the deposit of their eggs—under the tiles or slates, where mortar has dropped out between the bricks, in the holes of thatch, and on the straws. The number of insects that frequent a large roof must be very great—all the robins, wrens, bats, and so on, can scarcely affect them; nor the spiders, though these, too, are numerous. Then there are the moths, and those creeping creatures that work out of sight, boring their way through the rafters and beams. Sometimes a sparrow may be seen clinging to the bare wall of the house; tits do the same thing—it is surprising how they manage to hold on—they are taking insects from the apertures of the mortar. Where the slates slope to the south, the sunshine soon heats them, and passing butterflies alight on the warm surface, and spread out their wings, as if hovering over the heat. Flies are attracted in crowds sometimes to heated slates and tiles, and wasps will occasionally pause there. Wasps are addicted to haunting houses, and in the autumn, feed on the flies. Floating germs carried by the air must necessarily lodge in numbers against roofs; so do dust and invisible particles; and together, these make the rain-water collected in water-butts after a storm turbid and dark; and it soon becomes full of living organisms.

Lichen and moss grow on the mortar wherever it has become slightly disintegrated; and if any mould, however minute, by any means accumulates between the slates, there, too, they spring up, and even on the slates themselves. Tiles are often coloured yellow by such growths. On some old roofs, which have decayed, and upon which detritus has accumulated, wallflowers may be found; and the house-leek takes capricious root where it fancies. The stonecrop is the finest of roof-plants, sometimes forming a broad patch of brilliant yellow. Birds carry up seeds and grains, and these germinate in moist thatch. Groundsel, for instance, and stray stalks of wheat, thin and drooping for lack of soil, are sometimes seen there, besides grasses. Ivy is familiar as a roof-creeper. Some ferns and the pennywort will grow on the wall close to the roof. Where will not ferns grow? We saw one attached to the under-side of a glass coal-hole cover; its green could be seen through the thick glass on which people stepped daily.

Recently, much attention has been paid to the dust which is found on roofs and ledges at great heights. This meteoric dust, as it is called, consists of minute particles of iron, which are thought to fall from the highest part of the atmosphere, or possibly to be attracted to the earth from space. Lightning usually strikes the roof. The whole subject of lightning-conductors has been re-opened of late years, there being reason to think that mistakes have been made in the manner of their erection. The reason English roofs are high-pitched is not only because of the rain, that it may shoot off quickly, but on account of snow. Once now and then there comes a snow-year, and those who live in houses with flat surfaces anywhere on the roof soon discover how inconvenient they are. The snow is sure to find its way through, damaging ceilings, and doing other mischief. Sometimes, in fine summer weather, people remark how pleasant it would be if the roof were flat, so that it could be used as a terrace, as it is in warmer climates. But the fact is the English roof, although now merely copied and repeated without a thought of the reason of its shape, grew up from experience of severe winters. Of old, great care and ingenuity—what we should now call artistic skill—were employed in constructing the roof. It was not

only pleasant to the eye with its gables, but the woodwork was wonderfully well done. Such roofs may still be seen on ancient mansions, having endured for centuries. They are splendid pieces of workmanship, and seen from afar among foliage, are admired by every one who has the least taste. Draughtsmen and painters value them highly. No matter whether reproduced on a large canvas or in a little woodcut, their proportions please. The roof is much neglected in modern houses; it is either conventional, or it is full indeed of gables, but gables that do not agree, as it were, with each other—that are obviously put there on purpose to look artistic, and fail altogether. Now, the ancient roofs were true works of art, consistent, and yet each varied to its particular circumstances, and each impressed with the individuality of the place and of the designer. The finest old roofs were built of oak or chestnut; the beams are black with age, and in that condition, oak is scarcely distinguishable from chestnut.

So the roof has its natural history, its science, and art; it has its seasons, its migrants and residents, of whom a housetop calendar might be made. The fine old roofs which have just been mentioned are often associated with historic events and the rise of families; and the roof-tree, like the hearth, has a range of proverbs or sayings and ancient lore to itself. More than one great monarch has been slain by a tile thrown from the housetop, and numerous other incidents have occurred in connection with it. The most interesting is the story of the Grecian mother, who with her infant was on the roof, when, in a moment of inattention, the child crept to the edge, and was balanced on the very verge. To call to it, to touch it, would have insured its destruction; but the mother, without a second's thought, bared her breast, and the child eagerly turning to it, was saved!

BY MEAD AND STREAM.

CHAPTER XXXIV.—JUDGE ME.

Mr Beecham had spoken the words, 'You must know it all,' as if they contained a threat, but impulse directed tone and words. He became instantly conscious of his excitement, when he saw the startled expression with which Madge regarded him. His emotion was checked. Mechanically, he gripped the bridle of his passion, and held it down as a strong man restrains a restive horse.

'Shall I go on?' he said with almost perfect self-control, although his voice had not yet quite regained its usual softness. 'I know that you will be pained. I do not like that, and so you see me hesitating, and weakly trying to shift the responsibility from my own shoulders. Shall I go on?'

'I am not afraid of pain,' she answered quietly, but with a distant tremor in her voice; 'and if you think that I should hear what you have to say, say it.'

'Then I will speak as gently as it is in my power to do; but this subject always stirs the most evil passions that are in me. I want to win your confidence, and that impels me to tell you why I doubt Philip—it is because I know his father to be false.'

'Oh, you are mistaken!' she exclaimed, rising at once to the defence of a friend; 'you do not know how much good he has done!'

'No; but I do know some of the harm he has done.' There was a sort of grim humour in voice and look, as if he were trying to subdue his bitterness of heart by smiling at the girl's innocent trustfulness.

'Harm!—Mr Hadleigh harm anybody! You judge him wrongly: he may look hard and—and unpleasant; but he has a kind nature, and suffers a great deal.'

'He should suffer' (this more gently now—more like himself, and as if he spoke in sorrow rather than in anger). 'But, all the same he has done harm—cruel, wicked harm.'

'To whom—to whom?'

'To me and to your mother.' A long pause, as if he were drawing breath for the words which at length he uttered in a faltering whisper: '*His* lies separated us.'

Madge stood mute and pale. She remembered what Aunt Hessy had told her: how there had come the rumour first, and then the confident assertion of the treachery of the absent lover—no one able to tell who brought the news which the loss of his letter in the wreck, and consequently apparent silence, seemed to confirm. Then all the sad days of hoping—of faith in the absent, whilst the heart was sickening and growing faint, as the weeks, the months passed, and the unbroken silence of the loved one slowly forced the horrible conviction upon her that the news *must* be true. He—Austin, whom she had prayed not to go away—had gone without answering that pathetic cry, and had broken his troth.

Poor mother, poor mother! Oh, the agony of it all! Madge could see it—feel it. She could see the woman in her great sorrow dumbly looking across the sea, hoping, still hoping that he would come back, until despair became her master. And now to know that all this misery had been brought about by a Lie! . . . and the speaker of the lie had been Philip's father! Two lives wrecked, two hearts broken by a lie. Was it not the cruelest kind of murder?—the two lives lingering along their weary way, each believing the other faithless.

She sprang into the present again—it was too horrible. She would not believe that any man could be so wicked, and least of all Philip's father.

'I will not believe it!' she exclaimed with a sudden movement of the hands, as if sweeping the sad visions away from her.

Beecham's brows lowered, but not frowningly, as he looked long at her flushed face, and saw that the bright eyes had become brighter still in the excitement of her indignant repudiation of the charge he made.

'Do you like the man?' he asked in a low tone.

The question had never occurred to her before, and in the quick self-survey which it provoked, she was not prepared to say 'Yes' or 'No.' In the moment, too, she remembered Uncle Dick's unexplained quarrel with Mr Hadleigh on the market-day, and also that Uncle Dick, who wore his heart upon his sleeve, never much favoured the Master of Ringsford.

'He is Philip's father,' she answered simply;

and in giving the answer, she felt that it was enough for her. She *must* like everybody who belonged to Philip.

'Is that all?'

'It is enough,' she said impatiently.

'Do not be angry with me; but try to see a little with my eyes. You will do so when you learn how guilty he is.'

'I will not hear it!' and she moved.

'For Philip's sake,' he said softly but firmly, 'if not for that of another, who would tell you it was right that you should hear me.'

Madge stood still, her face towards the wall, so that he could not see her agitation. The bright fire cast the shadow of his profile on the same wall, and the silhouette, grotesquely exaggerated as the outlines were, still suggested suffering rather than anger.

'Do you know that Hadleigh has good reason for enmity towards me?'

'No; I never knew or thought that he could have reason for enmity towards any one.'

'He had towards me.'

'I believe you are wrong. I am sure of it;' and she thought that here might be her opportunity to further Philip's desire to reconcile them.

'Should you desire to test what I am about to tell you, say to Hadleigh that you have been told George Laurence was a friend of Philip's mother. He was my friend too. My poor sister was passionate and, like all passionate people, weak. Hadleigh took her from my friend *for her money*—a pitiful few hundred pounds. I never liked the man; but I hated him then, and hated him still more when Laurence, becoming reckless alike of fortune and life, ruined himself and . . . killed himself. But the crime was Hadleigh's, and it lies heavy on his soul.'

'Oh, why should you speak so bitterly of what he could neither foresee nor prevent.'

'I charged him with the murder,' Beecham continued, without heeding the interruption, 'and he could not answer me like a man. He spoke soft words, as if I were a boy in a passion; he even attempted to condole with me for the loss of my friend, until I fled from him, lest my hands should obey my wish and not my will. But he had his revenge. He made my sister's life a torture. She tried to hide it in her letters to me; but I could read her misery in every line. And then, when he discovered that I had gone into the wilds of Africa, without any likelihood of being able to send a message home for many months, he told the lie which destroyed our hopes.'

'How do you know that it was he who told it?' she asked, without moving and with some fear of the answer.

'The man he employed to spread the false report confessed to me what had been done and by whom.'

Madge's head drooped; there seemed to be no refutation of this proof of Mr Hadleigh's guilt possible.

Beecham partly understood that slight movement of the head, and his voice had become soft again when he resumed:

'I did not seek to retaliate. She was lost to me, and it did not much matter what evil influence came between us. I am not seeking to retaliate now. I would have forgotten the man and the evil he had wrought, if it had not been for the cry my sister sent to me from her deathbed. She asked me for some sign that in the future I would try to help and guide her favourite child, Philip. I gave the pledge, and she was only able to answer that I had made her happy. I am here to fulfil that pledge, and it might have been easily done, but for you.'

'For me!'—Startled, but not looking at him yet.

'Ay, for you, because I wish to be sure that you will be safe in his keeping; and to be sure of that, I wish him to prove that he has none of his father's nature in him.'

'Do you still hate his father so much?' she said distressfully.

'I have long ceased to feel hatred; but I still distrust him and all that belongs to him. Now that you know why I stand aside to watch how Philip bears himself, do you still ask me to release you from your promise?'

'I will not betray your confidence,' she answered mechanically; 'but what I ought to do I will do.'

'I would not desire you to do anything else, my child,' and all his gentleness of manner had returned. 'I will not ask you to say at this moment whether or not you think I am acting rightly. I ask only that you will remember whose child you are, and what she was to me, as you have learned what I was to her. Then you will understand and judge me.'

'I cannot judge, but I will try to understand.'

Then she turned towards him, and he saw that although she had been speaking so quietly, her pain had been great.

'Forgive me, my poor child, for bringing this sorrow to you; but it may be the means of saving you from a life of misery, or of leading you to one of happiness.'

There was a subdued element of solemnity in this—it was so calm, so earnest, that she remained silent. He imagined that he understood; but he was mistaken. She did not herself yet understand the complicated emotions which had been stirred within her. She had tried to put away those sad visions, but could not: the sorrowful face of the mother was always looking wistfully at her out of the mists. She ought to have been filled with bitterness by the account of the crime—for crime it surely was—which had wrought so much mischief, and the proof of which appeared to be so strong. Instead of that, she felt sorry for Mr Hadleigh. Here was the reason for the gloom in which he lived—remorse lay heavily upon him. Here, too, was the reason for all his kindliness to her, when he was so cold to others. She was sorry for him.

Hope came to her relief, dim at first, but growing brighter as she reflected. Might there not be some error in the counts against him? She saw that in thinking of the misfortunes of his friend Laurence, passion had caused Austin Shield to exaggerate the share Mr Hadleigh had in bringing them about. Might it not be that in a similar way he had exaggerated and misapprehended what he had been told by the man who denounced Mr Hadleigh as the person who had employed him to spread the fatal lie? Whether or not this should prove to be the case, it was clear that until

Mr Shield's mind was disabused of the belief that Philip's father had been the cause of his sorrow and her mother's, there was no possibility of effecting a reconciliation between the two men. But if all his charges were well founded—what then? . . . She was afraid to think of what might be to come after.

Still holding her hand, he made a movement towards the door. Then she spoke:

'I want you to say again that whilst I keep your secret, you leave me free to speak to Mr Hadleigh about . . . about the things you have told me.'

'Yes, if you still doubt me.'

'I will speak,' she said deliberately, 'not because I doubt you, but because I believe you are mistaken.'

Again that long look of reverent admiration of her trustfulness, and then:

'Act as your own heart tells you will be wisest and kindest.'

As he passed down the frozen gravel-path, he met Philip. He was in no mood for conversation, and saying only 'Good-evening,' passed on. Philip was surprised; although, being wearied himself, he was not sorry to escape a conversation with one who was a comparative stranger.

'What is the matter with Mr Beecham?' he inquired carelessly, when he entered the oak parlour and, to his delight, found Madge alone.

'He is distressed about some family affairs,' she answered after a little hesitation.

Philip observed the hesitation and, slight as it was, the confusion of her manner.

'Oh, something more about that affair in which you are his confidant, I suppose, and came to you for comfort. Well, I come upon the same errand—fagged and worried to death. Will you give me a glass of wine?—Stay, I should prefer a little brandy-and-water.—Thank you.'

He had dropped into an armchair, as if physically tired out. She seated herself beside him and rested a hand on his shoulder.

'You have been disturbed again at the works,' she said soothingly.

'Disturbed!—driven to my wits' end would be more like my present state. Everything is going wrong. The capital has nearly all disappeared, without any sign of a return for it, so that it looks as if I should speedily have to ask Uncle Shield for more.—What has frightened you?'

'Nothing—it was only a chill—don't mind it. Have you seen—him?'

'Came straight from him here. He was rather out of humour, I thought; and as usual, referred me to his lawyers on almost every point. As to more capital, he said there would be no difficulty about that, if he was satisfied that the first money had been prudently invested.'

'I understood that he was pleased with what you were attempting.'

'So did I; but it seems to me now as if he was anything but satisfied. However, he would give me no definite answer or advice. He would think about it—he would make inquiries, and then see what was to be done. He is right, of course; and queer as his ways are, he has been kind and generous. But if he pulls up now, the whole thing will go to smash, and—to fail, Madge, to fail, when it only requires another strong effort to make a success!'

'But you are not to fail, Philip.'

'At present, things look rather like it. Oh, it will be rare fun for them all!' he added bitterly.

'All?'

'Yes, everybody who predicted that my scheme was a piece of madness and must come to grief. That does not matter so much, though, as finding myself to be a fool. I wish uncle would talk over the matter quietly with me. I am sure he could help me. . . . Why, you are shivering. Come nearer to the fire.'

She moved her chair as he suggested.

'But how is it that the money is all gone?'

'It is not exactly gone, but sunk in the buildings and the machinery; and the disputes with the men have caused a lot of waste. The men are the real trouble; they can't get the idea into their heads, somehow; and even Caleb is turning rusty now. But that is because he is bothered about Pansy. . . . Ah, Madge' (his whole manner changing suddenly as he grasped her hand and gazed fondly into her eyes); 'although it will be a bitter pill to swallow if this scheme falls through—I was so proud of it, so hopeful of it at the start, and saw such a bright future for it, and believed it would be such a mighty social lever—although that would be bitter, I should get over it. I could never get over any trouble about you, such as that poor chap is in about Pansy. . . . But that can never be,' he concluded impulsively.

For the next few minutes he forgot all about the works, the men, and the peril in which his Utopia stood, threatening every day to tumble all to pieces. Madge was glad that his thoughts should be withdrawn for a space from his worry, and was glad to be able to breathe more freely herself in thinking only of their love, for those references to his Uncle Shield troubled her.

'You are not losing courage altogether, then?' she said smiling.

'I shall never lose it altogether so long as you are beside me, although I may halt at times,' he answered. 'There; I am better now. Don't let us talk any more to-night about disagreeable things—they don't seem half so disagreeable to me as they did when I came in.'

So, as they were not to talk about disagreeable things, they talked about themselves. They did remember Caleb and Pansy, however; and Madge promised to see the latter soon, and endeavour to persuade her to be kind to her swain.

A NORMAN SEASCAPE.

It was on our way from Paris to the sea that we found out Dives; a little town, forgotten now, but once, long ago, holding for four short weeks an urgent place in the foreground of the world's history. It is a day's journey distant from Paris, a long summer day's journey through fair France, fairest of all when one reaches green Normandy, rich in sober old farmhouses, quaint churches, orchards laden with russet fruit ripening to fill the cider-barrels.

The little station near Dives is set in a desert of sand; one white road leads this way, another that. Of the modest town itself you see nothing.

Your eye is caught for a moment as you look round you by the gentle undulation of the hills that rise behind it. On these slopes, a nameless battle was once fought and won; but the story of that struggle belongs to the past, and it is the present you have to do with. At this moment your most urgent need is to secure a seat in omnibus or supplement; all the world is going seawards, and even French politeness yields a little before the pressure of necessity; for the crowd is great and the carriages are small. There is infection in the gaiety of our fellow holiday-seekers, whose costumes are devised to hint delicately or more broadly their destination. Their pleasure is expressed with all the *naïveté* of childhood; so we too, easily enough, catch something of their spirit, and watch eagerly for the first hint of blue on the horizon, for the first crisp, salt breath in the air. Dives, after its spasmodic revival, falls back into silence, and is forgotten. We forget it too, and for the next few days the problem of life at Beuzeval-Houlgate occupies us wholly.

He who first invented Beuzeval must have had a vivid imagination, a creative genius. What possibilities did he see in that sad reach of endless sand, in that sadder expanse of sea, as we first saw it under a gray summer sky? Yet here, almost with the wave of an Aladdin's wand, a gay little town sprung into existence—fantastic houses, pseudo-Swiss châlets, very un-English 'Cottages Anglais;' 'Beach' hotels, 'Sea' hotels, 'Beautiful Sojourn' hotels lined the shore, and Paris came down and took possession. Houlgate and we are really one, though some barrier, undefinable and not to be grasped by us, divides us. But Houlgate holds itself proudly aloof from us; Houlgate leads the fashions; it is dominated by 'that ogre, gentility;' its houses are more fantastic, its costumes more magnificent, its ways more mysterious. At Beuzeval, one is not genteel, one is natural; it is a family-life of simplicity and tranquillity, as the guide-book sets forth in glowing terms. We live in a little house that faces, and is indeed set low upon the beach. There is a strip of garden which produces a gay crop of marigolds and sunflowers growing in a sandy waste—gold against gold. We belong to Mère Jeanne, an ancient lady, who wears a white cotton night-cap of the tasselled order, and who is oftenest seen drawing water at the well. Her vessel is of an antique shape; and she, too, is old. Tradition whispers that she has seen ninety winters come and go, yet her cheeks are rosy as one of her Normandy apples. One feels that life moves slowly and death comes tardily to this sea-village, where the outer world intrudes but once a year, and then but for one brief autumn month alone.

Bathing is the chief occupation of the day, and it is undertaken with a seriousness that is less French than British. Nothing can be funnier than to watch this matter of taking *le bain*. From early morning till noon, all the world is on the beach. Rows of chairs are brought down from the bath-house—all gay at this hour with wind-tossed flags—and are planted firmly in the soft loose sand; here those of us who are spectators sit and watch the show. A paternal government arranges everything for its children. Here one goes by rule. So many hours of the morning and so many hours of the evening must alone be devoted to the salt bath; such and such a space of the wide beach, carefully marked off with fluttering standards, must alone be occupied. Thus bathing is a very social affair; the strip of blue water is for the moment converted into a *salon*, where all the courtesies of life are duly observed. On the other side of the silver streak, business of the same nature is no doubt going on; but French imagination alone could evolve, French genius devise, the strange and wonderful costumes appropriate to the occasion.

Here is a lady habited in scarlet, dainty shoes and stockings to match, and a bewitching cap (none of your hideous oilskin) with falling lace and telling little bows of ribbon. Here another, clad in pale blue, with a becoming hat tied under her chin, and many bangles on her wrists. The shoes alone are a marvel. How do all these intricate knots and lacings, these glancing buckles, survive the rough and sportive usage of the waves? Who but our Gallic sisters could imagine those delicate blendings of dark blue and silver, crimson and brown, those strange stripes and æsthetic olives and drabs? The costume of the gentlemen is necessarily less varied, though here and there one notices an eccentric harlequin, easily distinguishable among the crowd; and again, what Englishman would dream of taking his morning dip with a ruff round his neck, a silken girdle, and a hat to save his complexion from the sun? Two amiable persons dressed in imitation of the British tar, obligingly spend the greater part of the day in the sea. Their business it is to conduct timid ladies from the beach and to assist them in their bath. The braver spirits allow themselves to be plunged under the brine, the more fearful are content to be sprinkled delicately from a tin basin. There is also a rower, whose little boat, furnished with life-saving appliances, plies up and down among the crowd, lest one more venturesome than his neighbours should pass beyond his depth; an almost impossible event, as one might say, seeing with what fondness even the boldest swimmer clings to the shore.

Danger on these summer waters seems a remote contingency. Here is neither 'bar that thunders' nor 'shale that rings.' It is for the most part a lazy sea, infinitely blue, that comes softly, almost caressingly, shorewards. At first, one is struck with the absence of life which it presents—the human element uncounted. There is no pier, and boating as a pastime is unknown. Occasionally, a fleet of brown-sheeted fishing-smacks rides out from the little port of Dives, each sail slowly unfurled, making a spot of warm colour when the sun shines on the canvas; now and then there is a gleam of white wings on the far horizon. But the glory of the place is its limitless, uninterrupted sea, shore, and sky—endless reaches of golden sand, endless plains of blue water. With so liberal a space of heaven and of ocean, you have naturally room for many subtle effects, countless shades and blendings of colour, most evanescent coming and going of light and shadow. To the left, gay little Cabourg, all big hotels and Parisian finery, runs out to meet the sea; farther still, Luc is outlined against the sky. To the right are the cliffs at Havre, pink

at sunset; their position marked when dusk has fallen by the glow of the revolving light. Beyond, *là bas*—that 'indifferent, supercilious' French *là bas*—an 'elsewhere' of little importance, lies unseen England. When the sun has set, dipping its fireball in haste to cool itself in the waters, there comes sometimes an illusive effect as of land, dim, far off, indistinct; but it is cloud-land, not our sea-island.

The sunsets are a thing to marvel at, never two nights alike. 'C'est adorable!' as our old Norman waiting-woman said, with a fervent pressure of the hands, as she looked with us on 'the crimson splendour when the day had waned.' Sometimes it is a lingering glory, the rose-light on the pools fading slowly, as if loath to go; sometimes the spectacle is more quickly over, and almost 'with one stride comes the dark;' then swiftly in their appointed order the familiar stars. Now and again, it is a great storm—a blue-black sea and an inky sky, rent too frequently by the zigzags of the lightning. There is always the charm of change and novelty; the piquancy of the unexpected.

After the serious business of the bath is over, the lunch-hour has arrived. Being as it were one family, we all take our meals at the same time. Later in the afternoon, Houlgate rides and drives, elegant landaus, carriages with linen umbrellas suspended over them, donkey-carts driven by beautiful young ladies in beautiful Paris gowns. Beuzeval braves the dust, and looks on respectfully at the show; but Beuzeval does not drive much. It takes its little folks to the beach and helps them to build sand-castles. It goes off in bands armed with forks to the exciting chase of the *équilles*. These little fish of the eel tribe, which are savoury eating, burrow in the sand at low tide, and it requires some skill to capture them. Whole families go out shrimping too, looking not unpicturesque as, set against the light on the far sea-margin, they push their nets before them. One afternoon we watched two bearded men amuse themselves for hours with flying a pink kite. Their gesticulations were lively, and their excitement great, when at last it sailed bravely before the breeze. We are very easily amused here; for the most part, we are content to look about us, hospitable to all stray impressions. At such times, one is tempted to the idlest speculations. Why, for instance, are all the draught-horses white? Is it that the blue sheep-skin collar may have the advantage of contrast? Why, in a land of green pastures, where kine abound, is milk at a ransom price, and butter not always eatable? Why, again, in spite of our simplicity, our *vie de famille*, is it necessary to one's well-being here to have an inexhaustible Fortunatus's purse? But these things are mysteries; let us cease to meddle with them, and follow Houlgate wider afield, on foot, if you will, to little Dives, too long neglected—Dives, which sends its placid river to swell the sea, but lingers inland itself, hardly on the roughest day within sound of the waves.

It was at Dives that Duke William of Normandy and his host waited for the south wind, that fair wind that was to carry them to England. The harbour, choked now with the shifting sand, and sheltering nothing larger than a fishing-smack—held the fleet which some have numbered in thousands; gallant ships for which Normandy's noblest forest trees were sacrificed during that long summer of preparation. Finest of them all, riding most proudly on the waves, was William's own *Mora*, the gift of his Matilda. At its prow there was carved in gold the image of a boy 'blowing on an ivory horn pointing towards England.' 'Stark' Duke William thus symbolised his conquest before ever he set foot on that alien shore. On the gentle slopes above the little town, where the cattle feed, the great army encamped itself, waiting for that fair wind that never came. Four weeks they lingered, long enough to associate the seaport inseparably with the Conqueror's name; and brave stories are chronicled of the order he kept among his fierce Gauls, and how the worthy people of Dives learned to look on the strangers without distrust—almost with indifference; to till their fields, to tend their flocks, to gather in the harvest, as if no nation's fate hung on the caprice of a breeze. Four weeks of this, and then that great company melted away almost with the suddenness of a certain Assyrian host of old—a west wind blew gently—not the longed-for south; but the ships, weary of inaction, spread their wings, and flew away to St Valery, where a narrower band of blue separated them from the desired English haven. And the village folks were left once more to the vast quietude of their country life.

There is an old church, rebuilt since English Edward destroyed it, a noble specimen of Norman architecture, and there they keep recorded on marble the names of the knights who sailed on that famous expedition from the port hard by. The church has its legend, too, of a wondrous effigy of our Lord found by the fishermen who launched their nets in these waters. It bore the print of nails in the hands and feet; but the cross to which it had been fastened was awanting. The village folks gave it reverent sanctuary, and devout hands busied themselves in fashioning a crucifix; but no crucifix—let the workman be ever so skilful—could be made to fit the carven Christ. This one was too short, that too long. Clearly the miracle had been but half wrought; the cross must be sought where the image had already been found. In faith, the fishermen cast their nets again and again into the deep. At last, after long patience on their part, the sea gave up what it had previously denied. The long-lost cross was found; and with the figure nailed to it once more, the sacred symbol was borne to its resting-place. A great feast-day that, for Dives; but only the memory of it lingers. The treasure has vanished, and nothing save a curious picture representing the miracle remains to witness to the event. It hangs in the transept, and there are many who linger to look at it. The outside of this grand building pleased us well; it stands secure and free, with open spaces about it, green woods behind, and the blue sky of France above. A stone's-throw off there is the market, which is nothing but a wide and deep overhanging roof, supported on pillars of carved wood. Here the sturdy peasants of this white-cotton-night-cap country sell the cheeses that smell so evilly and taste so well.

But the chief interest of Dives centres itself in the Hôtellerie de Guillaume le Conquérant.

Heart could not desire a quainter, more out-of-the-world spot in which to pass a summer day. One may take a hundred or two of years from the reputed date—they boast that Duke William was housed here, and they show you the chain by which the *Mora* was fastened to the shore!—and yet leave the place ancient enough. The famous reception-rooms may have been, and have been, redecorated and renewed after an old pattern; but they contain treasures that can boast a very respectable past. Such black carved oak is seldom to be seen; and there are tattered hangings, brasses, bits of china enough to fill a virtuoso's heart with envy; a wonderful medley of all tastes and periods.

Of deepest interest to some of us is the Louis XIV. chair with gilded arms and seat of faded, silken brocade, from which the most brilliant correspondent of her day wrote some of the letters that are models yet of what letters ought to be. Madame de Sévigné came here once and again on her way to Les Rochers. Once, at least, she came with 'an immense retinue,' that must have taxed the resources of the modest inn, smaller then than now. The 'good and amiable' Duchess de Chaulnes is of the company. Madame de Carmen makes the third in the trio. The ladies travel 'in the best carriage' with 'the best horses,' and that large following behind them. Madame de Chaulnes, who is all activity, is up with the dawn. 'You remember how, in going to Bourbon, I found it easier to accommodate myself to her ways than to try and mend them.' They make quite a royal progress, halting here and there. At Chaulnes the good duchess is taken ill, seized with sore throat. The kindest lady in the world nurses her friend and undertakes the cure. 'At Paris she would have been bled; but here she was only rubbed for some time with our famous balsam, which produced quite a miracle. Will you believe, my dearest, that in one night this precious balsam completely cured her?' While the patient slept, the kind nurse wandered in the noble alleys and the neglected gardens. 'I call this rehearsing for Les Rochers,' she writes gaily; but there is little heat, 'not one nightingale to be heard—it is winter on the 17th of April.'

Soon, however, the southern warmth floods the land, and they set off, a gay trio, and one of them at least with eyes for every quick-passing beauty as they drive through green Normandy. From Caen she writes: 'We were three days upon the road from Rouen to this place. We met with no adventures; but fine weather and spring in all its charm accompanied us. We ate the best things in the world, went to bed early, and did not suffer any inconvenience. We were on the sea-coast at Dives, where we slept.' (She loves the sea, and elsewhere tells how she sat at her chamber window and looked out on it.) 'The country is beautiful.' Later, she exclaims: 'I have seen the most beautiful country in the world. I did not know Normandy at all; I had seen it when too young. Alas! perhaps not one of those I saw here before is left alive—that is sad!' This is the shadow in the bright picture; she, too, is growing old, and her spring will not return. It is the last journey she is making to the well-loved country home.

Somehow, as we turn away from the quaint hostelry, it is this gracious and beautiful lady who goes with us, and not 'stark' hero William. At Beuzeval, as we reach it, the sun is already dipping towards the sea, and all the bathers—a fantastic crowd set against the red light—are hurrying homewards across the sands.

ARE OUR COINS WEARING AWAY?

After the recent speech by the Chancellor of the Exchequer in which he showed that our gold coins are much lighter than they ought to be, we shall have to answer the above question in the affirmative. Our coins *are* wearing away, and although not at any very alarming rate, yet at a perceptible one. Every sovereign, half-sovereign, half-crown, florin, shilling, or sixpence, &c., which has been out of the Mint any length of time, weighs less now than it did when brand new. Indeed, in some old coins this is quite evident upon a casual inspection, for the image may be worn flat and unrecognisable, and the superscription may be illegible. Now, the difference in value between this old coin and the same coin when turned out new may be very trifling; but when we consider that there are probably millions in circulation which have similarly suffered depreciation to a greater or less extent, and that this loss will at some time or other have to be made good, this question of the wear of our coins becomes of sufficient importance for a Chancellor of the Exchequer to seek to cope with it. We shall here only offer a few observations on the mechanical aspects of the subject.

The office youth fetching a bag of gold from the bank to pay wages with—the workman putting his small share into his pocket after the lot has been shot on to a desk and his money has been duly apportioned to him—the shopman banging it on his counter to see whether it is sound when it is tendered in payment for groceries, &c., are all participators in a gigantic system of unintentional 'sweating.' Under this usage—quite inseparable, by the way, from the functions the coinage has to subserve—it would appear that in the United Kingdom alone there is something like seven hundred and ten thousand pounds-worth of gold-dust floating about, widely distributed, and in microscopic particles, lost to the nation—dust which has been abraded from the gold coins now in circulation. There are similarly thousands of pounds-worth of silver particles from our silver coinage worn off in the same way.

It has been estimated from exact data that a hundred-year-old sovereign has lost weight equivalent to a depreciation of eightpence; in other words, that such a sovereign is only of the intrinsic value of nineteen shillings and fourpence. There has been a hundred years of wear for eightpence—as cheap, one would think, as one could possibly get so much use out of a coin for; but as we shall now see, we have, comparatively speaking, to pay more for the use of other coins. Thus, for a hundred years of use of a half-sovereign we pay a small fraction under eightpence; in other words, the half-sovereign has lost nearly as much weight as the sovereign; and considering its value, it has therefore cost the nation nearly twice as much for its use, two half-sovereigns costing us nearly one shilling and fourpence. It appears from Mr Childers's statement that at the present time, taking old and new coins, there are in the United

Kingdom ninety million sovereigns in circulation; and of these, fifty millions are on the average worth nineteen shillings and ninepence-halfpenny each. Of the forty million half-sovereigns in circulation, some twenty-two millions are of the intrinsic value of nine shillings and ninepence three-farthings each. Hence the proposal of the Chancellor of the Exchequer to issue, instead of half-sovereigns, ten-shilling pieces, or tokens, containing only nine shillings-worth of gold, with the idea of making up for the loss by waste of the gold coins now in circulation.

Now, if we inquire into the reason why the half-sovereign wastes so much faster than the sovereign, we can only come to the conclusion that, being of half the value, it is a more convenient coin than the sovereign, and consequently has a much busier life. This applies with greater force still to coins like the half-crown, shilling, and sixpence, which are only one-eighth, one-twentieth, and one-fortieth respectively of the value of a sovereign. And we find upon examination, what one would naturally expect, that the silver coinage is even more costly than the gold coinage. The depreciation of the half-crown, reckoned in terms of itself, is more than double that of the half-sovereign; that is, if a half-sovereign wastes in the course of a century to the extent of one-fifteenth of its value, the half-crown will waste more than two-fifteenths of its value. The depreciation of shilling-pieces is not far off three times as much as that of half-crowns; and sixpences waste faster than shillings, though by no means twice so fast. There is thus an immense waste of our silver coinage taking place, and it proceeds at such a rate in the case of sixpences, that the intrinsic value of one a hundred years old would be only threepence, a century of use having worn away half the silver.

It is evident from these facts that the relative amounts of wear of coins are *not* so much owing to the nature of the metal they are made of as to the activity of the life they have to lead. The less the value of the coin, the greater is the use to which it is put; and consequently, the greater is the depreciation in its value from wear in a given time. The sovereign being of greatest value, is used least, and depreciates the least—a circumstance quite in accordance with the fitness of things when we reflect that it is 'really an international coin, largely used in exchange operations, known to the whole commercial world,' and that any heavy depreciation of it would lead to much embarrassment.

SILAS MONK.

A TALE OF LONDON OLD CITY.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER III.

UNLESS Rachel had reflected, in the midst of her alarm at the absence of her grandfather, that Walter Tiltcroft would be at the counting-house of Armytage and Company at an early hour, there is no saying what steps she might have taken with the hope of gaining some tidings of the old man. If anything had happened, Walter must be the first to bear the news to her. Towards nine o'clock, therefore, her anxiety began to take a different form; she ceased to expect her grandfather's return, and dreaded the appearance of her lover.

The house was soon put in order; everything about the poor home of Silas Monk looked as neat and clean as usual. Rachel was on the point of taking up her needlework, when a quick step on the pavement under the window attracted her attention. It was Walter Tiltcroft. He followed her into the sitting-room. He was somewhat out of breath; and when Rachel caught sight of his face, she thought she had never seen it so pale. 'Sit down, Walter,' said the girl, placing a chair. 'You have come to tell me something. You have come to tell me'—and here her voice almost failed her—'you have come to tell me that he is dead.'

'No. I thought that I should find your grandfather here.'

'Why, he has not been here the whole night long!'

The young man passed his hand confusedly across his brow. 'What did I tell you I saw at the office last night?'

'You told me,' answered Rachel, 'that you saw grandfather, through a hole in the shutter, counting handfuls of sovereigns on his desk.'

'Ah!' exclaimed Walter, 'then I cannot have dreamt it. I was the first to enter the office this morning. His room was empty. His ledgers were lying on his desk; the key was in the lock of the large safe, and the door of the safe stood open. But there were no signs of Silas Monk.'

The girl looked at the young man with a scared face. 'What shall we do, if he is lost?'

Walter rose quickly from his seat. 'Wait!' cried he. 'We shall find him. Mr Armytage has sent for a detective—one, as they say, who can see through a stone wall.'

'Oh!' cried the girl, 'they cannot suspect my grandfather! I shall not rest until you bring him back to me, here, in our old home.'

The young man promised, with earnest looks and words, to do his best; and then hurried away with all possible despatch.

The commotion at the office, which had been going on ever since nine o'clock that morning, was showing no signs of abatement when Walter walked in. The entrance was guarded by two stalwart police-officers, who assisted the young clerk to make his way through a gaping crowd. Rumours had already spread about the city: Silas Monk had 'gone off,' some said, with the contents of the great iron safe in the strong-room of Armytage and Company; and the value of the documents which he had purloined was estimated at sums varying from one to ten thousand pounds. Other reports went even further, and declared that Silas, when entering as a clerk into the firm of Armytage and Company, years and years ago, had sold himself to the Evil One; that last night, while the old city clocks were striking twelve, he had received a visit—as did Faust from Mephistopheles—and had been whisked away in the dark.

Walter Tiltcroft found another constable near the stairs. 'You're wanted,' said the officer in a snappish manner. 'This way.' The man conducted Walter to the private office of Mr Armytage, the senior partner. Here he left him.

Walter stepped into the room boldly, but with a fast-beating heart. A gentleman with a head

as white as snow and with a very stiff manner, was standing on the rug before the fire, as he entered. 'Do you want me, Mr Armytage?'

The senior partner turned his eyes upon the clerk. 'Yes, Tiltcroft; I want you.'

Looking round, Walter noticed for the first time that they were not alone. Seated at a table, with his back to the window, so that his face was in shade, was a gentleman, writing quickly with a quill-pen. This gentleman had jet-black hair, cut somewhat short; and there was a tuft of black whisker on a level with each ear. His hat was on the table, and beside the hat was lying a thick oaken stick.

Walter had made this observation in a rapid glance, when Mr Armytage added: 'What news have you brought from Silas Monk's house?—Has Silas been there?'

'No, sir; not for twenty-four hours.'

'Ah! Now, tell me, were you not the last to leave the office yesterday?'

When Mr Armytage put this question, the noise of the pen suddenly ceased. Was the gentleman with the jet-black hair listening? Walter could not look round, because the senior partner's eyes were fixed upon him. But he felt inclined to think that the gentleman was listening very attentively, being anxious to record the answer. 'I was the last, sir, except Silas Monk,' was Walter's reply.

The pen gave a short scratch, and stopped.

'Except Silas, of course,' said Mr Armytage. 'Did you, after leaving Silas, go straight home?'

'No, sir.'

'Tell me where you did go, will you?'

'First of all, under the scaffold outside, where I called out, in order to ascertain if the workmen had gone. As I found no one there, I closed the front-door. Then I came back, and sat down in a dark place on the staircase.'

Scratch, scratch, scratch from the quill.

'On the staircase!' exclaimed Mr Armytage, with surprise.

'I wanted to know why Silas Monk never went home when the rest did, because his granddaughter was uneasy about him,' continued Walter. 'She told me that it was often close upon midnight before he got home.'

'Well?'

'I found out what kept him at the office.'

The senior partner raised his chin, and said encouragingly: 'Tell us all about it.'

Walter remained silent for a moment, as though collecting his thoughts; then he said: 'What happened that night at the office, Mr Armytage, is simply this. I had hardly sat down on the staircase when, to my surprise, a workman came out of the yard from his work on the scaffold. I stopped him and questioned him. He told me that he had remained to finish some repairs on the roof, and had not heard me call. I let the man out, and then returned to my place.'

The scratching of the quill began and finished while Walter was speaking. He was about to resume, when the gentleman at the table held up the pen to enforce silence.

'Mr Armytage,' said the stranger, 'ask your clerk if he can tell us, from previous knowledge, anything about this workman.'

The senior partner looked inquiringly at Walter.

'I've known him for years,' said the young clerk. 'When a man is wanted to repair anything in the office, we always send for Joe Grimrood.' While the quill was scratching, the head gave a nod, and the voice exclaimed: 'Go on!'

Walter then mentioned briefly by what accident he had discovered Silas Monk at his desk with the pile of sovereigns before him; and how, not daring to disturb him, he had gone away convinced that the head-cashier was nothing better than an 'old miser,' as he expressed it.

As soon as Walter Tiltcroft had finished his recital, the pen gave a final scratch; then the stranger rose from the table, folded some papers together, placed them in his breast-pocket, and taking up his hat and stick, went out.

When he was gone, the senior partner, still standing on the rug, turned to Walter, and said: 'Go back to your desk. Do not quit the counting-house to-day; you may be wanted at any moment.'

All day long, Walter sat at his desk waiting, with his eyes constantly bent upon the iron-bound door of the strong-room. Within it, he pictured to himself Silas Monk wrapped in a white shroud lying stretched in death, with his hands crossed, and his head raised upon huge antique ledgers. Presently, Walter even fancied that he heard the sovereigns chinking as they dropped out of the old man's hands, followed by the sound of shuffling feet; and once, while he was listening, there seemed to issue from this chamber a stifled cry, which filled him with such terror and dismay, that he found it no easy matter to hide his agitation from his fellow-clerks, who would have laughed at him, if they had had the slightest suspicion that he was occupying his time in such an unprofitable manner, while they were as busily engaged with the affairs of Armytage and Company as if Silas Monk had never been born.

While these fancies were still troubling Walter Tiltcroft's brain, he was sent for by the senior partner. 'Read that,' said Mr Armytage, pointing to a paper on his table as the young man entered the room. 'It is a telegram from Fenwick the detective.' It ran as follows:

'*Send Tiltcroft alone to Limehouse Police Station.*'

Walter looked at the senior partner for instructions. 'Go!' cried Mr Armytage with promptness—'go, without a moment's delay!'

The young man started off as quickly as his legs would carry him for the railway terminus near Fenchurch Street. What an inexpressible relief to escape from his ghostly fantasy regarding the old strong-room, and to feel that he was at last beginning to take an active and important part in the search for Silas Monk!

The train presently arrived at Limehouse. Walter leaped out and made his way with all speed to the police station. He inquired for the detective of the first constable he saw, standing, as though on guard, at the open doorway.

'What name?'

'Tiltcroft.'

The constable gave a short comprehensive nod; then he looked into the office, and jerked his head significantly at another constable who was seated at a desk. This man quickly disappeared into an inner room.

'Walk in,' said the custodian at the doorway, 'and wait.'

Walter walked in, and waited for what seemed an interminable time. But Fenwick made his appearance at last, walking briskly up to the young clerk and touching him on the shoulder with the knob of his stick. 'It's a matter of identification,' said he mysteriously; 'come along.' He settled his hat on with the brim touching his black eyebrows, and led the way into the street. Walter followed. They walked along through well-lighted thoroughfares, up narrow passages and down dark lanes, until they came suddenly upon a timber-yard with the river flowing beyond. At this point the detective stopped and gave a low whistle. This signal was immediately followed by the sound of oars; and the dark outline of a boat gliding forward, grew dimly visible out of the obscurity, below the spot where Fenwick and the young clerk stood. Some one in the boat directed the rays of a lantern mainly upon their feet, revealing steep wooden steps.

'Follow me!' cried the detective.

As they went down step by step to the water's edge, the rays of the lantern descended, dropping always a few inches in advance to guide them, until they were safely shipped, when the lantern was suddenly suppressed, and the boat was jerked cautiously out into the river by a figure near the bow, handling shadowy oars.

Towards what seemed the centre of the stream there was a light shining so high above them that it appeared, until they drew nearer, like a solitary star in the dark sky. But the black bulk of a ship's stern presently coming in sight, it was apparent that the light belonged to a large vessel lying at anchor in the river. Under the shadow of this vessel—if further shadow were possible in this deep darkness—the boat pulled up, and the lantern was again produced. 'I'll go first, my lad,' said Fenwick, touching Walter on the shoulder again with his stick. 'Keep close.'

This time the rays from the lantern ascended, rising on a level with the men's heads as they went up the ship's side. As soon as they reached the deck, the rays again vanished.

'We will now proceed to business,' said the detective.

'Ay, ay, sir,' cried a sailor who had stepped forward to receive the visitors. 'Your men are waiting below.'

'Then lead the way.'

Walter, wondering what this mystification meant, followed close upon the heels of Fenwick and the sailor. A few steps brought them to what was obviously the entrance to the steerage, for it had the dingy appearance common to that part of a passenger-ship.

'Are the emigrants below?' asked the detective.

'Ay, ay,' replied the sailor—'fast asleep.'

'So much the better,' remarked Fenwick. Then he added, with a glance at Walter: 'Now for the identification.'

The sailor led the way down to heaps of human beings lying huddled together not unlike sheep, with their heads against boxes, or upon canvas bags, or packages covered with tarpaulin. The air was warm and oppressive; and the men, women, and children who were packed in this place had a uniform expression of weariness on their faces, as though they were resigned to all the perils and dangers that could be encountered upon a long voyage.

'When do you weigh anchor?' asked the detective.

'At daybreak,' answered the sailor.

'Ah! a little sea-air won't be amiss,' remarked Fenwick, looking about him thoughtfully.—'Now, let me see.' He peered into the faces with his quick keen eyes, leaning his chin the while upon the knob of his stick. Presently he cocked an eye at Tiltcroft, and said: 'See any one you recognise?'

Walter threw a swift glance around him. Most of the faces were thin and pale, and there were several eyes staring at him and his companion; but many eyes were closed in sleep; among these he saw a half-hidden face which he seemed to know, yet for the moment could not recall; but the recollection quickly flashed upon him.

The detective, watching his expression, saw the change; and following the direction in which Walter was staring in blank surprise, perceived that the object in which he appeared to take such a sudden interest was a large, muscular person, wrapped in a thick pea-jacket, with his head upon his arm, and his arm resting upon a sea-chest, which was corded with a thick rope. The man was fast asleep, and on his head was a mangy-looking skin-cap, pulled down to his eyebrows.

'Well,' said the detective, glancing from this man into Walter's face; 'who is he?'

'Joe Grimrood!' cried Walter.

It would seem as though the man had heard the mention of his name; for, as Walter pronounced it, he frowned, and opening his eyes slowly, looked up askance, like an angry dog.

'Get up!' said the detective, giving the man a playful thrust in the ribs; 'you're wanted.'

Joe Grimrood showed his teeth, and started, as though about to spring upon Fenwick. But on reflection, he appeared to think better of it, and simply growled.

Fenwick turned to the sailor, and said, pointing to the chest against which Joe Grimrood still leaned, 'Uncord that box. And if,' he added—'if that man moves or utters a word, bind him down hands and feet with the rope. Do you understand?'

'Ay, ay, sir,' cried the sailor, with a grin on his honest-looking face. With all the dexterity of a practised 'tar,' the sailor removed the cord from the chest; then he glanced at the detective for further instructions.

'Open it!' cried Fenwick.

At these words, Joe Grimrood, who sat with his back against the iron pillar and his arms crossed defiantly, showed signs of rebellion in his small glittering eyes. But a glance from Fenwick quelled him.

When the chest was opened, a quantity of old clothes was discovered. 'Make a careful search,' said the detective. 'If you find nothing more valuable than old clothes in that box, I shall be greatly surprised.'

Something far more valuable, sure enough, soon came to light. One after another the sailor brought out fat little bags, which, being shaken, gave forth a pleasant ring not unlike the chink of gold.

Fenwick presently, after opening one of these bags, held it up before Joe Grimrood's eyes, tauntingly. 'You're a nice emigrant, ain't you? Why, a man of your wealth ought to be a first-class passenger, not a steerage. How did you manage to accumulate such a heap of gold?'

Joe Grimrood gave another growl, and replied: 'Let me alone. I'm an honest workman. Mr Tiltcroft there will tell you if I'm not; asking his pardon.'

'That's no answer. How do you come by all this gold?'

'By the sweat of my brow,' answered the man, with the perspiration rolling down his face. 'So help me. By the sweat of my brow.'

'That will do,' continued the detective. 'Take my advice, and don't say another word.—Come, Tiltcroft. The sooner we get back to the city the better. There is work to be done there to-night.' With these words, Fenwick beckoned to two constables. These men, at a sign from the detective, seized Joe Grimrood and handcuffed him before he had time to suspect their intention. Meanwhile, the sailor had packed up the box, gold and all, and had corded it down as quickly as he had uncorded it.

The constables went first, with Joe Grimrood between them. The man showed no resistance. Behind him followed the sailor with the valuable chest. The detective and Tiltcroft brought up the rear. The boat which had brought Walter and his companions alongside the emigrant ship was still waiting under the bow when they came on deck. In a few minutes, without noise or confusion, they were once more in their places, with the chest and Joe Grimrood—still between the two constables—by way of additional freight. Once more the boat moved across the dark river and carried them to the shore.

Having deposited Joe Grimrood and his luggage at the police station, the detective turned to Walter and said: 'Now, my lad, let us be off. This business in the city is pressing. Every moment is precious; it's a matter of life and death.'

THE RATIONALE OF HAUNTED HOUSES.

That a very old house should gain the reputation of being haunted is not surprising, especially if it has been neglected and allowed to fall out of repair. The woodwork shrinks, the plaster crumbles away; and through minute slits and chasms in window-frames and door-cases there come weird and uncanny noises. The wind sighs and whispers through unseen fissures, suggesting to the superstitious the wailings of disembodied spirits. A whole household was thrown into consternation, and had its repose disturbed, one stormy winter, by a series of lamentable howls and shrieks that rang through the rooms. The sounds were harrowing, and as they rose fitfully and at intervals, breaking the silence of the night, the stoutest nerves among the listeners were shaken. For a long time the visitation continued to harass the family, recurring by day as well as night, and especially in rough weather. When there was a storm, piercing yells and shrieks would come, sudden and startling, changing anon into low melancholy wails. It was unaccountable. At length the mystery was solved. Complaints had been made of draughts through the house, and as a remedy, strips of gutta-percha had at some former time been nailed along the window-frames, while its owners were at the seaside. This, for some reason explainable upon acoustic principles, had caused the disturbance. Even after the gutta-percha had been torn away, a sudden blast of wind striking near some spot to which a fragment still adhered, would bring a shriek or moan, to remind the family of the annoyance they had so long endured.

Meantime, the house got a bad reputation, and servants were shy of engaging with its owners. A maid more strong-minded than the others, and who had hitherto laughed at their fears, came fleeing to her mistress on one occasion, saying she must leave instantly, and that nothing would induce her to pass another night under the roof. There was a long corridor at the top of the house, and the girl's story was, that in passing along it, she heard footsteps behind her. Stopping and looking back, she saw no one; but as soon as she went on, the invisible pursuer did so too, following close behind. Two or three times she stood still suddenly, hoping the footsteps would pass on and give her the go-by; instead of which, they pulled up when she did. And when at last, wild with terror, she took to her heels and ran, they came clattering along after her to the end of the passage!

The mistress suspected that some one was trying to frighten the girl, and she urged her to come up-stairs and endeavour to find out the trick. This the terrified damsel refused to do, so the lady went off alone. On reaching the corridor and proceeding along it, she was startled to find that, as the maid had described, some one seemed to be following her. Tap, tap, clack, clack—as of one walking slipshod with shoes down at heel—came the steps, keeping pace with her own; stopping when she stopped, and moving on when she did. In vain the lady peered around and beside her; nothing was to be seen. It could be no trick, for there was nobody in that part of the house to play a practical joke.

Ere long the cause was discovered in the shape of a loose board in the flooring of the corridor. The plank springing when pressed by the foot in walking along, gave an echoing sound that had precisely the effect of a step following; and this, in the supposed haunted house, was sufficient to raise alarm.

It happened to us once to be a temporary dweller in a mansion that had a ghostly reputation. We were on our way to Paris, travelling with an invalid; and the latter becoming suddenly too ill to proceed on the journey, we were forced to stop in the first town we came to. The hotel being found too noisy, a house in a quiet street was engaged by the week. It was a grand old mansion, that had once belonged to a magnate of the land; fallen now from its high estate, and but indifferently kept up. Wide stone staircases with balusters of carved oak led to rooms lofty and spacious, whose walls and ceilings were decorated with gilded enrichments and paintings in the style of Louis XIV. At the side of the house was a covered-way leading to the stables and offices. This was entered through a tall *porte cochère;* and at either side of the great gates, fixed to the iron railings, were a couple of those huge

metal extinguishers—still sometimes to be seen in quaint old houses—used in former times to put out the torches or links carried at night by running footmen beside the carriages of the great. The stables and offices of the place were now falling into decay, and the *porte cochère* generally stood open until nightfall, when the gates were locked.

We had been in the house for some little time before we heard the stories of supernatural sights and sounds connected with it—of figures flitting through halls and passages—the ghosts of former occupants; of strange whisperings and uncanny noises. There certainly were curious sounds about the house, especially in the upper part, where lumber-closets were locked and sealed up, through whose shrunken and ill-fitting doors the wind howled with unearthly wails. In the dining-hall was a row of old family pictures, faded and grim; and the popular belief was that, at the 'witching hour,' these worthies descended from their frames and held high festival in the scene of former banquetings. No servant would go at night into this room alone or in the dark.

We had with us a young footman called Carroll, the son of an Irish tenant; devoted to his masters, under whom he had been brought up. He was a fine young fellow, bold as a lion, and ready to face flesh and blood in any shape; but a very craven as regarded spirits, fairies, and supernatural beings, in whom he believed implicitly. One night, after seeing the invalid settled to rest and committed to the care of the appointed watcher, I came down to the drawing-room to write letters. It was an immense saloon, with—doubling and prolonging its dimensions—wide folding-doors of looking-glass at the end. I had been writing for some time; far, indeed, into the 'small-hours.' The fire was nearly out; and the candles, which at their best had only served to make darkness visible in that great place, had burnt low. The room was getting chilly, dark shadows gathering in the corners. Who has not known the creepy, shivering feeling that will come over us at such times, when in the dead silence of the sleeping house we alone are wakeful? The furniture around begins to crack; the falling of a cinder with a clink upon the hearth makes us start. And if at such a time the door should slowly and solemnly open wide, as doors sometimes will, 'spontaneous,' we look up with quickening pulse, half expecting to see some ghastly spectral shape glide in, admitted by invisible hands. Should sickness be in the house, and the angel of death—who knows?—be brooding with dark wing over our dwelling, the nerves, strained by anxiety, are more than usually susceptible of impressions. I was gathering my papers together and preparing to steal up-stairs past the sick-room, glad to escape from the pervading chilliness and gloom, when the door opened. Not, this time, of itself; for there—the picture of abject terror—stood Carroll the footman. He was as pale as ashes, shaking all over; his hair dishevelled, and clothes apparently thrown on in haste. To my alarmed exclamation, 'What *is* the matter?' he was unable, for a minute, to make any reply, so violently his lips were trembling, parched with fear. At last I made out, among half-articulate sounds, the words 'Ghost, groans.'

'Oh,' I said, 'what nonsense! You have been having a bad dream. You ought to know better, you who'——

My homily was cut short by a groan so fearful, so unlike anything I had ever heard or imagined, that I was dumb with horror.

'Ah-h-h!—there it is again!' whispered Carroll, dropping on his knees and crossing himself; while vehemently thumping his breast, he, as a good Catholic, began to mumble with white lips the prayers for the dead. Up the stairs through the open door the sounds had come; and after a few minutes, they were repeated, this time more faintly than before.

'Let us go down and try to find out what it is,' I said at last. And in spite of poor Carroll's misery and entreaties, making a strong effort, I took the lamp from his trembling hands and began to descend the wide staircase. Nothing was stirring. In the great dining-room, where I went in, while the unhappy footman kept safely at the door, casting frightened glances at the portraits on the walls, all was as usual. As we went lower down, the groans grew louder and more appalling. Hoarse, unnatural, long-drawn—such as could not be imagined to proceed from human throat, they seemed to issue from the bowels of the earth, and to be re-echoed by the walls of the great dark lofty kitchens. Beyond these kitchens were long stone passages, leading to cellars and pantries and servants' halls, all unused and shut up since the mansion's palmy days; and into these we penetrated, led by the fearful sounds.

All here was dust and desolation. The smell of age and mould was everywhere; the air was chill; and the rusty hinges of the doors shrieked as they were pushed open, scaring away the spiders, whose webs hung in festoons across the passages, and brushed against our faces as we went along. Doubtless, for years no foot had invaded this dank and dreary region, given over to mildew and decay; or disturbed the rats, which ran scampering off at our approach. The groans seemed very near us now, and came more frequently. It was terrible, in that gruesome place, to hearken to the unearthly sounds. I could hear my agonised companion calling upon every saint in the calendar to take pity upon the soul in pain. At length there came a groan more fearful than any that had been before. It rooted us to the spot. And then was utter silence!

After a long breathless pause, broken only by the gasps of poor Carroll in his paroxysm of fear, we turned, and retraced our steps towards the kitchens. The groans had ceased altogether.

'It is over now, whatever it was,' I said. 'All is quiet; you had better go to bed.'

He staggered off to his room; while, chilled to the marrow, I crept up-stairs, not a little shaken, I must confess, by the night's doings.

Next day was bright and fine. My bedroom looked to the street; and soon after rising, I threw open the window, to admit the fresh morning air. There was a little stir outside. The *porte cochère* gates were wide open, and a large cart was drawn up before them. Men with ropes in their hands were bustling about, talking and gesticulating; passers-by stopped to look; and boys were peering down the archway at something

going on within. Soon the object of their curiosity was brought to light. A dead horse was dragged up the passage, and after much tugging and pulling, was hauled up on the cart and driven away.

It appeared that at nightfall of the previous day the wretched animal was being driven to the knacker's; and straying down into our archway, while the man who had him in charge was talking to a friend, he fell over some machinery that stood inside, breaking a limb, and otherwise frightfully injuring himself. Instead of putting the poor animal out of pain at once, his inhuman owner left him to die a lingering death in agonies; and his miserable groans, magnified by the reverberation of the hollow archway and echoing kitchens, had been the cause of our nocturnal alarm.

Carroll shook his head and looked incredulous at this solution of the mystery, refusing, with the love of his class for the supernatural, to accept it. Though years have since then passed over his head, tinging his locks with gray, and developing the brisk, agile footman into the portly, white-chokered, pompous butler, he will still cleave to his first belief, and stoutly affirm that flesh and blood had nought to do with the disturbance that night in the haunted house.

UMPIRES AT CRICKET.

CRICKET has undergone many changes during its history, but, as far as we can tell, one thing has remained unaltered—the umpires are sole judges of fair and unfair play. The laws of 1774, which are the oldest in existence, say: 'They (the umpires) are the sole judges of fair and unfair play, and all disputes shall be determined by them.' Various directions have been given to them from time to time, but nothing has been done to lessen their responsibility or destroy their authority. An umpire must not bet on the match at which he is employed, and only for a breach of that law can he be changed without the consent of both parties. It is probable that the reason why an ordinary side in a cricket-match consists of eleven players is that originally a 'round dozen' took part in it, and that one on each side was told off to be umpire. An old writer on cricket says that in his district the players were umpires in turn; so, though there might be twelve of them present, only eleven were actually playing at once. This may have been a remnant of a universal custom; and it would explain why the peculiar number eleven is taken to designate a side in a cricket-match.

It is not always possible for an umpire to give satisfaction to both parties in a dispute, and very hard things have sometimes been said by those against whom a decision has been given. Mobbing an umpire is not so common in cricket as in football, but it is not unknown. Nervous men have sometimes been influenced by the outcries of spectators, and have given decisions contrary to their judgment. But occasionally the opposite effect has been produced by interference. A bowler who has been unpopular has been clamoured against when bowling fairly; and the umpire has not interfered even when he has bowled unfairly, lest it should look as if he was being coerced by the mob.

For some years there has been a growing demand for what may be called umpire reform. It has been said that in county matches umpires favoured their own sides. A few years ago, a Manchester paper commenced an account of a match between Lancashire and Yorkshire with these words: 'The weather was hot, the players were hotter, but the umpiring was hottest of all.' This kind of danger was sought to be obviated last year by the appointment of neutral umpires. The Marylebone Cricket Club appointed the umpires in all county matches; but this did not remove the dissatisfaction which had previously existed, as it was said that the umpires were afraid to enforce the strict laws of the game.

Some people who think there will not be fair-play as long as professional umpires are employed, would have amateurs in this position, and they predict that with the alteration there would be an end to all unfairness and dispute. But Lord Harris, who is the chief advocate for greater strictness on the part of umpires, says he believes they would never be successful in first-class matches; he has seen a good many amateur umpires in Australia, and, without impugning their integrity, he would be sorry to find umpires in England acting with so little experience and knowledge of the game.

Dr W. G. Grace has told two anecdotes of umpires whom he met in Australia. He says: 'In an up-country match, our wicket-keeper stumped a man; but much to our astonishment the umpire gave him not out, and excused himself in the following terms: "Ah, ah! I was just watching you, Mr Bush; you had the tip of your nose just over the wicket." In a match at Warrnambool, a man snicked a ball, and was caught by the wicket-keeper. The umpire at the bowler's wicket being asked for a decision, replied: "This is a case where I can consult my colleague." But of course the other umpire could not see a catch at the wicket such as this, and said so; whereupon our friend, being pressed for a decision, remarked: "Well, I suppose he is not out."'

The Australians have frequently said that English professional umpires are afraid of giving gentlemen out, but this cannot be said of those who are chosen to stand in the chief matches. A well-known cricketer tells about a country match in which he was playing. A friend of his was tempting the fieldsmen to throw at his wicket, until at length one did throw, and hit it. 'Not out,' cried the umpire; and coming up to the batsman, said: 'You really must be more careful, sir; you were clean out that time.' This reminds us of the umpire who, in answer to an appeal, said: 'Not out; but if he does it again, he will be.' Caldecourt was a famous umpire—'Honest Will Caldecourt,' as he was called. The author of *Cricketana* had a high opinion of him, and said he could give a reason for everything. That is a great virtue in an umpire. Some men in that position will give decisions readily enough, but they either cannot or will not explain on what grounds their decisions are formed.

John Lillywhite was a very honest umpire. It was his opinion that bowling was being tolerated which was contrary to the laws of cricket as they were then framed. In a match at Kennington Oval in 1862, he acted according to his opinion, for he was umpire. Lillywhite would not give way, and another umpire was employed in his place on the third day of the match. Lillywhite was right, and it was unfortunate that he was superseded. That was not the way to make umpires conscientious.

When the old All England Eleven were in their prime, and were playing matches in country places against eighteens and twenty-twos, the players did not always pay that deference to umpires which was customary on the best grounds, and advantage was sometimes taken of an umpire's nervousness and inexperience. It seemed to be an axiom with some players, 'To appeal is always safe.' If several famous cricketers cried 'How's that?' it is not to be wondered at that an umpire would occasionally say 'Out' on the spur of the moment, without knowing why. But a very fair retort was once made to a player who was fond of making appeals, on the chance of getting a lucky decision. 'How's that, umpire?' he cried. The reply was: 'Sir, you know it is not out; so why ask me, if you mean fair-play?'

The umpire has not an easy post to fill, even if he have all the assistance which can be rendered by the players. Points are constantly arising which are not provided for in the laws, and he must be guided by the practice of his predecessors in the best matches. There is such a thing as common law in cricket, as well as what may be called statute law. It is undecided whether the umpire should be considered part of the earth or part of the air. If a ball hit him, and be caught before it touch the ground, is the batsman out? Some umpires say Yes, and others say No. Severe accidents have sometimes happened to umpires who have been struck with the ball, and there is on record that at least one has met his death in this way.

When matches were played for money, and when cricket was subject to open gambling, it was more difficult for umpires to give satisfactory decisions than it is now. In the account of a match played about sixty years ago between Sheffield and Nottingham, the Sheffield scorer wrote, that every time a straight ball was bowled by a Sheffield bowler the Nottingham umpire called: 'No ball.' Many stories arose at that time about umpires who were supposed to favour their sides. One town was said to possess a champion umpire, and with his help the Club was prepared to meet all comers. Only twenty years ago, the following statement appeared in a respectable magazine: 'Far north, there is an idea that a Yorkshire Eleven should have an umpire of their own, as a kind of Old Bailey witness to swear for Yorkshire through thick and thin.'

But Yorkshiremen themselves have told some racy stories about some of their umpires. One was appealed to for a catch, and he replied: 'Not out; and I'll bet you two to one you will not win.' Another at the close of a match threw up his hat, and exclaimed: 'Hurrah! I have won five shillings.'

It is well known that when Dr E. M. Grace made his first appearance at Canterbury, Fuller Pilch was umpire. The doctor was out immediately, but the umpire gave him in. When he was afterwards expostulated with, he said he wanted to see if that Mr Grace could bat; so, to satisfy his curiosity, he inflicted an injustice on his own side. If the same thing had been done in favour of his own county, it would not have offended a gentleman whom Mr Bolland refers to in his book on Cricket. This gentleman, referring to an umpire's decision on one occasion, said: 'He must be either drunk or a fool, to give one of his own side out in that manner.'

At Ecclesall, near Sheffield, there was formerly a parish clerk called Lingard, who was also a notable umpire. One hot Sunday he was asleep in his desk, and was dreaming about a match to be played the next day. After the sermon, when the time came for him to utter his customary 'Amen,' he surprised the preacher, and delighted the rustics who were present, by shouting in a loud voice the word 'Over.'

PARTED.

Farewell, farewell—a sadder strain
No other English word can give;
But we are parted though we live,
And ne'er may meet on earth again.

My life is void without thy love—
A harp with half its strings destroyed;
And thoughts of pleasures once enjoyed,
Can naught of consolation prove.

We live apart—the ocean's flow
Divides thy sunny home from mine;
And, musing on the shore's decline,
I watch the waters come and go.

I trace thy image in the sand;
I call thy name—I call in vain:
The breeze is blowing from the main,
And mocks me waiting on the strand.

I see the mighty rivers roll
To plunge, tumultuous, in the sea;
So all my thoughts flow on to thee,
And merge together in their goal.

But thou hast uttered 'Fare thee well;'
And I must bid a last adieu,
Nor let the aching heart pursue
The longings that no tongue can tell.

. . . . . .

And now, the slow returning tide
No longer murmurs of the sea;
The breeze has changed; it flies to thee
And breathes my message at thy side.

The tide shall ebb and flow for aye,
The fickle breeze may wander free;
But all my thoughts shall flow to thee,
Till life and longing pass away.

Francis Ernest Bradley.

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OUR HEALTH.

BY DR ANDREW WILSON, F.R.S.E.

III. SOME FOOD-DANGERS, AND HOW TO AVOID THEM.

In connection with the subject of food and health, an important topic naturally intervenes in the course of such discussion, in the shape of the relation which impure foods bear to the production of illness and disease. Pure air and pure water are required by natural and common consent as necessities of existence; but the purity of the food we consume is no less a paramount condition of physical well-being. Food-impurities may be ranked under diverse heads. Adulteration of foods is thus a common cause of illness. The food, rendered of poor quality, does not contain the necessary amount of nutritious material; or it may impart disease from its being impregnated with matters foreign to its composition, and which have been added thereto for purposes of unfair trade-profit. For example, when one hears of alum and sulphate of copper being added to bread, it is evident that a serious form of adulteration is thus practised; while equally reprehensible modes of procedure are known to be in vogue when flour is treated so as to yield more than its legitimate quantity of bread; when rice, potatoes, and other starchy matters are added to the bread in the course of manufacture; or when flour of damaged or inferior quality is used. Similarly, when milk is adulterated with water, treacle, turmeric, and so forth, a cause of ill-health is clearly discovered. If tea be 'faced' with black-lead, or with Prussian-blue, turmeric, and China clay, there can be no question of the fraudulent and dangerous nature of such a practice; and when we read of preserved green peas being largely adulterated with sulphate of copper, and that a one-pound tin of green peas has been found to contain two and a half grains of this poisonous compound, it becomes evident that legislation directed against this worst of frauds—food-adulteration—is both necessary and highly requisite as an active feature of social law.

Into questions connected with the adulteration of food, we need not enter. Such topics necessarily belong to the sphere of the analytical chemist and of the sanitary inspector. Where adulteration is suspected, the wisest course for the public to pursue is carefully to note the place and date of purchase of the suspected article—full evidence on this head is necessary—and to supply the sanitary authorities of the town or district with a sample of the substance in question. This clue will be followed up independently by the authorities; and if adulteration be present, means will be taken to substantiate the charge and to prosecute offenders. There should be no leniency shown where cases of food-adulteration can be satisfactorily proved. Such practices form the worst of all frauds; they involve not merely commercial dishonesty, but include fraud against the health and well-being of the community and nation at large.

Other forms of food-impurity are well known, and demand attention from the public; inasmuch as, by the exercise of ordinary knowledge, many of these latter dangers to health may be avoided. Of impurities in water, we shall treat hereafter; hence nothing need be said at present regarding this class of food-dangers. Our milk-supply and our meat-supply, however, are matters over which every householder may and should exercise supervision. Special dangers attach, for example, to the incautious treatment of milk. If milk is suspected to be adulterated, or of poor quality, the determination of the error or fraud is a matter of scientific examination; and with regard to the detection of milk-dangers, arising from disease-contagion, the same remark holds good. It is indeed unfortunate that the first information we usually receive regarding a milk-supply which is thoroughly impure or hurtful, is derived from the effects of such diseased matter on the human frame. In this case, we are unfortunately able only to prevent the spread of an epidemic of disease—the prevention of the epidemic itself is impossible, save, indeed, by the vigilance of the dairyman or farmer in keeping the milk he sells free from

all source of contamination. Epidemics of typhoid fever, for instance, are, as a rule, only made known by the occurrence of a series of cases in a given district. On being traced out, these cases are usually found to have been supplied with milk from one and the same source. When the surroundings of the dairy or farm are inspected, sewage-contamination is usually found. Leakage of drains into a water-supply is a common occurrence; and as this infected water is used in cleansing the milk-vessels, the origin of the epidemic is clearly enough accounted for. In some cases, dairies have been found to be constructed in a thoroughly insanitary manner, and cleanliness—the first condition where milk is concerned—is by no means always observed. The remedy for these errors and negligences in connection with this all-important article of diet, lies in one direction only—namely, a system of rigid and continuous dairy inspection. Such inspection is never complained of by those tradesmen who take a pride in their occupation, and who endeavour, by ordinary attention to business, to secure the purity of the milk they sell. It might be added also, that if other articles of food are duly liable to official examination, and if the articles sold by grocer and butcher are duly supervised and examined, there is no reason why the premises of the dairyman should not be similarly inspected. We do not, as a rule, contract serious illness from impure coffee, or even from a poor quality of butcher-meat; but a dirty dairy and an infected milk-supply may, in a single day, sow the germs of a fever which may prostrate a village or community, and entail all the misery and hardship which serious illness inevitably carries in its train.

The domestic care of milk is a second topic to which the attention of the householder should be directed. It cannot be too clearly borne in mind that milk, of all fluids, is singularly apt to absorb deleterious matters. Sewage-emanations and other gases, paint, metallic matters, &c., are all readily taken up by milk. Hence the absolute necessity for seeing that when milk is received into our homes, it is stored in a safe and sanitary position. Milk should never be stored in metallic vessels in the first place; and it should not be kept in cupboards or other receptacles which are situated in the neighbourhood of sinks, closets, or open drains. Too frequently, such carelessness in the home-treatment of the milk-supply leads to illness, which is all the more serious, because its origin is unsuspected.

With regard to the liability of milk, taken from cows suffering from various diseases, to produce illness in man, many and varied opinions exist. A general rule, and one in the observance of which great safety exists, is, that milk from an animal in any way affected with disease should never be sold to the public. Where uncertainty exists, it is a matter of sheer common-sense to err on the safe side, and to incur no risk whatever. It is only fair to add, that milk from cows suffering from 'foot-and-mouth' disease has been consumed in many cases without injury resulting. But opposed to this fact, we find cases in which the use of such milk has been followed by throat-ailments and other troubles in man. The milk of over-driven cows—'heated milk,' as it is called—has been known to produce colic and diarrhœa in children. It is also probable that while some persons in robust health may escape, others are liable to be affected by milk taken from diseased animals. Pigs to which the milk of cows, ill with 'foot-and-mouth' disease, has been given, are seized with that disease in a few hours. The safe rule, therefore, appears to be that already mentioned. If a cow is affected with any disorder or disease, the milk of the animal should not be consumed by man. Only by attention to this rule can outbreaks of disease in man be avoided, and the public safety fully secured.

The flesh of animals is liable to acquire under certain conditions diseased properties. Hence, it is necessary that we should be on our guard against such sources of illness. Thus, certain fevers to which pigs, sheep, and cattle are subject render their flesh unfit for human food; and there are certain parasites inhabiting the flesh of fish which may also be productive of disease when the meat in question has been eaten by man.

Good meat in a fresh state should be firm and elastic to the touch. The characteristic odour of fresh meat should be present, and the meat-tissue should be dry, or at the most merely moist. The appearance of good meat is marbled, and its action on blue litmus-paper is acid—that is, it turns the blue paper to a red colour. Bad meat, on the other hand, is usually extremely moist, or even wet; it has a sodden feel, and the presence of dark spots in the fat is a suspicious sign. The marrow of the bones, instead of being light red in colour, as in fresh meat, is brown-tinted, and often shows black spots. Tested by litmus-paper, bad meat is either neutral or alkaline, and turns red litmus-paper to blue, or does not alter either red or blue test papers. The odour of bad meat is highly distinctive; and its colour, as a rule, is suspiciously dark.

Regarding those animal-diseases which are believed to unfit the flesh for human use, considerable diversity of opinion exists. For example, the flesh of animals suffering from *pleuro-pneumonia* is regarded, almost universally, as unfit for consumption; although opinions exist which regard such flesh as harmless. Here, as in the case of milk, already alluded to, it is probable diversity of opinion arises from the different conditions under which the results of eating such flesh have been studied. In some cases, it is true, no evil results have accrued from this practice; Loiset showing that during nineteen years, at least eighteen thousand oxen suffering from pleuro-pneumonia were killed and used in Lyons, as food, without any known evil results. But it should be remembered that the disease has its advanced as well as its initial stages; and in any case the opinions expressed with regard to the harmless character of the flesh, can only apply to cases in which the animals have been killed in an early phase of the disorder. The disease known as 'braxy' in sheep presents a similar conflict of opinions. Over fifty per cent. of young sheep in Scotland are stated by Mr Cowan in his Essay (1863) to perish from this disease. The disorder

is a fever, attended by very characteristic symptoms; but 'braxy mutton' is eaten nevertheless by Scottish shepherds with impunity—although an important precaution is observed in this case by steeping the mutton in brine for six or eight weeks, and then drying it. The chief danger which appears to arise in man from the use of diseased meat is the development of blood-disorders and of blood-poisoning. 'Carbuncular disease' has increased in Scotland since 1842, when pleuro-pneumonia first appeared; and this affection has apparently increased since lung-diseases in animals have become common. On the whole, then, it may be urged that even with opinions of weight which allege the harmless character, in certain cases, of the flesh of diseased animals, there are risks involved which make the rule, that meat under such circumstances should be rejected, a highly safe and commendable practice both for public and trade attention.

In the case of the *parasites* which may affect meat under certain circumstances, there is fortunately no diversity of opinion to be encountered. The question of 'braxy mutton' may be debatable; in that of meat infested with parasites, no argument is permissible. All parasitic animals are liable to induce disease of more or less serious character in man; hence, if meat can be proved to be so infested, it should be summarily rejected.

The most common parasites which man is liable to acquire from flesh of various kinds are certainly *tapeworms*, which have been frequently described, and the dangers from which are well known. More serious in its nature is the *Trichina spiralis*, a minute worm, found chiefly in the muscles of the pig. This worm, if eaten by man with pork, develops with great rapidity within the human digestive system, and produces enormous numbers of young, which, boring their way through the tissues to the muscles of the patient, cause serious and often fatal illness. Once in the muscles, no further change ensues to the worms, which simply degenerate into mere specks of lime. It is this *trichina* which produces the disease known as *trichinosis*. Fatal epidemics of this disease are not uncommon on the continent, especially where the unsanitary practice of eating uncooked or dried sausages is greatly in vogue.

Regarding the prevention of the diseases caused by parasites, one stringent rule should be invariably kept in mind—namely, that all flesh-meat should be *thoroughly cooked* before it is consumed. The practice of eating underdone meat and smoked provisions is attended with great danger. A degree of heat sufficient to cook meat thoroughly, may, as a rule, be trusted to destroy parasitic life which the flesh may contain—although, of course, no one would sanction the employment as food of any meat known to be parasitically infested. To this necessary precaution may be added the advice, that drinking-water should never be taken from ponds, lakes, canals, or rivers in which vegetable matter grows freely, as such water is liable to contain parasitic germs; and all vegetables used for food, and especially those used raw—as in the case of salads—should be thoroughly washed before use. Our dogs being liable to harbour certain forms of internal parasites highly injurious to man, should also have their health and feeding inspected and supervised. And it may be lastly mentioned, by way of encouragement in sanitary reform, and in the care and selection of our flesh-foods, that as far back as the reign of Henry III. the desirability of securing meat free from parasites was clearly known. In the reign of that monarch, butchers who were convicted of selling 'measly pork' were sentenced to exposure in the pillory as a punishment for their misdeeds.

BY MEAD AND STREAM.

CHAPTER XXXV.—THE MAID WAS IN THE GARDEN.

MADGE was glad that it was in her power to comfort Philip, most glad, because, in spite of the relief which he found in her presence, a vague fear was beginning to creep into her mind that somehow this power was slowly weakening. Was it his fault or hers? Was it the knowledge that the confidence which they had desired to keep perfect between them was no longer perfect? Was it the knowledge that she had accepted a secret which could not be shared with him that, disturbing her mind, suggested changes in him which had no existence? Maybe, maybe, and yet . . . relieved as he had been for a little while, there was no mistake, there was no mistake about the weary look in his eyes when he was going away, or about his nervously lingering manner of saying 'Good-night,' as if he were afraid to leave her, lest the bogeys which had arisen in his path should seize upon him the moment he should be alone.

She had many bitter reflections that night before she went to sleep: first, about the position in which she was placed against her will; and next about the customs which allowed a woman so few opportunities to give practical assistance to the man she loved. If he had been only a labourer and she a washerwoman, then she could have been of some real value to him. As it was, she must stay at home, await his coming when the struggle was over, give him sympathy when he was in difficulty, and nurse him when he was sick. That was all. She wanted to be by his side in the heat of the struggle, helping him with hands and head as well as heart. She wished that his enterprise had assumed some other form than its present one, so that she might have had a full share in the actual work of it. To her it was absurd that, because she wore petticoats and happened to be above the necessity to earn a living, she should be excluded from his office, or go to it under the penalty of bringing ridicule upon him. She knew how many times in those weary chambers, and in that weary office during this period of worry and disappointment, he must long for her to cheer and steady him as only she could do.

As for Wrentham, she had not much faith in him, although, having no specific charge to make against him, and aware of Philip's confidence in him, she remained silent. She could only have said: 'I do not like him;' and Philip would have laughed at her, or chid her for being ungracious to his friend. She had not forgiven Wrentham for the accident with the horse; and she was not

yet satisfied about it, for she could not forget what Uncle Dick had said in his passion.

'If I wanted to kill anybody, do you know what I'd do?—that is, supposing I could go about it in cold blood. Well, I'd keep a mettlesome mare in the stable for three or four days, feed her high, and then ask the man I wanted to hurt to take a ride on her. Five hundred to one but he'd come back in a worse plight than Philip did. And that's what I'd have said the man was trying on, if they hadn't been such close friends.'

Uncle Dick did not repeat this angry exclamation; but Madge could not forget it, and the remembrance of it made her this night the more discontented that she could not be always with Philip during the ordeal through which he was passing.

However, there was one way in which she might render him practical assistance; that was, by setting Caleb Kersey's mind at ease, and so enabling him to serve his master with a light heart, which is always a brave one. She had delayed speaking to Sam Culver until she could tell him that Caleb was not only working steadily but was successful, and could offer Pansy a comfortable home. She would not wait any longer: she would speak to them both in the morning. That thought helped her to sleep. For the time, the more serious business which she had to do with Mr Hadleigh held only a distant place in her mind.

Caleb had not been making progress in his wooing, and when he became aware of that fact, he grew discontented with the nature of things in general and especially with himself. The discontent with the condition of his fellow-labourers which had earned for him an ill repute amongst the farmers, had some grains of reason in it. There was no doubt that the majority of the labourers had large families and scant fare; that their cottages were in many instances examples of the deplorable state of ruin into which roof and walls may fall and still be reckoned fit for human habitation; whilst in harvest-time, when there was an influx of labouring men, women, and children from the large towns and from Ireland, the lodging arrangements were disreputable. But in the present case, he could discover no reason to justify his discontent, and that made him feel bad.

He had never been a regular churchgoer, and for some time he had ceased going altogether; but lately he had become so punctual in his attendance, that the beadle-sexton, the clerk, with old Jerry and young Jerry Mogridge, had held more than one consultation on the subject in the taproom of the *Cherry Tree*. They shook their heads very wisely, and thought that there must be something wrong about this sudden conversion. But the vicar, who had as quick an eye for every face in his congregation as the thorough shepherd has for every sheep in his flock, was pleased, and concluded that there was some good spirit at work in the Agitator's mind. He would not speak to him yet. He knew how easily a hesitating sheep may be frightened away by over-zeal on the part of the shepherd. He would wait until the man felt quite at his ease.

So, in a distant corner of the church, Caleb sat Sunday after Sunday, his eyes fixed on the back of Pansy's hat, and brightening when any of her movements enabled him to catch a glimpse of her face. At first he merely dawdled along the road in the wake of Pansy and her father on their way home, until they entered the gates of Ringsford. There it was Sam's custom to halt and gossip with the gatekeeper; whilst Pansy hastened home by a bypath through the trees, in order to have dinner ready for her father. Then Caleb, by hurrying to the home-field and crossing it, would catch another glimpse of her before she entered the cottage.

He was ashamed of dogging their steps in this fashion, and could not help himself. Several times he made up his mind to speak to the gardener, and find some excuse for walking along with them; but he could not yet muster courage to grasp so much joy, although it was well within his reach. One bright day, however, he was as usual standing in the porch to see Pansy as she went out, and receive from her as usual a bashful glance and timid smile, which made the food he lived on for the week, when he was almost startled by her father speaking to him:

'Come up the road a bit wi' us, Kersey, if you have naething better ado.'

Caleb muttered that he was ready, and muttered still more awkwardly to Pansy that he hoped he saw her quite well.

'Quite well, thank you,' was the demure reply; and there was no further conversation.

She took her place on one side of her father, Caleb walked on the other. But she was there quite close to him, and—although decidedly ill at ease—he began to feel a degree of content which he had not known for many days.

The gardener had been amongst those who had observed Caleb's conversion in the matter of church attendance, and being already sensible of the young man's intelligent appreciation of his flowers, he was willing to credit him with having turned over a new leaf, and had charitably set aside his doubts of him.

'Man, Kersey,' said Sam, as soon as they were free from the crowd, 'I have got one of the bonniest geraaniums that ever mortal set een on, and I want you to see it for yoursel'. I wouldna have asked you to come on the Sabbath, if it hadna been that I can never get sight of you on a week-day noo.'

'I don't suppose there can be any harm in looking at the flower,' said Caleb, restraining the much more decided opinion he would have expressed on the subject if Pansy had not been there, or if he had been able to guess what she might have thought of it. One strong principle of his creed was that the more beautiful things men look at, the more refined their natures will become, and that for this purpose Sunday was the most appropriate day.

'That's just my opinion,' was the satisfied comment of the gardener; 'and I wonder you that's fond o' flowers, dinna take to studying them in earnest. Do you know anything at all about botany?'

'Nothing,' was the honest and regretful reply, for it was not easy to confess absolute ignorance in her presence.

'Then you'll just have to come whiles to see me, and I'll learn you something about it. You

will have to come especially in the spring-time; and it's wonderful how soon you'll find a real pleasure in it—especially in the geraaniums.'

In this way Caleb became a prospective pupil of the gardener, and after this he walked home with the father and daughter every Sunday. And Pansy became more and more shy in his presence, and blushed more deeply at his coming; whilst his heart swelled and throbbed, and the words he wanted to speak played tantalisingly about his tongue, but found no voice. By-and-by there was a curious change in Pansy. Her shyness and her blushes disappeared: she spoke to him in much the same manner as she did to Jacob Cone or Jerry Mogridge or any of the other men about the place. At first he was disposed to be pleased with the change, for it seemed to make him more at home when he visited the cottage. Presently he began to fancy that she tried to keep out of his way, and he did not understand it. Then one day she had a basket of flowers to take up to the house for the young ladies, and Caleb accompanied her. As they neared the house, he surrendered the basket to her, and he had only done so when they met Coutts.

'Ah, early birds!' he said, with his cynical smile; 'good-morning.—Will you give me a flower for my button-hole, Pansy?—Thank you. That is a very pretty one—it will make me think of you all day.'

He passed on, and Pansy was blushing as she used to do when Caleb spoke to her.

Caleb drew a long breath, and with it inhaled the poison which distorted all his thoughts. He spoke no word; but the gloom which fell upon him spoiled him for work, and checked his visits to the cottage until he heard that warning cry from Philip:

'Trust her, man; trust her. That is the way to be worthy of a worthy woman.'

The words seemed to rouse him from a wretched nightmare and to clear his eyes and head. The words kept ringing in his ears, and when he peered through the black span which lay between this day and the one on which Pansy gave Coutts Hadleigh the flower, he felt that the darkness was due to films on his own eyes, not to change in the atmosphere.

He straightened his shoulders and raised his head: he was able to look his future in the face again.

'I will trust her,' he said to himself bravely. When he went to Gray's Inn in obedience to his master's instructions, he had only to say: 'Thank you, sir; you have done me a deal of good, and I'll do what you tell me.'

'Spoken like the sensible fellow I always believed you to be,' rejoined Philip, much relieved. He would have rejoiced, but he was at the time too much distracted by his own affairs to be able to feel elated by anything. 'There will be no more sulks, then, no more losing heart and seeing mountains in molehills?'

'I hope not.'

'That's right; and . . . look here, Caleb. I have a notion, from something you said, that I know the man you have been worrying yourself about. Take my word for it, if my guess is right, he is much too cautious a fellow—to put it on no higher ground—and too careful of himself, to be a poacher. He likes a joke, though; and if I were you, I would not let him see that he was making me uneasy. You understand—he might for the fun of the thing get up some hoax.'

Caleb thought he understood, and at anyrate the main point was quite clear to him—he was to trust her. And he kept faith with himself in that respect. Whenever she seemed cold to him, he blamed himself for bothering her at the wrong time. She had other things to take up her attention—all the work of the cottage, many odd jobs to do for her father, besides the hens to look after and their eggs to gather for the breakfast-table of the Manor. When she seemed to be trying to keep out of his way, he set it down to the fact that she had something particular to do. He found excuses for every change, real or imaginary, that had come over her manner of treating him. Come what might of it, he would trust her.

Then there was a bright forenoon on which Philip sent him out to Ringsford to fetch a small box, and he had an hour to spare before he had to start for his return train. So he went over to the cottage. The sun was gleaming whitely on the little green in front, and the grass was sparkling with frozen dewdrops. There was Pansy—eyes in their brightness rivalling the flashing dewdrops, cheeks aglow with healthful exercise, and sleeves tucked up above the elbows—hanging out the clothes she had just taken from the tub.

Caleb halted at the corner of the green. He had never in this world seen anything so graceful as that lithe figure moving actively about in the clear sunlight casting the clothes over the lines, now reaching up on tiptoe to place a peg in some high place, and again whipping up her basket and marching farther along with it.

She had covered one long line and taken a clothes-pole to raise it. That was a feat of strength, and Caleb sprang to her side.

'Let me do that for you, Pansy.'

'Gracious!' was the startled exclamation; and at the same moment he planted the pole upright, the clothes thus forming a screen between them and the vine-house where Sam Culver was at work.

'You didn't expect to see me here at this time of day,' he said, laughing, but already beginning to feel awkward, and looking everywhere except where he most desired to look—in her face. 'I had to come down for this box; and as there was time enough, I thought I'd come round this way.'

She laughed a little, too, at her scare, and then began to hang out more clothes on another line as hastily as if she had not a minute to spare. He looked on, his eyes glancing away whenever she turned towards him. She also began to feel a little awkward, and somehow she did not fasten the pegs on the line with such deft firmness as she had done before he made his presence known.

'Father is in the vine-house,' she said by-and-by, compelled to seek relief by saying something.

'I wish you would let me do something for you,' was his inconsequent reply.

'Something for me!'

'Yes, carry the basket—anything.'

'The basket is empty, and I have to go back to the washhouse.'

'I will go with you.'

'But there is nothing to do except wring out the clothes.'

'Let me help you with that.'

'Pretty work it would be for you!' This with a nervous little laugh, which she evidently intended to convey an impression of good-natured ridicule.

'It doesn't matter what it is, so being it is for you.'

She stooped quickly, seizing one handle of the basket; he took the other, and they lifted it between them. He looked straight in her face now, and he fancied that the colour faded from her cheeks.

'Father is in the vine-house,' she repeated, looking in another direction.

'I want to tell you something, Pansy.' He was a little husky, and unconsciously moved the basket to and fro.

She knew what he wanted to tell her, and she did not want to hear—at least not then.

'I can't stay—I must run in now.' She tried to take the basket from him.

'Don't go yet. I made up my mind to tell you when I was standing over there looking at you. I was meaning to do it many a time afore, but just when I was ready, you always got out of my way, and I couldn't say it when you came back.'

'I wish you'd let me go. I don't want to hear anything—I'm in a hurry. Won't father do?'

She was nervous; there were signs even of distress in her manner, and she could not look at him.

'Ay, your father will do,' he answered earnestly, 'if you say that I may tell him we have agreed about it.'

'About what?—No, no, no; you must not tell him that. We are not agreed. We never will agree about *that*.'

She was frightened, dropped the basket, and would have run away, but he had caught her hand. He was pale, and although his heart was hammering at his chest, he was outwardly calm.

'Don't say never, Pansy,' he pleaded in a low voice; and she was touched by the gentleness of it, which contrasted so strangely with the manner of the loud-voiced orator when speaking to a crowd on the village green. 'I've scared you by coming too sudden upon you. But you'll think about it, and you'll give me the right word some other time.'

'There is no need to think about it—I cannot think about it,' she answered with tears of mingled vexation and regret in her eyes.

'But you'll come to think about it after a bit, and I'll wait—I'll wait until you come to it.'

'I never will—I never can.'

'You're vexed with me for being so rough in my way of asking you. I couldn't help that, Pansy: but I'll be patient, and I'll wait till you come round to it or . . . until you say that you can't do it because your head is too full of somebody else.'

Pale and earnest, his lips trembled as these last words passed them. She uttered a half-stifled 'Oh!' and ran into the cottage. He stood in the bright sunlight looking after her, and the gloom fell upon his face again. There was something in that cry which seemed to tell him that her head was already too full of somebody else for him to find the place he yearned to hold in her thoughts. He knew the somebody.

(*To be continued.*)

THE CHARR OF WINDERMERE.

The confined localisation of this delicate fish renders its natural history somewhat difficult to ascertain. As little, or even less, is known of its proceedings during a great portion of the year as of the salmon itself during its sojourn in the sea. There are several varieties of the charr in the Lake district of Cumberland, Westmoreland, and Lancashire; but undoubtedly they are merely the same fish changed by circumstances and general surroundings; just as the common trout varies in appearance, size, and condition according to the nature of the water in which it is found and the food obtained there. Charr are found in many of the Scotch and Irish lochs; whilst in the English Lake district they are more or less plentiful in Windermere, Coniston, Buttermere, Hawes-water, Ennerdale, Crummock-water, Goats-water, and one or two other tarns or meres. In the first-named lake it is by far the most numerous; and Coniston holds a good supply, though Sir Humphry Davy, writing thirty years ago, says: 'The charr is now scarce in Coniston, and quite extinct in Ullswater.' Now it is occasionally found in the latter; whilst in the former it is plentiful, and, with a comparative discontinuance of the working of the lead mines, the wash from which polluted the water, is increasing. Large quantities of very fine fish were taken during last year. It is similar pollution which has destroyed the fish in Ullswater. For this beautiful lake, let us hope for a return of the olden times, when charr and trout and skellies 'peopled' its waters, over which the kite and golden eagle often flew, and down whose slopes the red-deer from Martindale fells may even now find its way to quaff a morning's draught. As regards edible qualities, the Windermere and Coniston charr are the best; those of Hawes-water and Goats-water being smaller and of inferior quality.

Local history tells us that the love of a dainty dish induced the monks of Furness to stock Windermere with charr, which were obtained from some lake in the neighbourhood of the Alps; hence the fish is still known as *Salmo alpinus;* but the correct nomenclature is *Salmo umbla.* The same history or tradition tells us that this fish was placed there only about two centuries ago. Against this, a manuscript has recently been discovered, bearing date 1535, to the effect that a certain James Tallour was permitted 'to catch and tol[l] fayre fish charr in Wynandermer, and also his son Gerald.' There is no reason to doubt that the charr is as likely to be indigenous to some of our lakes as our ordinary trout. During a considerable portion of the year, the charr frequent the deepest parts of the lake, feeding upon and finding nourishment in the minute crustaceans and larvæ found in such places. In this respect the nature of this fish is actually the reverse of that of the trout, which delights in

the shallows, and feeds on the flies and moths hatched on the gravel-beds and elsewhere. Nature would doubtless 'people' Windermere, Coniston, and other lakes with that fish which could best live in its deepest parts, and this fish is the charr. Probably, specimens were removed from here to smaller sheets of water, in some of which, however, it fails to thrive, though breeding and increasing in numbers. There is a vast difference in appearance between the charr of Windermere and the charr of Hawes-water: the latter thin and flabby; the former elegantly shaped, and more graceful in outline than the trout, not so fat and podgy as many of our spotted beauties are; a general and a uniform shade of pinkness appears, as it were, to shine through the skin; in some specimens, as it approaches the belly, this hue becomes a deep red; hence the 'red-bellied charr.' It has, of course, other distinctive differences, as in the shape of gill covers, number of fin rays, &c., which have often been described.

Unfortunately, our charr is mostly a bottom or mid-water feeder, and cannot take high rank as a sporting fish; but on the table it excels. In size it varies from a pound in weight downwards, though larger specimens have often been caught. The usual size is about three fish to the pound of sixteen ounces; though in Hawes-water and Goats-water, about eight to the pound is considered the usual run. In both these tarns the charr rises pretty freely at the fly, indicating an insufficiency of food below the surface; and it is this bottom-food which gives to them the excellent condition and flavour they attain in the deeper and larger lakes. The same may be said of the gillaroos, found in some of the Irish lochs.

It is surprising that more attention has not been given to the artificial rearing of charr. Some years ago, the Windermere Angling Association hatched and turned into that lake some thousands of the young fish; but the earliest note we have of their artificial rearing was by Dr Davy, then living at Lesketh How, Ambleside. This took place about thirty years ago, and was done in the most rough-and-ready fashion. Still the infant fish were produced from the milt-impregnated ova; and a few days after hatching, and with the 'sac' still in attachment, the delicate 'infants' were transferred to Easedale tarn. Too young to defend themselves, the fry no doubt perished. Yarrell says that in the autumn of 1839, several charr, of some half-pound weight each, were placed in Lily Mere, not far from Sedbergh. Twelve months later, two of these fish, when retaken, were said to have been two pound-weight each! They were served at the Queen-dowager's table at Kirkby-Lonsdale. These reputed large charr were no doubt trout, for which the mere in question was famous. A few years since, charr were placed in Potter Fell tarn, which is connected with the river Kent (Westmoreland) by a small runner. One of these charr was caught with fly in the river itself, some miles from the tarn. It had increased in size from about four to some seven ounces in the space of twelve months. It was kept alive, and in due course returned to the Potter Fell. This is evidence that charr may live in a stream, and in the absence of suitable bottom-food, adopt the habits of the trout, and rise to the fly. On this account, they are worth cultivation; and their delicacy and fine flavour make them more valuable than the best trout—a fact which should be an inducement to their propagation. Potted charr is considered amongst the greatest fish-dainties that can be set before the gourmet.

The charr is usually taken in nets, though often caught with artificial baits, trolled at varying depths, after the style of the paternoster used in perch-fishing. Commencing at the beginning of March, the fishermen know the water the charr frequent, and soon find at what depth they lie in shoals or schools. As the season becomes warmer, the charr approach nearer the surface; and in genial weather, towards the end of May or beginning of June, are at times seen basking near the surface of the lake; not feeding, but 'bobbing' their noses out of the water, causing rises or bubbles, which in calm weather are easily discerned by the fishermen. If possible, the shoal is surrounded by a net or nets, and a rare capture ensues. Upwards of one hundred and eighty pound-weight of charr has thus been taken at one haul; and when one considers they are worth wholesale from sixteen to eighteen pence per pound, the employment cannot fail to be a lucrative one. We cannot, however, commend the practice of netting, which is not sport, but wholesale destruction.

SILAS MONK.

A TALE OF LONDON OLD CITY.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.—CONCLUSION.

THE streets in the old city are dark and deserted as the detective and Walter Tiltcroft hasten through them towards Crutched Friars. The street-lamps cast limited spaces of light upon the fronts of lofty warehouses and counting-houses, leaving limitless spaces of shadow about and above. The windows of these mansions have the blankness of blind eyes; the great, black, massive office-doors are firmly closed; and the greater doors of the warehouses are fastened with huge padlocks and chains, like prisons, or places with dead secrets made safe in the custody of night. Not a word is spoken. The two men, earnestly bent on their search, walk along with the echoes of their footsteps sounding loudly in their ears; while the tap on the pavement of Fenwick's stick falls with a musical ring, as though it were gifted with the power, like a magic wand, of chasing the echoes away. When they presently stop at the entrance to the counting-house of Armytage and Company, the detective produces a latchkey, opens the door, and leads the way into the house. As soon as Walter has entered and the door is closed behind him, Fenwick draws forth a dark-lantern, which he flashes unceremoniously in the young clerk's face. 'I call this light,' says Fenwick, 'my eye.'

Walter stares at it, and blinks.

'It has peered into and pierced through many a dark deed.—Catch hold!'

Walter, with trembling expectation, takes the lantern.

'Throw the light upon the keyhole!' cries Fenwick. 'I will open the door.' He rattles, as he speaks, a bunch of keys.

'Which keyhole first?' Walter asks.

'The strong-room.'

Walter shows the way. They pass through the clerks' office and reach the iron-bound door of the strong-room. The keyhole is rusty with age; and when Fenwick stoops and applies the key, there is a grating sound inside the lock like the grinding of teeth. As soon as the door is thrown open, Walter, with quick-beating heart, flings the light forward into the room; that strange fancy coming over him that his eyes will encounter the ghostly form of the old miser, as he had imagined him that afternoon, wrapped in the white shroud, dancing round his heap of gold. But finding nothing except dark walls, he boldly steps in. The high stool beside the old desk, where he has so often seen Silas Monk sitting and poring over large ledgers, is vacant, and the ledgers are lying about on the desk, closed.

'Now,' says Fenwick, 'give me the lantern.'

Walter complies, and the detective flashes the light about from ceiling to floor. Suddenly the two men are startled by a stifled cry. Fenwick casts his lantern angrily upon Walter's face, as though he suspects him of having uttered it. The clerk's eyes are terror-stricken, and his face deadly pale.

'What 's that?' asks the detective.

Walter clutches at Fenwick's wrist. 'It is the cry which I heard this afternoon.'

'What do you mean?'

The light of the lantern is still on Walter's face as he answers: 'I was seated at my desk. The cry came from this room; but I thought it was a fancy. At that moment Mr Armytage sent for me, and I was afraid, if I mentioned it, that the clerks would laugh at me.'

'Why?' asks Fenwick, with surprise. 'Do you believe in ghosts?'

'N—no,' says Walter with some hesitation. 'But that cry did seem rather ghostly too.'

'Nonsense! It is Silas Monk.'

'But it sounded,' continued Walter, 'as though it were in this room.'

'That 's true.'

'Then it must be his ghost; for there is no living being here except ourselves.'

Fenwick again flashes the light from ceiling to floor, as though to make sure of this. Then he says: 'Kneel down, my lad. Place your ear to the ground, and listen.'

Walter quickly obeys; and for some minutes a dead silence reigns in the strong-room. The beating of his heart is all that Tiltcroft hears; and all that he is otherwise conscious of is that Fenwick's 'eye' is watching the side of his face uppermost on the floor as he lies there listening. Their patience is presently rewarded. Their ears are filled with another cry, pitiable and more prolonged.

Walter springs to his feet. 'It is there!' he cries.

'Below?'

'Yes; directly beneath our feet.'

The detective begins to examine the flooring. Inch by inch the 'eye' wanders over the ground. An antique threadbare drugget is moved on one side; packets of papers, ledgers, and lumber are shifted from one corner to another. At last Fenwick lights upon a circular hole about the size of a crown-piece, scarcely an inch deep. 'Ah!' cries he, 'now we are on the track.' He takes from his pocket a penknife, scoops about, and turns up a ring attached to the floor. He puts his large muscular thumb into this ring, and gives a jerk. A patch three or four feet square in the boarding is detached. 'A trap-door!' cries Fenwick. 'Stand clear.'

So it proves—a trap-door, which the detective quickly raises, revealing pitch-darkness in the opening.

'Go below,' says Fenwick; 'I 'll follow.'

Walter looks down, hesitating. But when the light is thrown that way, and he observes that there are steps leading into the obscurity, he takes the lead. The descent seems endless; for he moves slowly, as Fenwick, coming after him, throws the light upon him. Walter hears the hard breathing of the detective, and it sounds so strange in the stillness that he holds his own breath to listen. Suddenly the light from the lantern falls upon something which glitters on the ground on all sides.

'Gold!' cries Walter. His feet touch the ground. He stoops and picks up a handful of sovereigns. 'The place is a vault, and it is paved with gold.—What 's that?' He points to something in one corner like a human form.

The detective steps forward and bends down, throwing the light upon a ghastly wrinkled face. The small eyes glitter like the gold, as though they had caught the reflection, and the long lean fingers are clutching sovereigns and raking them up. Fenwick touches the miser on the shoulder. 'What is all this?' asks he. 'Have you lost your senses?'

The old man utters a cry of distress which has in it a ring of madness.

'Speak to him, my lad,' says Fenwick. 'He will perhaps recognise your voice.'

Walter kneels and takes the old miser's hand. 'Mr Monk,' says he, 'do you know me? I am Walter Tiltcroft, your friend.'

Silas Monk looks up, bursts into a wild fit of laughter, and then falls back senseless.

The detective lifts the old man in his strong arms as though handling a child. 'Ascend the ladder!' cries he quickly to Walter, 'and show a light; not a moment must be lost in getting the old man home.'

Silas Monk was taken back to his tumble-down dwelling in the dismal row, and was tended with all possible care by his devoted grand-daughter. His recovery to a certain point was rapid. But the mental condition was curiously impaired. His brain had lost its force: no recollection of the past survived. His memory seemed to have fled into darkness, and to be resting there and sleeping—a darkness into which it was safer not to admit a single ray of light. This was the bitter irony displayed by nature when granting to this old miser a further extension to his lease of life. For time out of mind, Silas Monk had been governed by a master-passion—his only thought that of hoarding gold. The glitter, like sunlight, had pierced his cold heart, and had helped to keep it beating; and it would almost seem as though the warmth which this gold had driven into his veins still lingered there, and helped to sustain vitality, even when the memory which had given birth to all this agitation was dead.

It had been thought advisable by those who study the mysterious workings of the mind, that

gold should be concealed from the sight of Silas Monk, and, if possible, even the sound of it, in order that his memory might rest dormant and his life be prolonged.

One evening the old man was seated in his armchair before the fire, with closed eyes. Rachel sat on a low stool at his feet, holding his hand. On the other side of the hearth was Walter Tiltcroft.

'Walter,' said the girl in a low voice, 'you hardly know how happy I am, now that grandfather can give me all his love. He thinks no more about his'—— She stopped, and looked up at her grandfather's face, frightened that even the mention of gold should reach his ears.

'Ah!' cried Walter with a sigh, 'how many are there, I wonder, in this old city whose minds would be less disturbed if that precious word was forbidden to be uttered in their presence? Does not your grandfather already look less pale and haggard than he did a few weeks ago?'

'Indeed, he does,' replied Rachel. 'He remembers both of us when we are near him. He seems to need nothing now except our affection.'

Walter took the girl's disengaged hand and said: 'Rachel! Let me be near you and him. Why should we not be one, and watch over grandfather together?'

At the young man's words, a look of rapture crossed the girl's face. 'Dear Walter,' cried she, 'that is all I wish for in this world!' She spoke like a true and tender woman—from her heart. Seated there by that homely fireside, with the only two beings who were dear to her, she never thought, or cared to think, that all the gold which Walter Tiltcroft and the detective had found in the vault below the strong-room in Crutched Friars would one day belong to her—that, when her grandfather died, she would be a great heiress—worth, indeed, some thousands of pounds. All she thought of, with that look of rapture in her face, was that she had gained Walter Tiltcroft's love.

Meanwhile, Joe Grimrood having been accused of the robbery in Crutched Friars, was tried, and convicted. Thereupon, he made a full confession. For some days before committing the theft, he had watched Silas Monk from the scaffolding, after the rest of the workmen had gone. Through a chink in the old shutter he had observed every movement of the old miser. He had seen Silas Monk raise the trap-door which led into the vault; he had seen him descend with his lantern, and bring up bag after bag of gold, and pour it out on the desk before him. Watching in Crutched Friars, after having been shown to the door by Walter Tiltcroft, he had seen the young clerk leave the premises. Re-entering the house by means of a key which he had taken the precaution to forge, he had gone straight to the strong-room, where he had met with unexpected resistance. Silas Monk had displayed, according to Grimrood's statement, almost supernatural strength; defending his gold as a tigress defends her young ones, with a savage leap at the workman's throat. When utterly exhausted, Grimrood had carried Silas down into the vault and had closed the trap-door upon him. Then, having placed all the gold with which the desk was covered, into the bags, the burglar had decamped, making his way to the docks, and securing a berth on board an emigrant ship which was on the point of departure for the high seas.

Thus it happened that, but for the shrewdness and energy of the detective, Joe Grimrood would have started on a voyage to Australia with, as it appeared, nearly a thousand pounds in hard cash belonging to Silas; and the old miser himself would in all probability have been left to die in the vault under the strong-room in Crutched Friars, and 'the mystery of Silas Monk' would have remained a mystery to the present day.

All this occurred some years ago. Silas Monk is long dead; and Walter Tiltcroft, who married the old miser's grand-daughter, is now a merchant-prince. He purchased, soon after the death of Mr Armytage, a partnership in the great firm; and thus the gold which old Silas had hoarded up in Crutched Friars proved the means, to a great extent, of making Walter Tiltcroft's fortune.

SOMETHING ABOUT THE HONEY-BEE.

BY A BEEKEEPER.

To ascertain the kind of flower, plant, or shrub which the honey-bee mostly prefers, is worth care and consideration. Having been a keeper of bees for some years, I think it may be useful to make known the results of my experience and observations in Somersetshire, Hertfordshire, and Middlesex.

I will suppose that I have purchased a new stock and hive, bar-frame for preference, and caused it to be removed from the market-gardens around Middlesex to a country town in Hertfordshire. My bees on arrival examine their prospect, and what an estate-agent may call their 'outlook,' very minutely, going even over the walls and trees adjacent to their own hive, and taking trial-trips of flight into the air, straight up—very like the rising of a skylark from a field—and dropping again almost as suddenly. Having to some extent, after a day or two, mastered the topography of the district, they will, if on a warm day in February, commence upon the crocuses, and work only upon them—not, as some may suppose, dodge about irrespective of the kind of flower. Although the casual spectator may see bees upon every description of open flower upon one and the same day, yet they are winging their way from different hives. Our bees have commenced on the crocus. The day following this, they will try the common field dandelion; and the next, the white arabis of the garden culture. Then the black-thorn; later on, the currant and gooseberry blossoms, and the sweet 'may' of our hedgerows; and of trees—lime, palm, chestnut come next.

The hive should face the south, and the alighting-board occupy as free a space as possible. Water should be given, even during winter—inside, if frost is severe.

Some beekeepers suppose that colour attracts the bee; others, that they possess acutely the

sense of smell; and much has been written on the subject. But our readers are to suppose that we are keeping bees between us, and that I am relating my own experiences, which point to this—the preference of these intelligent insects for some plants over others. I have tried to educate my bees, by inducing them on certain days to gather from flowers presented to them in small bunches upon the alighting-board of their hive. In two instances I succeeded. One was with white clover, which I picked in a field a mile distant. This appeared to cheer the bees greatly, and drove away their listlessness and inactivity. After making an examination of my offering, they began work in earnest; and this stimulant had the desired effect of inducing an idle community to work well. The second experiment was much more demonstrative. Early in the morning, before the workers came forth, I placed by the alighting-board some bunches of alder-flower. I had shortly the satisfaction of seeing the out-going bees return with little white trousers of pollen, and I watched their flight to an alder tree at a corner of the garden, not far from their hive. This was conclusive.

Now for some descriptions of preference shown by bees. I have grown garden-peas of various descriptions near my hives without inducing the bees to notice them. Yet they will greedily gather from French beans or scarlet runners the whole day, till long after sunset. In spring-time, the yellow gorse on uncultivated spots forms a very strong attraction for the honey-bees; yet they never touch the blossom of the laburnum, which to ordinary mortals smells much the same. The cultivated hyacinth they do not care about, although they gather from the wild sort in the woods and shady groves. Bees show great preference for the pollen of some sorts of lilies, yet are wholly indifferent to the lily of the valley. They gather from the field-daisy, yet are careless of the cultivated sort.

Stocks they prefer to pinks, and lavender to either; also the small flower of the borage delights them; yet wild foxglove possesses little charm. I have heard that bees like monkshood, and will gather from it, but I have never seen them do so. If they did, their honey would be poisonous. Bees are passionately fond of clover and certain vetches, and they will desert any garden flowers for such natural feeding. Wild thyme and heather, which improve the flavour of the honey, bees perfectly revel in. Garden primroses, they do not care much for; and auriculas, however gaudy in colour, form no kind of attraction. The poly-anthus they have a languid liking for. I have seen the wild-bees attack the cowslip; but not the honey-bee of our hives. I saw a bee once upon a cultivated rose; it was only resting. I have likewise a distinct remembrance of seeing many upon the wild-rose and dog-rose, wild cle-matis, honeysuckle, and blackberry blossom.

The situation of our hive cannot always be in such a flowery land; and the beekeeper will do well to study the different flora and trees in the immediate neighbourhood of his hive, and endea-vour to supply any deficiencies of pollen-bearing plants, as well as to give a gentle hint to the inhabitants of his hives of any honey-bearing plant from which he especially wants them to gather. Of course, in wild heather districts, there is no need to resort to planting or sowing for the bees; they will in such places always take care of themselves. In Somersetshire, bees find honey from the many miles of apple-orchard stretching away to the mild county of Devon; and farmers well know that a good bee season, with a warm and early spring, means a plentiful show of fruit in the autumn for cider. In and around Middlesex, there are market and fruit gardens; and in Hertfordshire, grazing and clover lands, besides hedges lined with limes and hawthorn, and later on, honeysuckle.

It is always a good plan to send late swarms of the hive into heather-bearing counties; for the bees being young, and having every inducement to work for the approaching winter, will store better than hives which have been 'swarmed' and deprived of honey, the colonies of which are worn or fatigued with the long-continued gathering of a summer in more southern counties. It must likewise be remembered that bees cannot gather, or rather will not do so, late in the autumn, when the cold prevents them sealing over with wax the top of the cell.

And now, a last word as to the preference of our bees for certain flowers over others, which we would imagine, with our limited powers of the sense of smell and taste, would be preferred by these insects, and for which we have the greater amount of regard. I have seen, upon the approach of a bee to any flower, that it flies around the calyx almost always before alight-ing upon the flower itself. This is a cursory examination; and with its antennæ outstretched and quivering, it is evidently scenting the honey contained within. Should this prove a fruitful flower and of the flavour required, the bee settles on the centre of the stamen, and clutching it with its four front-legs, steadies itself with its longer outstretched two hindermost ones, and withdraws the nectar by its proboscis, the rings of the body assuming a vibratory motion the while. The bee's proboscis is a most important instrument. It is composed of forty cartilaginous rings, each of which is fringed with minute hairs, having also a small tuft of hair at its extremity, where it is somewhat serrated. Its movement is like the trunk of an elephant, and is susceptible of extension and contraction, bending and twisting in all directions. Thus, by rolling it about, it searches out the calyx, pistil, and stamen of every flower, and depo-sits its nectar upon the tongue, whence it passes into the gullet at the base. The gullet or first stomach is the honey-bag. No diges-tion takes place here. In shape, it is like an oil-flask, and when full, contains about one grain. It is susceptible of contraction, and is so arranged as to enable the insect to disgorge its contents into the cells of the hive. A short passage leads to the ventricle or true stomach, which is somewhat larger. This receives the food from the honey-bag, for the nourishment of the bee and the secretion of wax. Dzierzon says that the honey which a bee can take into her stomach will enable her to subsist for a week under some circumstances, while under others she will die of hunger within twenty-four hours.

This opinion of Dzierzon settles my conviction, that in the selection of the kind of food which will enable the bee to live longest, the true guide is to be found in the flowers for which it has the strongest preference.

BOOK GOSSIP.

THE Norman Conquest is one of the great outstanding and predominating facts in English history. It occasioned a sudden break in the life of the English people, and its influence is felt in their character and institutions even to the present day. A hundred and fifty years before that event, the long black ships of the Norse pirates entered the wide mouths of the Seine and the Loire, and their crews, the rudest of the rough barbarians of Denmark and Norway, sacked the towns and pillaged the churches of the country which was afterwards to be called by their name. They had no science, no arts, no culture. Their physical strength was their glory; and their weapons of war, their defence at home, served also as their passport into the lands of the stranger whom they plundered and slew. But they had a remarkable power of adaptation. However foreign to them the environment into which their hardy courage had brought them, they did not long remain untouched by it. Without losing their own native hardihood and fearlessness, they quickly absorbed into them the spirit of the peoples and institutions among which they had taken root; and before a century had passed over their heads in France, they had already become one of the great political forces of Europe. It was this people, brave, warlike, and with strong practical sagacity, who landed on the English shores in 1066, and shattered the Saxon arms on the slopes of Senlac. The battle at 'the hoar apple tree,' where Harold lay dead with the Norman arrow deep in his brain, marks the beginning of a new epoch in England.

The history of that great event, with its antecedents and consequents, has rarely been better told than it is by Mr Wm. Hunt, in the new volume of the 'Early Britain Series,' entitled *The Norman Conquest* (London: Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge). As compared with the work of Freeman, this is in bulk but a small book; yet it contains within it all that thousands of readers would desire to know of the history of the Conquest. The author is extremely well-informed on his subject, and his scholarly little book gives evidence not only of original research but of much original thought. The pictures he draws for us of the England that preceded the Conquest, and of the England that followed it, are sketched with a fullness and beauty of detail which amply exhibit the capacity and preparedness of the author for the task which he undertook, and which he has executed so well. His extensive reading has enabled him to take advantage of the results obtained by all the best and more recent investigators in this section of European history; and the Northmen both before and after their descent on France, as well as the Saxon tribes and Danish hordes that scoured our coasts centuries before, are portrayed with a quick and living touch. Still more interesting is the story of the Normans after their taking possession of England; and the strange manner in which the Saxon head eventually conquered the Norman hand—the Saxon language and institutions arising in more than their original vitality and force out of the ashes, as it were, of a temporary death—is here narrated with admirable clearness and coherency. The book is one of the best of the very valuable series to which it belongs.

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The same publishing house issues another learned little volume on *Anglo-Saxon Literature*, by Mr John Earle, Rawlinson Professor of Anglo-Saxon in the University of Oxford. It belongs to the series bearing upon 'The Dawn of European Literature,' and is rich with the results of the best modern scholarship on the early history and growth of our language. The time when Latin and Greek formed the chief essentials of learning is fast receding into the past, and these languages are having a place assigned them more consistent with the necessities of the modern world, which is not tolerant of the acquisition of a kind of knowledge that in great part is archaic and useless. Under the influence of this change, our own language is rising into an importance which it could never attain so long as it was regarded simply as a vulgar tongue, and the historical study of English is becoming one of the most popular as well as one of the most useful pursuits of our philologists. The great English Dictionary of the Philological Society is only one evidence of this; for individual scholars, during the last twenty years, have done not a little to lay bare to us the inner structure of our language, and the changes and modifications to which it has been subjected in the course of its long descent.

In the little work under review, Mr Earle states that Anglo-Saxon literature is the oldest of the vernacular literatures of modern Europe. The materials of this early literature are found chiefly in written books and documents; but they are found also in such subsidiary sources as inscriptions on churches and church towers, sun-dials, crosses, and even on jewellery. One of the most remarkable in this last category is what is known as the Alfred Jewel. It was discovered in Newton Park, near Athelney, in 1693, and in 1718 had found its way to the Ashmolean Museum in Oxford, where it still is. It consists of an enamelled figure enshrined in a golden frame, with a golden back to it, and with a thick piece of rock-crystal in front, to serve as a glass to the picture. Around the sloping rim the following legend is wrought in the fabric: ÆLFRED MEC HEHT GEWYRCEAN ('Alfred me commanded to make'). 'The language of the legend,' says the author, 'agrees perfectly with the age of King Alfred, and it seems to be the unhesitating opinion of all those who have investigated the subject that it was a personal ornament of the great West-Saxon king.' Mr Earle traces the language from the Heathen Period—that is, from the time previous to the English conversion to Christianity, about 597 A.D.—down to the times that immediately succeeded upon the Norman Conquest, and gives examples of the language during these six centuries, with translations of the various passages adduced. All who have an interest in the study of the English

tongue, and of the changes superinduced upon it by contact with other European vernaculars, will find Mr Earle's volume a ready and efficient guide.

THE MONTH:

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

PROJECTS for cutting waterways across isthmuses follow one another with such amazing swiftness, and the project is in most cases so quickly followed by realisation, that it would appear that before many years have passed, all the available peninsulas of the world will have been operated upon and transformed into islands. Our French neighbours are at present discussing the feasibility of a gigantic undertaking of this nature, which, if carried out, will unite the Bay of Biscay with the Mediterranean. This projected canal, which is to be of such dimensions that the largest ships afloat can make use of it, is to have one entrance near Bordeaux, and the other at Narbonne. This short-cut across France will obviate the necessity of the tedious voyage round Spain and through the Straits of Gibraltar, and will undoubtedly be a boon to shipping, and especially to British vessels; but the scheme is at present only on paper. It remains to be seen whether the undertaking is possible; by which is meant, in these days of engineering marvels, whether it will pay.

Like most other canal projects, this one is by no means new; indeed, a canal already exists almost along the same line of route—namely, the Canal du Midi, which finds an outlet at Cette in the Gulf of Lions, and joins the river Garonne at its other extremity at Toulouse; the entire navigable distance from Bordeaux to Cette being three hundred and thirty-two miles. The existing canal only accommodates small vessels, and the entire journey is by no means a rapid one, for there are more than a hundred locks to be encountered, which gradually raise the boats to a level of nearly eight hundred feet above the sea. Whether the engineers of the new undertaking propose any novel means of battling with this difficulty of level, we do not know; but it will be readily seen that the undertaking has not the simplicity of a simple cutting, such as the Suez Canal presents. Another formidable obstacle to the work is the presence of certain rivers which flow right across the track. In the present case, these are crossed by aqueducts. But what would be the size and cost of aqueducts which would give passage to the floating palaces which have taken the place of the small vessels of days gone by?

Coming nearer home, a project has been mooted for cutting a channel from the river Tyne to the Solway; and another across the low land which separates the Forth from the Clyde. It is true that in the latter case a narrow passage already exists; but what is required is—according to the opinion of a former President of the Liverpool Chamber of Commerce, who writes to the *Times* upon the subject—a channel which will allow the passage of our largest merchantmen and ships of war, so that in case of need the efficiency of our naval defences may be practically doubled. In case of war, the advantages of quick transport of our ships from one coast to the other is obvious, and may in a manner be compared to the undoubted advantages which we reap from being able to convey information quickly from place to place by telegraphic agency.

Some very interesting Roman relics have recently been unearthed in the bed of the river Rhone at Geneva, where some engineering works are in progress. The most interesting of these is a Roman altar furnished with an inscription to the effect that the writer, a certain soldier of the twenty-second legion, who had been shipwrecked in the waters hard by, had raised this altar to the god of the waves, Neptune, as a thank-offering for his escape from death. We have also to record a far more valuable find near Rome itself—at Subiaco, where several priceless statues supposed to have been sent by the Emperor Nero to that place for the decoration of his villa there, have been dug up. In Britain too, a Roman villa has just been laid bare at Woolstone, Berkshire, where, in addition to many tesselated pavements, several graves of the Anglo-Saxon period have been found. In London, our knowledge of the Roman city which lies beneath the busy metropolitan streets has been much enriched by numerous discoveries made during the recent excavations for the completion of the Underground Railway. There is little doubt that interest in things antiquarian is rapidly increasing on all sides. This is not only apparent from the attention which every fresh discovery receives, but is indicated in a most satisfactory manner by the circumstance that the University of Cambridge has given archæology a recognised position among the subjects for the classical tripos examination, and has just opened a Museum which will give an impetus to studies of the kind.

Although interest in matters archæological shows a healthy increase, we have to regret a decrease of interest in another important branch of knowledge. The Royal Geographical Society, which has just held its anniversary meeting, has had to deplore, by the mouth of its President, Lord Aberdare, that the Council have failed in their attempt to introduce the efficient study of geography into the curriculum of our great public schools, such as Eton and Harrow. Prizes have been offered; but there were few who cared to compete for them. This seems a very extraordinary state of things in a country which is always proudly pointing to its possessions as being so large that the sun must always shine upon some part or other of them. But the fault probably lies with the teachers more than with the pupils. The members of the Geographical Society evidently understand this, for they are now about to institute an inquiry into the systems adopted for geographical instruction in continental schools, from which, if all reports speak truly, we may well take a lesson.

Professor Monier Williams's recent lecture on India, delivered before the University of Oxford, was full of interesting particulars relating to the great progress in every way which that vast country had experienced under British rule. But perhaps the most interesting portion of his remarks was that relating to the new route to India which will probably be opened, and which it is expected will lead to great development of intercourse between our Eastern and Western possessions.

This route will consist of a journey from London to Odessa; thence by steamer across the Black Sea to Batoum; then by Russian railway—a thirty-six hours' journey—to Baku on the Caspian; and a day's voyage across the Caspian to Michaelovsk. At this latter place is the terminus of the Central Asian Railway, which some months ago was complete for one hundred and forty-four miles, and which will eventually land the traveller at the gate of India—Herat. The journey from Calais to our Indian frontier will be possible in nine days, so long at least as we remain friends with Russia. Professor Williams considers that we shall be bound to extend our railway from its present limit at Quetta, through Candahar, so as to meet the Russians at Herat. He thinks that we can meet them there as friends rather than enemies; and all will agree in trusting that his words may come true.

During the past year, the progress made by the British Ordnance Survey has been greater than in any previous period, an area of more than two and a half million acres having been mapped. It is expected that the survey of the entire kingdom will be complete by the year 1888, and that the publication of the maps will be finished two years later. A largely increased staff of surveyors and draughtsmen has been engaged to insure this acceleration in the work, and considerable time has been spent in instructing their assistants in their duties. The maps are reduced to the six-inch scale, and are reproduced by the zincographic process. All particulars of the work are contained in a recently published Blue-book.

The long-continued dispute as to the right of the telegraph department to erect posts and wires over our crowded city streets has at last been set at rest, and the Postmaster-general can, with certain restrictions, do much as he likes about the matter. The Telephone Companies, who are new-comers and have no statutory powers, have yet to fight the question. We must for many reasons deplore the circumstance that additions will still be made to the metallic spider-webs which cover so many of our fine metropolitan streets. It has been suggested that the lines could be made to follow the contour of the roads, and could be hidden under eaves and behind coping-stones so as no longer to offend the eye, or to present the risk of danger to life, which they now undoubtedly do. This innovation would doubtless mean a great deal of difficulty to telegraphic engineers, and would be naturally opposed by them, for there is a sweet simplicity about a suspended wire; but the gain to others would be great.

The International Health Exhibition, London, which follows so closely upon the Fisheries Exhibition, and occupies the same spacious site, bids fair to be a success, although it can hardly be expected to be quite so popular with the multitude as its predecessor. Still, there is much to attract the far larger part of the community who long for amusement rather than instruction, and as the financial success of the undertaking must be dependent upon such visitors, the caterers cannot be blamed if they have admitted within their walls many exhibits which, by the widest stretch of the imagination, can hardly be associated with the subject of health. For more thoughtful visitors, there are Conferences upon all manner of questions connected with Domestic Sanitation, questions of which the majority of people are at present profoundly ignorant. There will also be papers read upon the subjects of Meat-supply; Food-adulteration and Analysis; School-diet; School-life in Relation to Eyesight; Posture in Schools; Epidemics in Schools; and numberless other matters of social interest. As these Conferences are under the care of different Societies and Associations, which exist only to increase our knowledge regarding the different subjects indicated, and which have in most cases been at work for many years, we may be sure that much good will accrue from these discussions. Following the procedure of the Fisheries Exhibition, a number of pamphlets will also be issued, dealing with the multifarious sections of the Exhibition.

Although, as we have more than once pointed out, the general adoption of the electric light for domestic purposes cannot be looked for in the near future, it can easily be installed for special occasions. An account has recently been published of a ball at a private house in London where the rooms were illuminated during the evening by one hundred and twenty incandescent lamps. These lamps were fed by secondary batteries, which arrived in two vans, and which were subsequently accommodated in an adjoining coach-house. The batteries had been previously charged at a place ten miles distant. This use for the light may possibly become common in cases where cost is not a matter of first consideration.

Another phenomenal diamond has fallen to the lot of a fortunate digger at the Kimberley mine, South Africa. Its weight is three hundred and two carats; but, unfortunately, it does not possess that purity of colour, or rather absence of colour, which is the first desideratum in a diamond. Its value is said to be about three thousand pounds; whereas the far smaller Porter-Rhodes gem, found in the same mine about three years ago, was valued by its owner at one hundred thousand pounds. But the popular notion is that the value of a thing is what it will fetch, and there are certainly very few persons in the world who would lock up such an enormous sum for the doubtful advantage of possessing such a thing.

A document, which should be widely known, was recently issued by the Board of Trade, in the form of a Report of the first year's experience of the Boiler Explosions' Act of 1882. This Act, we may remind our readers, provides that an inquiry should be held into the cause of every boiler explosion, with a view to their prevention if possible. The causes of the forty-five casualties of this description which were inquired into, and which resulted in the loss of thirty-five lives and injuries to as many more, were entirely preventable. One of the assistant-secretaries to the Board goes so far as to say that 'the terms "inevitable accident" and "accident" are entirely inapplicable to these explosions, and that the only accidental thing about many of them is that the explosions should have been so long deferred.' The prevailing cause of the disasters is the unsafe condition of the boilers through age, corrosion, wasting, &c.; and a noticeable feature in many cases is the absence of any effort on the part of the steam-user to ascertain the condition of

the boiler, and consequently of any attempt to repair, renew, or replace defective plates or fittings.

The authorities of Kew Observatory have undertaken a duty which will be hailed with satisfaction by all watchmakers and watchowners in the kingdom. They will undertake for a small fee to test the virtues of any watch left in their care, and with every watch so tested, will issue a statement of its going powers, under varied conditions of position, temperature, &c. They will also award to watches of superior excellence certificates of merit, which certificates will possess an equal value with documents of the same nature which have for years been granted by the Geneva and by the Yale College Observatories. The Swiss and Americans have long enjoyed these facilities for obtaining independent testimony as to the qualities of their watches, and it is only surprising that a movement has not been made before in this direction here at home; for English-made watches, in spite of foreign competition, are still much sought after.

A new method of dealing with road-sweepings and the contents of domestic dust-bins is now on its trial in New York, and seems to be very successful. The rubbish is carted, to the extent of forty loads a day, to a wonderful machine, which separates the paper, rag, iron, glass, coal, and cinder into different heaps. These are afterwards sold, with the exception of about four hundred pounds of coal and cinder, which are used for firing the engine attached to the machine. The remaining refuse—of no use to anybody, and too often, under existing systems, a possible source of disease—is reduced by fire to impalpable ash. It has been the custom in New York for many years to carry their rubbish out to sea and to discharge it outside the harbour. Pilots and others have long protested against this procedure, and affirm that the approaches to the harbour's mouth are gradually being silted up by the accumulation of dirt thrown in. The experiment will be watched with interest by all those who acknowledge the importance of improved sanitation in our large towns and cities.

Moon's Patent Quicksilver-wave Gold Amalgamator is the imposing title of a clever machine which has been introduced to obviate the serious loss of gold which is inseparable from previously existing methods of treating the ore. From the discovery of gold in California in 1848 to the end of 1882, the value of the gold found there was nearly two hundred and thirty-seven million pounds sterling. It is said on competent authority that this vast amount is less than fifty per cent. of the gold known to be in the ore treated, more than half the precious metal escaping in particles so fine that the machines employed could not intercept them. In this new machine, the crushed ore, mingled with water, is thrown in small quantities into a moving wave of quicksilver, and not merely across a quicksilvered plate, as under the old system. The tiniest spangles of gold are by this means speedily absorbed by or amalgamated with the liquid metal, the two being afterwards separated by heat in the usual manner. In one mine where Mr Moon's machine is in use the increase of yield is estimated at forty pounds sterling per week, so it would seem that the cost of the appliance is soon repaid to its purchaser.

A very convenient combined seat and easel for the use of sketchers has lately been brought under our notice. It packs into a very small compass; it will hold a large picture; it fully justifies its name, 'The Rigid,' and actually weighs only four pounds. Its price is moderate, and it is to be had of Messrs Reeves, London.

Referring to a recent article in this *Journal* on 'Some Queer Dishes,' in which it was stated that the cuttle-fish is used for food in Japan and elsewhere in the Pacific, a Portuguese correspondent writes to us that in Portugal the cuttle-fish is used as an article of food. It is opened, and then dried; and may be seen hanging up for sale in the shops. The people, he remarks, consider it a delicacy; and it is, when properly cooked, very rich and nourishing.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

NEW POSTAL ORDERS.

THE system of Postal Orders, instituted in 1881, has proved so successful, that it has been found desirable to make certain alterations and extensions therein, with a view to affording further facilities to the public for the ready transmission of small sums of money through the post. On the 2d of June, a new series of Postal Orders were issued, the former series being entirely withdrawn. The new Postal Orders are of fourteen different denominations, instead of ten, as formerly; and the amounts of the various denominations, together with the rates of poundage chargeable thereon, are as follows:

s.	d.	d.	s.	d.	d.
1	0	$0\frac{1}{2}$	4	6	1
1	6	$0\frac{1}{2}$	5	0	1
2	0	1	7	6	1
2	6	1	10	0	1
3	0	1	10	6	1
3	6	1	15	0	$1\frac{1}{2}$
4	0	1	20	0	$1\frac{1}{2}$

There can be no doubt that these classes will prove extremely useful to the public generally, more especially as any amount of shillings and sixpences up to twenty shillings can be transmitted by means of only two of the above-named classes of orders. A novel feature, too, is introduced, whereby postage-stamps not exceeding fivepence in value are to be allowed to be affixed to the back of any one Postal Order to make up broken sums—a feature which, it needs not much of the spirit of prophecy to anticipate, will extensively be taken advantage of. By this useful concession, any sum up to a pound can now be sent through the post by means of Postal Orders, and in no case are more than two orders required to make up the exact desired amount. It will be noticed that the former twelve shillings and sixpence and seventeen shillings and sixpence orders are not included amongst the new denominations of Postal Orders; but their abolition will cause no inconvenience, as these two denominations were of all the orders of the old series probably the least used; and where such amounts are desired to be sent under the new series, they can be made up by using two orders, the poundage

on which will be no more than is now charged for each of the denominations referred to—namely, twopence. In several cases, the poundage has been reduced, a benefit that will probably be the best appreciated of all. A ten shillings and ten shillings and sixpence order now only costs one penny; and the orders for fifteen and twenty shillings have been reduced to three-halfpence, instead of twopence, as heretofore. Compared with the former money-order rates, the Postal Order system is remarkably cheap, and on this score, will undoubtedly commend itself more than ever to popular favour; and it is extremely probable that for small sums the money-order system will in future be very little if at all used. Indeed, the Postal Order system, with its ready convenience and cheapness, seems likely to supersede all other methods of transmitting sums of a pound and under.

The Act under which these changes have taken place also authorises the issue of Postal Orders on board Her Majesty's ships, a boon that the seamen concerned will not be slow to appreciate. The system is also to be extended to many of the colonies as opportunity occurs. It is indeed now in operation in Malta and Gibraltar, where it has met with much popularity, owing to the fact, no doubt, that the same rates are charged on Postal Orders issued there as on Postal Orders issued in this country. If we compare these rates with those charged on foreign and colonial money orders, it can readily be imagined that the system will be hailed with unmixed satisfaction by the colonies where it is shortly to be instituted.

NEW METALLIC COMPOUND.

Delta-metal, a new metal said to be not unlikely to rival steel under certain conditions, has, according to the *Hamburg Correspondent*, been lately submitted to the Polytechnic Association in Berlin. Delta-metal contains iron in addition to the ordinary constituents of brass. It takes on an excellent polish, and is much less liable to rust than either steel or iron. When wrought or rolled, it is harder than steel, but not when cast only. It can be forged and soldered like iron, but not welded. It melts at about one thousand seven hundred and fifty degrees Fahrenheit; and at from one thousand three hundred to one thousand five hundred degrees it is remarkably malleable, and in this condition can admirably well be pressed or stamped. For founding, it is also well suited. The price is somewhat higher than that of the better kinds of brass. It should be found specially serviceable for objects exposed to rust and requiring great hardness. At present —not to mention other cases—the small steamers for the exploration of Central Africa are being made of delta-metal.

HARBOUR OF REFUGE FOR EAST COAST OF SCOTLAND.

We have before alluded to the operations of the Committee appointed by the Government to take evidence as to the most suitable place for a harbour of refuge on the east coast of Scotland. The Report of the investigators has now been published, with their final recommendations. The towns and harbours of Wick, Fraserburgh, Peterhead, Aberdeen, Arbroath, and Montrose, are severally reported upon, and the advantages and disadvantages of each stated, with the result that the reporters unanimously recommend Peterhead as the site of the proposed harbour of refuge. That town is situated almost midway between the great natural harbours of the Firth of Forth and Cromarty Firth, and its bay is well adapted as a place of shelter. Its anchorage also is excellent, the bottom of the bay being of mud with a sandy surface, affording a good holding-ground. The harbour is to be constructed by Scottish convict labour.

SUBTERRANEAN FISH.

A fact of much interest to students of natural history is vouched for by Cavalier Moerath, a civil engineer, formerly of Rome, and now visiting this country. This gentleman has devoted much labour and attention to the improvement of water-supplies in Italy. In sinking for water with one of Norton's Abyssinian Tube Wells, he tapped a spring from which was pumped a tiny living fish. This fish had passed into the tube well through the ordinary perforations of about one-eighth of an inch. Examination proved it to have no eyes, clearly indicating that it belonged to an order intended to inhabit subterranean waters. The occurrence was certified to by two other gentlemen who were present when the fish was pumped up.

The site of the well is Fontano del Prato, near the old city of Cori, between Rome and Naples, and the depth is about seventy feet. The soil from which the fish came was fine sand. The strata passed through above this sand were volcanic loose earth, clay and water, other volcanic earth, rocks and sand, and clay. The temperature of the water was low—about forty degrees Fahrenheit. The water was fresh. The fish, we are informed, has been preserved in spirit, and is to be brought to England, when it will probably be exhibited at the Health Exhibition in London.

THE FASTEST PASSAGE ON RECORD.

This great feat has just been achieved by the Guion line steamer *Oregon*, which left New York on the 26th of April last, and arrived at Queenstown at 5.16 on Saturday morning the 3d of May, making the trip in six days sixteen hours and fifty-seven minutes, which is the fastest homeward trip yet recorded. This is the more remarkable from the fact that she had to traverse over a hundred miles at least out of her course to avoid the icebergs, those pests of the North Atlantic. Passengers who embarked at New York on Saturday the 26th April were landed at Liverpool on the evening of that day week. The *Oregon* is another of those naval masterpieces for which the industry and skill of Scotland are so justly celebrated, and is considered one of the finest steamers afloat. Her highest score of miles run in one day was four hundred and thirty-six.

A CANINE 'COLLECTOR.'

That dogs can be taught the performance of tricks or acts showing a remarkable amount of sagacity and intelligence, no one will pretend to doubt, for it is a fact patent to all. But that a

dog could become a 'collector,' and a collector of money too, is at first sight somewhat startling. Yet such is the fact. A splendid and thoroughbred Scotch collie, known as 'Help,' has been actually trained as a collector of money for charitable contributions, or subscriptions, for the 'Orphan Fund of the Amalgamated Society of Railway Servants.' His tutor has been one of the guards of the night-boat train on the London, Brighton, and south-coast line. He is described as a dog not only of great beauty, but of gentle and winning ways, possessing marvellous intelligence and a generous disposition. In his capacity as collector he has travelled over the greater part of England, always returning home to the headquarters in the City Road, London, with the proceeds of his charitable efforts. Last year, he is reported to have crossed the Channel, having been taken over by the captain of the steamer *Brittany*, and introduced by him to Her Majesty's consul at Dieppe. In this port he is stated to have collected about six pounds ten shillings; and on returning home he seems to have made a rather profitable stay at Newhaven, where he collected nearly seven pounds. In February last it was reported in the newspapers that Help had been killed at a level crossing at Middlesborough, in Yorkshire, where he had been run over by an 'express' train. This, however, turns out to have been a mistake. A handsome Scotch collie *was* killed as stated, and as he resembled Help very much, the story got about that the canine 'collector' had lost his life on the line. But Help is at this moment actively following his charitable avocation, in which, we believe, he excites more interest than ever. And long may he continue to carry on his useful career of helping the fatherless and the afflicted. It would be interesting to know the plan or system employed for the dog's operations; in other words, how it is done. The animal must, of course, always be in charge of somebody, otherwise, when he had done a fair day's work in collecting money, there are numbers of unprincipled people who would speedily ease the collie of his subscriptions, if they did not take his life as well.

WILD-FLOWERS FROM ALLOWAY AND DOON.

By Alexander Anderson.

No book to-night; but let me sit
And watch the firelight change and flit,
And let me think of other lays
Than those that shake our modern days.
Outside, the tread of passing feet
Along the unsympathetic street
Is naught to me; I sit and hear
Far other music in my ear,
That, keeping perfect time and tune,
Whispers of Alloway and Doon.

The scent of withered flowers has brought
A fresher atmosphere of thought,
In which I make a realm, and see
A fairer world unfold to me;
For grew they not upon that spot
Of sacred soil that loses naught
Of sanctity by all the years
That come and pass like human fears?
They grew beneath the light of June,
And blossomed on the Banks of Doon;
The waving woods are rich with green,
And sweet the Doon flows on between;
The winds tread light upon the grass,
That shakes with joy to feel them pass;
The sky, in its expanse of blue,
Has but a single cloud or two;
The lark, in raptures clear and long,
Shakes out his little soul in song.
But far above his notes, I hear
Another song within my ear,
Rich, soft, and sweet, and deep by turns—
The quick, wild passion-throbs of Burns.

Ah! were it not that he has flung
A sunshine by the songs he sung
On fields and woods of 'Bonnie Doon,'
These simple flowers had been a boon
Less dear to me; but since they grew
On sacred spots which once he knew,
They breathe, though crushed and shorn of bloom,
To-night within this lonely room,
Such perfumes, that to me prolong
The passionate sweetness of his song.
The glory of an early death
Was his; and the immortal wreath
Was woven round brows that had not felt
The furrows that are roughly dealt
To age; nor had the heart grown cold
With haunting fears that, taking hold,
Cast shadows downward from their wing,
Until we doubt the songs we sing.
But his was lighter doom of pain,
To pass in youth, and to remain
For ever fair and fresh and young,
Encircled by the youth he sung.

And so to me these simple flowers
Have sent through all my dreaming hours
His songs again, which, when a boy,
Made day and night a double joy.
Nor did they sink and die away
When manhood came with sterner day,
But still, amid the jar and strife,
The rush and clang of railway life,
They rose up, and at all their words
I felt my spirit's inner chords
Thrill with their old sweet touch, as now,
Though middle manhood shades my brow;
For though I hear the tread of feet
Along the unsympathetic street,
And all the city's din to-night,
My heart warms with that old delight,
In which I sit and, dreaming, hear
Singing to all the inner ear,
Rich, clear, and soft, and sweet by turns,
The deep, wild passion-throbs of Burns.

The Conductor of Chambers's Journal begs to direct the attention of Contributors to the following notice:

1*st*. All communications should be addressed to the 'Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.'

2*d*. For its return in case of ineligibility, postage-stamps should accompany every manuscript.

3*d*. Manuscripts should bear the author's full *Christian* name, Surname, and Address, legibly written; and should be written on white (not blue) paper, and on one side of the leaf only.

4*th*. Offerings of Verse should invariably be accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.

If the above rules are complied with, the Editor will do his best to insure the safe return of ineligible papers.

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HOME-NURSING.

BY A LADY.

FIRST ARTICLE.

Illness in some form is so often amongst us, that it may safely be said there is no occupation of more universal importance than the care of the sick, and there are few women worthy of the name who at some time or other are not called upon to minister to the needs of sufferers by disease or accident.

Much has been done of late years to improve the tone of nursing amongst those who take it up as a profession, so that the 'Sarey Gamp' of old times has practically given place to the skilled, conscientious nurse, who has been trained to look upon her work as something more than a mere means of livelihood. But whilst this is true of those who devote their lives to nursing, there still remains a vast amount of ignorance, even of its very elements, amongst those who are only occasionally called upon to bedside-ministration, and it is our object in this series of papers to give our readers such information as may fit them to act on an emergency, if not with the skill of the trained nurse, with at least so much knowledge and intelligence as shall give the patient some chance of comfort and help. Not, of course, that the practical work of nursing can be acquired by any amount of book-knowledge alone; but for those who cannot spare time for regular hospital training, it is of great importance to understand at anyrate what should be aimed at in nursing; and were this more widely understood, it would do much towards mitigating the avoidable sufferings inflicted on unhappy patients who have to be nursed by those who are full of love indeed, but without any idea of the work they are undertaking.

This brings me to a point on which I can hardly be too emphatic. In cases of serious illness, especially where there is much acute pain, secure, if possible, the services of a trained nurse. Apart from her superior knowledge of means for giving relief, the patient will be much more likely to yield to the authority of a stranger, and at the same time the stranger being used to the sight of suffering, will have command over her countenance, and will not show the distress which it is hardly possible for inexperience to conceal. Indeed, patients of self-controlled habits will sometimes put such strain upon themselves to hide their pain from too sympathising friends, as really to increase their sufferings; whilst with a stranger the relief of expression may safely be indulged in. Perhaps such cases of self-repression are rare; but at anyrate the trained nurse will often have resources at command of which the uninitiated know nothing, and will be able to handle and attend to the patient with the steadiness and tact only to be learned in the school of experience. I admit the tender sound of the sentiment which fancies that no hand is like the hand of affection; but, as a practical matter, no love, however great, can supply the place of skill and knowledge.

I remember meeting with the case of a widow, whose only son was attacked with one of the most terrible forms of disease, accompanied with anguish that wrung cries of agony from the strong man's lips. Unable to help himself, yet restless to a painful degree, his case demanded the utmost watchfulness and attention, in addition to which he was of such an unselfish nature that his sufferings became doubled as he saw their effect upon his mother. She, ignorant as a child, refused to listen to any suggestion of sending for a nurse; and in answer to the remonstrances of friends, exclaimed with indignation: 'As though any one could do as well for him as his mother.' Alas! poor fellow, it might almost have been said: 'As though any one could do *worse* for him than his mother;' and none of those who witnessed the pitiable condition he was allowed to get into, felt any surprise at hearing him eagerly welcome death as release from misery. I do not say that the best of nursing would have saved his life, though it might have given him a chance; but beyond a doubt, skilled hands could have ministered to

his wants in such a way as to have obviated a large amount of distress and pain.

But apart from such grave cases, there are many forms of illness which may safely be trusted to home-care, provided there is a fair amount of knowledge of those general rules which lie at the root of all degrees of successful nursing. Not that every woman is fitted to undertake the care of a sick-room. A certain, and not small amount of physical strength is absolutely needful, as well as some special qualifications, natural or acquired, which are equally essential. In this connection, there is a popular fallacy which demands notice. What a common thing it is to hear a person described as 'a born nurse,' with the implication that therefore she is fitted at any time, and under all circumstances, to take her place in the sick-room with confidence of success. Now, the expression 'born' applied to any other special calling will show how much value it possesses. Who in his senses would speak of the 'born' painter or musician as thereby exempted from the necessity of further training? And—to take a more homely example—there are few mistresses, I fancy, who would engage a servant on the sole recommendation of being a 'born cook!' Yet it may easily be conceived that the rejector of such an aspirant would consider it natural that she should undertake more important and delicate sick-room work, on precisely those grounds which she rightly looks upon as unsatisfactory in the matter of dinners. The truth is, that in every department, those who have special gifts require no small amount of thoughtful care and perseverance for the full development of their natural abilities. In regard to nursing, the low standard of the past has given rise to the erroneous idea of 'birth' qualification as supreme; but now that the standard is becoming increasingly high, there is good reason to hope that there will be a better general understanding of how much scope nursing affords for intelligence and skill; with this, too, will come comprehension of the fact that natural taste and ability are valuable only as grounds to work upon.

We will now proceed to the consideration of those qualifications which are essential to the good nurse. In the first place, I would urge every reader to cultivate *self-control* as a habit of daily life, for without it, there will be little power of helping in a sick-room. Not that it is always possible to help feeling shocked and startled at the sight of suffering, especially sudden suffering, with which there is no familiarity; but a habit of self-control will give power to suppress all expression of alarm, and so to keep one's presence of mind as to be able to consider what means of relief can be adopted.

But there are some people able to meet sudden emergency who yet fail to keep their self-control during the wear and tear of long illness. The patient is irritable, seems unreasonable, and demands constant attention; and the nurse becomes so weary as to allow herself to show by lagging movements or vexed looks, if not by actual rebuke, that her work is a burden she would willingly give up if she had the chance. Need I say that such conduct is incompatible with good nursing? And I cannot too strongly urge the necessity for keeping control over face and tongue, as well as over actions. In home-nursing this is one of the greatest difficulties, especially where the illness is straining resources, and there is the additional anxiety of wondering how both ends may be made to meet. But at any cost a nurse must keep watch over herself, and strive after that *cheerfulness* which is a second element in good nursing. Perhaps only those who have grieved over recovery retarded by the gloom and depression of attendants, can understand the full force of the stress I would lay upon the duty of keeping a bright face and cheerful voice. No amount of devotion in other respects can atone for their absence. It is possible for a nurse to spend time and strength lavishly in day and night vigils, to be the best of poultice-makers, and the most careful administrator of food and medicine, and yet to fail utterly in helping the patient back to health and strength. Over and over again I have found patients sorrowful, perhaps crying, over the sense of being 'such a burden;' this, too, where there has been real affection on the part of nurses, but where the first duties of self-control and cheerfulness have been neither understood nor practised.

Of a kindred nature is the third requisite, *patience*, a virtue which is sure to be largely needed in most forms of illness. Even where a nurse is fortunate enough to have to deal with an amiable, unexacting spirit, the hundred-and-one details of daily nursing are apt to become very wearisome to those unaccustomed to minute and monotonous duties, and the temptation is strong to hurry the patient or to slur over details. I have seen a patient's languid appetite chased away by his nurse's evident anxiety to regain possession of cup or plate; and where having the hair brushed is the one pleasure of the day, the admonition to 'be quick and turn your head' does not give an added charm to the operation.

But, unhappily, the patience is sometimes tested in a far more trying way. Apart from the helpless tediousness of a long illness, which alone may affect the patient's temper and cause varying degrees of irritability, there is, with some diseases, an accompanying fretfulness or moodiness most difficult to manage. So marked may this become, that occasionally the patient seems to have changed his character, and the most amiable and unselfish in health may become the most impatient and exacting in illness. The trained nurse, accustomed to watch the effects of disease, will understand and make allowance for such perversion; but in private nursing I have known patients' friends suffer acutely from manifestations of ill-temper, for which they could only account on moral grounds. To the inexperienced, I would say: remember how closely body and soul are bound together, and believe that the *changed* temper is only a fresh symptom to be reported to the doctor as faithfully as any alteration in the bodily condition. But even taking this view, it is trying not to be able to do or say the right thing, to have the kindest actions misconstrued, and perhaps to hear of complaints made against you in your absence. Your best help will be to keep constantly in mind the fact that it is your patient's misfortune, and not his fault, and that it causes him far more discomfort than it does you. So, be very careful not to aggravate him by opposition or by reference to exciting topics;

answer quietly, and at once, his most vexing speeches, but as far as possible, do not argue about even the most irrational statements. If you are blessed with tact as well as patience, you may be able to divert attention, and lead to happier channels of thought, always bearing in mind that you can do no greater kindness than to lead your patient away from his misery. This is a point so often overlooked, that it will bear dwelling upon, for the nurse's own discomfort under such a dispensation is so great, that she is very apt to forget that the patient's impressions are as real to him as though they were actual facts, and that he fully believes it, when he declares that you are trying your hardest to worry and annoy him, and not to let him get well. Think of the wretchedness of such a belief, and spare no pains to soothe and compose the sufferer.

At the same time, there is such a thing as spoiling a patient, even though he be past the age we generally associate with the word 'spoil.' Illness often brings back some of the wayward peevishness of childhood, and you get such things to contend with as positive refusal to take food or medicine, or to comply with some order of the doctor's. How to meet these special difficulties we will consider later on; but as regards the question of how far to give in to a patient's whims and fancies, there is no better general rule than this: oppose his wishes only on questions of right and wrong; and when opposition becomes a necessity, use special efforts so to keep your self-control as to avoid all expression of anger or impatience. How far you succeed in steering your patient through such troubled waters will depend greatly upon what measure you possess of that invaluable gift, *sympathy*—in other words, the power of putting yourself in another's place, seeing from his point of view, and feeling with him in his difficulties. A hard, cold, or even a merely narrow nature cannot be trained into a really good nurse; and indeed, as a broad rule, lack of health and lack of sympathy are the only two absolutely insurmountable obstacles in the way of those who desire to be helpful in the sick-room. For observe that the other qualities I have named—self-control, cheerfulness, and patience—though much easier to some than to others, are within the reach of all who earnestly strive to possess them; and moreover, each and all are capable of being developed and cultivated to an almost unlimited extent. Sympathy, on the other hand, though capable of development by its fortunate possessor, is one of those natural gifts which no amount of training can impart, and which is no more within the reach of all than is that good health without which attempts at nursing cannot but end in failure. Given these two special gifts of health and sympathy, and you have the 'born nurse,' needing, indeed, much patient care and training, but one who may confidently count upon success.

Various other qualities and habits, such as humility, gentleness, firmness, order, and accuracy, are useful in nursing, and to these we shall refer in giving more specific details of a nurse's work. There are also various gifts, as good hearing and sight, cleverness of fingers, and natural quickness of apprehension and of movement, which, though very desirable, are not absolutely indispensable, and on these it is not necessary to dwell. Those who have them may rejoice; and those who have not, need not be disheartened, as they can very well be dispensed with, provided there is thorough, conscientious effort made to acquire those more necessary things which are to be had for the trying.

BY MEAD AND STREAM.

BY CHARLES GIBBON.

CHAPTER XXXVI.—IS IT TOO LATE?

'THERE was nobody in the house, Mr Culver; but I knew you would be here, and so came on.—Where is Pansy?'

Thus Madge, as she entered the vine-house, where Sam, the Scotch gardener, standing on steps, was busy amongst rich clusters of grapes.

'Oh, it's you, Missy. Good-day to you,' he answered, looking over his shoulder with that serious contraction of the muscles of his thin face which friends accepted as a smile. 'This is washing-day; and if Pansy is no in the house, she'll be on the green wi' the clothes.'

'I shall find her; but I am glad to have an opportunity of speaking to you first. Can you spare five minutes?'

'Ten, or more, if it be to pleasure you, Missy,' answered the gardener, with as near an approach to gallantry as he had ever made. He came down from the steps, and dusted them carefully with his apron. 'I have no chair to offer you; but you can take a rest here, if you're no owre proud.'

'You will not think that of me,' she said, smiling, 'although I prefer to stand.'

'Please yoursel', Missy, just please yoursel', and you'll no dee in the pet. That's what I aye say to onybody that maun hae their ain way.'

'And what do you say to those who cannot have their own way?'

'Oh, I say to them, you'll just hae to do as you are bidden.'

'Is that what you would say to Pansy, if she wanted very much to have her own way about something?'

'That would depend on what was the way she wanted,' was the cautious reply.

'Well, Mr Culver, I am going to do what will offend you'——

'That's no possible.'

'Or what you will take as a proof of my liking for Pansy, according to the light in which you regard it. At anyrate, I hope you won't be annoyed with me.'

'No a bit, no a bit, whatever it be.—But what is't?'

'Pansy does not know that I am going to speak to you about it, so you must not be displeased with her, whatever you may think of me. Philip says there can be no harm in speaking to you, and wishes me to do it.'

'Guid-sake!—is there onything wrang?'

'No, no; *we* think everything is right, and that they will be a very happy couple. Have you never considered that Pansy will want to marry some day?'

Sam was relieved. Although Madge had been speaking with a smile on her face all the time, he had been a little puzzled, and for a second

vaguely alarmed on his daughter's account. When he heard this question from her, he began to understand.

'Ay, whiles the notion has come into my head—she's a bonnie lass and a guid lass, and it's natural for women-folk to think about marriage. But it appeared to me that there was time enough to fash about thae things, and I just let the notion gang by.'

'But you will have to consider it seriously—and soon. Suppose the man she wanted did not please you: would you say that she must do as she is bid, and refuse him?'

Sam took up the dead stem of a fern, and whilst he was breaking it into small pieces, considered very wisely.

'Wha is the man?' he asked abruptly, comprehending what Madge was hesitating to explain, and coming to the point at once.

'He had the misfortune to offend some people who did not understand him, but I hope you are not one of them: I am sure you will not be when you know him. It is Caleb Kersey.'

Sam looked stolidly at the ground; no surprise, pleasure, or displeasure expressed on his features. Madge observing him closely, was busy collecting her arguments in favour of Caleb.

'Now, that's very queer,' he began slowly. 'When he was coming about the house at first, I suspected that he was hankering after my lassie, and I'm obliged to own that it wasna exactly the kind o' match that I would have liked her to make; but when she was spoken to, she just said nothing. Syne, thinking that there was nae harm in his coming, and seeing what fine work he was making of the harvest, I took a notion o' the lad because he was fond o' flowers—especially geraaniums. Do ye know, daft-like as it was, I thought it was the geraaniums he had a fancy for.'

There was a comic pathos in the air of dejection and disappointment with which he made this confession, whilst he rubbed his soft cap slowly over his head, as if he would rub out the stupidity which had caused him to make such a mistake.

'I have no doubt that the geraniums had something to do with bringing him here,' was the consolatory comment of Madge. 'You may be certain that Caleb would never say he liked anything if he did not. His outspoken ways are the causes of the ill-favour he has fallen into amongst the farmers. You know as well as I do that he is a good worker; he is steady; and Philip bids me assure you that he is now in a position which he is exactly fitted for, and he will be able to earn a good wage. I believe that Pansy likes him, and that they are both held back from speaking because they are afraid of you.'

'Feared for me! How can that be? I never did anything to scare them; and I'm sure I have ta'en mair pains in letting him into a' the secrets of the culture of geraaniums than I ever did wi' onybody afore. Maybe I should have tried him wi' the pansies.'

'He has found out that secret for himself,' said Madge merrily as Sam chuckled at his own little joke. 'Then I may tell them that you will not be cruel—that you will not interfere with them?'

'Oh, if the young folk have settled the matter for themsel's, there would be no use of me interfering; and if they ha'ena, there 'll be no need.'

'I cannot tell you how much pleasure you have given me, Mr Culver; and Philip will be delighted, for he began to think that poor Caleb was going to be ruined by his anxiety about this matter. I must go and find Pansy now.'

'But there is no need to be in haste about it,' said the gardener, and there was evidently some anxiety underneath his dry manner: 'she is a young thing yet, and I'm no sure that I could get on without her.'

'Perhaps you would not require to be separated from her; but all that can be arranged by-and-by.'

As Madge quitted the vine-house, she was aware that Sam was meditatively rubbing his head with his cap, and she heard him muttering: 'Ay, ay, it wasna the geraaniums after a'. Weel, weel, weel; I daursay it's natural.' He always returned to his native dialect when speaking familiarly, or when under the influence of emotion whether of affection or rage.

The washing-house was a small erection jutting out from the back of the cottage, and thither Madge hastened with the agreeable news, which she believed was to make two young people 'happy ever after.' The door stood wide open as she approached, but a mist of steam hid everything within, and boiling water running over the floor prevented her from entering. A figure appeared in the mist—stooped—groped for something—and presently darted out, stumbling against Madge.

'Why, Pansy, what in the world is the matter?'

The girl was flushed and panting with excitement.

'I am so stupid to-day.—I hope I did not hurt you,' she gasped. 'The tap of the boiler—I forgot to turn it off; and the place was full of steam in a minute, and I've upset the tub on the floor, and dirtied all the clothes. O dear!'

'Never mind about the clothes. You might have been suffocated or scalded to death. Are you burned?'

'I don't know. I think my hand was a little, when I turned off the tap just now. . . . O dear! I am so stupid to-day.'

The left hand was already puffed up with a white swelling, which looked more dangerous than it was in reality. Madge hurried her into the cottage, and poured oil over the scalded hand into a bowl. When the bowl was half-full of oil, she bade the girl keep her hand in it. Pansy submitted with a patience that was akin to indifference; but as she continued at intervals to utter little cries of distress, it was some time before Madge became aware that they had nothing to do with the injury the girl had sustained. She did not look at her hand at all, but stared at the window, as if she saw something outside that made her unhappy.

'I suppose you have not got any lint in the house. Well, you must find a bit of soft rag; and when we have steeped it in the oil, I will fasten it on your hand until we get Dr Joy to dress it properly. You can walk down to the village with me.'

'It's no use—it doesn't matter. I must finish the washing. . . . O dear!'

'Is it paining you very much?'

'O yes.—He looked so bad, that it scared me to see him; and I ran away, and I don't know what I was doing.'

'Who are you talking about?' asked Madge, alarmed lest the girl's fright was to have more serious consequences than she had anticipated.

'About *him*—Caleb.'

Her eyes were still fixed on the window; and observing this, Madge also glanced in that direction, half expecting to see the lover outside. Seeing no one, she became more and more uneasy about Pansy's odd behaviour.

'He will come soon,' she said cheeringly; 'and I have great news for you and for him. You would never guess what it is.'

'No; I never would guess. I am not able to try.'

'Ah, well, you will have all the more pleasure in the surprise. I always knew your father was a sensible and just man, who would never allow any prejudice to affect his judgment of others; but he did surprise me when I spoke to him about you and Caleb. He gave me leave to tell you that he will not interfere between you. Now, is not that great news!'

Madge expected to see her flush with joy and rouse from the dazed state into which she had fallen. Instead of that, Pansy started to her feet, pale, and all consciousness of the scalded hand had evidently vanished.

'I am sorry to hear that.'

'Sorry! . . . Why?'

'Because I am not going to have him,' was the half-petulant, half-sobbing answer.

'O Pansy, what is this?' exclaimed Madge astonished, puzzled and regretful. 'When we last spoke about him, you made me believe that you liked him very much, and that you only hesitated because you were afraid your father would not be pleased.'

'And I do like him—like him so much, that it upsets me to put him out or trouble him. But I'm not going to have him, and I've told him so. He was asking me just before you came, and—and I told him.'

There was real distress in voice and look; but there was an under-current of sulky defiance, as if being conscious that she had not behaved well to the man, she was eager to defend herself, and finding no ready way of doing it, was angry with herself whilst ready to anticipate blame.

Madge's expression of astonishment changed to one of grave concern, although Pansy's confession of anxiety to spare Caleb suggested that there was nothing worse to apprehend than some misunderstanding between the lovers, which would be put right as soon as the girl got over her excitement. So she proceeded quietly to bandage the injured hand, without speaking for several minutes. Pansy was evidently unhappy; the silence of her friend was a more severe rebuke than any words of blame could have been. She could endure it no longer.

'Oh, what shall I do?' she burst out; '*you* are vexed with me now, like him.'

'You must not think that, Pansy. I am very much grieved to see you in such a state as this; but I am sure it only needs a little forbearance on your part to put everything right again. There is nothing uncommon in a little tiff between lovers, and you will soon get over it. I will answer for Caleb that he will be ready to make it up as soon as you speak a kind word to him.'

'But I can't speak the word he wants, for I am not to have him.'

That was sufficiently decisive. Then Madge examined her closely, and became very anxious, for she perceived that Pansy's distress had a deeper source than 'a little tiff.'

'You do not mean to say that Caleb is not the one you care most for?'

There was sullen silence.

Now, of all the feminine frailties which nature and training had taught Madge to shun, coquetry stood foremost. An acted falsehood!—What could be more abominable? A falsehood which, by inspiring baseless hopes, may cause an honest heart long days and nights of pain, when the truth becomes known? Can there be pleasure in seeing another suffer? There are women who consider coquetting with any decent-looking fellow a legitimate form of amusement, and avail themselves of it without a suspicion of immodesty or a single pang of conscience; yet the same women would scream at a mouse or at sight of a bleeding scratch. Demure glances, soft tones, a confiding touch on the arm—meaning nothing more than to gratify a mania for admiration at any cost—have played the mischief in high and low life many a time.

If anybody might claim a privilege to coquet, Pansy might, for she had been praised and flattered by everybody, whilst she had been guarded by her father as if she had been a flower almost too precious for the common eye. Hitherto, she had shown few symptoms of the weakness which too often makes such a position dangerous. Although there were many lads in the district who would fain have been suitors, not one dare say that she had deceived him by word or look. Caleb Kersey could say it now.

'Come and sit down, Pansy, and let us talk about this; you will feel better when you have told me all about it. Besides, it will do you good to have a little rest before we start for the doctor's.'

There was really no need to hurry to the doctor, as the wound had been dressed so cleverly. Madge drew her gently down on the chair and, holding her hand sympathetically, waited. Like a glow of sunlight breaking through a rain-cloud, the sullen gloom was dispersed with a sob and a burst of tears. Pansy's head rested on her friend's shoulder, whilst she clutched her hand, as if seeking courage and support in the assurance of her presence. The time for words had not come yet.

By-and-by, the girl lifted her head and wiped her eyes with a corner of the big white apron which covered her from the neck to the ankle.

'I'm right ashamed at myself for taking on this way—that I am,' she said bashfully; 'and there ain't no reason in it either, barring that I'm vexed for vexing him, and that he'll feel worse when he finds there's no help for it.'

'Why have you not answered my question, Pansy?'

'There ain't no answer.'

'Somebody else has spoken to you before Caleb, and has been luckier than he.'

'Nobody else has spoken to me—if you mean in the way of asking me.'

This cleared away a simoom of disagreeable speculations which had been whirling through Madge's brain. Caleb's happiness was not wrecked yet.

'And there is nobody you expect to ask you?'

'Oh, I don't say that—I don't know. Who can tell what may happen? But there 's no use speaking about that. I wish things hadn't gone so far with Caleb.'

Madge agreed that there was no use speaking any more at present; but although she did not feel quite so assured as she had done a moment before of Caleb's speedy restoration to favour, she was hopeful that he would be in the end, since no one else had spoken. At the same time, she was satisfied that there was another who had contrived to catch the wayward fancy of the girl by touching some hidden spring of vanity. Worst of all, there was the unpleasant probability that this 'other' who disturbed the peace of two honest folk was one whose position was so different from her own that the girl was afraid or ashamed to confess her folly at once. But this would be transient, and Pansy would come back to her senses in good time. Clearly, whatever silly notions possessed her for the moment, it was Caleb she loved, or she would never have been so much worried on his account.

Having, however, some conception of the headstrong nature of the man, Madge was aware of the importance of promptitude in clearing up the misunderstanding between the lovers, and she did not see how that could be done unless Caleb remained steady and patient. She and Philip must persuade him to be so. For the present, nothing more could be said to Pansy with advantage.

The girl was glad of the excuse to go to the doctor's, as it afforded her time to recover self-possession before she came under the keen eyes of her father. On their way through the forest, no further reference was made to Caleb, although Madge talked about Philip's work, and the happy future which they believed was in store for every man who laboured under him. Of course she intended her companion to understand that Caleb would share largely in that brilliant future. Whether it was this suggestion or the brisk exercise which had the effect, Pansy looked sufficiently composed on their arrival in the village not to attract the particular attention of passing acquaintances.

The injured hand was attended to, and Dr Joy complimented Madge on her skill as a dresser.

'There will be no need to ask you to come to my lecture on the art of dressing ordinary wounds,' said the little doctor gallantly; 'but I hope you will come, for I shall then feel that there will be at least two people in the room who have some idea of the subject—you and the lecturer. Meanwhile, you are not to go away without seeing Mrs Joy. She has one of her patients with her—a poor woman who has got into a dreadful muddle with her domestic economies. What a pity that we cannot get the simple rule driven into their heads, that a penny saved is a penny gained.—That 's her going now. Come this way; and you 'll excuse me—I have a couple of patients to see immediately.—My dear, here is Miss Heathcote with Pansy Culver.'

The doctor hurried away as Mrs Joy advanced with both hands extended to Madge.

'I am so delighted to see you, dear; I have'—— She interrupted herself, and without releasing Madge's hands, said in parenthesis: 'How do you do, Pansy; and how is your father? Please sit down.' Without waiting for a reply, she proceeded with what she had been about to say to Madge. 'I have such an interesting case to report to you. Of course you remember Edwin's lecture last year called "Penny wise and Pound saved"—that is his playful way of dealing with that wicked saying of "penny wise and pound foolish," which has done incalculable harm to poor people—and rich people too, I am sure. You remember it?'

'I am sorry to have to own that I missed the lecture.'

'What a pity! However, there was a poor labourer present—Wolden is his name—and he was so deeply impressed by what he heard, that he determined to lay by one penny regularly every week. That is a most gratifying proof of the benefit of real practical counsel: but what is most gratifying is that the man actually carried out his good resolution. Think of that! He has fourteen shillings a week, and out of each payment he regularly put by one penny in a hole above the fireplace, which was only known to himself and his wife. Well, he kept to his good resolution in spite of many temptations, and he only wanted three weeks to make out a complete year of that noble self-denial. Think!—what a glorious proof of the value of the lessons which Edwin and I have been teaching. This man, who never before had a shilling he could call his own, had actually stored away in the course of forty-nine weeks four shillings and one penny! . . . It is so delightfully marvellous to observe how atoms grow and multiply into mountains!'

Mrs Joy was so much pleased with the idea which the last words conveyed to herself, that she paused to repeat and admire them with a view to their future use when she should offer herself as a candidate for the local School-board.

'The doctor and you must be greatly pleased,' said Madge, cordially appreciating the effect of Dr Joy's wise admonitions.

'We are—we were; but'—here Mrs Joy shook her head with a smiling regretfulness at being obliged to own the existence of human weakness—'but to-day there came to him a friend who required him to take a parcel into London—a parcel for a friend of yours, Mr Philip Hadleigh. His fare there and back was to be paid, and half-a-crown for the service. Wolden had often thought, if he were in London, he would buy something useful with his savings. Here was the opportunity. He ran home for his savings; and what did he find? The hole in the wall was empty; and his wife was obliged to own that she had used the money for a pair of boots for one of the children. Think!'

Madge did think; but it was not about the doctor's lecture or the misfortune of his convert—it was about the person who had been suddenly employed to carry a parcel to Philip. Pansy's thoughts jumped in the same direction.

'How unfortunate,' said Madge; 'the poor man's

disappointment must have been awful. But who gave him the parcel for—Mr Hadleigh?'

'Most unfortunate—terribly disappointing,' proceeded Mrs Joy, apparently unconscious of the question which had been asked. 'The man became so wild, that the poor woman ran out of the house and came to me for advice and assistance. I scolded her, I can tell you—scolded her roundly for having deceived her husband in such a way. She was very penitent. I always scold, and they are always penitent. She promised never to do anything of the kind again; and I gave her the money, in order that she might start on her new course with a clear conscience. You should have seen how grateful she was, dear; and it is most delicious to feel that one can save a household from destruction by such simple means—good advice and four shillings and a penny!'

Mrs Joy was so lost in contemplation of the small expense at which morals and domestic economy could be instilled into the minds of the people, that she did not observe the anxious expression of Madge, or the frightened look of Pansy.

'Forgive me, Mrs Joy, but I have a reason for again asking you who was the sender of the parcel to Mr Hadleigh?' said Madge.

'Oh, how ridiculous of me to forget. It was Caleb Kersey.—It seems that he has some idea of emigration; and this poor fellow Wolden caught up the notion, and threatened to leave his wife and family to the parish. That was what put the woman in such a state; but he will stay at home now that he has got back his four shillings and a penny.'

'Caleb Kersey going to emigrate!'

'That was what she said.'

Madge looked at Pansy. Her face was white and lips quivering.

'Will you excuse us, Mrs Joy? We must go now.'

SOME LEGAL DECISIONS.

Theoretically, every one is supposed to be familiar with the law of the land he lives in, and to know exactly what he may do unto others, and what others may do unto him. Practically, lawyers themselves have too often to acquire that knowledge at the expense of a client, the burden of whose song might be, 'From court to court they hurry me,' if Law were not much too dignified a dame to hurry herself or those having dealings with her.

It was not until the matter had been disputed for a couple of centuries, that it was settled that 'from the date' and 'on and from the date' were synonymous phrases. But for the perseverance of a stubborn gentleman, who was not satisfied by being beaten in two courts out of three, we should not now know wherever the words 'value' or 'annual value' are used in a statute that they mean 'net,' not 'gross' value. It took the Canadian Court of Queen's Bench half a year to decide whether 'Old Tom' came under the definition of 'spirits.' A majority of experts were of opinion that it did not, being only a compound of spirits, sugar, and flavouring matter; but the Court ultimately decreed that Old Tom belonged to the family of spirits, and that to hold otherwise would be a mere trifling with words.

The courts of the United States have found it more difficult to settle what is and is not a 'saloon.' In Michigan, it may be a place for the sale of liquors, or it may be a place for the sale of general refreshments. In Texas, a saloon may be a room for the reception of company, or one set apart for the exhibition of works of art. The legal luminaries of Connecticut hold that neither an inclosed park nor an uninclosed platform, where lager beer is retailed, can be considered to be a saloon, house, or building, within the meaning of the statute forbidding the sale of intoxicating liquors upon Sunday; while in Massachusetts it has been declared that a cellar is a house, when used for that purpose. In New Hampshire, 'spirituous liquors' are not to be confounded with 'fermented liquors.' In Indiana, the mere opinion of a witness that brewer's beer is intoxicating is no sufficient proof that it is so, unless that opinion is founded on personal experience of its effects; but in Massachusetts, the evidence of a man who had merely smelt some ale was accepted as proof of its overcoming quality. In Iowa, wine is not an intoxicating drink if made from grapes, currants, or other fruits grown within the state; while in Maine, wine and cider of native growth are intoxicating liquors—if a jury chooses to think them so.

What is a date? Certain would-be voters for Marylebone sent in their claims, properly filled up and signed, but dated merely 'August 1883.' After a week's cogitation, the revising barrister came to the conclusion that that was a sufficient date, as it showed that the claims were made between the first and the twenty-fifth of August, as required by the Act; the fact of their being in the hands of the overseers proving delivery on or before the twenty-fifth day of the month. What is a vacant and what an unoccupied house, were two questions submitted to a court in the United States, under rather peculiar circumstances. A gentleman owning a house in which he and his family lived from May to November, left it for the rest of the year to be looked after by a farmer living near, visiting it occasionally himself to see that all was right. This house he insured under two separate policies. It was burned down; and when called upon to pay, the insurers repudiated all liability. By the terms of one policy they undertook to make good the value of the house, if burned, 'unless it should become vacant *or* unoccupied;' by the terms of the other, their liability ceased if the house 'became vacant *and* unoccupied.' The court determined that no claim could arise on the first policy, since, to be occupied, a house must have human beings in it, using it as their customary abode; but the Company was liable under the second policy, as, although the house was unoccupied, it was not vacant, so long as the furniture and cooking-utensils were in it.

A very nice question was raised by an English Accident Insurance Company, anxious to escape paying a thousand pounds to the representatives of a policy-holder who was drowned in a river near Edgbaston. It was contended that the unfortunate man fell into the shallow stream, and was suffocated through being unable to raise his head above the water from exhaustion caused

by a fit; and that the Company was not liable for any injury consequent upon natural disease or exhaustion, while one of the conditions of the policy specified that no claim should arise 'for any injury from any accident, unless such accident shall be caused by some outward and visible means.' The court held that the insured died from drowning in a brook while in an epileptic fit, and drowning had been decided to be an injury caused by an accident from outward and visible means. The death did not come within the words 'natural disease or exhaustion,' but resulted from an accident, which was drowning, and the Company must pay.

Thief-catching is best left to the police, amateurs may so easily overreach themselves. Hearing a noise outside their house, after they had gone to rest, a worthy couple arose, and ascertaining that a man was prowling around, came to the conclusion he was bent upon robbery; so they unbolted the outer door, and waited. Sure enough, the man entered, was promptly seized, handed over to the police, and committed for trial at the Manchester assizes; but the grand-jury, under the judge's instructions, threw out the bill—the accused could not be charged with breaking into a house which he had entered by merely raising the latch. As lucky a let-off awaited the American actor Frayne, when arraigned for the manslaughter of Miss Behren, by shooting her upon the stage, in performing a modern version of Tell's feat. The defence was, that Frayne did not point his rifle at the actress, but at an apple a few inches above her head; and the court holding that the gun being pointed at an object, and not at the person, there could be no charge of manslaughter, the prisoner must be discharged.

Some recent decisions of the courts of the United States are notable for their common-sense. In a lawsuit against a Railway Company, in which the relatives of a young man who had been run down by a train, sought to recover ten thousand dollars by way of compensation for their loss, Judge Love gave judgment in favour of the Company, saying, the young man had no business walking on other people's property, while the Company did have business running its trains there; a railway is not a public highway, but private property, and people must not trespass. In another court it was decided that a Telegraph Company could not limit its liability by printing on its forms a notice disclaiming responsibility for mistakes unless the message was repeated—of course, at the customer's cost. Any rule or regulation seeking to relieve the Company from performing its duty with integrity, skill, and diligence, was in contravention of public policy; and if it were necessary, in order to secure correctness, to repeat a message, the duty of repeating it devolved upon the Company. Per contra, a Company's customers must use their rights with discretion. A subscriber to the telephone in Cincinnati was deprived of his privilege by the Company because of his using a word—which is too frequently in the mouths of Englishmen—in his communications. He sued to be reinstated. One judge said the obnoxious word was not profane according either to the decalogue, the dictionary, common law, or statute law; but the majority of the court were of a different way of thinking, and declared the word to be coarse, unbecoming, and profane, or if not profane, improper. The rule prohibiting improper language was a reasonable one. The telephone reached into all classes of society, and into many family circles. It is possible for a communication intended for one individual to reach another. Moreover, the operators are in many cases refined ladies, and even beyond this, all operators are to be protected from insult. The inventors, too, have a right to be protected, and to have the instrument placed in a respectable light before the world, otherwise it might go out of use. For all which reasons they concurred in non-suiting the profane plaintiff.

TERRIBLY FULFILLED.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER I.

'I CAN'T stand it any longer, and I won't! It isn't so much that he jeers at me and ill-treats me; perhaps I could manage to put up with that, if he gave me a kind word now and then, and didn't leave me so much alone. But he is away sometimes for days and nights together; and where he goes to I don't know, though of course I can guess pretty well; and he will never tell me anything except to mind my own business. And when he *is* at home, he never speaks except to taunt and sneer at me because I'm not a lady, as he says. He hates me, and I've come to hate him, and I'm afraid of my life with him. You can't imagine what he's like when he's in a temper. I cannot, indeed, bring myself to tell you of all the shame and the infamy he puts upon me.' And the Honourable Mrs Ferrard buried her face in her hands and sobbed despairingly.

Mr Cross, auctioneer, rested his great square chin on his hands, and gazed across his library table at the flushed and weeping figure before him. 'So it has come to this at last, Amy?' he said. 'You deceived and disobeyed your old father, that loved you, and deserted him, and pretty well broke his heart, all for the sake of this grand husband of yours; and now you have to come to me to help you against him. Well, well; I'm not a bit surprised, my girl. I've been expecting you. I wasn't coming to you, you know; I knew you would have to come to me, sooner or later. Now, sit still and quiet yourself, while I think a bit.'

He continued to gaze across his writing-table, but with eyes that saw nothing. This was his only child, all that was left to him of her dead mother; and he had loved her, and still loved her, with an intensity which her insignificant little intelligence was far from comprehending. It had been his study from her childhood to gratify every fancy which entered her shallow pate; all that money could buy had been lavished upon her—except the training and education of a lady. 'I'm not going to have my girl,' said he, 'brought up so that she'll be ashamed of her father and her father's friends. No; let her learn to play the piano, if she cares to—I always liked a good tune—and to draw and paint and talk French, so that it don't worry her. But none of your fine finishing schools for me, where she'll mix with a lot of stuck-up fools and get all sorts of notions into her head.'

So Amy Cross went to a very respectable establishment in North London, where she acquired, to a limited extent, all the above accomplishments; and was sent back to her home very pretty, vain, and vulgar, very proud of her piano and her French, and without a single useful or graceful idea in her head.

This being so, it was not perhaps to be wondered at that Miss Amy Cross should fall an easy victim to the wiles of Lord Englethorpe's youngest son, the Honourable James Ferrard. That gentleman was at Canterbury, attending the races at Barham Downs with a kindred spirit of his former regiment (then quartered in that city); his commission in which he had been permitted—and only just permitted—to resign; and it had occurred to him that it would be amusing to run over to Margate and contend for a time with humbler Don Juans for the smiles of the Cockney beauties of the place. It so happened that Amy was just then staying there with some relations; and the two met on the jetty, and were mutually attracted by one another's good looks. The gallant captain found no difficulty in introducing himself both to the girl and her friends; on all of whom his appearance and manner—so different from those of the gentlemen of *their* society—made a most favourable impression. They met frequently; and he soon succeeded in captivating the heart of poor Amy.

It is due to the captain's pride of birth and ancestry to say that, at first, flirtation and not marriage was in his thoughts. But when he discovered that the girl's father was a man of very great wealth, and that she was an only child, he began to think that the game might be worth keeping up in London, with a view to honourable matrimony, immediate comfort, and succession in the future to the old man's money. For it would have been difficult for Captain Ferrard to have indicated with any precision his present means of existence. It was notorious that his family had long declined to hold any communication with him, further than that the earl allowed him the sum of two hundred and fifty pounds a year, which indeed was all that he could afford, being—for a peer—almost penniless, with a good many children to provide for. The sum named was about enough to keep the young gentleman in gloves and cigars. The balance of his expenditure had to be made up by means of credit, the turf, billiards, pigeon-shooting, and cards. But the first was nearly at an end; the second required capital; the next two are not improved by overmuch tobacco and brandy; and at the fifth the captain was becoming a little too skilful. He was in a desperate state. Why should he not betake himself to his last weapon? He was twenty-eight, with a manly and well-made figure, smooth-faced as a boy of eighteen, brilliant of complexion, with eyes of a peculiarly dark blue. It was more the face of a beautiful woman than that of a man; but there was something wrong about it. The forehead was too retreating, the mouth too hard, and too often expanded in a smile. His manner and bearing were extremely pleasant and ingratiatory. How should an ignorant little girl, fresh from a North London seminary, or her auctioneering papa, detect the festering vices and the cruel heart beneath that fair outside? So he asked permission to call on Miss Cross in London, and readily obtained it.

He called accordingly, saw her alone, and made most satisfactory progress. The second time, he was introduced to papa. Papa, in fact, having heard of the former visit, and knowing the visitor well by repute through certain bill-discounting acquaintances, had left instructions with a faithful retainer—the cook—that he was to be fetched from the City immediately on a repetition of the visit. The result was not quite what Captain Ferrard had expected. Papa sat glum and moody through the interview; when it was over, he attended the visitor to the door, and with some coarseness of manner and roughness of tone, requested him to take notice that his attentions were not desired. Not all Captain Ferrard's smoothest explanations and assurances sufficed to appease the auctioneer, who simply replied that he didn't believe a word of them; and that, supposing them to be true, his girl did not want any fine gentleman for a husband, least of all of the stamp of Captain Ferrard, as to whose character and pursuits he further expressed himself pretty roundly. The captain answered with aristocratic contempt and insolence, applied with an ease and absence of emotion which reduced the auctioneer to speechless fury; and so departed.

The only result of this was that the ill-regulated girl, whose lover was the first toy which had been denied to her, became mutinous. She entered, first upon a clandestine correspondence, then upon a series of secret meetings, and ultimately left home one fine day just after she had attained twenty-one, and was married at a suburban church by license. Ferrard calculated that when once the irrevocable step had been taken, a reconciliation with her father and a handsome dowry would be a matter of only a few weeks, and that the plebeian alliance, gilded with the auctioneer's gold, would be condoned by his family, and would even cause him to be received by them with open arms. But everything went wrong. The bereaved parent, whatever may have been his sufferings in private, did not hasten to clasp his erring daughter to his bosom. When at last she wrote him a letter, carefully dictated by her husband, the only reply received was from a lawyer, stating that Mr Cross declined all communication with Mrs Ferrard or her husband; but that as he did not desire that his daughter should starve, he proposed to make to her exactly the same allowance as her husband received from the Earl of Englethorpe. That nobleman, who had been waiting to see what would happen before finally committing himself, thereupon wrapped himself with much dignity in his family grandeur, and refused to receive either his son or his son's wife, or to add a farthing to the two hundred and fifty pounds a year.

All this was so far beneath the Honourable James's just expectations, that he became not a little disgusted with his bargain, with the usual results. Indifference and neglect were speedily followed by quarrels, upbraiding, and taunts; at last by covert, yet none the less positive, unmanly cruelty on the part of the husband, and a return to his former mode of life. This, indeed, he had never really abandoned, though

he had put some sort of restraint on the open indulgence of his vices so long as it appeared that anything might be got by doing so; and even now, having regard to what the day might bring forth, he was cunning and cautious to the last degree. At length, Amy fled in despair to her father, who received her coldly, but without anger, in the interview with which this tale commences.

Amy sat on the sofa, her wild sobs becoming less frequent, for she saw that her father was thinking. Weak and foolish as she was, she instinctively appreciated his strength of character enough to know that when Mr Cross took to thinking, something generally happened in consequence; and she hoped that he would find some means of extricating her from the trouble which she had brought upon herself.

Some time had gone by, and the auctioneer remained in the same vein of thought, seemingly forgetful of his daughter's presence. At last she spoke to him, and he roused himself with a start.

'Ten o'clock,' he said, looking at his watch; 'time you were home.'

'Home, papa? I dare not. I don't know what he won't do, when he finds where I've been, and he's sure to get it out of me. Oh, don't send me back!' and she burst into a fresh fit of hysterical weeping.

'Hush, hush, my girl!' he said soothingly. 'Nonsense! A married woman oughtn't to be away from her husband. I'm going to write him a letter for you to give him, and you'll find he won't be so angry as you think. I suppose you'll see him to-night?'

'Yes. He said he should be home to-night, and he generally is when he says so.'

'That's well,' said the auctioneer; and sitting down, he wrote a few lines:

'SIR—I should like a word with you on family matters, and will call on you at eleven o'clock to-morrow.—Yours faithfully, R. CROSS.'

'There!' he said; 'you give him that, and it will quiet him down. Now, get on your bonnet, and I'll send for a cab.'

Captain Ferrard did come home, and in a very queer temper. Before he could proceed to vent it, his trembling wife put the note into his hand; and with a sharp glance at her, he opened and read it. 'O ho!' cried he. 'So,' he said, after musing a little, 'you have been to see papa, eh? Singing your husband's praises so well, that our good papa is anxious to make his acquaintance.—Is that it, Mrs Ferrard?'

She did not answer, but cast down her eyes.

He reflected again. 'Well,' he said at last, 'I don't much care what you have been saying, or what you have not. Perhaps it may turn out to be the best thing you could have done. Anyway, I'll see him to-morrow—"comes he in peace, or comes he in war"—and on his behaviour, my pet, will depend our future happiness.—Now, get to bed!'

Meanwhile, Mr Cross had returned to his old position at the table and remained deep in thought far into the night. He was a man strong in his likes and dislikes, but his feelings towards this Ferrard surprised himself. In the first place, the man belonged to a class which the auctioneer, with or without reason, had come to despise or dislike. Secondly, he possessed the three vices which are most hateful to a steady and prosperous man of business—he was an idler, a gambler, and a spendthrift. On the above grounds alone, the very name of Ferrard was obnoxious to Mr Cross. But this worthless fellow, after coolly insulting him on his own doorstep, had succeeded in robbing him of his daughter—his daughter, as to whom the dream of his life had been, that she would repay his tenderness and care by becoming the solace of his age, until she should be honourably and happily married to some prosperous young votary of commerce, and should surround him with a troop of grandchildren, who would recall to him their mother's childhood. To realise such hopes, he had worked like a slave, and had accumulated money until his name was a proverb for wealth. All over now—he was childless and alone with his riches—a gloomy and cheerless old age was coming fast upon him, and he owed it all to this gentleman of long descent, at whose patrician hands ill-usage and shame were his child's portion.

How should he answer her cry for aid? How rescue her? Was it in any way—by any sacrifice—possible to undo the miserable past; to wipe the slate clean, and to start afresh, with the hope of realising the old dreams? This was the problem the auctioneer set himself to work out, sitting there in the silence. And his heart sank, as he bitterly acknowledged to himself that the chances were but of the slenderest. Money would no doubt buy the man off, so that the father might have his girl safe in his home once more—but not to send her from it again as the happy wife of a husband after his own heart. Of course, legal proceedings might be instituted; but their success might be doubtful. The whole of Amy's conversation with her father has not been detailed; but it was clear from what she had said that the ill-treatment inflicted upon her had been carefully confined to those petty and spiteful persecutions which a cruel and cunning man is so skilful in inflicting, which cause neither wound nor bruise, elicit no cries of anguish, yet in their power of breaking, by constant repetition, the proudest spirit, are like the continual dropping which wears away the rock.

As he thought of these things, the heart of the auctioneer swelled within him with perplexity and rage. He was not a cruel or revengeful man; he was a church-goer, and would have taken it extremely ill if any one had told him that he was not a Christian. Yet he did most heartily and fervently desire that the worthless and disreputable destroyer of his happiness would take himself with all convenient speed out of the world, so that the distress and difficulty which he had originated might perish with him. 'I wish he were dead!' he muttered to himself—'I wish he were dead!' And the wish, once formed, refused to quit his mind, but presented itself again and again as an eminently desirable solution of the whole question.

But Ferrard was young and strong, and not at all likely to oblige Mr Cross by dying for some time to come; so the auctioneer rose and paced the room, forcing himself to regard the

matter in another and more wholesome light. He had formed no particular plan of action for the morrow, having had in making the appointment merely a vague idea that he would endeavour in some way to arrange matters for his daughter's happiness, if money could do it. He now told himself that, after all, Ferrard might not be so black as he was painted. He had not, perhaps, had a fair chance; he had been exposed, still young, to great temptations, and had succumbed to them. He was without a friend—a true friend—in the world, and might well be reckless and desperate. He, the auctioneer, would endeavour to make his acquaintance; he would invite him to his house; he would inquire into his affairs; he would see whether it would be possible to take him by the hand and—as he phrased it—'make a man of him.' There would be no harm, at anyrate, in trying to make the best of a bad job—indeed, it was the one sorry resource left. He could but fail; should he do so, then it would be time to think of other measures. What a miserable, wearing business it all was! If that wish would but come true, what a cutting of the knot it would be!

PROLONGING LIFE.

The possibility of prolonging human life has undoubtedly, from the most ancient times, afforded a fascinating and extensive field alike for the visionary and the deepest thinkers. Plans for prolonging existence have ever been amongst the principal allurements held forth by empirics and impostors; and by thus imposing upon the credulity of the public, many notorious charlatans have acquired rich harvests of ill-gotten gold. Men of science have throughout all ages devoted their attention to the subject, as one deserving of the most profound investigation. And their researches have been attended with more or less benefit to posterity. We find that Bacon himself attached so much importance to the matter that he prosecuted inquiry in that direction with the utmost assiduity. Although it would be almost impossible to review all the schemes advanced, yet a review of the most notable theories advocated for prolongation of life is certainly deserving of attention. At the same time, an elucidation of their fallacies, as occasion may arise, is of no small moment, in order to ascertain with greater certainty their true value. It is indeed interesting to observe the various and often opposite means advocated by enthusiasts for attaining the same end.

Even as far back as the Egyptian, Greek, and Roman periods, we find the idea of prolonging life prevalent. The Egyptians bestowed considerable attention to the attainment of longevity, and they believed that life could be prolonged through the efficacy of sudorifics and emetics continually used. Instead of saying, 'How do you do?' as an ordinary salutation, they inquired of each other, 'How do you perspire?' In those days, it was a general custom to take at least two emetics during each month. Hippocrates and his disciples recommended moderation in diet, friction, and well-timed exercise, which was certainly a step in the right direction.

It was during the darkness of the middle ages, ripe with fanaticism and superstition, that the most absurd ideas of witchcraft, horoscopes, chiromancy, and empirical panaceas for the prolongation of life first became disseminated. The philosopher's stone and elixir of life were then vaunted by the alchemists. Foremost among the prolongers of life we find Paracelsus, an alchemist of great renown, and a man of considerable attainments. He claimed to have discovered the elixir of life. So great was his influence, that even the learned Erasmus did not disdain to consult him. Patients and pupils flocked around him from every quarter of Europe. Notwithstanding his famous 'stone of immortality,' he died at the age of fifty. His vaunted elixir was a kind of sulphur similar to compound sulphuric ether. Nevertheless, to the researches of Paracelsus we are indebted for our primary knowledge of mercury, which he was the first to use as a medicine.

About this epoch, one Leonard Thurneysser attained world-wide celebrity as an astrologer and nativity-caster. He was a physician, printer, bookseller, and horoscopist all in one. He professed that, by the aid of astrology, he could not only predict future events, but likewise prolong life. He published yearly an astrological calendar, describing the nature of the forthcoming year and its chief events. His calendar and other quackeries enabled him to amass the sum of one thousand florins. He declared that every man lay under the influence of a certain star, by which his destiny was ruled. On ascertaining from what planet a person's misfortunes or sickness proceeded, he advised his patient to remove his residence within the control of a more propitious luminary. In short, to escape from the influence of a malignant to a more friendly satellite was the basis of his theory.

Marsilius Ficinus, in his *Treatise on the Prolongation of Life*, recommended all prudent persons to consult an astrologer every seven years, thereby to avoid any danger which might threaten them. During the year 1470, an individual named Pansa dedicated to the Council of Leipsic a book entitled *The Prolongation of Life*, in which he most strongly urges all persons desirous of longevity to be on their guard every seven years, because Saturn, a hostile planet, ruled at these periods. According to the teachings of astrology, metals were believed to be in intimate connection with the planets. Thus no doubt it was that amulets and talismans originated, as reputed agents for prolonging life. The disciples of this creed had amulets and talismans cast of the proper metal, and under the influence of certain constellations, in order to protect themselves from the evil influence of adverse planets. These absurd conceits were at a later period revived by Cagliostro, of whom we shall have more to say presently. It would indeed appear that the more mysterious and ridiculous the conceptions of fanatics and impostors were, the greater was their success.

The example of the renowned Cornaro affords a brilliant instance of the superiority of an abstemious life to the foolish doctrines put forth at that period. Up to forty years of age he was excessively intemperate both in eating and drinking, so that his health suffered considerably. He then resolved to submit himself to a strictly temperate regimen, and for the remaining sixty years of his

life, which almost reached one hundred years, he continued the observance of his rules, with the result given. Although life might be prolonged by exercising greater moderation in eating and drinking than is generally adopted, yet, nevertheless, few persons could safely follow so strict a dietary.

Shortly after the death of Louis XIII. of France, who was bled forty-seven times during the last ten months of existence, a contrary method came into fashion. Transfusion was for a time relied upon as a means for invigorating and prolonging life. The operation was performed by aid of a small pipe conveying blood from the artery of one person to another. In Paris, Drs Dennis and Riva were enabled to cure a young man who had previously been treated in vain for lethargy. Further experiments not being so satisfactory, this device as a prolonger of life became discarded.

Francis Bacon held somewhat unique ideas regarding the possible prolongation of existence. He regarded life as a flame continually being consumed by the surrounding atmosphere, and he thence concluded that by retarding vital waste and renewing the bodily powers from time to time, life might be lengthened. With the object of preventing undue external vital waste, he advised cold bathing, followed by friction. Tranquillity of mind, cooling food, with the use of opiates, he advocated as the most suitable measures for lessening internal consumption. Furthermore, he proposed to renovate life periodically, first by a spare diet combined with cathartics; subsequently, through choice of a refreshing and succulent diet. With some degree of modification, there seems to be much wisdom in his views, excepting as regards the use of opiates, which are decidedly of a prejudicial nature.

Numerous charlatans have appeared, and still appear at intervals, loud in their asseverations of having discovered the veritable elixir of life—gold, tinctures, and many other nostrums with which they mendaciously promise to prolong life. The most notorious of these empirics was the Count de St Germain, who with barefaced effrontery protested that he had already existed for centuries by aid of his 'Tea of Long Life,' which he declared would rejuvenate mankind. On close examination, his miraculous philter was ascertained to consist of a simple infusion of sandal-wood, fennel, and senna leaves.

A great stir was created in 1785 by the occult pretensions of a fanatical physician in France named Mesmer. He vaunted the possession of extraordinary magnetic power, which enabled him forthwith, by its agency, to remove every disease and prolong life. At the king's desire, a commission was instituted to report upon this phenomenon, in which Dr Franklin took a leading part. The only practical result of this inquiry was the discovery of animal electricity. At one time, Mesmer refused three hundred and forty thousand livres for his secret. After Dr Franklin's investigations, Mesmer lapsed into obscurity.

Last, but not least in the foremost rank of impostors was Joseph Balsamo, alias Count de Cagliostro. This charlatan appeared just before the first French Revolution. During his remarkable career, Cagliostro made more than one fortune, which he subsequently lost, and died in prison in 1795. The distinguished Cardinal de Rohan was one of his chief dupes. Like St Germain, Balsamo boasted that he had discovered the elixir of life, and throughout Europe, found persons of all degrees eager to possess his panacea. This elixir was a very powerful stomachic, possessed of great stimulating properties, tending to augment vital sensations. It is a fixed law of nature that everything which increases the vital forces tends to abridge their duration. Concentrated and potent stimulants, which are usually the active principle of most elixirs, although for the time increasing physical strength, are in truth very prejudicial to longevity.

We will now pass on to examine other theories more worthy of attention, before we proceed to establish what at present appears to be the most certain means for promoting longevity. The plan of 'hardening'—based upon a false supposition that by toughening the physical organs they would wear longer—obtained at one time numerous followers. When we reflect that the main principle of life depends upon the pliability of every organ, combined with free circulation, it naturally follows that rigidity must be unfriendly to longevity. Perpetual cold baths, exposure to keen air, and exhausting exercise, were advocated by the 'hardening school.' Like most enthusiasts, they carried their ideas to excess, a limited use of which would have been beneficial. Later on, a theory well suited to the idle and luxurious gained many adherents, namely, to retard bodily waste by a trance-like sleep. One enthusiast, Maupertuis, went so far as to propound the possibility of completely suspending vital activity. Even Dr Franklin, having observed the restoration of apparently dead flies by exposure to warmth, was struck with the feasibility of promoting long life by the agency of immobility. The misconception of this theory, from a physiological point of view, is at once self-evident, as want of exercise is simply poisonous to health. Upon a constant metamorphosis of the tissues, physical well-being must depend to a great extent. A destructive plethora would most certainly be induced by attempting 'vital suspension.'

That celebrated sect of mystical philosophers, the Rosicrucians—famous for their profound acquaintance with natural phenomena, and the higher branches of physical, chemical, and medical science—considered that human existence might be protracted far beyond its supposed limits. They professed to retard old age by means of certain medicaments, whose action upon the system should curb the progress of natural decay. The means by which they professed to check senile decrepitude, were, like other mysteries of their fraternity, never revealed. The celebrated English Rosicrucian Dr Fludd, whose writings became famous, is said to have lived a century.

The principal disadvantage of the various plans which have been set forth for promoting longevity appears to be that they are all deficient in this important respect—that they only regard *one object, and neglect the rest.* However beneficial any theory may prove, it must be materially inadequate in fulfilling its purpose, should numerous other matters of the greatest importance bearing upon the human economy be ignored.

Hufeland, in his luminous work *The Art of Prolonging Life*, is of opinion that the real art of longevity consists in cultivating those agents which protract existence, and by avoiding all circumstances tending to shorten its duration. This is undoubtedly the most reasonable method for obtaining the end in view. Moderation in all things (avoiding as far as possible every morbific condition), and open air exercise, are far more reliable means of prolonging life than any of the elixirs and panaceas ever advocated. Finally, health and longevity can only be attained by an intimate acquaintance with and obedience to those natural laws which govern our physical economy.

A GENTLEMAN OF THE ROAD.

MANY years ago, or, as children's stories say, 'once upon a time,' when Bath was in all its glory, and Beau Nash reigned as its king, two ladies were journeying towards that fashionable town in a postchaise. Why two middle-aged ladies should in those unsafe times have undertaken a journey without any male escort, I cannot say; the result proved that they were very ill advised in doing so. It was broad daylight, and not very far from Bath, when the postboy suddenly pulled up the horses, and the chaise-door was thrown open from without with the usual stern command: 'Your money, or your life!'

I need hardly say anything as to the state of terror into which the ladies immediately fell; no doubt they screamed, in spite of the uselessness of such a proceeding; but it is not upon record that they fainted. On the contrary, the one nearest to the door submissively handed her watch, purse, trinkets, &c., to the masked highwayman; and the other, a Mrs C., was hastily preparing to get rid of her valuables in the same way, when the robber turned to remount his horse, as though he had overlooked the second occupant of the carriage.

Such an unbusiness-like proceeding certainly did not bespeak him an accomplished 'gentleman of the road;' for in those days the search for valuables was usually conducted in a thorough and energetic manner, often accompanied with more or less violence, especially if the searcher had reason to suspect that the notes were 'sham Abrams,' or the watches from the manufactory of Mr Pinchbeck.

By the way, do any of the present generation know the term of 'Pinchbeck' for sham-gold? and if any of them do, are they aware how the term arose? To meet violence with craft, the travellers of those days provided themselves very frequently with false bank-notes and imitation gold watches, to be given up as booty, while the genuine articles were carefully hidden; and a Mr Pinchbeck started a manufactory of these watches. But the 'gentlemen of the road' soon got up to this trick, and to prevent such mistakes, they insisted on their victims taking solemn oaths as to the notes being those genuinely signed by 'Abraham Newland,' the cashier of the Bank of England; and also that the watches had not been supplied by Mr Pinchbeck.

What passed through Mrs C.'s mind as the highwayman turned away with only half his spoil, it is impossible to say. Perhaps it occurred to her that he might find out his mistake, come back, and take vengeance on them for their involuntary deception. Or perhaps she never thought at all, but acted on a terror-struck impulse. I do not suppose that she herself ever knew *why* she acted as she did, but she actually called to the highwayman to come back!

'Stop, stop!' she cried; 'you have not got my watch and purse!'

The 'gentleman of the road' came back again to the chaise-door, and held out his hand for the watch and purse which Mrs C. seemed so anxious to get rid of. But that watch and purse had unknowingly been the bait of something very like a trap; at anyrate, the turning back was a fatal move, for as the robber turned quickly to relieve Mrs C. of her valuables, the quick movement of his head, or a passing puff of wind, blew aside his crape-mask for a moment, and Mrs C. saw his face distinctly.

When the ladies arrived at Bath, they were condoled with by their friends on their fright and their loss; and no doubt Mrs C. had to stand a good deal of joking about her kindly calling the highwayman back to take her own watch and purse. But such occurrences were too common for the condolences to be deep or long continued, or to cause interference on the part of any one whose duty it might have been to attend to the peace and safety of the public; and the 'nine days' wonder'—if it continued so long—certainly did not last any longer.

I am inclined to think, however, that Mrs C. kept her own counsel as to one result of that calling back, and told no one of her having seen the robber's face unmasked.

Some weeks had passed away, when one evening Mrs C. was at the Assembly Rooms, together with all 'the rank and fashion' of Bath. She was talking to a friend, a gentleman named Mr M., and at the same time surveying the ladies and gentlemen who frequented the Assembly, when she suddenly exclaimed: 'There's the man who robbed me!'

'Where?' asked Mr M., in great astonishment.

Mrs C. pointed to a fashionably dressed young man who was talking to some of the company.

'My dear Mrs C.,' said Mr M., 'pray, be more careful. You really must not bring such an accusation as this against that gentleman. Why, he is young H., son of Mr H. of ——, a very wealthy and well-known man; and young H. is in all the best company. I know him well as a friend.' This was said in a joking manner, as Mr M. thought that Mrs C. was making an absurd mistake, deceived perhaps by some slight, or even fancied, resemblance.

But Mrs C. said seriously: 'I do not care who he is, or what his father is, or even as to his being a friend of yours. That is the man who robbed me! I am quite certain about him, for when he turned back to take my purse and watch, his crape-mask blew aside, and I distinctly saw his face. I remember it perfectly.'

Mr M. again tried to persuade her that she was mistaken; but to no purpose. Still trying to make a joke of her supposed extraordinary delusion, he said to Mrs C.: 'I will bring him here, and introduce him to you, and then see

if you will still assert he is a highwayman!' Before she could decline the introduction, Mr M. crossed the room to where the young man was standing, and said with a smile: 'Here's a joke, H. That lady over there declares you are a highwayman, and that you are the man who robbed her a few weeks since! Come and be introduced to her.'

But young H. did not take the joke as his friend meant it; on the contrary, he answered in rather an ill-tempered manner: 'I do not want to be introduced to the old fool!'

'Well,' said Mr M., 'you need not have taken it in that way, and lost your temper about such a trifle. Of course I was only in fun. I thought you would have enjoyed the joke, and tried to persuade her that you were an honest man, and not a gentleman of the road. Pray, do not be offended.' So saying, Mr M. returned to Mrs C., and reported that the young gentleman had taken the joke in ill part, and refused to be introduced to her.

Once more Mrs C. declared it was neither a joke nor a mistake, but that in serious fact young H. was the highwayman whom she had called back to take her watch and purse. The subject was then allowed to drop; and after a little conversation on other matters, Mr M. took his leave of Mrs C., with the intention of smoothing the matter over with his friend H., as he did not want their friendship to be interrupted, and he had clearly seen that Mr H. was much annoyed. With this friendly intention he looked about in the Assembly Rooms for young Mr H., but without success. He then inquired of some mutual friends, and was told that young Mr H. had left the Rooms almost directly after he, Mr M., had last spoken to him, and had seemed much annoyed and disturbed.

This account made Mr M. all the more anxious to find his friend and put the matter right with him. Leaving the Rooms, Mr M. looked in at their club, and at two or three other places where he thought it likely he might find Mr H. But his search was unsuccessful; and he had to go home without seeing his friend, comforting himself with the thought that he would next day call on Mr H. at his father's house, where he lived.

But next day young H. was not at his father's; nor indeed did he ever again appear in Bath. When he left the Assembly Rooms, he returned home, changed his dress, and at once left Bath, and—it was supposed—left England also at the earliest opportunity.

Of the grief and agony of his father and of his family, I will not speak; it can easily be imagined what distress and shame they suffered.

Mr H., the father, was a wealthy man, of good position and family; but the young man, an only son, brought up to no profession, but only to inherit his father's riches, had fallen, probably from sheer want of employment, into bad company, had played for very high stakes—lost—played again—exhausted his father's patience in paying his debts, and at last had 'taken to the road' to replenish his purse—a not very uncommon proceeding in those days—while at the same time keeping his place in society.

From his unbusiness-like haste and want of looking after the whole of the booty, in the case of Mrs C. and her friend, it is to be presumed that he had only lately adopted the practice of—as it was politely called—'collecting his rents on the road,' even if it was not his first attempt. How long, however, he might have continued the 'collection,' but for the accident of the mask having been blown aside, is another question.

If this were fiction, I might enlarge on young H.'s future career in another land. I might, on the one hand, make him go from bad to worse, and end his career by murder and a murderer's death. Or, on the other hand, I might depict him as leading a new life in a new country, and eventually returning to England, to the joy and comfort of his family, and worthily inheriting his father's wealth and position. I might even describe his penitent introduction to Mrs C., and his deep gratitude to her for checking him in his downward career; and still further might end the romance by his falling in love with, and marrying Mrs C.'s daughter. But romance is denied to me, for the story is not fiction, but fact in all its details. Mrs C. was an ancestress of the writer's, and the story has been handed down in the family.

Being, therefore, obliged to keep to facts, I am compelled to admit that I know nothing as to young H.'s after-life; so I must close my true history by supposing that he was never again heard of in his native country for good or evil, after his detection by Mrs C. as 'a gentleman of the road.'

AN ANCIENT PEOPLE.

THERE is no lack of literature about Cornwall. Hardly any other county in England finds so many to write about it. It is a favourite with novelists as a place in which to give their imaginary characters 'a local habitation and a name;' and Tre, Pol, and Pen abound in their pages. Every year there is a crop of articles about it in the newspapers and magazines for the benefit of those who choose it for the scene of their autumn rambles, or who wish to renew their recollection of its rocky headlands, washed by the deep-blue Atlantic waves, its sheltered coves, its glorious sunsets, and its wealth of ferns and rare birds and flowers. In nine cases out of ten, it is of the Land's End and its neighbourhood that people thus write; indeed, in the minds of many at a distance, the Land's End *is* Cornwall, much as the Fens are popularly supposed to be Lincolnshire. But there is much that is interesting about the county and its people which only those who live in Cornwall are likely to observe. It is not as other counties, and the Cornish are not as other folk who live 'up the country'—the local name for all beyond the Tamar. They have peculiarities of custom and of speech, not to be accounted for merely by the fact that they are far away from the great centres of national life, and are, as it were, living in the day before yesterday. They are of a distinct race, the kindred of the Welsh, the Irish, and the Bretons, but a race whose language has perished, save in the names of places and people; and the tongue they speak is not the English of to-day, but, with a mixture of Celtic idiom, the English of two centuries ago, the English of our translation of the Bible. Cornwall is emphatically an ancient county, and there is an unmistakably

old-world flavour about everything that belongs to it.

One thing which particularly strikes any one who converses much with the labouring classes is, that they speak much more grammatically than their compeers usually do. There are the peculiar idioms which we have just mentioned; but apart from these, the language is rather that of educated people than what one usually hears in other counties. This arises from the fact that English was scarcely introduced into Cornwall until the Elizabethan age, and that when it was introduced it was by the upper classes. The rest, who used Cornish for their intercourse with each other, learned English as a foreign tongue, and learned the refined form of it. That form it still retains; and hence, quaint and odd as it is when used in the Cornish way, from the lips of these western folk it is never vulgar. We are not well enough read in the mysteries of the ancient tongue to know the reason for the singular use of the personal pronouns, but certain it is that they seem to have a rooted antipathy to the objective case. 'Tell it to she,' 'Bring he to I,' and 'This is for we,' are the universal forms. Then the preposition 'to' is always used instead of 'at,' as, 'I live to Bodmin.' In Cornwall, too, people are never surprised, but 'frightened' or 'hurried;' never in a bad temper, but in a 'poor' one; and the very eggs and milk, if kept too long, go 'poor.' When they live beyond their means, they 'go scat;' and if they are not too particular as to honourable dealing, they 'furneague.'

But in spite of these peculiarities, one hears the ring of good old English speech, such as nowadays we may look for vainly elsewhere, save in the pages of the Bible. Girls are spoken of as the maids or the maidens, and when they leave the house, they 'go forth.' 'Come forth, my son,' is an invitation one often hears, occasionally even when 'my son' turns out to be a horse or a dog. And if we wish to know the name of any little boy whom we may meet, the best chance of getting an intelligible answer is to put the question in the form of, 'How are you called, my son?'

In things that meet the eye, too, we seem to have come into an older world in Cornwall. There are the old-fashioned earthen or 'clomb' pitchers, of exactly the pattern we see in the pictures of old Bibles in the hands of Rebekah or Zipporah; though we cannot say we ever saw one balanced upon the top of a woman's head. Till very lately, oxen were still used to draw the plough; and to this day, in the country districts, kitchen stoves, and indeed coal-fires of any sort, are hardly known. The fuel is commonly dried furze, which is burned either in an earthen oven or on a wide open hearth. It is thrown on piece by piece with a pitchfork, till the iron plate on which the baking is to be done is considered hot enough; then the plate is swept clean, and the cakes—biscuits, as they are termed—or pasties having been ranged in order upon it, an iron vessel shaped somewhat like a flower-pot is turned over them, the furze is again piled on, and a large heap of glowing embers raked over all. No further attention is paid to the cooking; but when the embers are cold, the things are done. And those pasties, what wonderful productions they are to the uninitiated; there appears to be scarcely any article of food that does not find its way into them. Parsley pasties, turnip pasties (very good these are, too), 'licky,' that is, *leek* pasties, pasties of conger-eel, of potatoes and bacon, of all kinds of meat and of all kinds of fruit, the variety is endless.

In the old days, the Cornish were great smugglers. Indeed, the natural features of the coast are such, that they would have been almost more than human if they were not. Even when it did not pay very well, the love of adventure enlisted the whole population in its favour. The farmers who did not themselves help to run a cargo on a moonless night, would, when the riders—the coastguard—were out of the way, lend their horses to those who did, so that long before daylight the kegs were all carried off far inland, or stowed away in the hiding-holes which nearly every house possessed. A darker page of Cornish history is that of the days of wrecking. Terrible sights have some of those pitiless beaches witnessed, when the doomed vessel was lured on by false lights to be the prey of men more pitiless still. At St Eval, between Padstow and Newquay, a lame horse used to be led on stormy nights along the cliffs with a lantern fixed on its head; and many a craft, supposing it to be the light of a ship riding at anchor, was then steered by her luckless crew straight into the very jaws of death. Wrecks were looked upon as a legitimate harvest of the sea, even as things to be prayed for, like a shoal of pilchards or a lode of tin. The remains of that feeling are not extinct even yet. A few years ago, a vessel laden with Manchester goods was wrecked on the north coast. Her name was the *Good Samaritan*. Of course such of her cargo as was saved was supposed to be handed over to the coastguard, according to law; but a good deal of flotsam and jetsam was quietly appropriated notwithstanding, the fortunate finders never dreaming that there could be anything morally wrong in such acquisitions, though they might not be strictly legal. Some months afterwards, a lady of the neighbourhood was visiting the cottagers and asking them how they had got through the hard winter that was just over; and she was told by one of the simple folk that times had been bad indeed, that work had been slack and wages low, and that it had been a severe struggle to keep a home together. 'And indeed I don't know what we should have done, if the Lord hadn't sent us the *Good Samaritan!*'

It is reported of a worthy old parson on the west coast at the end of the last century, when wrecks were considered as godsends, and it was an article of faith that the owners of a ship lost all title to their property the moment her keel touched ground, that in the long extempore prayer which, in defiance of the rubrics, was then generally indulged in before the sermon, he was accustomed, as the winter drew on, to introduce a reference to this grim ocean harvest, in some such style as this: 'Lord, we do not pray for wrecks; but since there *must* be some, grant, we beseech Thee, that they may be on our beach.' Perhaps this was the divine who was in the middle of his sermon when the news reached the church that a vessel had just struck and was going to pieces in the bay, and who instantly concluded with the benediction, and

left his surplice in the pulpit, so that he and his congregation might start fair upon the shore. Yet eager as was the rivalry for what could be snatched from the sea, there was no pilfering from any man's heap. To this day, you have but to put a stone upon anything you find upon the beach, in token that it has been 'saved,' and you may leave it in perfect safety, for no Cornishman will take it then. If, on your return, you find it gone, you may be sure that some less scrupulous 'up-country people' have been by that way.

As to the ferns, every botanist knows the green treasures of this western land. Indeed, we wish he did not know quite so well; for though men of science may be trusted to pursue their researches without wanton destruction of the beauties of nature, it is too often far otherwise with the tourist. It is not only 'Arry who is to blame in this matter; those from whom one might expect more consideration for the feelings and the rights of others are not seldom the greatest sinners of all. Only last summer, a young man actually stripped two large hamperfuls of the beautiful sea-fern (*Asplenium marinum*) from the roof of a cave, utterly ruining its beauty for several years to come. There were plenty of specimens to be had elsewhere upon the cliffs for the climbing; but he must needs get a ladder and take fifty times as many as he could possibly want, just where it most grieved the inhabitants of the neighbourhood to lose them. But we fear our righteous indignation at the iniquities of the tourist will run away with us—how he ruthlessly exterminates rare ferns; how he comes into churches where service is going on, and walks about and stares around him; how he strews scenes of natural loveliness with his sandwich papers and his broken bottles; how he thinks to add interest to the rocks and cliffs by inscribing his name and the date of his visit upon their face. It is his mission, we suppose, to 'vulgarise creation.' But Cornwall will take a great deal of spoiling yet, and so will its people and its language, menaced as this last is by the penny paper and the Board School. And those who like a peep into a world which, in spite of railways and telegraphs and newspapers and nineteenth-century ideas, is still an old world, and full of old and quaint and beautiful things, will find enough in Cornwall to occupy them, as a Cornishman would say, for a 'brave little bit of time.'

THE NET OF MARRIAGE.

The Rev. Harry Jones, writing in the *Sunday at Home*, says: 'Some people, especially if they marry young and on the impulse of some taking fancy, without a due consideration of the very grave nature of the state they are entering, discover afterwards that his or her mate does not come up to the expectations which had been formed. The light and laughing love of the marriage and the early periods of married life are succeeded by a sense of disappointment. Then comes domestic indifference, perhaps recrimination. Both man and wife are deceived, and undeceived. Unintentionally perhaps, but really. Both feel, as it were, entangled. They have married in haste, and repent too often, not at leisure, but with mutual bitterness and ill-concealed unconcern for one another. Each generally thinks the other most to blame. And I do not believe that I am overstepping the limits of appropriate language when I say that the idea of being caught in a net represents their secret convictions. Here is a disastrous state of affairs. In this country, such a net cannot be easily broken. The pair have married for worse, in a more serious sense than these words are intended to bear in the marriage vows. What is to be done? I should very imperfectly express my advice if I simply said, "Make the best of it." For though this is a rude rendering of the advice needed, much might be said to show how this can be done after a Christian way. . . . It is a great Christian rule that, to be loved, we must show kindness and consideration, and not expect to receive what we do not grant ourselves. "Give," says Christ, "and it shall be given unto you. Judge not, and you shall not be judged. Condemn not, and you shall not be condemned." And if this applies anywhere, it applies most in the case of those who are in the close relationship of husband and wife. Clouds sometimes come over the married life because too much consideration is expected. Show it, I would say, rather than demand it, if it has seemed to come short. Do not think to mend matters by a half-grudging endurance, but ask God to give His sacred help to the keeping of the rule "bear and forbear." So may a hasty marriage, the beauty of which has been spoilt by some misunderstandings, ripen into the true affection which should mark this holy estate, and the cloud of disappointment give place to a love which rests upon no passing fancy, but upon an honest Christian observance between man and wife of the vow betwixt them made. So may the miserable afterthought of having been entangled in a relationship be blotted out, and succeeded, as years go on, by a love cemented with the desire to do right before God, in whose presence, and with prayer for whose blessing, the relationship was begun.'

TRIFLES.

An August day
Now passed away
For ever;
A sunny smile,
A little while
Together.

Two eyes so bright,
Still by their light
I'm haunted;
A small soft hand,
A fairy wand
Enchanted.

A mossy seat,
So cool, and sweet,
And pleasant;
Who could despond,
Or look beyond
That present?

A river cool,
A deep, dark pool,
Still waters;
A word of love
To fairest of
Eve's daughters.

A shady walk,
A little talk,
And laughter;
So days may go,
But grief and woe
Come after.

Sweet August day,
So far away
Departed;
You left me gay,
I'm now for aye
Sad-hearted.

Nora C. Usher.

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ON MOOR AND LOCH.

About eight o'clock of a June morning the train draws up at a small station within a short run south of the Scottish metropolis. It is not a typical June morning. There has been a fortnight's drought, followed by two days of rain—the latter rejoicing the heart of the agriculturist and the angler; but yesternight the rain ceased, and its place has been taken by a gray mist, or *haar*, which the east wind is bringing up from the German Ocean. No angler loves mist. Is it not set down in the angler's book of common-law precedents, that in the case of Man *versus* Trout, this obscure element is to be construed in favour of the defender? The station at which we alight is situated in an upland valley, shut in on the north and west by the mounded Pentlands; but this morning their outline shows only like a denser and darker bank of clouds in a gray waste of cloudland. Down into the valley also, thin streaks of mist are creeping dismally and slow, groping their way forward with long dripping fingers, like a belated band of midnight ghosts which the morning light has struck with sudden blindness. To the south-west, the Peeblesshire hills are less obscured, but there is floating over them the dull glaze, the leaden hue, which makes my companion sadly prognosticate thunder—and thunder to the angler's sport is as fatal as mist.

It is indeed very far from being a typical June morning. The earth is gray, and the sky is gray; and the trees and hedgerows that flank the fields and overshadow the cottages and the little inn, are not musical with the song of any bird. There is even in the air a touch of the east wind, that fiend of the North Sea who comes to us annually with the crocus and the primrose, and spends at least three months of his baneful existence in tying innumerable knots upon human nerves. His sublime excellency the Sun is doubtless up, as his custom is, long ere now, but this morning he wilfully persists in keeping his chamber. All this is marked in the time we take to alight at the railway station, give up our tickets, and, shouldering basket and rod, set out towards our destination for the day, which lies over this long ridge to the right.

Everything is very still—with the soft stillness of a misty summer morning. Except for the noise of the train we have just left, as it goes coughing hysterically out of the station, one might almost hear the grass growing. The recent rain has washed the dust from leaf and flower, and the fields of young grain are in the reawakened freshness of early growth. The pastures have drunk in the moisture; and the cows that stop feeding for a moment to gaze on us with large soft eyes as we pass, return with fresh zest to their juicy morning meal. The watchdog at the farm salutes us, as is his wont, with a little gruff language; not meaning any great harm perhaps, but only in the way of duty. 'You are not beggars,' he seems to say, 'and don't want any strong measures to be taken with you. But you are strangers, and I dislike strangers. Don't stand and look at me so, for that only irritates me. Good-morning, and be off with you!' In a few minutes we reach the top of the ridge, and see the long line of the Moorfoot Hills girdling the south and east. They are much clearer than the Pentlands behind us, and we have hopes that a southerly breeze may spring up; for along the south-eastern horizon, between the hills and the low mist-cloud above, there is a clear line of light—the *weather-gleam*, as the Border shepherds poetically name it—showing where the wind is breaking through the haze and uncurtaining the hills.

Our road for three or four miles lies straight before us; for the most part, through a bleak barren moorland. The ditches at the sides, which serve to drain off the stagnating black bog-water, have an abundance of bright green mosses and water-plants on their shelving sides and marshy bottom. There is a broad waste of peat-moss all round, cracked and broken with black fissures, the higher patches covered with bent-grass, hard and wiry, brown and dry, and only

here and there showing thin blades of green. One wonders what those straggling ewes find to eat amid the general barrenness, and how they manage to maintain themselves and their merry lambs, tiny, black-faced, and black-footed, that frolic around them. Yet this wild waste bears promise of beauty ere the winter is on us; for the upper margins of the ditches and the tops of the knolls are crested with thick bunches of heather, which, though scarcely noticeable now, will one day shake out fragrant bells in the autumn wind, and flush the moorland with a purple glory. Far away to the left we hear the jangling call of a bird—'liddle-liddle-liddle'—rapid, bell-like, long-continued. It is a familiar sound during the summer months to the wanderer among the hills, arousing, as it does, all the other birds far and near as if with an alarum-bell. The call is that of the sandpiper—in some places known, from its cry, as the 'little fiddler,' in others as the 'killieleepie.' It is one of our migratory birds, reaching us from the south in the month of April, and starting on its travels again, with its young family, in the autumn. Among the other bird-calls which its wild, startling cry has awakened, is a plaintive 'tee-oo, tee-oo,' sounding eerily over the heath. It is the voice of the graceful redshank, which has left the seashore, as it does every spring, and come up with its mate to the moors to spend their honeymoon and rear their young brood; and by-and-by it will lead back to the sandy shore a little following of red-legs, who will learn to pick crustaceans from the shallow pools, and prepare for a journey to the hills on their own account next spring. On before us, in a clump of firs on a distant height, we hear the deep note of the cuckoo, booming out with its regular cadences, calling to mind the oldest lyric in the English tongue:

Summer is i-cumin in,
Loud sing, cuckoo!
Groweth seed,
And bloweth mead,
And springeth the wood noo.
Sing, cuckoo!

All this is very well, but it is not the business of the day. These are but the accidents, or rather the pleasant incidents, of the journey; and as we reach once more an oasis of cultivation, we know that the water for which we are bound lies close at hand. The day is gradually losing its misty moodiness, is indeed slowly brightening up. There is now a light but decided breeze from the direction in which we lately saw the weather-gleam appear, and when we come in sight of the lake we find its surface shaken with a thousand laughing ripples. The sun has not yet looked out, but we can see, from the transparent whiteness of the clouds at a certain spot, that his majesty may soon be expected to show himself. The mist has quite lifted, and save that the higher peaks of the Moorfoots are each capped with a misty cloud, there is little trace here of the haze which still hangs thick on the northern hills behind us.

At the water's edge, our interest in the scenery becomes of secondary moment. We are intent on other things. We look anxiously across the surface of the brightly rippling water, but not a trout rises to the surface, and not a plash is heard or a ring seen to tell that the finny tribe are there. Knowing, from mournful experience, what it is to be left at the edge of a loch when a dead calm settles down upon it, and your flies are no longer of use, we have brought some worm-bait with us; and so, in order to lose no time while the preliminary work of making up 'casts' and donning waders is going on, we put on a Stewart tackle baited with a nice red-bodied, black-headed worm, which we plant in that part of the water where worm has already been known to us to kill. As we make preparations for the further work of the day, we cast quick glances from time to time towards the uplifted end of our rods where they rest over the water; but, alas, they moved not nor 'bobbed.' Worm was evidently not in demand with the Fario family as a breakfast commodity. At length, a sudden plash; and there, about fifty yards out from the shore, we see a fine trout just dropping back into the water. The 'feed' has begun! The sun had indeed been out for a short time, and this was a signal for the night-chilled insects to come out also, and these in their turn, dropping upon the surface of the water, signified to Master Fario that breakfast was on the table, and he presently piped all hands to the repast. In a few minutes more the lake was dimpled and ringed with the plash of the feeding trout.

There is no time to lose now. The Stewart tackle is discarded, a cast of flies is presently made fast to our line, and we are ready to begin. My friend goes a little further afield—if this term may be used in water parlance; and I am left to do what I can on my own account. Stepping into the water, and moving gradually forward till I get deep enough, I cast carefully from side to side, in hope of attracting the attention of some one of the trout that are rising everywhere before me. Five minutes pass, ten minutes pass, but without success, and I am beginning to doubt if my selection of flies is good. By-and-by I see a trout rise out there in the place where my flies should be; and the quick touch along the line, as if something had suddenly grazed it, tells me that a trout has rushed at the lure, and missed. There is hope in this, and I go on with fresh vigour. A few casts made over the same spot with as much adroitness as is possible to a clumsy fly-fisher, brings its reward. There is a sudden tightening of the line, and at the same moment, a dozen yards ahead, a big yellow trout springs curved like a bow from the water, and falls back again with a heavy flop. He is on! An aged countryman on the point of the bay opposite, waiting to see if perchance his worm-baited rod will bob, has witnessed the plunge of my captive, and is all intent on the issue. 'Gie him time!' he shouts across the water. 'Canny wi' him for a bit, and play him weel. Dinna hurry, dinna hurry.' The advice is not unneeded, for I am nearly fifty yards from the shore, and there is moreover midway a bank of sand only slightly covered with water, through which the green rushes are springing up. How will I get him over that reef? I wind up slowly, while the captive makes vigorous attempts to free himself

from the deadly hook—now springing out of the water, now curling and twisting serpent-like along the surface, then plunging for a moment into the deep black water, his yellow side gleaming like a sword-blade as he shoots below. It is the supreme moment. In a little his efforts slacken, and he comes oftener to the surface. I make slowly for the shore, still winding in. I am over the sandy reef with its dangerous reeds, which I fear may strip him from the hook. At last I have him safely through them, and he allows himself to be drawn quietly over the remaining shallow to the shore, and there he now lies—on dry land—a speckled beauty of three-quarters of a pound, his spotted sides gleaming like gold in the sunshine.

With cast put once again in order, I am into the water for a second trial. This time I avoid the sandy reef with its reeds, and keep clear water between me and the shore. The lake is deep here, and I cast slowly, letting the flies sink a little, that the deep-feeding trout may have a chance to see and seize them. I have succeeded in raising one or two, but they do not seem to be in earnest; and am in the act of withdrawing my line preparatory to casting again, when I find that a trout has taken it. But his tactics are not the same as those of the former one. He does not leap out of the water, and I only know by the strain on the line and the curve of the rod that he is on. This is only for a moment, however; for I have caught a brief glimpse of him as he dives down into the deep water, making straight for his old lurking-place under a steep bank a few yards in front of me. As he thus rushes towards me, the line slackens, the rod straightens itself, and I reel up hastily, fearing that he is off. But no; he is only sulking; for as the line shortens, the tension is resumed, and presently he is obliged to rise once more to the surface; and there he is now, gyrating and whirling in coils of glittering beauty. He is not so vigorous as his predecessor, and in a little his strength is exhausted, and he moves quietly to the shore alongside of me, not above a yard from my foot. He is as large as the first trout, but not in quite such fine condition, being flatter about the shoulders, and having a slight suspicion of lankiness in the sides. Another fortnight of fly-diet and he might have scaled a pound.

I fish on for another hour or two, with always some occasional success, and have, angler-like, begun to estimate the weight of my basket at the day's end—counting, of course, my trout before they are caught—when, alack and well-a-day! I begin to be cognisant of the sad fact that the breeze is gradually dying down, and that the glorious ripple on the water is gliding away into a soft glittery waviness, not more pronounced than the zigzags on watered silk. In a short time the breeze has actually died off, and the water of the little bay in which I stand lies smooth and clear before me like a sheet of polished steel. Alas, what can angler do in such a strait? You may deceive the trout with your artificial flies when the breeze is blowing and the ripple is strong; but the advantage is all on the side of the finny ones when the wind falls and the ripple ceases. You may cast your flies with as gentle a hand as may be; but his quick eye sees something more than your flies, and he knows from experience that a respectably born and bred insect, fresh from its pupa-case, does not come out for a sail on the water with a yard or two of shining gut trailing behind it, or go about leading three or four other of its fellows after it in a string. No, no; trout have learned a thing or two under the operation of the law of heredity, just as we, his human—or, if you will, inhuman—captors have done. We may therefore reel up and take to dry land, till it pleases Eolus again to send us a prospering breeze.

As we sit on the soft grass and eat our lunch, we can note the aspect of things around us. The sun is shining steadily down with all his summer brightness and fervour, and the still air feels sultry and close. As you look along the surface of the calm water, you can see the heated air radiating from it like a shimmer of colourless flame. The white farmhouse on the opposite side basks serenely at the foot of the hills that overhang it; and a warm dusky haze floats over the neighbouring ravine, where an ancient stream has cut its way down through the lofty range. Not a sound breaks the stillness of the air, not a wavelet disturbs the glassy line of the beach. By-and-by there arises a low buzzing sound, gradually increasing in intensity, till you almost think it must be some far-away railway engine blowing off steam. You look up, and there, on either side of you, a yard deep as far as you can see, is a colony of innumerable midges disporting themselves in the hot air. There must be millions of those tiny creatures, the combined action of whose little wings can send such a hissing through the stillness. Shoals of them whisk round your head, poking into your eyes and ears, and tickling your face and hands. A whiff or two of tobacco-smoke comes in as a handy expedient to drive off the insignificant troublers; and the pipe, besides, is wonderfully soothing as you rest your tired shoulders on the grass. But, hark! what is that long low rumble coming up to us from the far south-west—over there where Dundreich raises his brown summit in the hot haze, with a leaden-coloured sky in the distance behind him? My trusty comrade was right in his morning prognostication: we are in for thunder.

There is in reality no wind; but, as frequently happens in mountainous districts even in still days, occasional cold currents of air gravitate from the hills to lower levels; and yonder is one playing over the surface of the lake now, just round the corner of this land-locked bay. We cannot afford to miss even this temporary ripple; for if the thunder comes near there will be an end to sport for a few hours to come. As I step along through the patches of rushy grass that grow by the margin of the lake, I see a small bird glide quickly out of one of those patches and disappear with suspicious celerity and quietness behind another a few yards off. I have not lost in middle manhood the bird-nesting instincts of boyhood's years, and I am certain, from that bird's quick, low, quiet mode of flight, that it has just risen from its nest. A few minutes' search confirms this; for there, beneath a patch of long grass, is the little cavity, lined cosily with dry grass and hairs

and five small oval dusky eggs, mottled with reddish-brown dots and blotches. It is the nest of the yellowhammer. I lift one of the eggs, which feels smooth and warm, and think for a minute how best I might carry it home with me to little town-bred bairns that scarce ever saw a bird's nest. But I conclude that I cannot possibly carry the egg home unbroken, and so return it to its place beside the other four; where, in due course, if boys and rats and weasels let it alone, it will produce its gaping addition to the family of yorlings. A little further on, I descry a small sandpiper flitting before me along the shore, poking with its lance-like bill into the sand, and wading leg-deep through the shallow creeks, occasionally flying a yard or two, just to show me its long pointed brown wings and its breast of snowy white. It is the dunlin, a gay, active little fellow; and I can see that its mate is waiting for it a short way ahead, and when they meet, they make a dip or two to each other, by way of familiar courtesy, and then disappear together round the bend of the shore.

I have reached the point of the promontory beyond which the water shows a temporary ripple, and am into it in a trice. My success is greater than I had anticipated, for I scarcely expected a rise. At the third cast, and just as I am drawing out slack from my line in order to make a longer throw, my lure is seized, and a bright bow of silver shoots up a yard above the water. It is not a yellow trout this time, but one of the Lochleven variety, with some thousands of the fry of which the noble proprietor of these fishings stocked the lake a few years ago. They are vigorous fellows these Lochleven trout. Five times did this one leap straight out of the water before I had him on the shore; and even then, he nearly escaped. He was being guided through a shallow creek running into the lake, when I noticed that he had succeeded in unhooking himself. Had he not had the strength played out of him, he would have been off into the deeper water like a streak of light. But now he is weak and confused, and aimlessly pokes his nose into the bank, giving me just sufficient time to get between him and the lake and throw him out with my hands. He is a beautiful specimen of half-a-pound, finely spotted, his gleaming sides of a rich creamy whiteness, with a subdued pink flush shining through.

But why prolong the story? The thunder came nearer, though it did not break over us; and by the time the hour arrived for us to re-cross the moor, under the westering sun, to the little station we had left in the morning, my companion and myself had—not *big* baskets, as some baskets are counted—but baskets big enough to send us home well pleased and contented.

There are two ways of going home from a day's fishing (we do not refer to roads or means of travel, but to moods of mind). The one is as we come home now; the other is when we come home 'clean'—that is, with nothing. In the morning we have started with no idea but what relates to the fish we are to catch, hope being naturally in the ascendant. But in the evening, if we have had a bad day's work, we are in a different mood, with our ideas much enlarged beyond that of merely catching trout. We suggest and enumerate to each other, with extraordinary facility, the compensating advantages of our position. We have had a day in the open air; we have had vigorous healthy exercise for the shoulders and arms (which are sore enough, perhaps, in all conscience, though we would not for our lives admit it); we have enjoyed the sights and sounds of nature, and have something like a triumphant feeling of superiority over our poor town companions who have been all the day in chamber or workshop, with nothing better to inflate their lungs than the smoky city atmosphere, and nothing more to delight their ears than the monotonous jingle of tramcar bells and the rattling of cabs over the stony street. Our compensating advantages are immense! Sorry we have not caught more trout? Pooh, nonsense! What have trout to do with it, except as an inducement to go out for a day to moor and river? Do you take us for fishmongers?

And so, self-consoled, and weary enough, we regain the city with its flaring lamps and crowded streets, and go home to tell our experiences, and dream of alder-shaded banks and silver streams, and the landing of bigger trout than are ever likely to charm us in our waking hours.

BY MEAD AND STREAM.

CHAPTER XXXVII.—DOWN BY THE RIVER.

They were silent until they reached the stile at the foot of the Willowmere meadows, where they were to part.

The information which Mrs Joy had given them was a source of special anxiety to Madge, apart from her considerations on Pansy's account. If Caleb had really determined to leave the country at once, Philip would lose his most able assistant in carrying out the work, which was already presenting so many unforeseen and unprovided-for difficulties, that it was severely taxing the strength of body and mind. Besides, the few men who still maintained a half-hearted allegiance would take alarm when they found that even Caleb the foreman had deserted, and abandon their leader altogether. Madge was afraid to think of what effect this might have on Philip. Although he had striven hard to hide it from her, she had detected in his manner undercurrents of excitement, impatience, and irritability under which he might at any moment break down. His mind was much troubled; and the knowledge that it was so had been the main inspiration of her earnest appeal to Mr Beecham to help him.

She sympathised with Caleb, and understood the bitterness of his disappointment by the resolution he had so hastily adopted. He was casting aside what promised to be an opportunity to rise in the world in the manner in which he would most desire to rise—with his fellow-workers; and abandoning a friend who needed his help and who, he was aware, held him in much respect. On Pansy's account she was grieved, but not angry; for although she had been misled by her conduct towards Caleb, as *he* had been, she would not have the girl act otherwise than she was doing, if she really felt

that she could not give the man her whole thought and heart, as a wife should do. But there was the question—Did she understand herself? The sulky insistence that she would not have him seemed to say 'yes;' but the pale face and quivering lips when she heard that he was about to emigrate seemed to say 'no.' A few days' reflection would enable her to decide, and in the meanwhile some effort must be made to induce Caleb to postpone his departure.

'You will think about all this, Pansy,' she said when they halted by the stile; 'and to-morrow, or next day, perhaps, or some time soon, you will tell me how you have come to change your mind about him.'

'It is better he should go,' answered the girl without looking at Madge.

Pansy did not take the shortest way home. She passed between the dancing beeches—their bare branches had no claim to that festive designation, unless it might be a dance of hags—and under the blackened willows which cast a shadow over the little footpath by the river-side. Lances of light crossed the path, and seemed to be darting out towards the silver shields which the sun made on the running water. The lances of light dazzled her eyes, and the shadows seemed to press down on her head; whilst the sharp tinkle made by the rippling water in the clear atmosphere sounded discordantly in her ears. She saw no beauty anywhere and heard no pleasant sounds.

She was walking against the stream: thinking about nothing: stupid and unhappy: figures seemed to flit before her without conveying any meaning to her senses. She neither knew nor asked herself why she had chosen this way by the stream, instead of taking the straight road home through the forest. Some instinct had suggested that by taking this way she was less likely to meet any one.

Walking quickly, the keen wind made her cheeks tingle and seemed gradually to clear the fog out of her head. She had heard girls, and women too, boast about the number of men who had 'asked' them, and she knew that some of them had even multiplied the number for their own exaltation. They all considered it a thing to be proud of, and the more disappointments they had caused, the merrier they were. Why, then, should she take on so because she had been obliged to say 'no' to one man? She ought rather to be sorry that it was only one. Of course there was something in Caleb different from the other lads who had come about her, and who would have been ready enough to put the great question if she had shown any willingness to listen to it. She had not done so, and they had caused her no bother. But then she could not deny to herself that she had given Caleb reason to think that she was willing; and she liked him—liked him very much. That was why she was distressed, as she had told Madge.

And what was the phantom in her brain which had rendered it necessary to cause so much worry to Caleb and herself? . . . She would not admit that there was any phantom. She was quite sure of it (and there was an unconscious toss of the head at this point); and her refusal meant no more than that she did not care enough for him. Surely that was reason enough for saying 'no' without seeking for any other. And yet this satisfactory answer to her own question made her the more uneasy with herself, because she was conscious that she was shirking the whole truth.

She passed out from under the shadow of the willows at a point where a broken branch of a huge old elm had formed an archway, and a little farther on was the ford, where a shaky wooden foot-bridge crossed the water leading to the door of the squat white alehouse where thirsty carriers felt bound to halt. Unlike most other wayside inns, its glory had not been completely destroyed by the railways. The walls were kept white. The old thatch-roof was neatly trimmed and carefully patched wherever age or the elements rendered patching requisite, so that it presented a fine study of variegated greens and browns, with here and there a dash of bright yellow. The inside was clean and tidy; and in cold weather there was always a cheerful blaze in the big fireplace. The secret of this pleasant condition of the *Ford Inn* was that the tenant farmed a bit of the contiguous land, on which he depended more than on the profits of his excellent 'home-brewed.'

The road southward from the ford passed the gates of Ringsford Manor. Going in that direction, Coutts Hadleigh was crossing the foot-bridge when Pansy reached the elm, and at sight of him she halted under the broken branch. The colour came back to her cheeks for an instant and left them paler than before. She had often heard of the pitfalls which beset the steps of maidens who lift their eyes too high; but she was incapable of nice arguments about the proper level of sight for one in her position. He had said many pretty things to her, always asked a flower from her, and at the harvest-home he had danced with her more than with any of the other girls. She was pleased; and now she owned that she had more than once wondered, when the Manor carriage with the ladies passed and she was courtesying by the wayside, how she would look if sitting in their place.

But that admission under the light of this day's experience revealed an ugly possibility, and taught her the alphabet of a disagreeable lesson in life.

She waited until Coutts had got some distance from the ford; then she crossed the road, and entering a ploughed field, hurried homeward, keeping close by the hedge, as if afraid to be seen.

Her father was kneeling on the hearth lighting the fire, his thin cheeks drawn into hollows as he blew the wood into flame.

'That you, Pansy?' (poof). 'What ails you the day' (poof), 'that there's neither fire nor' (poof) 'dinner for me when I come in frae my work?'

A series of vigorous 'poofs' followed. Pansy, whilst quickly relieving him of his task and arranging the table, explained what had happened in the washhouse, and how Miss Heathcote had taken her to the doctor.

'Oh, you were wi' her,' said the gardener, paying little attention to her accident. 'I thought you might have been awa wi' some other body, for I never knew women-folk neglectin' the dinner exceptin' in cases o' courtin' or deein'.'

Most men would have been in a temper on returning hungry from work and finding that

the fire had to be lighted to heat the food; but Sam having been rarely subjected to such an experience, and being under the impression that he was soon to be left to look after himself entirely, accepted the present position calmly, as a foretaste of what was coming.

'And you have had nothing yoursel', Pansy. Aweel, I'm no astonished. I daresay your mother whiles wanted her dinner when she was thinking about me.'

Sam, finding dinner a hopeless achievement, began, with customary deliberation, to fill and light his pipe. His daughter's short answers he attributed to the natural shyness in the presence of her father of a maiden who was expecting soon to become a wife.

'I ken what you are thinking about, Pansy; but I'm no going to say a word on the subject at this time of day. There's another matter to speak about.'

What relief she felt! How gladly she put the question:

'What's that, father?'

'There's news come of your gran'father. He is bad wi' the rheumatics again, and no a creature to look after him. I'm thinking we'll have to make a journey over to Camberwell, and see what can be done for him, since he'll no come to us here.'

'I will go to him to-day,' she ejaculated with surprising energy; 'and I can take that stuff the doctor sent for you; and I can stay with him and nurse him until he is able to get about again.'

'Hooly, hooly,' cried Sam, taking the pipe out of his mouth and staring at his daughter. 'Kersey doesna bide in the town, though he works there.'

'I don't want to see him at all; I want to go to grandfather,' she answered. But it was not entirely anxiety on account of that relative which prompted the desire to visit Camberwell, although her affection for the old man was strong enough to make her eager to nurse him. She also saw in this temporary exile the opportunity to escape from surroundings which were threatening to mar all her chances of happiness.

'And what am I to do when ye're awa?'

'You can go up to the House for your meals, or you can get them ready for yourself, as you have done before. We cannot leave grandfather alone.'

'True enough, true enough, my lass; and I suppose you'll need to go. You'll maybe do the auld man some good. It would be the saving o' him, body and sowl, if you could get him to sup parritch and drink a wee thing less. You can take him some flowers; but it's a pity that you cannot have ane of the new geraaniums for him.'

So that was settled; and Pansy had never thought there would come a day when she would prepare eagerly to leave home.

When Madge heard of the mission which called Pansy away from the cottage for a time, she felt as well pleased as if fortune had bestowed some good gift upon her. She saw in it something like a providential rescue of the girl from a dangerous position; and the readiness with which the summons had been obeyed was a guarantee that no great mischief had been done yet. Away from Ringsford, with change of scenes and faces, and with new duties of affection to perform, the best qualities of her nature would be brought into action, whilst she would have leisure enough to arrive at a clear understanding of her own feelings. It was a pity that the old man should be ill; but it was lucky for Pansy—and probably for Caleb—that this call should have been made upon her.

She had made no sign to her friend; and it was not until Madge arrived at the gardener's cottage on the following afternoon that Pansy's sudden departure became known to her. It was odd that she had not even left a word of good-bye with her father for one who, she was aware, would be anxious about her. But the folly, whatever it might be, which had for the time so altered the girl's simple nature would be the more easily forgotten if there were no speech about it. Evidently Sam was still ignorant of the fact that Caleb had spoken and received a refusal. Madge hoped that they would soon have good news of Pansy and her patient.

'I daresay we'll hear about them in twa or three days; but it's little good she can do her gran'father. He's a stupid auld body; and as soon as he gets on his feet again, he'll just be off trailing round the town, making-believe to be selling laces and things; but that's no what takes him about.'

'What, then?'

'Singing bits o' sangs and making a fool of himsel' at public-houses, for the treats he gets from folk that ought to know better,' replied the gardener, shaking his head gloomily. 'I havena much hope for him; but I was aye minded to gie him another chance; and as it was to be given, the sooner the better. Besides that, Pansy was most extraordinary anxious to get awa to him. If she could just fetch him here, something might be done for him.'

Madge sympathised with this kindly wish, and hoped it might be realised in spite of Sam's misgivings. Then she went on to the Manor.

ROYAL PERSIAN SHERBET.

Under this sounding title, most of us have a remembrance of a white effervescing powder, flavoured with essence of lemons, which in the summer-time was sold to us as children; a large spoonful was stirred into a tumbler of water, cool or the reverse, and known to boys as a 'fizzer.' It is not to this mawkish draught we wish to draw the reader's attention, but rather to the real thing as used in Persia and throughout the East. Persian sherbet is a very comprehensive term, and there are many varieties of it. Before we come to what it is, it may be as well to explain when and how it is drunk. Sherbet is used as a thirst-quencher, and a cooling drink in hot weather; it is either the drink taken at meals, or it is handed to visitors in warm weather in lieu of coffee. As a drink at meals, it is placed in Chinese porcelain bowls, there being usually several varieties of the sherbet, more or less, according to the size of the party and the position of the host. Each bowl stands in its saucer; and

across the vessel is laid one of the pear-wood spoons of Abadeh, famed for their carving and lightness throughout the Eastern world.

A sherbet spoon is from one to two feet in length; the bowl, cut from a solid block, holds from a claret-glass to a tumbler of the liquid. This bowl is so thin as to be semi-transparent, and is frequently ornamented with an inscription, the letters of which are in high-relief. To retain their semi-transparency, each letter is undercut, so that, although standing up an eighth of an inch from the surface of the bowl, yet the whole is of the same light and delicate texture, no part thicker than another. One-half of the surface of the spoon-bowl is covered by two cleverly applied pieces of carved wood, which appear to be carved from one block. But this is not the case—they are really cemented there. These pieces are carved in such a delicate manner as to be almost filmy in appearance, resembling fine lacework. The handle of the spoon—at times twenty inches long—is formed in a separate piece, and inserted into the edge of the bowl in a groove cut to receive it. This handle is also elaborately carved in delicate tracery; and a wonderful effect is produced by the rhomboid-shaped handle, at times four inches broad at the widest part, and only a tenth of an inch thick. The groove where the handle is inserted into the edge of the bowl of the spoon, and the point of junction, are hidden by a rosette of carved wood, circular in shape, only a tenth of an inch thick. This, too, is carved in lacelike work, and it is cemented to the shaft of the spoon. A kind of flying buttress of similar delicate woodwork unites the back-part of the shaft to the shoulder of the bowl. The spoon, which when it leaves the carver's bench is white, is varnished with *Kaman* oil, which acts as a waterproof and preservative, and dyes the whole of a fine gamboge yellow similar to our boxwood. The weight of the spoon is in the largest sizes two ounces.

The tools used by the carver are a plane, a rough sort of gouge, and a common penknife. Each spoon is of a separate and original design, no two being alike, save when ordered in pairs or sets. The price of the finest specimens is from five to fifteen shillings each. These sherbet spoons are really works of art, and are valued by oriental amateurs. Many of the merchants are very proud of their sherbet spoons; and being wood, they are 'lawful;' for a metal spoon, if of silver, is an abomination; consequently, the teaspoons in Persia have a filigree hole in the bowl, and thus can be used for stirring the tea only, and not for the unlawful act of conveying it to the mouth in a *silver* spoon. Of course, these high-art sherbet spoons are only seen at the houses of the better classes, a coarser wooden spoon being used by the lower classes. The spoons at dinner serve as drinking-vessels, for tumblers are unknown; and the metal drinking-cups so much in use are merely for travelling, or the pottle-deep potations of the irreligious.

During the seven months of Persian summer, it is usual to serve sherbet at all visits, in lieu of coffee, for coffee is supposed to be heating in the hot afternoons, at which time formal visits are often made; and as the visitor must be given something—for he is never sent empty away—sherbet in glass tankards or *istakans*—a word borrowed from the Russian term for a tumbler—is handed round. These *istakans* are often very handsome, being always of cut or coloured glass, often elaborately gilded and painted in colours, or what is termed jewelled—that is, ornamented with an imitation of gems.

And now, what is Persian sherbet? A draught of sweetened water flavoured to the taste of the drinker. The only exception to this definition is the *sherbet-i-kand*, or *eau sucrée*, which is simply water in which lump-sugar has been dissolved. The varieties of sherbet may be divided into those made from the fresh juice of fruit, which are mixed with water and sweetened to the taste; and those made from sirup, in which the juice of fruit has been boiled.

It will be thus seen that the effervescing qualities of royal Persian sherbet only exist in the imagination of the English confectioner. But there is one all-important point that the English vendor would do well to imitate: Persian sherbet is served very cool, or iced. Blocks of snow or lumps of ice are always dissolved in the sherbet drunk in Persia, unless the water has been previously artificially cooled. Fresh sherbets are usually lemon, orange, or pomegranate; and the first two are particularly delicious. The fresh juice is expressed in the room in the presence of the guest, passed through a small silver strainer, to remove the pips, portions of pulp, &c.; lumps of sugar are then placed in the *istakan;* water is poured in till the vessel is two-thirds full, and it is then filled to the brim with blocks of ice or snow.

The preserved sherbets are generally contained in small decanters of coloured Bohemian glass similar to the *istakans* in style. They are in the form of clear and concentrated sirup. This sirup is poured into the bowl or *istakan*, as the case may be; water is added; the whole is stirred; and the requisite quantity of ice or snow completes the sherbet.

When bowls are used—as they invariably are by the rich at meals, and by the poor at all times—the spoons are dipped into the bowl, and after being emptied into the mouth, are replaced in the bowl of sherbet. Thus the use of glass vessels, until lately very expensive in Persia, is dispensed with. Probably with the continuous introduction of the ugly and cheap, but strong and serviceable, Russian glass, the dainty sherbet-spoon of Abadeh will gradually disappear, the more prosaic tumbler taking its place.

One kind of sherbet is not a fruit-sirup, but a distilled water; this is the *sherbet i-beed-mishk*, or willow-flower sherbet. The fresh flowers of a particular kind of willow are distilled with water; a rather insipid but grateful distilled water is the result. Of this, the Persians are immoderately fond, and they ascribe great power to it in the 'fattening of the thin.' It is a popular and harmless drink, and is drunk in the early morning, not iced, but simply sweetened.

Persians are very particular as to the water they drink, and are as great connoisseurs in it as some Englishmen are curious in wines. The water they habitually drink must be cool, and if possible, from a spring of good repute. It is often brought long distances in skins daily from

the favourite spring of the locality. Given good water, and pleasant, grateful beverages of all sorts, it is easy to refrain from the strong drinks which Mohammed so wisely forbade his followers to indulge in, making drunkenness a crime, and the drunkard an object of disgust and loathing to his fellow-man. Undoubtedly, strong drinks in hot climates, or even in hot weather, are incompatible with good health.

The varieties of the preserved sirups are numerous: orange, lemon, quince, cranberry—the raspberry is unknown in Persia—cherry, pomegranate, apricot, plum, and grape juice; while various combinations of a very grateful nature are made by mixing two or even three of the above.

TERRIBLY FULFILLED.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER II.

THE auctioneer looked at his watch. Past three o'clock in the morning. He went into the hall, put on his hat, softly opened the front-door, and went out. He was going to make a visit of inspection which no amount of distress would have induced him to omit before retiring to rest. The house was a corner one, turning a dead wall to the side-street which ran out of the square. Turning down this street, he stopped at a low door at the further extremity of the house, having a massive iron handle and a small keyhole. Taking a key from his pocket, he turned it in the lock, twisted the handle round, and, exerting his strength, drew the door towards him. It was then to be seen that this door, though to outward view consisting of nothing stronger than wood, was of massive steel within—was, in fact, a thief-proof door. The idea was an original one. Our brethren who follow the honourable profession of burglary find, we are told, little difficulty in dealing with matters of this nature, however skilfully constructed and widely advertised, if only they can be secure from interruption. The mere fact that safes and strong-room doors are always to be found *inside* a building, affords to the burglar this very security. Once within and alone, with the long hours of night before him, he can go about his work in a leisurely and scientific fashion, with at least a fair chance of success. But it had occurred to the auctioneer that if the door were made to open directly upon the street, it would be extremely difficult for the most daring and experienced cracksman to prosecute to a successful conclusion, at the momentary risk of detection, a labour of several hours, requiring the employment of numerous tools. Besides which, the police being aware of the existence of the door, the constable on the beat was accustomed to examine it carefully whenever he passed; so that if any attempt to force it had been made since the last inspection, he could not fail to detect the fact immediately.

The auctioneer stepped through the doorway and shut the door behind him. Striking a match, he lit the candle in a small lantern which he carried; and it was then evident that, supposing our burglar to have forced the outer door, he would so far have found little to reward his pains, for a second strong-door at some distance from the first required to be opened also. This done, the interior of the safe was seen. It was a small room, about ten feet square, entirely without access to the house, the walls and vaulted ceiling strongly constructed of stone. Its only furniture was a small table and chair, and a nest of drawers clamped to the wall. Close by this, reaching from the floor to the spring of the arch, was what appeared to be a dingy, full-length portrait of a gentleman of the time of Charles II., in a tarnished gilt frame. On inspection, this picture looked as if painted on panel; but if sounded with the knuckles, it was found to be of a different material—solid metal.

Most men, especially rich men, have a hobby. Mr Cross had two. They were, first, diamonds; secondly, mechanics. His trade was not of the ordinary class; and he, with one or two other firms, had practically a monopoly of it in London. He dealt only in precious stones, jewellery, valuable pictures, and such-like articles. To his rooms, pawnbrokers sent their unredeemed pledges of this kind for sale by public auction, as the law directs. Where it was necessary, under the terms of a will, to dispose of family plate and jewellery, the executors were generally advised to retain the services of Mr Cross. Should the more valuable and less bulky effects of the Right Honourable the Earl of Englethorpe ever come to the hammer, as sometimes appeared to that nobleman to be a not quite impossible occurrence, it was by no means unlikely—such is the irony of fate—that Mr Cross would wield the fatal hammer. In this way it happened that the auctioneer, being brought into business contact with dealers in precious stones, enjoyed opportunities of gratifying his passion for diamonds at a cost which would have astounded the general public, who are accustomed to shop-window prices. During some twenty years, he had expended in this way over thirty thousand pounds, and had destined his collection to form a *parure* for his daughter on her marriage, which should at least equal that of any duchess in the three kingdoms. And it contributed not a little to his grief, that the possibility of her ever coming to wear those diamonds seemed to be but a very remote one.

For the protection of the fruits of his first hobby, his second had come into play. In his youth, when the choice of a trade or profession had been offered to him by his father—also an auctioneer with a large business—he had elected to be a mechanical engineer. He had accordingly been apprenticed to an eminent firm, and had gone through the drudgery exacted from all, without distinction of class or means, who enter that profession, in which there is no royal road to learning. He had developed such ingenuity and ability, that there would have been no difficulty about a future partnership, when his father died suddenly. It was highly advisable that the business, a large and lucrative one, should be carried on. Young Cross, with that decision of character which marked him through life, instantly determined to abandon engineering and adopt his father's trade, which prospered in his hands until it reached its present dimensions. But he never wasted anything; and he turned his mechanical knowledge and skill to such

purpose by way of recreation, that amongst other sources of wealth he was the owner of several valuable patents of his own invention. He had a small workshop and forge fitted up in the rear of his house, and here he was accustomed often to occupy himself in the evening and early morning. It was his only amusement; for of books he was wont to say, and believe, that they were but the brains of other men, and of little use to a man who had brains of his own.

His next proceedings will show how he had turned his mechanical genius to account for the safe keeping of his diamonds. Any person opening the drawers in the nest would have found them full of old papers, and would also have found that they would not come entirely out of their places. Opening, however, the third drawer from the top, the auctioneer pulled at it strongly, until it came out with a sharp snap, exposing the opening into which it fitted. The back of this drawer was a movable flap, working on hinges, and retained in its place by a powerful spring, so that it required a considerable exertion of strength to extract the drawer from the nest. Putting his hand into the aperture, Mr Cross grasped an iron semicircular handle which fitted into a niche in the wall at the back of the drawers, and drew it towards him. As he did so, the seeming picture glided noiselessly away, leaving its frame surrounding a dark opening. Through this he passed into what was in effect a huge inner safe; a closet about four feet square by six in height, lined throughout with inch-thick steel, and within that again with four inches of fire-resisting composition contained in an iron skin. The sliding door was steel, very thick and massive, fastening with half-a-dozen spring catches, moving in a groove four inches in depth, and absolutely impervious to any one not acquainted with the machinery.

Every portion of this latter apparatus had been devised and constructed by the auctioneer with his own hands, and placed in position by him after the safe—made to his order by a famous maker—had been set up. The rest was a mere matter of stone-masonry, completed by ordinary workmen under his own eye; so that the secret was with him alone. Even now the whole has not been revealed. Prior to withdrawing the semicircular handle, it was necessary to turn it to the right, from a perpendicular to a horizontal position. Unless this were done, the act of pulling out the handle set in motion a clockwork apparatus, which at the end of thirty seconds released a heavy counterpoise, the effect of which was to close the sliding door of the inner safe smartly, and to throw out of gear the machinery which worked it. It could then only be opened by means of a second mechanical arrangement, connected with another handle which was concealed behind a block of stone in the wall near the roof. It is evident that any person entering the safe after opening the door, unless in possession of the second part of this secret, would be effectually trapped. His comrades, if any, would be unable to deliver him, and he would have to abide an ignominious capture. This device the auctioneer considered superior to any system of spring-guns or such-like vulgarities, which are almost as likely to injure the owner as the thief. Against each side of the safe were piled ordinary deed-boxes, containing the various securities representing the bulk of his fortune; but against the side opposite to the door was an iron box weighing perhaps five hundredweight, and clamped firmly to the floor.

The auctioneer knelt down, and with a small key fastened to the handle of the larger one, opened the box, disclosing a number of jewel-trays. As he lifted them out one after the other, the light of the lantern twinkled upon the rare and valuable gems, of all sizes and shapes, which lay loose upon the satin cushions. He looked at them long and earnestly, counting them over and over again, and flashing the more precious of them to and fro against the light.

'Ay!' he muttered—'all for her—for little Amy. What use in them now? It's all over—all over and done with for ever.' But again came the thought that if Amy were to become a widow, she might wear the diamonds after all.

He closed and locked the box, rose from his knees, and went back to the nest of drawers outside. As he forced the handle into its place, the picture reappeared, and the sliding-door shut to with a click. Pushing back the movable flap, he insinuated the drawer into its place, replaced the papers taken from it, and closed it. Then, closing the inner strong-door, he stepped again into the street, shutting the outer door after him; and having satisfied himself that it was securely closed, went into the house and to bed, where he slept heavily, being quite tired out, until nearly ten o'clock in the morning.

Despite his vigils of the night before, Mr Cross was tolerably punctual to his eleven o'clock appointment at the rooms occupied by Captain Ferrard and his wife in Duke Street. That gentleman received him with smooth looks and fair words, for it was by no means his cue to be the first to quarrel. So he courteously hoped that Mr Cross was well, invited him to a seat, making no allusion to the fact that this was the first time they had met since the marriage, and then left his visitor to state the reason of his call.

'I'm a plain business man, sir,' said the auctioneer after a moment or two; 'and I've got little time to spare, so I'll come to the point at once. It seems, from what my daughter told me last night, that you and she don't get on quite so well together as you should.'

'Ay, ay!' said the captain carelessly. The demon within him was being aroused. He had not the slightest intention of allowing this tradesman to lecture him. The latter waited for some further remark, but none came.

'That isn't as it should be between man and wife, you know,' said he at last, somewhat nonplussed.

'I'll be as plain with you, Mr Cross, as you can possibly be with me,' said the captain, turning round suddenly so as to face his visitor. 'My wife has been complaining to you, it seems. Well, I suppose we have our trifling disagreements, like other couples, and scarcity of money does not tend to sweeten the temper—does it? I quite agree with you that this is not as it should be; but then, how few things are! Am I to suppose

that it is only on this subject that you wish to speak to me?'

'Don't be hasty,' replied Mr Cross. 'I'm not saying it's your fault, nor anybody's fault. I come to you in a friendly way, not to have words about it. I've been thinking the matter over a good deal since last night, and I've come to fancy things might somehow be arranged between us, after all.'

Ferrard pricked up his ears. 'Very good of you to say so,' he said politely.

'I don't say that I've quite thought it out, and I don't say what I will do, you understand, or what I won't. But no doubt there's a good deal of truth in your remark about money and temper. I'm a rough, cross-grained sort of fellow, and perhaps I may have been too quick over this affair. I'm afraid I wasn't too civil to you that day; and you must own *you* were a bit aggravating too. I only want my girl to be happy.'

'I assure you, Mr Cross,' said the captain, with engaging frankness, 'that in that respect we are entirely at one. I have every desire for your daughter's happiness—and, I may add, for my own; of course, in a secondary degree. But I have already pointed out to you, and you have been good enough to agree with me, that good temper and easy circumstances are intimately allied; and I think you will also admit that bad temper and happiness are entirely incompatible. And considering our respective tastes and habits, five hundred a year can scarcely be considered affluence.'

For all his desire to be conciliatory, he could not entirely repress the slight sneer which pervaded his tone and manner.

The auctioneer looked steadily and gravely at him as he replied: 'I daresay we shall find some way of getting rid of the inconvenience, sir. But I'm due in the City long before this, so I'll only say that I hope we shall be better acquainted, and we can't be that without seeing more of one another. What do you say to a bit of dinner at my house on Thursday and staying the night? Then you and I can talk this little matter over by ourselves, between man and man. I'm going out of town for a week on Friday; and if you don't mind, I'll arrange for Amy to meet me at London Bridge and keep me company—she looks as if a whiff of the sea wouldn't hurt her—and then, you know, you could think over any proposal I might make to you, alone and quietly; and tell me what you say to it, when we come back.'

The captain's heart leaped within him at these proposals. Pressing claims were at this moment hanging over him, which it seemed that he might now be able to meet. He could ask no fairer opportunity for captivating his father-in-law and so turning his dearth into plenty. So he responded to the invitation with great heartiness, professed himself delighted at the prospect of so pleasant a trip for his wife; and they shook hands and parted.

Mr Cross stood on the doorstep for a moment, deep in thought. His mind sadly misgave him. He mistrusted his power of dealing with this cool, sarcastic, easy-mannered vagabond, as he would have dealt with one of his own class. He shook his head as he walked away. If the man would but die!

That night, feeling weary and worn out, he thought he would indulge in a little tinkering of some sort in his workshop—to him a never-failing source of relaxation. For some time past he had been engaged in making a duplicate set of keys for the doors of the strong-room and the iron box which held the diamonds, as a useful precaution in case the originals should be lost or mislaid. So, after dinner, he put on his leathern apron and again set to work, pipe in mouth. When he had finished the work, he paid the usual evening visit to his diamonds, using the new keys. With a touch or two of the small file which he carried in his hand, he found that they fitted perfectly.

Amy had been the same day to her father in the City, all anxiety to learn the result of the interview, as her husband declined to tell her anything. Mr Cross had, as we know, but little to tell; he could only bid her, as before, keep a good heart, and it would all come right. He informed her of the arrangements which had been made for Thursday and Friday next, named the hour at which she was to meet him at London Bridge, and sent her away a little perplexed, but rejoicing greatly at the prospect of the trip, and trusting implicitly in her father's wisdom.

THE ART OF CONVERSATION.

Certain things are supposed to come by the grace of nature and the free gift of providence; and the Art of Conversation is one of them. No one dreams of cultivating this art, either in its perfected form or in those rudiments which stand as a 'grammar in use for beginners;' that is—correct diction, just expression, that inflection of the voice which shall be eloquent without being theatrical, and that emphasis which shall be indicative without being exaggerated. People drawl out their words into long tails or clip them into docked stumps; they loop them on to the other with a running chain of '*er*s,' or they bite them off short, each word falling plumb and isolated, disconnected from all the rest; they let their labials go by the board, and bury their *r*s in the recesses of their larynx; they throw the accent on the wrong syllable, and transform their vowels according to their liking; they say 'wuz' for 'was,' 'onnibus' for 'omnibus,' and 'y'are' for 'you are;' they shoulder out all the middle aspirates and some of the initial, and forget that words ending in 'ing' have a final *g* which is neither to be burked out of existence nor hardened into a ringing *k*. All which lingual misdemeanours they commit with a clear conscience and a light heart, because ignorant that they have committed any misdemeanour at all.

Even people of birth and breeding, who should be without offence in those matters, fail in their grammar, and say the queerest things in the world. 'These sort of things;' 'Who have you asked?' 'Every one of them know you;' 'Between you and I;' 'Neither men or women;' 'No one' as the antecedent, and 'they' as the relative—these are just a few of the commonest errors of daily speech of which no one is ashamed, and to which were you to make a formal objection, you would be thought a pedant for your

pains, and laughed at when your back was turned. If these things are done in the green tree of method, what may not be looked for in the dry of substance? And sure it is that we find very queer things indeed in that dry of substance, and prove for ourselves how the Art of Conversation is reduced to its primitive elements, which few give themselves the trouble to embellish, and fewer still to perfect.

To begin at the beginning, how seldom people pay undivided attention to the conversation on hand, and how often their thoughts wander and stray everywhere but where they should be! The most absurd, the most trivial, thing distracts them. A spider on the wall breaks the thread of an enthralling narrative, and a butterfly on the lawn breaks into the gravest, or the most poetic, talk as ruthlessly as the proverbial bull smashes into the proverbial china-shop. Another alumnus in the same school, though of a different class, will not let you speak without interruption. Like a cockerel, spurring and springing at its brother, this kind dashes at you with an answer before you have half stated your case. 'You mean this?' he says, performing that feat called 'taking the words out of your mouth.' And forthwith he begins his refutation of that which you have not said and probably had no intention of saying. Another will not wait until you have finished. His words cross and intermingle with yours in hopeless confusion of both sound and sense. You both speak together, and neither listens to the other—you, because you 'have the floor,' and he, because he wishes to have it. Conversation with such is impossible. It is a battle of words—mere words—like a heap of loose stones shot pell-mell out of a cart; and not that orderly interchange of ideas which is what true conversation should be.

Others, cousins-german to these, interfere in talk with which they have no business. They do not join in; thus enlarging the basis and enriching the superstructure; but they break in with something quite irrelevant, destroying the most interesting discussion on the most puerile pretence, as a feather whisk might knock down a Sèvres vase. This form of bad-breeding is much in use among women when they are jealous, and want to make themselves unpleasant to each other. The poet or the lord, the bishop or the general, that grand name or this great fortune—the man who is the feminine cynosure and whose attention confers distinction—is talking to some one singled out from the rest. He has to be detached and made to transfer himself. Accordingly, one of the boldest of the discontented outsiders goes up to the charge, and in the midst of a talk on literature, art, politics, on his travels or her experiences, cuts in with a question about the next flower-show or the last murder; with Who? What? When? How? no nearer to the subject on hand than the moon is near to Middlesex. This is an offence of daily occurrence, even among well-bred people—human nature having the ugly trick of breaking out of the delicate swaddling-clothes in which education and refinement would fain confine it.

Sometimes your interlocutor is a mother abnormally occupied with her children, and unable for two consecutive minutes to free her thoughts from the petty details of their lives. She does not even pretend to listen to what you are saying. All the time you are speaking, her eyes are wandering about the room, to make sure that Tom is not forgetting his manners, and that Jane is not making holes in hers—that Frank is where he should be, and Sarah not where she should not be—that Edith is not talking too much, and that Charley is not talking too little: it does not matter what she is anxious about, seeing that if it be not one thing it will be another. And you need not be offended, nor take her inattention as a slight special to yourself. The Golden-mouthed himself could not fix her thoughts, wandering as they always are over the pathless spaces of her maternal fear. She is one of the most disagreeable of the whole tribe of the conversational awkward-squad. You have nothing for it but to stop dead—in the midst of a sentence, if need be—until she has brought her roving eyes back to the point which presupposes attention, and appears to be conscious that you are speaking to her.

Others yawn in your face with frank and undisguised weariness; and some put up the transparent screen of a fan or two fingers; others, again, make that constrained grimace which accompanies the eating and the swallowing of the yawn, and think that their sudden gulp and hesitation will pass unobserved. Some give wrong answers, with their eyes fixed on yours, as if listening devoutly to all you say, and absorbed in your conversation. They have mastered this part of the form, and can look as if drinking in to the last verbal drop. The reality is analogous to that condition of Baron Münchhausen's horse with which we are all familiar, and which we express by the phrase: 'Going in at one ear and out by another.' One who had learned this art of looking attention without giving it, once fell into a pit whence was no possible extraction. 'Do you call gentlemen in England It?' said an English-speaking German who thought his sweet companion had been entirely interested in his talk. Her eyes—and what eyes they were!—had been all he could desire—fixed, listening, interested. Meanwhile, her ears had been occupied elsewhere. At her back, on the ottoman where she was sitting, was being carried on a conversation in which she was deeply interested. Before her sat her German, labouring heavily among the stiff clay-clods of his imperfect English. Her answer to his remark betrayed the absence of the mind underneath all the steadfastness of her bewildering eyes. 'Do you call gentlemen in England It?' he repeated with mingled reproach, sorrow, and—enlightenment. That random answer to his previous question cost her the offer of a spray of orange blossom—and him the pain of its refusal.

Beyond these rudiments comes the higher art reaching into grace, and needing enlightened intelligence for its perfection. The section which we have been considering belongs only to the grammar, the beginning, the mere infancy of things, like the New Zealander's tattoo for personal decoration, or his hideous idol for representative art. Beyond the good-breeding of attention comes the supreme art, we had almost said the science of conversation—of all things

the most difficult, to judge by its rarity at least in England. It is more common in France, where it is better understood, and where a good conversationalist is prized as a Master in his own degree. And be it observed—a good conversationalist is not the same thing as a good anecdotist, a good debater, a good talker—this last too often sinning with Coleridge in monopolising all the talk to himself, and granting only some 'brilliant flashes of silence' wherein the ruck may have their innings. A good conversationalist, on the contrary, is essentially reciprocal. He flings his own ball, but he catches the return and waits for its throw. He has a light touch, and that kind of skill which glances off rather than hits fair and square. He has also the power of suggestiveness and direction, as perfect in its way as the skill with which certain adepts can make a ball wind in and out of stumps and stakes by the clever twist of their first throw off. He is not one of those who run a subject to earth and finish it all the same as one would finish a fox; but he keeps it alive and going with the neatest, deftest, little fillips possible—as the Japanese keep up their paper butterflies with airy puffs of their flimsy fans, or as a thaumaturgist guides his spinning-plates with the tip of his forefinger. When it is all over, and you ask yourself what you have got by it, you are forced to confess, Nothing. You have been superficially amused, and for the moment interested; but you have learned nothing, and are no richer mentally than you were before the verbal butterfly began to flutter and the wordy plate to spin.

We in England, however, know but little of this kind of talk. We have men who argue, and men who assert; and we have men, and women too, who come down with a thud on the toes of all whom they encounter in the various walks of conversation. But of the light bright thrust and parry, the brilliant quarte and tierce, the flashing 'pinked' and quick *riposte* characteristic of the palmy days of Parisian society, we have but very little. For foils we use bludgeons; for paper butterflies, leaden bullets. We are too much in earnest to be graceful, and too anxious about our subject to be careful of our method. Hence we have better dialecticians than conversationalists, and better fighters than fencers. But really, say, at a dinner, or in the crowded corners of a fashionable soirée, you cannot go into the mazes of 'evidences,' nor discuss the value of esoteric Buddhism, nor yet winnow your sheaf of political economy, beginning with Adam Smith and ending with Henry George. You can only play with words and toss up airy bubbles of ideas. And he who can play with most dexterity, and whose airy bubbles have the brightest iridescence, is the hero of the moment and the master of the situation.

As a rule, authors are but dull dogs in conversation. They keep their good things for their books. Those who expect in literary society the feast of reason and the flow of soul, find themselves for the most part wofully disappointed. More is to be got out of the amateurist set—that fringe which would be if it could, and which hangs on to the main body as the best thing it can do in the circumstances. But authors of the professional and bread-winning class will talk only of things already known, repeating what they have written, but taking care not to forestall what they have not yet printed. They, and all professionals of any denomination whatsoever, are also given to talk shop among themselves; and shop is usually disagreeable to the outsider.

We might do worse than cultivate Conversation as an Art. Time has room for all things in his hand, and life has need of variety. Desperately busy and terribly in earnest as we may be, blowing bubbles has yet its value. Moreover, the true art of conversation is a lesson in good-breeding, which, in its turn, is the *fine fleur* of civilisation; and thus, from the rootwork of manner to the efflorescence of matter, there is something to be gained by the perfection of the art.

IN QUEER COMPANY.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART I.

If the following account of what happened to me a few years ago serves no other purpose, it may pass muster as an illustration of two old sayings, namely, that 'One half of the world does not know how the other half lives,' and that 'Truth is often stranger than fiction.'

It was late on a very cold afternoon during the winter of 1876–77, that I was hurrying westward along the Marylebone Road, congratulating myself upon having turned my back upon the bitter east wind, and comparing the climate of London towards the end of December with that which I had been enjoying exactly twelve months previously, when at Calcutta, as one of the Special Correspondents with the Prince of Wales. I had got nearly as far as the Edgware Road, when a man touched his hat to me and asked me for the wherewith to get a night's lodging. He did not look like an ordinary or a professional beggar. His clothes, although very shabby, were evidently well made. He looked so pinched and weary, that I stopped and fumbled in the ticket-pocket of my overcoat for a sixpence to give him. He stared at me very hard indeed whilst I was getting the money, and as I handed it to him, broke out with an exclamation of wonder, asking me whether my name was not so-and-so. I replied that it was; and asked him where he had ever seen me before. To make a long story short, this poverty-stricken man asking alms on the public streets turned out to be a gentleman I had known many years before, when he was a captain in one of our crack lancer regiments, and had a private fortune of his own of more than fifteen hundred a year. When I had last seen him, he was a man of little over thirty; but was now on the wrong side of fifty; and owing to want, care, hunger, cold, and dirt, looked very much older. He had always been a very fast man. Betting, cards, and doing bills at sixty per cent., had worked out their legitimate ends upon him. I had lost all sight of him for fully twenty years, but remembered having heard that he had been obliged to sell out on account of his many debts. All this, and much more too, he related when he came to my house, as I had told him to do, and helped him as far as it was

in my power, with a little money and some old clothes.

When I asked him what he intended to do for the future, he said that if he could only get a decent outfit and a few pounds for travelling expenses, he had an opening in Paris that would soon put him on his legs again. It so happened that I knew slightly two or three men who had been in the same regiment with this individual; and of these there was one who was very well off. I therefore wrote out an appeal for the poor fellow, sent it to the different parties; and was greatly pleased when I found that instead of realising, as I had hoped, some ten or fifteen pounds, the contributions sent me came to upwards of thirty pounds. With this money I first got the unfortunate man a fairly good outfit of clothes, and then made over to him the balance left, about six pounds, to use as he liked. He was exceedingly grateful; and asked me to express his thanks to those who had responded so generously to my letters. It was about a fortnight after I had met him on the Marylebone Road that he called to bid me farewell, and to thank me again for all I had done, which, after all, was merely having written some half-dozen letters, and taken a little trouble in getting his clothes as good and as cheap as I could. He told me that he was leaving for Paris that evening.

For five or six months I neither saw nor heard anything about him. At the end of that time I received a note from this individual, telling me he was in London, saying he would like to see me, and giving me his address at a respectable hotel near Leicester Square. I wrote an answer; and as I happened to be going into the neighbourhood, called at the hotel, intending to leave it there. But as the waiter told me that the gentleman was at home, and was then writing in the coffee-room, I went there, and found my former acquaintance, who seemed delighted to see me. He had evidently prospered since I last saw him. He was well, if perhaps somewhat flashily dressed; had what seemed to be a valuable pin in his neck-scarf, a thick gold chain from one waistcoat pocket to another, and two or three rings on his fingers. He looked more like a Frenchman than an Englishman; and would certainly have passed a better muster at Brebant's or in the *Café du Helder* than he could have done in a London club. But what showed more plainly than anything else that he had done well, and what pleased me greatly, was that he there and then pulled out a roll of bank-notes and insisted upon repaying me what I had collected for him from his former friends. It was in vain that I protested that those gentlemen had parted with their money as a gift and not as a loan; that I did not know where to find them at present; and that I begged he would not think of repaying me the small portion I had contributed to the amount. No; nothing would serve him but to make me take the money and to give it back as best I could to those who had assisted him in his great distress.

As a matter of course, I was very curious to know by what means he had, in some measure at anyrate, recovered his position in the world; or how he had managed to fill his empty purse. But to all my questions he gave the most evasive answers. Remembering what his pursuits used to be long ago, I felt certain that he had got into some lucky vein of play or of betting, and that he was making a living either by cards or on the racecourse. But after a few days' observation of what he did, I was sure that I was labouring under a mistake. Just at that time of the year several of our great race-meetings were in full swing; but he never went near any of them; nor did he ever attempt to go back amongst the men who had been his companions long ago. I offered to get his name put down as an honorary or visiting member of one or two good clubs; but he invariably declined. When he asked me, as he often did, to dine with him, it was always at one or other of the best foreign restaurants in London. When I called on him at his hotel, he seemed to be always busy either writing or receiving letters. One night I looked him up about eleven P.M. on my way back from the theatre. But they told me at the hotel he always went out between nine and ten P.M., and seldom came back before the small-hours of the morning.

In London, a busy man has little or no time to think of any one's affairs except his own; but I confess that this gentleman used often to puzzle me not a little. His seeming prosperity in money matters as compared with his former circumstances, and the singular life he led, caused me often to wonder what were the sources whence he derived his income, my curiosity being not a little increased by his evident desire to keep me in the dark as to the truth of the case. But the solution of a difficult social problem almost invariably comes to hand when least expected, and this case was no exception to the rule.

I had not seen my friend for some two or three weeks, when I received a note asking me to call upon him, as he had met with a bad accident and was confined to his bed. I accordingly went to see him; and found that he had slipped upon the street, had injured his knee somewhat severely, and was suffering great pain. He had called in a surgeon, who had ordered the most perfect rest for at least ten days or a fortnight; and having no other friend in London of whom he could ask a favour, he begged me to help him in certain matters of business which could not be neglected. As a matter of course, I offered to be of any service I could to him; and he said that the first favour he would ask of me was to go to a small news-agent near Soho Square and ask for any letters directed to 'T. D.; to be left till called for.'

I did so; and found there four letters so addressed, all bearing French post-marks, and took them to him at the hotel. He opened them with evident eagerness, and read them with an anxiety which he could not disguise from me, although he very evidently tried his best to do so. The contents of these communications seemed to give him great annoyance. After a short time, during which he seemed deep in thought, he wrote out a curious, mysterious advertisement, such as we read almost every day in the 'Agony column' of the *Times*, and asked me to get it inserted in three of the chief morning papers. I read what he had written, and wondered not a little what he meant. In the advertisement, 'Adventure' was requested to

'keep dark until Phillip wrote.' The sick man saw me smile as I read it, and looked very anxious and embarrassed, assuring me that there was no harm whatever in the hidden meaning of the notice. Having work of my own to attend to, I left him, saying I would call again the next day. But he begged so earnestly for me to come before post-time, that I consented to do so. He told me that he did not like intrusting his letters to the people of the hotel, who were either very curious or extremely neglectful on all such matters. I therefore returned in the afternoon, when he handed me two letters, which he asked me to post. They were both addressed to Paris, to persons with French-like names, and were to be left *poste restante* at different post-offices. The next day but one he asked me to go to the same small news-agent near Soho Square and ask for any letters that might be there for him. I found two, and brought them to him. He read them with great eagerness; and again wrote two letters, which he asked me to post for him, evidently not caring to trust the people of the hotel with his correspondence. This went on almost every day. On one occasion, he took out of one of the letters I brought him a draft from a Paris bank upon one in London for one hundred pounds payable to 'T. C. Dane, or order.' He indorsed it, and asked me to get it cashed for him, which I did. He evidently saw that I was not only puzzled as to what his mysterious business could be, but that I had serious thoughts of not coming near him again until I found out whether my doing so would compromise myself. And apparently acting upon a sudden impulse, he all at once opened out and made what I may call his confession to me.

'For some time past,' he began, 'I have seen that you wonder what my business is, and why I am so mysterious with regard to what I do and what I write. Well, I will now make a clean breast of it.'

He then told me that some two or three years previously, he had got into what he called 'worse than a mess' in Paris. He had somehow got mixed up with a gang of card-sharpers, without knowing to what an extent they carried on their dishonest practices, and had so far compromised himself, that the French police had him at their mercy. They had, however, let him off, holding over him the power they had to prosecute him at any future time, should they think he deserved it. But they made certain conditions with him; and these were, that he should go to London, and furnish them from time to time with all the information he could gather respecting certain receivers of goods, stolen in France, who resided in this metropolis. In order to do this the more effectually, he had managed not only to get acquainted with the leaders of a gang which worked for their friends in Paris, but he had also got himself received as one of them, and used to go to their meetings almost every night. The work, as he told me, had been most unpleasant, but it was nearly at an end; and the French police had promised that he should very soon be altogether free from his engagements with them.

To mix with people of whom little or nothing is known, and to penetrate into places which are hidden from the generality of mankind, has always had a great charm for me. Mr Dane was not a little surprised when, instead of leaving him after I had heard his story, I told him he would do me a great favour if he took me to a meeting of his dishonest friends; and that I would pledge myself never to give any information that might lead to a single member of the band getting into trouble. After making some objections to my request, he at last consented; and said that the first night he could get out he would go to the meeting of the gang by himself, but would then make arrangements for me to accompany him the following evening. And thus it was that I managed to get into very 'queer company.'

If any one was to offer me one hundred pounds to show him where the place in which the thieves and receivers of stolen goods is or was situated, I could not do so, even if it was honourable to divulge what I had promised faithfully to keep secret. This much I may say, that having dined in the Strand, we walked up Catherine Street, and turned to the right when we came to the court that flanks the south side of Drury Lane Theatre. Here my companion stopped, took out of his pocket a pair of spectacles, and said I must put them on before he could take me any farther. I did as he desired; and found the glasses to be so dark that I could not see an inch beyond my nose. My friend laughed; and linking his arm in mine, said he would conduct me safely; but that he was obliged to make it a point I should not be able to recognise the streets we passed through, even if I wanted to do so. As near as I could guess, we took some ten minutes to reach our destination, after I had put on the glasses. My companion then stopped, knocked in a peculiar manner at a street door, told me to take off the spectacles, and led me through what seemed to be a coffee-shop of the most humble kind. In a large room beyond this, there were seated six or seven men, who were not by any means all of the same type. Two or three were evidently Frenchmen, and were talking together with the usual volubility of their nation. The rest were scattered here and there. All were smoking. Some had cups of tea or coffee before them, whilst others seemed to be indulging in spirits-and-water. My companion was greeted by all present as a friend they had been waiting for and were glad to see. He introduced me to the party assembled as 'one of us, just come from Paris.' No questions were asked, nor, beyond one or two civil inquiries, was any particular notice taken of me. I was asked what I would drink, offered my choice of cigars or cigarettes; and then the meeting commenced to discuss, in an informal kind of manner, the business which had brought those present together.

From what I could gather, it seemed that there had been, a few days before, a robbery of valuable jewels in Paris; and that the difficulty of those connected with the affair was to get the plunder safely over to the United States. The London police had been put on the alert; but the thieves —or shall I call them the agents and helpers of thieves?—did not seem to fear them. They discussed very freely the relative merits of the French and English detective systems; saying, that in cases of housebreaking and murders, the latter rarely failed to bring the offenders to justice; but

that in cases of clever 'plants,' the former were much more to be feared.

'You never know,' said one Englishman present, with a round oath, 'where or when you may come across those horrible French spies. Why, we might have here, in the very midst of us, some one who is in their pay.'

I thought to myself how little these fellows knew that my friend who had introduced me into the room belonged to the very tribe whom they feared so much. But of the United States they spoke in the highest terms; or in very much the same manner that an artisan who could not earn the wherewith to pay for dry bread in this country, might praise some place in the Far West where industry was certain to gain an honest living. From what I gathered, it would seem that whenever a robbery on a large scale is carried out, the first object of those concerned is to get 'the swag' out of the country as soon as possible. Thus, the produce of a plunder in Paris is almost invariably taken to London, and *vice versâ*. If the thieves can so arrange beforehand as to get away from where the theft has been committed within a few hours of the completion of their handiwork, they believe themselves to be all but safe, or at least the chances are about five to one in their favour. If they have the luck to get clear of Europe and safely land in America, the chances are that they will get clear altogether, realise a good price for their plunder, and make things pleasant all round. The United States, as I said before, is a capital country to go to; but South America is still better. In neither of these parts are many questions asked; but in the latter country the prices given are higher than in the north, and sales are more readily effected. In London, the market for jewelry is by no means good; for, as a rule, the stones have to be taken out of the setting; and the latter has to be secreted or instantly melted, else the police are pretty certain to get scent of the affair.

It must not be thought that those composing the very singular company amongst whom I found myself were at all in the burglar line. I don't believe that there was a single house-breaking implement to be found amongst them. From all I gathered, they were the receivers, and not the actual robbers, of valuable goods. They talked together of their common pursuit much in the same manner that so many brokers might converse respecting the fluctuations of the Stock Exchange, or a party of farmers might give their opinions respecting the coming corn or other crops. What surprised me most was the manner in which the company, one and all, spoke of what they called their 'business,' as if it was of the most legitimate kind; and I feel certain that they would have resented warmly the words of any one who threw the shadow of a doubt upon the propriety of their occupation. In what they said of things in general, they all appeared to be very much of the same way of thinking; or, at any-rate, they expressed themselves as holding very much the same views. On one subject only did I hear strong language expressed, and that was when one of them—who, from what he said, seemed to have come from France very recently—gave an account of the manner in which the Paris detectives had found out a certain robbery, and had brought those who had perpetrated the same to justice. For individuals in the pay of the police, or rather who belonged to the same, to disguise themselves and mix with the individuals who were more or less 'wanted,' they regarded as 'low' and 'sneaking' in the extreme. They were unanimous in their opinion that if the French system of detecting robberies was ever introduced into England, this 'would no longer'—as one of the party expressed himself—'be a country for any honest man to live in.'

HINTS FOR HOUSEWIVES.

So much information about everything is now so easily obtainable, that there is little excuse for enduring many of the small domestic worries to which housekeepers and others are often subjected. Why, for instance, need any one be inconvenienced by damp cupboards, when we read that a bowl of quicklime placed therein will speedily absorb the moisture? Some of us are nervous about beds not being well aired, and yet we have only to fill a large stone bottle with boiling water and put it into the bed, pressing the bolster and pillows round it in a heap. By this simple contrivance, it is comforting to learn, no one need fear giving a friend a damp bed, even if this is done only once a fortnight.

Flies are a familiar nuisance; but we are told of a foreign remedy in laurel oil, which, better than glass fly-catchers and others, will not only rid us of these pests, but preserves looking-glasses and picture-frames when coated with it. Jane the 'help' should derive satisfaction from the assurance that beetles may be effectually got rid of by sprinkling once or twice on the floor a mixture of pure carbolic acid and water, one part to ten.

It is not frequenters of restaurants only who wonder why the simple precaution of throwing red pepper pods or a few pieces of charcoal into the pan—said to prevent odours from boiling-ham, cabbage, &c.—is not oftener observed. Cooks are further reminded that in roasting meat, salt should not be put upon the joint before it is put in the oven, as salt extracts the juice; and that lime-water will improve the condition of old potatoes in boiling.

Eggs could be purchased with greater confidence if the German method of preserving them by means of silicate of soda was generally followed. A small quantity of the clear sirup solution is smeared over the surface of the shell. On drying, a thin, hard, glassy film remains, which serves as an admirable protection and substitute for wax, oil, gums, &c.

Economy in housekeeping would be facilitated by the better observance of what are known in common parlance as 'wrinkles.' For example, why purchase inferior nutmegs, when their quality can be tested by pricking them with a pin? If they are good, the oil will instantly spread around the puncture. It is worth recollecting that bar-soap should be cut into square pieces, and put in a dry place, as it lasts better after shrinking. If we wish to keep lemons fresh for some time, we have only to place them in a jar of water and change it every morning. In selecting flour, we are advised to look to the colour. If it is white with a yellowish straw-colour tint, we should buy

it; but if it is white with a bluish cast, or with black specks, we should refuse it.

Broken china can be mended with a useful glutine made with a piece of old cheese mixed with lime; and the wooden palings of the garden may be preserved from the weather by coating them with a composition of boiled linseed oil and pulverised charcoal, mixed to the consistence of paint. In this way wood can be made to last longer than iron in the ground. If we consult our health, we should plant the garden with odoriferous plants such as wall-flowers, mignonette, and other old English flowers and herbs, which have a remarkable power of developing ozone and purifying the atmosphere from miasmatic poisons.

Amateur joiners may derive comfort from the knowledge that nails and screws if rubbed with a little soap are easily driven into hard wood. The same household commodity, of a fine white quality, if rubbed over new linen will enable it to be more easily embroidered, as it prevents the threads from cracking.

A deal of breakage amongst glass and crockery can be prevented by the simple precaution of placing lamp-chimneys, tumblers, and such articles in a pot filled with cold water to which some common table-salt has been added. Boil the water well, and then allow it to cool slowly. When the articles are taken out and washed, they will resist any sudden changes of temperature.

Crape may be renovated by thoroughly brushing all dust from the material, sprinkling with alcohol, and rolling in newspaper, commencing with the paper and crape together, so that the paper may be between every portion of the material. Allow it to remain so until dry.

A better plan for removing grease-spots than by applying a hot iron is to rub in some spirit of wine with the hand until the grease is brought to powder, and there will be no trace of it. Every schoolboy is not aware that ink-spots can be removed from the leaves of books by using a solution of oxalic acid in water; nor does every housemaid know that 'spots' are easily cleaned from varnished furniture by rubbing it with spirit of camphor.

The elasticity of cane-chair bottoms can be restored by washing the cane with soap and water until it is well soaked, and then drying thoroughly in the air, after which they will become as tight and firm as new, if none of the canes are broken.

Marks on tables caused by leaving hot jugs or plates there will disappear under the soothing influence of lamp-oil well rubbed in with a soft cloth, finishing with a little spirit of wine or eau-de-Cologne rubbed dry with another cloth. When the white pianoforte keys become discoloured, we should remove the front door, fall, and slip of wood just over them; then lift up each key separately from the front—do not take them out—and rub the keys with a white cloth slightly damped with cold water, and dry off with a cloth slightly warm. Should the keys be sticky, first damp the cloth with a little spirit of wine or gin. Soap or washing-powder must not be used. It is worth while keeping a supply of ammonia in the household, in case we wish to remove finger-marks from paint, or require to cleanse brushes or greasy pans. A teaspoonful in a basin of warm water will make hair-brushes beautifully white; but care must be taken not to let the backs of the brushes dip below the surface. Rinse them with clean warm water, and put in a sunny window to dry.

Egg-shells crushed into small bits and shaken well in decanters three parts filled with cold water, will not only clean them thoroughly, but make the glass look like new. By rubbing with a damp flannel dipped in the best whiting, the brown discolorations may be taken off cups in which custards have been baked. Again, are all of us aware that emery powder will remove ordinary stains from white ivory knife-handles, or that the lustre of morocco leather is restored by varnishing with white of egg?

Nothing, it is said, is better to clean silver with than alcohol and ammonia, finishing with a little whiting on a soft cloth. When putting away the silver tea or coffee pot which is not in use every day, lay a little stick across the top under the cover. This will allow fresh air to get in, and prevent the mustiness of the contents, familiar to hotel and lodging-house sufferers.

A BLACKBIRD'S NEST.

BY ALEXANDER ANDERSON.

[In the month of May might be seen, at the Forth Bridge Works, South Queensferry, a blackbird sitting on her nest, which was built on an elevated projecting beam in the engineering shed, in close proximity to the driving-shaft, and immediately above a powerful steam-engine.]

She sits upon her nest all day,
Secure amid the toiling din
Of serpent belts that coil and play,
And, moaning, ever twist and spin.

What cares she for the noise and whir
Of clanking hammers sounding near?
A mother's heart has lifted her
Beyond a single touch of fear.

Beneath her, throbbing anvils shout,
And lift their voice with ringing peal,
While engines groan and toss about
Their tentacles of gleaming steel.

Around her, plates of metal, smote
And beat upon by clutch and strain,
Take shape beneath the grasp of Thought—
The mute Napoleon of the brain.

She, caring in nowise for this,
But, as an anxious mother should,
Dreams of a certain coming bliss,
The rearing of her callow brood.

Thou little rebel, thus to fly
The summer shadows of the trees,
The sunlight of the gracious sky,
The tender toying of the breeze.

What made thee leave thy leafy home,
The deep hid shelter of the tree,
The sounds of wind and stream, and come
To where all sounds are strange to thee?

Thou wilt not answer anything;
Thy thoughts from these are far away;
Five little globes beneath thy wing,
Are all thou thinkest on to-day.

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SOME CHEERING ASPECTS OF MORTALITY.

When eminent men die, we are accustomed to say that the world has lost something; that their country or party is poorer; that none are left to fill their place, and other such expressions. But very seldom do we hear it said that the world gains when great men die; yet we have no hesitation in saying that the world often gains more by the death of leading men than it would do by their living indefinitely, or even much beyond 'the allotted span.' Again, it is not our custom to look forward to the day of our own death as a gain either to ourselves or the world. We somehow think that no one could exactly fill our shoes or act the part we have done; but as a matter of fact, our shoes may be better filled and our part better acted by the generation which follows. This fact ought to humble us a bit; and perhaps we need humbling, for there is just the trace of a tendency among moderns to underrate the men who have immediately preceded them, or who may be going off the far end of the stage as we take our places at the near.

Noble lives have often been spent to little purpose so far as their contemporaries were concerned. The fact is, 'No man is a hero to his valet,' nor is any man 'a prophet in his own country;' and as 'distance lends enchantment to the view,' it is only when the world's best men have been hid from sight in the greedy grave, that their influence has been felt in all its power. We are apt to hold even the oldest and best of our contemporaries in light esteem; but we reverence the ancients. Nay, many of earth's noblest sons have been bitterly blamed, and held up to scorn and derision in their lifetime; and not till death stepped in and took them away, did the world discover its mistake.

A poor shoemaker rises while others sleep, and searches among the wayside weeds of his native lanes, his only inspiration being his thirst for knowledge, and the joy of adding a few plants to the known flora of his native land. His neighbours deride him, are doubtful of his sanity, and think his life a sad warning to the peasant lads around who may show signs of leaving the beaten path of the monotonous life their fathers trod. Unmindful of scorn, in defiance of fate, he goes forward in the thorny path he has chosen for himself, gaining knowledge that is quite new, making discoveries that were reserved for such as he, and at last becomes possessed of an herbarium famous for containing specimens to be found in no other. All the while he is unheard of, or heard of unfavourably; but when he grows old, and, tottering on the brink of the grave, hands over his precious scraps to the nearest university, he becomes famous. A coterie of appreciative men in far-away London collect something to relieve his pressing necessities, and—the matter ends. But he dies, and *then* the world gains—not the blood and toil stained herbarium, but the stimulating example of a hero's life, which, though it repelled the youth of his own time and district, becomes a burning and a shining light to lighten the path and fire the noble ambition of every youth who reads the story of the heroic struggles which bore him above the swamping waves of prejudice, of poverty, and of scorn.

When that amiable young man the Prince Imperial fell, done to death by Zulu assegais, there arose from nearly every heart in the civilised world a sigh of sympathy for his bereaved mother, and a tear was dropped by many, as they thought of the far-reaching possibilities blotted out by African savages. Yet who can doubt that that tragedy saved a whole nation of men, perhaps for generations, from a host of plotters against the destiny of their own country, not for Bonapartism, but for ends at once selfish, unpatriotic, and unworthy.

In the backwoods of America is born the son of a struggling farmer, who dies ere his son can earn a crust to sustain life. A noble woman, his mother, has a hard battle to fight in the rearing of her family; but bitter though the

conflict is, her heroism gains the victory for her in the unequal contest with want and weakness. Her son, sharing his mother's hard lot, showing her nobleness of character, determines to 'be somebody;' to serve the world in his day and generation; and, by efforts such as only heroes make, rises step by step in learning and in every art that dignifies man. From being a backwoodsman's son and from a condition of penury, he rises 'from high to higher,' till he fills the seat of a great Republic, and becomes

> The pillar of a nation's hope,
> The admiration of the world.

His influence for good is immense, and he promises to use it well. Suddenly, unexpectedly, a ruffian's shot lays him on his deathbed. The world, first shocked, and then moved by pity, cannot help exclaiming that this is indeed a kingly man. Bright as shone his light, it only lighted one nation before; but the flash of that pistol made him the observed of distant peoples. He dies; and the dead Garfield wields an influence for good such as a thousand living Garfields never could.

But it is not alone by the rich legacies of well-spent lives which men leave us when they die, that we gain. It is often necessary that even good men should be removed, to allow of the world's progress—much more bad men, especially if they wield a far-reaching influence. Of no men is this more true than of statesmen. When in Europe one man once heads a party, he generally remains leader while he lives. The world would not suffer from this, if the leaders of parties would move as the world moves; but they are apt to lag behind. When this is the case—and it is constantly occurring—a country may be brought to the very brink of revolutionary overthrow. At times, nations and dynasties have been saved, simply because death stepped in and removed the obstacle with which the body-politic threatened to come into collision.

Sometimes men pursue a certain course, not that it is right, not even that they think it is right, but because they stand committed to it. Oftener, men hold upon a course that everybody but themselves sees is wrong, believing it to be right; but it is only prejudice that blinds them. This is very apt to be true of us all. When once we have chosen our way, we generally keep on till death stops us. Our religion, our politics, our very prejudices, we rarely modify; and we seldom inquire why we hold certain religious or political creeds. Occasionally, a more than ordinarily strong-minded man has courage to think for himself, and even goes the length of acting for himself; but such cases are comparatively rare. Were men not mortal, were men even to live as long as did the antediluvians, progress in the world would be very slow. Threescore years and ten we may hold the world back, but no longer. We hold very different opinions from our grandfathers; but had they lived till now, it is doubtful if they would have greatly modified theirs. Enlightened as we think ourselves, it is quite probable that the generation that acts a century hence may wonder how we managed to rub along in our benightedness!

Many men are morbidly fearful of being thought inconsistent, and will rather hide their opinion than run the risk of being thought so. Though a man may cling thus to what he may have reason to believe is not quite correct, for fear of being inconsistent, nobody will blame his son, far less his grandson, for maintaining exactly the opposite to his father's opinion. Thus, as men die, errors die; as they are swept from the stage of life, their opinions are replaced by more forward ones, held by the men who fill the shoes of those that went before.

As the Angel of Death is the destroyer of prejudices, so is he the healer of national animosities. The Scotsmen and the Englishmen who fought so fiercely and hated so bitterly at Bannockburn and at Flodden are long since gone, and in their place there is a living race of Scotsmen and Englishmen who belong to one nation, and are proud of each other. Eighty years ago, Frenchmen and Englishmen hated and fought as fiends hate and fight; but death has taken the haters away, and a new race of Englishmen and a new race of Frenchmen to-day regard each other in a very different way. To-day, the Frenchman spends his surplus hate on the Prussian, and the Prussian returns it with not a little insolence, by way of interest. But Death has a drug that is potent enough to quench even *their* animosities; and when he has had time to practise his art, there will remain Germans and Frenchmen ready to acknowledge that there is room enough in Europe for both; to respect the greatness of each other, and to exchange, not rifle-shots, but friendly greetings.

For centuries, misgovernment has sown evil seed in unhappy Ireland, and the result is a race of Irishmen smarting under a sense of wrong, and crying out accordingly. Were men to live for ever, were memories to live for ever, Ireland never would be pacified. Bit by bit, justice is being done to Ireland, and man by man, death is removing those in whose breast the sense of wrong swelled till it has developed into fury. By-and-by their hatred will be extinguished; in course of time, the animosities between landlord and tenant will be buried. Death sits final arbiter in many a strife.

BY MEAD AND STREAM.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.—WHIRLWINDS.

Miss Hadleigh was always effusive in her welcomes, and on the present occasion she was more effusive than ever in her reception of Madge.

'I have been dying with anxiety to see you, dear; and if you had not come to-day, I should have gone to Willowmere, or sent for you.'

'I am glad to have come at the proper moment, then—when you wanted me.'

'Oh, it is most, most fortunate!' (She found a difficulty in discovering a sufficient superlative, and so doubled the one at her command.) 'And it concerns you as much as us, for it is about Philip and his uncle.'

Madge had not been excited with curiosity about the cause of Miss Hadleigh's anxiety to see her; and even now she was not disturbed, although more interested, when she learned that Philip had something to do with it.

'Has anything particular happened?'

'We don't know yet, dear; that is what vexes us. Philip has not been here for—oh, ever so long; and such strange things are being said about them in the city, that a friend of mine' (a pretty simper here) 'considered it to be his duty to come out expressly to tell me and ask if I knew anything.'

'But what is being said and who has told you?' inquired Madge, still undisturbed, and even inclined to smile, having experience in the young lady's way of revelling in exaggerations on the most trivial occasions.

'Alfred—that is Mr Crowell, you know.'

The correction was made with a little self-conscious smile, as if she were saying: 'Of course you know that I have the right to call him Alfred.'

Madge bowed.

'Well, Alfred tells me that people are saying that Mr Shield's great fortune is a great bubble swindle; and something about bulls and bears, that I don't understand; and that poor Philip will never be able to meet the engagements he has made in the belief that this man possessed millions. He has been dreadfully deceived; but nobody will believe that; and Philip will have to suffer all the blame, because the thing has been so cunningly done that nobody can touch Mr Shield. He is not a partner, and is in no way responsible for what Philip said or did. . . . It is perfectly frightful, and has made me so nervous that I really don't know what I am doing ever since Alfred went away. Alfred is so generous and so brave—he has gone to search for Philip, and see if anything can be done to help him out of the mess.'

Making all allowance for probable and possible exaggerations, this news was startling, and it was rendered more so by the excited interjectional manner in which it was conveyed. But it obtained additional significance when she remembered what Philip himself had said of his worries, and what had passed between her and Mr Beecham. No doubt, Philip, desiring to spare her anxiety, had made too little of his difficulties, had avoided details, and left her to believe that they were only of such a nature as to involve temporary embarrassment, which could be overcome by coolness and resolution. Alfred Crowell, being under no constraint, had blurted out the truth—or rather, he had found the rumours of such importance as to induce him to make a special journey to Ringsford to inquire into their truth. That he should make the rumours an excuse for an extra visit to his betrothed was out of the question. He came and went at will.

If it were true, then, that Philip had fallen into or been led into such desperate trouble, what was she to think of Mr Beecham's assurances that no harm should come to him? And she had pledged herself to remain silent!

These things passed through her mind as the panorama of a whole life appears in one picture to the eyes of a man who is drowning. But with the same rapidity came the suggestion of what should be done.

'You ought to seek the advice of your father.' The voice was a little husky, but the manner was decisive.

Miss Hadleigh moved her hands—they were neat hands, and she was fond of displaying them—gently upward and stared in despondent astonishment.

'We dare not speak to papa about anything connected with Mr Shield. You can't know how badly papa has been treated by him, or you would never think of such a thing.'

'Then I must do it.'

She rose and made a pace towards the door as she spoke.

'Oh, you must not do it, dear, for *your own* sake!' cried Miss Hadleigh, alarmed at the idea of anybody venturing to speak to her father on a subject which he had absolutely forbidden to be mentioned. 'You will bring us all into trouble if you do. You *do* know that papa did not want Philip to have any dealings with this dreadful person, and Philip would take his own way. You could not expect papa to be pleased with his disobedience; and you *cannot* expect him to be ready to give advice now, when his former advice was neglected. If you have any notion of papa's way, you must understand that he would only be angry, and say that he spoke at the right time, and it was no use speaking now.'

'I shall not bring any trouble upon you,' said Madge quietly; 'and although I see how unpleasant the subject must be to your father, I wish to speak to him. Do not be afraid, Beatrice.'

She took Miss Hadleigh's hand in both her own and looked kindly in the flushed face. But although Miss Hadleigh was afraid of her father, she could not endure to be assured by another that she need not be so. Consequently, her shoulders went up, and her chin went up, and her brows came down a little, whilst her tone became slightly supercilious.

'Oh, it is not on my own account that I advise you not to speak to him about this most painful business. *I* was thinking of *you;* for it *will* be a little awkward if you make him angry and refuse to help Philip, even when he has got rid of this most extremely disagreeable relative. But of *course* you can please yourself. I do not think my brother will be grateful to you afterwards, when he learns how careful I was to warn you. . . . Shall I inquire where papa is?'

'If you please,' said Madge, attempting to smile; 'but you are not to be vexed with me, Beatrice.'

'Not at all, dear,' was the response, in a slightly hysterical note, as the bell was rung with emphasis; 'my anxiety is entirely to save you disappointment.'

'I must risk that.'

The servant who answered Miss Hadleigh's summons informed her that Mr Hadleigh was in the library.

'He spends nearly all his time there now,' said

Miss Hadleigh, when the servant had departed with his message; 'he goes to town seldom, and often does not go out of the house all day.'

She was interrupted by the appearance of her father; and he was so rarely seen in the drawing-room, except for a few minutes before dinner—and not always then, unless when there were guests present—that she was startled by the sudden apparition. Moreover, she had calculated that he would send a message to the effect that he was engaged, or that he would see the visitor in the library, and in either case, she would have been protected from the suspicion of having any share in bringing about the interview. She was determined that she should not be forced to take any active part in it, and not being prepared with an excuse, she said plainly: 'Madge wants to speak to you,' and went out of the room.

Mr Hadleigh's cold face never indicated the emotions of his mind or heart; but his eyes, which followed Miss Hadleigh until the door closed upon her, turned slowly to Madge, met hers, and noting her disturbed expression, seemed to ask for explanation.

'You so rarely ask to see me, Miss Heathcote, that I am afraid something unpleasant has occurred.'

'I am sorry to disturb you,' she began quietly, but the undercurrent of agitation was revealed by the hesitating awkwardness of her manner.

'You ought rather to say that you know I am willing to be disturbed whenever you wish to see me,' he rejoined, with that suggestion of a smile which appeared at times to her and to no one else.

'Thank you—thank you. But have you not heard that Philip is in difficulties?'

'What kind of difficulties—about money?'

'Yes, yes; and his uncle, it is said, will not help him, or cannot. But you can, and will, if it should be true.'

Her hand touched his arm trustfully, as if to signify that her hope of safety lay in him. He placed his hand on hers.

'I know nothing of Philip's affairs, and have forbidden any one in the house to speak about them to me. He and I have settled matters between us: he has chosen his course, and is to abide by it. You are aware that it is not the course I should have liked him to follow; and being as it is, I cannot interfere with him.'

'But if you learn that he has been deceived and is on the brink of a great misfortune—of ruin, which will bring disgrace with it—you would not refuse to guide him!'

For an instant there was a gleam in the man's eyes, as if he rose in triumph over a fallen foe.

'You must tell me what you mean,' he said, controlling whatever evil passion had stirred within him and speaking in his ordinary measured tone. 'What you say would be very alarming, if I did not think that you must be mistaken in regard to Mr Shield. As for Philip's speculation, I did not think it had much chance of success, although it seemed to me worth trying, if it afforded him pleasure, and if—as I understood—the success or failure of his project was provided for. Has he told you that the failure has come so quickly?'

'No; he has not told me that failure has come upon him, but that he feared it. The men, the work, and all the calculations of expenses seemed to have gone wrong when he last spoke to me. Within this hour, I learned that it was reported in the city that he would be unable to meet the engagements he has made.'

'You must not mind city reports about new concerns, Miss Heathcote, for they are frequently the result of nothing more than the whispers of rivals who speak of what they wish to happen. Rumours are seldom circulated about an old established business without some good grounds for them. But for Philip's business, you will have to prepare yourself for all sorts of ridiculous rumours. You must admit that his experiment is peculiar enough to provoke them.'

'Then you do not think they can be true,' she said, drawing a long breath of relief.

'That would depend upon their source, as I am trying to make you understand. You need not in any case be anxious until you have definite information from Philip himself. I do not like to speak about Mr Shield; but, eccentric as he is, I do not think he would leave him in the lurch, when he knows that so long as Philip continues to hold the position of his heir, I shall do nothing for him.'

'Not even if Philip had been deceived?'

'Not even then. . . . But I will do anything for you.'

'And that will be the same thing,' she said, her face brightening.

'Not quite,' he observed with a coldness that was almost harsh.

But she did not observe the difference of tone and manner: she only felt that here was the opportunity to make Philip's rumoured misfortunes the means of bringing about what Philip most desired—the reconciliation of his father and Austin Shield.

'You say you would do anything for me,' she said after a moment's reflection, her expression becoming very serious as she lifted her eyes to his with pensive inquiry.

'I have said it.' The coldness had left his voice, and in its stead there was a subdued fervour, which indicated how much he was in earnest.

Then she looked at him steadily for a minute—still with that pensive inquiry in her eyes.

'You were kind—most kind and generous to me, when you desired that I should stop Philip from going to Mr Shield. You were kind, too, in the calmness with which you accepted my explanation why it was that I could not comply with your request. I am grateful.'

'Do not speak in this formal way,' he interrupted—a very unusual breach of manners for him. 'Tell me what it is you want, and if it is in my power, it shall be done.'

'It is quite within your power'—she was speaking very slowly—'but as I understand, you will find the task a most disagreeable one.'

'That does not matter. Try me.'

'Your readiness to promise makes me afraid to speak.'

'That is not fair to me, when you say that the task is quite within my power.'

'It is, it is; and it has been in my mind for months to ask you to do it.'

'If it is to serve you, have no hesitation in asking.'

'It will be a great service to me, because it will add very much to my happiness and to Philip's. I know—I have been told by yourself and others—that your relations with Mr Shield were of an unpleasant nature.'

As she made an awkward pause, he bowed his head slightly, and the cold expression was beginning to appear on his face again. Her voice was not quite so steady as at first when she continued:

'Well, will you prove to me that there was something more than a mere good-natured desire to please, when you said that you were ready to do anything for me? Will you agree to forget, or forgive, whatever misunderstandings there were between you in the past, and consent to offer your hand in friendship to your wife's brother?'

Mr Hadleigh stood quite still and silent for a little. Whatever surprise or displeasure he might be feeling, there was no indication of either on his face. He was again the hard stern man he appeared to the people around him. Madge did not like this change, and became pale as she remembered the terrible charge which was laid against him. She almost trembled with fear lest she should find it true; and then there was a flush of anger with herself for pitying one who could be so heartlessly cruel.

'Do you know the man?' he asked quietly by-and-by.

'Yes; I have met him.'

'And like him?'

'I do; and believe him to be our friend, no matter what may be said about him.' Even in her present excitement she was surprised at the singular coincidence in the nature of the questions asked by Mr Beecham and Mr Hadleigh about her acquaintance with them.

'Is it at his suggestion that you have made this proposal to me?'

'He is entirely ignorant that I had any such intention.'

'And if you had told him, he would have scoffed at the idea that I was capable of saying—even for your sake—Yes; I am ready to give him my hand in all friendliness, if he is willing to accept it.' The sad smile which lightened and softened his features appeared again. 'Have I satisfied you that I am ready to do anything for you?'

She was astounded by his sudden change of manner and ready consent to become reconciled to his enemy. Then her face brightened, and there was something approaching to an hysterical note of joy in her voice as she exclaimed: 'Then you are innocent! It is not true that you had any part in the ruin of his friend George Laurence—it is not true that you had anything to do with the report of Mr Shield's marriage which destroyed my mother's happiness! Oh, I am glad—glad and grateful!'

And in the impulse of her gladness, she would have clasped his hands; but he looked startled and drew back, as a guilty man might do. Her astonishment took another turn: was it possible that he yielded so readily to her proposal because he wished to make atonement for the past?

He recovered himself instantly, and took her hand.

'I see, Miss Heathcote, that Mr Shield has told you his version of these unhappy events,' he said anxiously; 'and in justice to myself, I must tell you mine.'

ELECTRICITY FOR NOTHING!

We recently received an invitation to witness, in London, a new method of producing electricity for lighting and other purposes 'free of cost.' The announcement that anything, with the exception, perhaps, of the air we breathe, can in these days be had for nothing, tempted us without delay to pay a visit to 31 Lombard Street, where, at the offices of Mr H. A. Fergusson, the new system was to be seen at work. Here we found a number of the now familiar incandescent globes dispersed about a large room, together with some small motors for driving sewing-machines, &c., the whole or any number of which could be put into operation by the turn of various switches. These lamps and motors all derived their electrical energy from a primary battery contained in a cupboard. Upon looking into this cupboard, we saw a number of wooden trays, lined with sheet-copper, piled one above the other like a nest of drawers; and we were told that each tray represented one cell of the battery. Further examination showed that the constituents of each cell were a plate of zinc, placed horizontally above a dark layer of oxide of copper in a solution of caustic potash. Coming to the question of cost, or rather of alleged freedom from cost, we learned that the cells were easily charged in the first instance, and that when once charged, would remain without attention for at least a month. During this time the battery would furnish a current. In the process, the copper would be gradually exhausted; but by a simple operation, could be brought back to its pristine state, and would be ready once more for another month's work. Meanwhile the zinc would gradually be dissolved to form oxide of zinc. Now, one ton of metallic zinc can be transformed in this way to a ton and a quarter of oxide—a valuable white pigment—and as the oxide sells for a greater price than the original zinc, the promoters have some ground for their statement that electricity can be produced by this battery free of cost.

Unfortunately, recent experience of electric-lighting schemes has made the public very cautious in their reception of any new thing of an electrical nature, and there is little doubt that for some time really promising schemes will suffer for the shortcomings of their predecessors. It is, too, by no means the first time that a battery has been brought forward with the intimation that it will pay its own cost by the value of its by-products. But the effect upon the price of such by-products of glutting the market with them, is generally omitted from the calculations. Hitherto, such schemes have proved illusory; though it by no means follows that they must always do so. We have the example of gas manufacture before us, where, by careful working, the cost of the gas could be more than covered by the value of the other products of the coal.

A great deal of valuable information on the subject of primary batteries for electric lighting may

be gleaned from a paper recently read before the Society of Arts, London, by Mr Isaac Probert, and which has since been published in that Society's *Journal*. (We may here point out that the word 'primary,' as applied to batteries, has become necessary in quite recent times, to distinguish those which furnish a direct current from those which, under the name of accumulators, storage or secondary batteries, require charging, in the first instance, from another battery, or dynamo-machine. The current so stored can be afterwards utilised, as convenience may dictate.) This paper records in a lucid manner the numberless attempts which have been made to utilise primary batteries; but, except for experimental purposes, the cost has always proved prohibitive. The unhealthy fumes given by such batteries as those of Grove and Bunsen—which were, until lately, practically the only forms that could be used for electric lighting—also limited their use to situations where the fumes could do no harm. In process of time, Faraday's grand discovery, that electricity could be generated by a magnet, and the ultimate outcome of that discovery—the introduction of the Gramme machine and its hosts of fellows—gave for a time the *coup de grace* to battery projects, and for a long time they were heard of no more. But why was this? Let the question be answered by the practical illustration given by Mr Probert, which we must quote—for want of space—in a very condensed form.

Let it be supposed that a house is furnished with one hundred incandescent lamps, the electric energy for which is provided by a dynamo-machine and its necessary companion, a steam-engine. The mechanical energy required for the work is, say, twelve and a half horse-power. This is of course derived from the combustion of so much coal; and if there were such a thing as a perfect engine where no heat was wasted, the amount of fuel required would be very small indeed. But, as a matter of fact, with an ordinary engine the weight of coal required to furnish the power given would be about fifty-six pounds per hour—costing, say, sixpence. Giving the lights a working period of five hours a day all the year round, we have a cost for fuel alone of forty-five pounds. Then we have to take into account the first cost of the machinery, the interest on that cost, annual depreciation, and attendance. We need not dwell on the separate estimate for each item, but may state the total yearly cost of the installation at one hundred and forty-seven pounds, or nearly thirty shillings per lamp.

Now, let us assume that instead of a dynamo-machine and its motor, a galvanic battery is employed, and that the amount of energy furnished is the same as before. In this case, we shall owe our energy to the combustion of zinc in lieu of coal; and instead of obtaining the oxygen for the process from the air, which costs nothing, we must of necessity get it from an acid, which costs a great deal. The total amount of zinc dissolved per hour in the acid, to furnish the current required for our one hundred lamps, will be about thirteen pounds-weight, the cost being nearly three shillings. Added to this sum must be the amount expended on acids, the cost of attendance, prime cost of apparatus, interest, depreciation, &c., bringing up the total annual charge to seven hundred and fifty-nine pounds ten shillings, or seven pounds eleven shillings and eightpence per lamp.

These figures will be both interesting and instructive to many persons who wish to have some idea of the probable cost of changing their old lamps for new ones; but they serve our present purpose in pointing out the reason why the battery current has been superseded for lighting purposes by the far more economical dynamo-machine. Still, it is not every one who requires so many as a hundred lamps; and for smaller installations, an efficient, easily managed, and cheaply working battery would have a wide application. But it must be remembered that electricity can now be had at comparatively little cost to light a dozen lamps or so by employing a small dynamo-machine driven by a gas-engine. Inventors of batteries must, therefore, remember that they have rivals in the field, and that if they would successfully compete with them, they must offer something as cheap and efficient. Hitherto, this something has not appeared. But human nature is sanguine, and the most sanguine of mortals perhaps is one in whom the inventive faculty is highly developed. In spite of previous failures, no fewer than one hundred and fifty patents for primary batteries have been taken out during the past three years. Some of these are acknowledged improvements upon past models. Many batteries now before the public cannot be critically examined, for they employ fluids the nature of which are kept secret. (Of course this objection cannot apply to a patented invention, for one of the conditions of granting protection is that the invention must be so described in the specification that any intelligent workman can understand its nature and construction.) Others cannot be well described without diagrams and technical details of no interest to the majority of our readers.

To return to the primary cell of Mr Fergusson—which, by the way, is called the Domestic Primary Battery—and putting aside all its claims to produce electricity for nothing, we may broadly state that it possesses many advantages. It is compact enough to be put away in any odd corner; it is constant in its action; it seldom requires recharging, and such recharging is a simple operation; and lastly, it has the very rare merit of giving off no fumes whatever.

TERRIBLY FULFILLED.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER III.

THURSDAY evening came, and with it Captain Ferrard; and the two shook hands with a certain guarded cordiality, as of prize-fighters about to 'get to business.' But the dinner was a good one; Ferrard thawed considerably under the influence of a bottle of old Johannisberg, and enjoyed himself more than he had anticipated. His host treated him with much deference, and seemed considerably impressed by his conversation. The captain was consequently in great good-humour with himself and all the world, and exerted himself—as, to do him justice, he well knew how—to be agreeable and amusing and to make a favourable impression. He was surprised also to find that this auctioneering father-in-law

of his was really a very entertaining fellow. He overflowed with anecdote of a certain highly flavoured kind, and was full of curious experiences; he talked a good deal of 'shop,' about pictures and precious stones and such matters in the way of his trade, but it was amusing 'shop,' and served to introduce many strange and out-of-the-way facts and incidents.

The truth was that Mr Cross was taking a good deal more wine than usual, whereby he was ably seconded in his loyal resolve to think as well of his son-in-law and to be as friendly and open with him as possible. The pleasingly insinuating ways of the gallant captain were not without their effect, and the auctioneer began to feel more favourably disposed towards him than he had at one time thought possible. He appeared, now that one knew him, to be an open-hearted, good-humoured sort of fellow, one who was nobody's enemy but his own, who was more sinned against than sinning, and so on. In his then condition, it seemed to Mr Cross that he had perhaps been rather too hasty and prone to think evil. His daughter, as he well knew, had her 'little tempers,' and might herself to some extent have contributed to her wedded unhappiness. No doubt the young man would be amenable to reason, and with judicious management and some outlay, might make a tolerable son-in-law after all.

The talk at last centred itself upon diamonds, and Ferrard was in the midst of an animated description of those belonging to certain family connections of his own, when the auctioneer interrupted him.

'I know all about the Frayer diamonds,' he said—'no one better. But I wouldn't mind laying you a wager that I could show you some, and not far off either, that would beat them hollow.'

'I think you would lose your money,' said Ferrard.

The auctioneer regarded him with vinous solemnity. 'Look here, my boy,' he suddenly said; 'I've taken a fancy to you, and I'm sorry we should have been at odds so long. Perhaps I may have something else to say to you to-morrow, and perhaps you may be glad to hear it—I can't tell. Anyhow, to prove to you that I'm in earnest, I'll show you to-night what I wouldn't show to any other man alive. Just you come with me.'

'Are you going to let me have a sight of the wonderful diamonds?' laughed Ferrard, as he followed his host into the hall.

'That's just what I am going to do, and a little more besides. But first of all, you give me your word as an officer and a gentleman that you'll tell nobody about anything you may see to-night. Promise!'

'By all means—of course,' assented Ferrard carelessly. He was becoming a little bored, and had no expectation of seeing anything out of the common.

'That's all right. Put on your hat,' said Mr Cross, taking his lantern from a cupboard and opening the hall-door.

They were absent about half an hour. When they returned, Ferrard was in a state of dazzled amazement. He did not in truth know which most to wonder at—the number and beauty of the gems, the ingenuity of their safe keeping, or the fatuous folly of the man who, even under the influence of wine, could impart such a secret to a person of whom he knew next to nothing, except that—as the captain frankly confessed to himself—he did not bear the best of characters. And he fairly hugged himself at the thought, that if he played his cards well, the wealth which was capable of affording such surprises as this might one day be his own.

'I am glad we did not bet, Mr Cross,' he said, 'for I cannot afford to lose. They are far the most splendid diamonds I have ever seen. I must really thank you for giving me such a sight, and especially for the confidence you have placed in me, which I hope is an earnest of our future friendship.'

'Wait till to-morrow—that's all I say—wait till to-morrow,' said the auctioneer thickly. 'I'm hardly fit to talk business just now. But I *will* say,' he continued, laying a heavy hand on Ferrard's shoulder, 'though I always knew, of course, that you were quite the gentleman, I never thought I should have taken to any man, least of all to you, as I have done. We had best be going to bed—it's late; and I must have an hour in the City to-morrow, before I meet Amy at London Bridge.—Good-night, and pleasant dreams, my boy.'

Some men, the worship of Bacchus visits with heavy and dreamless slumber; others it renders wakeful and uneasy. This latter was the case with Mr Cross. He tossed and turned, courting sleep in vain; and thirst and dyspepsia supervened on excitement. His thickly crowding thoughts took a gloomy and despondent tone. Now that he was sober and sorry, he anathematised his folly in betraying the secret of his safe, so closely guarded through long years, even from his nearest friends, only to be blurted out in a moment of ill-judged confidence to a mere stranger, of whom he knew nothing but ill. All his old dislike and distrust of Ferrard returned, intensified by the consciousness that that gentleman had gained a distinct advantage over him. He determined that, although he would not altogether go back from his implied promise, he would hedge its fulfilment about with such conditions as should insure an entire change in Ferrard's habits and mode of life, and should oblige him to cast in his lot with the class to which his wife belonged. In this way alone, he considered, could he ascertain whether it would be possible to trust the man and to secure peace, if not happiness, for Amy; and at the same time to patch up to some extent her husband's shattered plans. At last he rose from an almost sleepless bed, feeling ill and worried, and more disposed than ever to repeat his wish for Captain Ferrard's speedy dissolution.

When guest and host met at the breakfast-table, the manner of the latter, to Ferrard's surprise, had totally changed. He was nervous and irritable; he complained that he was growing old, and said that a bottle or two of wine overnight would not once have affected him in this way. He ate little, but drank a good deal of coffee, and kept fussing nervously with several keys which lay beside his plate, putting them

into his pockets, taking them out again, dropping them on the floor, and grumbling at his own awkwardness; altogether, behaving like a man considerably off his balance.

'I've been up and about, for all I took too much last night,' he said; 'and sent my traps off to the cloak-room at London Bridge before you were out of your bed, young man. I've found time to take a look at the sparklers too,' he added, holding up two of the keys, fastened together by a ring. 'Always do, every day of my life, before I leave in the morning, and the last thing at night. Wouldn't leave it undone for anything you could mention. These diamonds—I meant them for Amy, poor girl; and if—— But never mind about that just now.'

'As I understood you last night,' said Ferrard, who was growing impatient, 'you had something of importance to say to me this morning touching our mutual relations.'

'Well, I don't know—I don't know,' replied the auctioneer. 'You mustn't take everything for gospel a man says when he's had a glass.'

The captain's face grew long.

'Oh, you needn't look so glum. I'm not going back upon what I intended, though perhaps it may not be all you were expecting. I have felt uncommon sore about this business, Ferrard, I can tell you; and if you and I are to patch up a bad job, you'll have to make a fresh start altogether, and that's flat.'

Ferrard remained silent.

'I'm pretty plain-spoken, and I tell you straight that I can't bear an idle man, and won't have anything to do with one, if I can help it. All the same, I want to be friends with you, and let bygones be bygones; and so this is what I offer. Cut the West End, and racing and billiards and gallivanting, and come into the City. I'll employ you in the business. If you give your mind to it and work hard, you'll soon find your feet; and then I'll take you into partnership. When I go, you will have it all to yourself; and a very pretty penny it will be in your pocket. Your father will stop your allowance, of course; but you and Amy can live here with me, free; that'll save you a good bit; and giving up your expensive habits will save you a lot more. Till you are in the business, I'll allow you—ah, I'll allow you three hundred a year; and altogether, you'll be better off in this way than you've been for some time.—Don't say anything now' (not that the captain had any such intention, being stricken literally dumb); 'think it over, and make up your mind by the time I come back.'

He gathered his keys together with a good deal of unnecessary clatter, and locked them into a leathern wallet, muttering something about leaving them at his bank. Then he looked at his watch. 'Hillo! I have not got another minute. You must excuse me, captain—don't hurry over your breakfast, but I must leave you at once—there's a deal to be seen to before we start. Good-bye; don't move; and think it over—think it over.'

He had shaken hands, talked himself into the hall, and slammed the front-door, before the captain had been able in the slightest degree to grasp the situation, so utterly confused and astounded was he at this sudden wreck of his hopes. Anger had no place whatever in his mind. At another time, he might have been both amused and indignant at the offer which had been made him and at the manner of its making. The picture of himself as an auctioneer's clerk, with the prospect of becoming in time, if he were good, a real auctioneer, might have struck him as exquisitely ludicrous; yet, though a gambler, a spendthrift, a debauchee, he was no fool; and it was just possible that, considering the splendid reward in prospective, he might at anyrate have seemed to assent, in the hope of making better terms after a while. But now, there was no room for any such speculations, for absolute ruin stared him in the face. The auctioneer had supposed him to be hard pressed for money; but what was the real nature of the pressure, he was far from imagining. In a short while, a certain acceptance for a heavy amount would fall due, renewal of which had been definitely and decidedly refused on the very day of Amy's visit to her father. Unless that acceptance were taken up on presentation, it would forthwith be known that the signature of one of the indorsers had never been written by that gentleman; and in that case, the career of the Honourable James Ferrard would be most unpleasantly terminated. This was more than suspected by the holders of the bill; it was their reason for refusing renewal; and it was their intention to use it as a lever for extorting from the captain or his family, not only payment of the debt, but a goodly sum, by way of hush-money, into the bargain. Money he must have somehow, and that immediately, even if he had to appeal to his father; a last resource which, though audacious enough in general, he could not contemplate without dismay. Besides, the earl's affairs were themselves so desperate, and the amount was so large, that he had little expectation that assistance would be possible, even if the will to afford it were good. A faint hope of escape had been held out to him by the auctioneer's visit; and last night, from the friendliness of his host's manner and the extraordinary mark of his confidence, he had fully expected that, with a little management, the money would be forthcoming. But this chance was now utterly gone; and flight, suicide, or penal servitude seemed to be the only alternatives left to him.

At this stage of his meditations, he became aware of three keys in a ring which were lying under the edge of his host's plate. He continued to gaze abstractedly at them for some moments, half-unconsciously noting certain peculiarities in the shape of the larger of them. All at once he came to himself with a start. They were the keys of the strong-room and the iron box; overlooked, of course, by the auctioneer when he put the others into the locked-up wallet. To do him justice, Ferrard's first thought was to snatch them up, take a cab into the City, and restore them to their owner. Mechanically he stretched out his hand, then drew it quickly away, and fell back in his chair, horrified at the thought which had at that moment seized upon him. He had written the name of another man; it was done in a minute, and was comparatively easy. But it is not easy, for the first time at least, to take the goods of another man—to steal.

There they lay, close to his hand as it were,

utterly in his power. All that sweet and desirable money, frozen into a few crystals, the property of this plebeian, who had so poor an idea of enjoying it, so hateful an objection to parting with it. He tingled with envious rage at the thought. Why, a poor dozen of them, like angels of light, would put to the rout his persecuting demons of difficulty and danger; yet to help himself to them would be—theft. He looked at his watch. Half-past ten. The train was to leave at ten minutes to eleven. No doubt Cross would discover his oversight, and return with all speed to remedy it. He sat on and on, and gazed at the fatal keys until they seemed to fill his eye and brain. Once a footstep approached the door of the room. Without knowing why, he hastily moved the plate so as completely to hide them. A servant looked in, and seeing him still there, begged pardon and withdrew, wondering when he would have finished breakfast. Then he softly moved the plate back, and again sat looking at the keys. One thought ebbed and flowed continually in his mind, flowing more and more fiercely, ebbing with surely decreasing force. To take the diamonds—theft. Not to take them—ruin.

Half-past eleven. No cab at the door, no hurried step in the hall. Cross must now be well on his way to Brighton, and under the idea that the keys were safe at his bank. At any-rate, the things must not be left lying there. Clearly, it was his duty to take charge of them until they could be restored to their owner.

Ferrard presently rose from his chair, and put the keys in his waistcoat pocket. Then he left the house, stealthily, like one in fear.

That night, or rather the next morning, for it was between one and two o'clock, a figure came round the corner of the street from the square and walked a few paces past the iron door. Then the figure stood still for a moment and peered up and down the road. Not a sound, save the distant rattle of a night-cab—not a movement anywhere around. The figure turned and walked back. It stood in the shadow of the wall, glanced round once more, seemed to listen, opened the door, entered, and closed it gently from within.

The few hours of night wore out, the bright summer morning was come. The blinking policeman drifted slowly up the street, and as usual inspected the door. All well. He thought he heard a distant cry, and raised his head to listen. The cry was repeated. Satisfied that it was very far off—nowhere near *his* beat—he smote his chilled hands together and sauntered away, to meet his welcome relief.

CHAPTER IV.—CONCLUSION.

Amy did not greatly enjoy herself at Brighton. Her father was kind to her, but he was not the jovial, light-hearted companion whom she remembered of old. He was dull, heavy, and irritable, and was constantly engrossed in thought, muttering anxiously to himself. He did not sleep well, for she heard him walking about his room in the night; and he grew more haggard and weary-looking every day. He was clearly not benefiting by the sea-air. He spoke but little; and on the question of her relations with her husband, he, much to her surprise and disgust, declined to speak at all. When she once began to babble of her wrongs, he turned upon her with positive anger; told her that he had come there for rest, not to be worried; that it would no doubt all be arranged comfortably on their return; and that, till then, she was to preserve silence on the subject. All this made Mrs Ferrard extremely dignified and sulky; but being a young person of no great depth, she simply concluded that Pa had a fit of indigestion, and contrived to amuse herself fairly well with shopping, drives, and promenades, in the company of certain friends of her maiden days who chanced to be at Brighton, and who were by no means averse to the society of a lady of title. At all events, the life was a pleasant contrast to that which the Honourable Mrs Ferrard had enjoyed of late in the company of her lord and master.

The truth was that Mr Cross was very ill both in body and mind. He had, though he knew it not, been ailing ever since his daughter's flight; and the perplexity and distress he was now enduring were telling upon him fearfully. He had quite lost faith in the success of his plans; calmer reflection told him that it would be vain to hope that the leopard could change his spots in the manner he had proposed. Ferrard's blank silence at the breakfast-table, and the fact that no letter had been received from him since, bore out this opinion.

But what caused him greater trouble and alarm than anything else was the manner in which the idea of Ferrard's death had taken hold upon his mind, to the exclusion of all other thoughts, until it had assumed the pitiless tyranny of a fixed idea. Night and day it was all before him—the uselessness of the man's existence, the evils which would cease with it, the chances for and against its duration, the various causes which might perhaps terminate it. And through all, a fierce and devouring longing for its termination, such as he dared not now acknowledge to himself. He was maddened at the difficulties in his way, horrified at the tendency of his thoughts; and there were times when he felt that the safest and easiest thing to do would be to row himself out a mile or two from the beach and hide his troubles and temptations for ever under the careless waves.

They had only been at Brighton five days, when Mr Cross, to his daughter's surprise and chagrin, announced his intention of returning to town at once. Amy expostulated, but in vain; he declared that he was sick of the place; that it was doing him no good—which was quite true; that he must get back to work and occupy his mind. Finding opposition useless, Mrs Ferrard made her preparations with the best grace she might, and they took the noon-train to London the same day.

On arrival, they drove first to the lodgings in Duke Street, and the auctioneer entered the house with his daughter. To their surprise, they found that Ferrard was not only absent, but had not been seen or heard of since the day of his wife's departure, when he had remained indoors until ten o'clock at night, and had then gone out; leaving, according to his wont, no word as to when he should return. The people of the house had after a time concluded that he also must be at Brighton. Amy, being used to these

absences, though never before of such duration, was less surprised than her father, who was not only astonished, but greatly cast down at what seemed to be an additional evidence of Ferrard's rejection of his plans, and determination to continue the old courses.

'There, it's no use talking,' he said at last. 'He'll come home some time, I suppose; and when he does, send him on to me at once, d'ye hear, Amy? Tell him—ay, tell him that I've altered my mind—that I have proposals to make to him which will suit him much better than the last. I must try and hit on something else. And if he's not back to-morrow, come over and let me know in the evening, will you? There, good-bye; and keep up your spirits, my pet—father'll see you all right, don't you fear.'

He kissed her and departed. He must get home, and quietly think matters over. Suppose the fellow had bolted for good and all? What was to be done in that event? It required careful consideration, and should have it at once.

He called at the bank on the way home, to get his keys. The parcel, tied with string and sealed with his own seal, was delivered to him just as he had left it. He drove to his house, where he found several letters awaiting him. Like a good man of business, he set to work to dispose of all lighter matters, before addressing himself to the consideration of the weightier. He opened and glanced at the letters; he took up the parcel, once more examined the seal, tore off the paper, unlocked the wallet, and spread the keys on the table. All right. Was it? Surely there was something wrong?

What could it be?

He puzzled over the keys again and again, but without result. He seemed to be constantly on the verge of detecting the deficiency, whatever it was; but the clearness and readiness of his thinking powers had of late in great measure departed, and it continued to escape him. At last he thought that he must be the victim of a nervous delusion, and with an effort, turned his thoughts to other matters. He would first, according to custom, visit his diamonds; then he would answer such of the letters as required a reply; then he would be at leisure to reflect upon the next step to be taken with regard to his son-in-law. And once more the dominant wish rose in his mind, filling it like a poisonous mist.

He took his lantern and the keys, and went to the strong-room, which he entered, closing the doors as usual carefully behind him. What was it, as he turned towards the safe, that sent him staggering back to the wall, his eyes starting from his head, his hair crisping with horror? The drawer full of papers lay on the table. The iron semicircular handle projected from the orifice. It was in an upright position—it had not been turned to the horizontal one. And the safe was closed.

He saw the whole sequence of events in one agonising second of time, as drowning men are said to review instantaneously the whole course of their past lives. It was the absence of the duplicate keys which had puzzled him in the study; and their absence at once explained the absence of Ferrard. He now remembered how, while at breakfast, just before leaving the house, he had placed all his keys, as he had then supposed, into his wallet; how he had then and there put the locked wallet into his pocket, and had driven straight to the bank, where, without opening it, he had made it into a parcel, sealed it with his signet, and handed it to the manager, taking his receipt. The parcel had been given back to him exactly as he had left it—of that he had assured himself. Only one thing could have happened. The duplicates had never been in the wallet at all. Unused to their presence, he had doubtless left them behind; and the wretched man whom he had so insanely trusted had stolen them, had the same night entered the strong-room and the safe, and——

What would he have to face, when that massy door should glide away? The dingy face of the picture, guardian of the deadly trap and its awful secret, seemed to sneer and gibe at him, daring him to seek an answer to the question.

Stay! There was one hope. He might have carried away the keys in his hand or his pockets, and dropped them in the street, or left them on the bank counter. If this were so, some common marauder might have met with his deserts—or, if he had recently entered, might even now be waiting to make a dash for liberty!

He approached the door, and listened. All was silent. He called in a quavering voice, which rang weirdly in the vaulted roof, 'Who is there?' No reply—no movement.

He sat down in the one chair, and tried to remember whether on that fatal night he had withheld from his guest the ultimate secret, of the necessity for half-turning the handle before withdrawing it. In vain. All was confused and dream-like. Either he had disclosed the secret, or he had not. If he had not——

He dragged the table desperately to the corner of the room and mounted upon it. Pushing at one end a stone seemingly as firmly fixed as its fellows, it revolved on a pivot. Thrusting his hand through the gap, he withdrew the second handle, and the safe-door glided back. One look was enough. The next moment, he was groping blindly for the door—for escape from the horror which was behind him.

His wish was terribly fulfilled! His daughter was a widow!

He crept into the sunlit street, with difficulty closing the heavy door. White and ghastly, he leaned one hand on the wall as he went, and gasped for breath. Two or three passers-by stopped and looked after him, expecting to see him fall. He did not do so, but gained the house, let himself in, staggered into the dining-room, dropped into a chair, and, for a space, knew no more.

When he regained his senses, he contrived to get to the cellaret and to swallow a heavy dose of brandy. This restored him sufficiently to enable him to think over his discovery and to settle his plan of action. He rang the bell.

'Something dreadful has happened,' he said to the parlour-maid, who had uttered an exclamation on seeing him. 'No, no; I'm not ill—only a bit upset. Get me a pen and ink and paper, and send John for a cab. I want him to take a letter.'

He wrote a line or two with difficulty, and addressed it to the Earl of Englethorpe. Having despatched his messenger, he remained in a kind of stupor until wheels were heard at the door and the earl was announced. Their greeting was of the briefest kind, though they remained together for a considerable time. Then they repaired to the strong-room. The auctioneer on his return was more composed than he had hitherto been, but his visitor was terribly agitated. Again they were closeted together. Various deputations from the kitchen, which by this time was in a ferment of the most unendurable curiosity, failed, in spite of enterprising approaches to the keyhole, to hear more than a low murmuring within. At length the earl departed; and then the dreadful event which had happened became known to the amazed and awe-stricken household. Mr Cross had, it was said, met Captain Ferrard just outside the door, and had been accompanied by him to the strong-room, where he had fallen down—in a fit, as the auctioneer had at first supposed; stone-dead, as he had perceived immediately afterwards. Without delay, Mr Cross had gone for a doctor, who had stated that death had been instantaneous—cause, apoplexy; and would in due course formally certify to that effect.

The body was put into a coffin within two hours, and removed to the Englethorpe town-house. The father of the deceased was the only mourner at the very plain and quiet funeral which took place soon after. There was no inquest, for the necessary medical certificate was actually obtained; how obtained, it is no concern of ours to relate. Money is powerful; in every profession and calling, there are those with whom it is all-powerful.

There was a little talk at first over James Ferrard's death. People were found to say that there was something queer about the matter, and to comment on the fact that nothing had been seen of the dead man for some days before his death. But it was speedily known that he was a defaulter on the turf, which fully accounted for his disappearance from his usual haunts. Nothing, therefore, came of these suspicions, though others of a different kind were rife enough, if rather vague. The earl sternly forbade all reference to the subject, even in his own household; it was understood that something awkward was behind, which for family reasons was to be hushed up. Hushed up it accordingly was; and in a fortnight's time James Ferrard, except to his creditors, was as though he had never been.

All this was, of course, distinctly wrong, and contrary to public policy. Yet a coroner's jury could only have dragged to light matters the disclosure of which would have inflicted cruel shame and disgrace upon a noble and hitherto stainless house. The blame of the death could have attached to no one save the dead man himself; least of all to Mr Cross. His evidence would have been that he had shown the diamonds and explained the mechanism, but that he could not remember, owing to his state at the time, whether he had called attention to the secret connected with the handle. It would have been clear, either that he had not done so, or that Ferrard had forgotten it. Beyond this, there would have been absolutely nothing to connect him with the matter. He was in a different part of the kingdom during the whole period of the occurrence, as would have been conclusively proved. 'Accidental death' would have been the only possible verdict; and it would have been as clear as daylight that the felonious intention of the deceased had brought with it its own terrible punishment.

The auctioneer followed his son-in-law to the grave in little more than a year, a broken-hearted man. It was said that he never got over the shock received on the morning of his return from Brighton. This was undoubtedly the truth; yet, as we know, it was not all the truth. Though without his knowledge or design, yet in accordance with his morbid wish, and indirectly by his act, had Ferrard died a miserable death; and the auctioneer regarded himself as a murderer, though unpunishable by the laws of this world. An already enfeebled body was unable to resist the effect of the mental torture of ceaseless self-reprobation, and the end was not long in coming.

But he lived to see Amy married to such a husband as he would have chosen for her in the old happy days, and to bestow upon her by will the bulk of his fortune. This did not, however, include the diamonds or the proceeds of their sale, which he distributed before his death among the London hospitals. Amy and her husband lived in the house in the square; but the safe was sold, its ingenious mechanical arrangements destroyed, and the fatal vault and its ghastly associations bricked up together.

With much diminished hopes, owing to the death of the acceptor, the holders of the forged bill made their first cautious advances, in the hope that consideration for the honour of the family might still induce the relations of the deceased to pay a good price for silence. To their surprise, their exorbitant demands were paid in full without cavil or hesitation, and the acceptance redeemed. Where the money came from was a mystery; but it was observed that the earl always thenceforth spoke of the auctioneer as a most respectable and worthy man, to whom he was under the greatest obligations.

LIFEBOAT COMPETITION.

The success of the Royal National Lifeboat Institution in the recent lifeboat competition will give general satisfaction. It is in the first place very gratifying that it should have won the substantial prize of six hundred pounds which was offered by the Committee of the International Fisheries Exhibition for 'the best full-sized lifeboat, fully equipped, and on a carriage, adapted to aid stranded or wrecked vessels from the shore in gales of wind, and through heavy broken seas and surf;' since it is now certain that the sum in question has been devoted to the best of all possible objects. It is also reassuring to know that the model boat of an English Institution which has not only earned a world-wide reputation for saving life at sea, but in a great measure makes up for our national shortcomings in this respect, should have held its own against all comers.

The competition was carried out under difficult

circumstances, and frequent postponements were necessary before the judges could declare the state of wind and weather to be satisfactory. The successful boat had to contend with two formidable competitors—the Hodgson Patent Lifeboat, and one built by Messrs Forrest and Son, of Limehouse ; and the public interest in the experiment was considerably heightened by the fact that all three boats were exhibited in the International Fisheries Exhibition and had been examined by many thousands of persons. The Hodgson Patent Lifeboat in particular excited general curiosity from its novel construction ; and the fact that it was claimed for it that it was uncapsizable, unimmergible, and reversible, gave additional interest to its behaviour in the water. It should be added that the boat in question was built as a ship's boat, and that it therefore had to contend under a disadvantage against the heavier and more serviceable pattern of the Institution. It was, however, almost a foregone conclusion that both of these boats would fail to wrest the palm of superiority from the model built on those familiar lines which have earned such a wonderful reputation off all our coasts and under the identical conditions of the competition.

Few boats can stand the terrible test of being launched from an exposed beach through mountains of surf, and fewer still prove manageable under either oars or sails in broken water. Further, the boats of the National Lifeboat Institution possess seven qualities which experience has proved to be essential, and in each of these they have some claim to be regarded as being as nearly perfect as possible. Thus they are buoyant, self-discharging, self-righting, stable and with great power of ballasting ; and they possess speed, stowage-room, and strength of build. It is perhaps in this last respect that they especially excel. One of the greatest dangers to which lifeboats are exposed is that of being stove-in against wreck or rocks ; and the present pattern of boat is designed so as to possess the greatest possible strength and elasticity compatible with portability.

It is, of course, only too true that lifeboat service is, and always must be, terribly hazardous. Nearly every winter some of the heroes who man our lifeboats lay down their lives in attempting to save those of others ; but this is happily but seldom the fault of the boat. It may fairly be contended that human ingenuity has exhausted its resources in this direction, and that, with certain modifications to suit local requirements, the pattern of the Lifeboat Institution is the best possible ; and that even when it has to yield the palm in some one or two particulars, the rare combination of qualities which it possesses still entitles it to be considered *facile princeps*.

Now that the loss of life at sea is attracting general attention, the work of the Royal National Lifeboat Institution seems to again call for marked recognition. At a time when the national conscience is being awakened to the inefficiency of the shipping laws to secure a reasonable measure of safety for seamen, it is refreshing to turn to the sixtieth annual Report of this inestimable society. Practical benevolence is always attractive ; and the facts and figures which the Institution adduces in order to justify its claim to public support, certainly point to a vigorous usefulness. Last year, lifeboats were launched two hundred and eighty-three times, saving seven hundred and twenty-five lives, and thirty vessels. It may be added that the number of vessels would doubtless have been greatly increased but for the imperative orders that the saving of life shall be the first consideration ; and it is only on those comparatively rare occasions when it can be done without endangering the safety of the crew, that lifeboats render salvage services. Two hundred and thirty lives were also saved last year by shore-boats and other means, rewards being bestowed by this Institution ; and this brings up the total of lives rescued to nine hundred and fifty-five. Further, in the sixty years ending 31st December 1883, the Institution has been instrumental in saving thirty thousand five hundred and sixty-three lives, and has recompensed these noble services by the payment of seventy-seven thousand nine hundred and eighty-four pounds as rewards, and the distribution of gold and silver medals. These figures are a sufficient testimonial to secure a substantial increase of support from a nation which is nothing if not maritime. Yet it is impossible to regard the present state of things as wholly satisfactory. It is a great thing that some hundreds of lives should be saved off our coasts every year ; but it should not be forgotten that some thousands are annually lost. Thus, in the year 1880–81, two thousand nine hundred and twenty-three lives were lost in British or colonial vessels off British coasts ; and in the year 1881–82, this number was increased to three thousand nine hundred and seventy-eight. Later figures are not yet available ; but there is little hope that they will show a decrease. Again, a recent Board of Trade return shows that the total number of lives lost in British merchantships in the twelve years from 1871 to 1882 inclusive amounted to thirty-eight thousand seven hundred and twenty-two. These figures are simply appalling. Doubtless a large proportion of these poor fellows perished far away from help ; but it is within common knowledge that much can be done, by strengthening the resources of the Lifeboat Institution, to diminish this terrible mortality.

Let any one take the wreck-charts for a few years past, and note those districts where clusters of black spots appropriately mark the scene of fatal wrecks. Let him then turn to the Reports of the Lifeboat Institution, and see what lifeboats were stationed there, and he will find that the number of fatalities are in an inverse ratio to the number of lifeboats. Thus, many stretches of coast which bore a terrible reputation only a few years back have, chiefly owing to the increased number and efficiency of the lifeboats stationed upon them, lately become much less fearful. But the total number of lifeboats now under the management of the Institution is only two hundred and seventy-four ; and although we have the best reasons for believing that no effort is spared in this direction, it is notorious that a certain number of them are very old, if not unseaworthy, craft, which should be at once replaced by new ones. Indeed, no inconsiderable proportion of the funds of the Institution

is necessarily devoted to these purposes. Thus, last year, old lifeboats were replaced by new ones at Caister, Cardigan, Margate, Padstow, Swansea, Winchelsea, and Withernsea; while wholly new stations were established at Llanaelhaiarn, Mablethorp, Port Erin, and Aranmore Island. Others are in course of formation. But, turning to the wreck-chart, it is easy to see at a glance how much remains to be done.

Legislation of a drastic character, with a view to diminishing sea-risks, is in contemplation; the necessity of new harbours of refuge is attracting more attention, and the very recent official Report in favour of building a harbour at Peterhead commends itself to everybody. But both these are matters which involve delay. In the meantime, with our enormously increased tonnage, and with the heightened competition which practically compels steamships to travel in any state of weather under the significant orders, 'Full speed ahead,' with the result that collisions are year by year becoming more frequent and more fatal, it is idle to hope for a decrease in the loss of life at sea. Our lifeboats have done good work, and will do good work in the storms to come; but it is a question which will sooner or later have to be answered, whether the time has not come when, at every point on the English, Scotch, Welsh, and Irish coasts, fully equipped and serviceable lifeboats should be ready for use. This is not only perfectly feasible, but it is a national duty. The time has gone by when we can afford to be satisfied with an open verdict upon our drowned sailors and fishermen; and, apart from other considerations, such as the overloading of vessels, until we have done all that can be done to render rescue possible, we cannot be content with the selfish excuse that 'no one's to blame.'

IN QUEER COMPANY.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART II.

In the company to which I had been introduced, it was exceedingly difficult to ask any questions respecting the details, or working, of what I may call the profession to which all present belonged. But as the evening wore on, those present became much more communicative than they had been at first. Welsh-rabbits, devilled kidneys, and other supper-dishes were called for; and were followed by potations, which, if not intoxicating, had the effect of loosing men's tongues, and of making them talk of what they regarded as past triumphs, and of future success, which they hoped and believed would come to pass. Some of the stories related I remembered, and made rough notes of when I went home that night; but many more I forgot; for with the most earnest intention in the world, it is almost impossible to recollect tales that are told one after another, and with not a few interruptions between them.

There was one member of this respectable society to whom I happened to sit next, and who told me in an undertone that he had once held a commission in the Indian army. Without appearing to do so, I put in the course of the evening some half-dozen leading questions to him, and found that not only was he telling me the truth, but that I remembered perfectly well the circumstances, some fifteen years previously, which caused him to be tried by a general court-martial and cashiered. He was evidently a leading spirit amongst those present. What his real name is—or rather was, for I learned by accident, a short time ago, that he was dead—I don't care to mention. Under the peculiar circumstances which brought me amongst those I spent the evening with, there may well be applied the old adage of 'honour amongst thieves.' And although only the younger son of a younger son, this man belonged to a family of which the head is a respectable baronet, not unknown in either the political or the fashionable world. But never once, throughout the whole evening, was this individual addressed by his right name, of which I am certain the rest of the company were ignorant. In fact, he never told me in so many words who he really was; it was only when he mentioned the circumstances connected with his court-martial and said to what corps he had belonged, that I remembered all about him. He appeared to be not only very popular, but quite a leading man, and an authority amongst those present. But it certainly seemed wonderful to see him, a well-born, well-brought-up man, who had been educated at Harrow, had afterwards held a commission for some years in the Indian army, and had risen to the rank of captain, so fallen as to have become not only a professional thief, but even to glory in his shame.

Throughout the evening, he told stories of his adventures in rascal-land, which were always listened to, and invariably applauded. In one of these tales he related how he had, some years previously, taken lodgings in a well-known street near St James's Square, calling himself Lord So-and-so. A 'pal' of his, who was 'in the swim' with him, had gone to a certain wealthy gentleman in South Kensington and had asked for the place of butler, giving a reference to the so-called 'lord,' who told the tale with great glee. The gentleman who had advertised for a butler was known to have in his house a considerable quantity of plate, and his wife to have a great deal of valuable jewellery. They were wealthy people, having lately returned from one of the colonies, where the gentleman had acquired a large fortune. The latter called upon the would-be nobleman to ask about the character of the butler.

'I received him,' said he who told the tale, 'with a kindly condescension and consideration which seemed to please him, and yet to make him very respectful. I gave Tommy'—the sham-butler—'an excellent character, saying that I had only parted with him because I was going to travel in the East for a couple of years. The party was quite satisfied, and quite agreeable to take him. Tommy got the place, was much liked, and remained there about two months. Then'—winking his eye—'there was a robbery of plate and jewels to a large amount. Tommy beat a speedy retreat, and I went to the States; and there Tommy met me. It was a good thing, a very good thing, was that plant, and a very simple one too. To this day, I don't believe the party has any idea that the noble lord in the

West End lodgings was a deceiver. He wrote to me to say how he had been robbed, and that he feared the butler had had a hand in the business. I replied—on paper with a coronet, if you please—that I was very sorry, but could hardly believe my old servant would have been guilty of such a crime. In these days the police were not very fly, and the whole affair was soon forgotten.'

Another little adventure of the same kind which this ex-officer related of himself did not turn out quite so fortunate; or rather, as he expressed himself, he had 'very nearly come to grief.' He had gone to Paris, put up at a very good hotel, paid his way regularly, and had purchased from time to time a considerable quantity of jewellery at a fashionable shop; for which he had, as he expressed it, 'parted with the ready' to the extent of some two hundred pounds. When he thought that he had won the confidence of the shopkeeper, he ordered a number of bracelets, necklaces, and earrings, all of great value, to be sent to the hotel, intending to play off the old trick of taking the goods into another room for an imaginary lady—who was said to be ill in bed—to select from, and then to make off with the whole parcel. But the shopman who took the things to the hotel seemed to have some misgiving about the intending purchaser, and insisted upon following the latter into the inner room, where there was no lady at all, either sick or well. As the individual who told the story said of himself, he blundered over the affair, and did not deserve to succeed, for he ought to have secured assistance to work the affair properly. The shopman got angry and went away, threatening to expose him. But the intending thief was too sharp for him. He had already paid his hotel bill and had ordered a cab, so as to be ready for a start. He now took advantage of these preparations, and drove off to the Calais railway station, remained there a short time; then ordered another vehicle, made his way to the St Lazare station, got to Havre, and arrived safely in London.

But his regrets, when he told the story, at having expended two hundred pounds without making any profit, were curious to hear. Any one who listened to him, without hearing the first part of his story, would have imagined that he had lost the money in the most legitimate speculation. The company who heard his tale condoled with him, as if he was a merchant who had been unfortunate in some venture that he had tried and failed.

I was anxious to know what the company I was amongst thought of the London as compared with the French police in the work of detecting crime. But under the circumstances, it was a difficult matter to question them about. I was afraid to ask questions on the subject, lest I should be thought to display too much curiosity, and should awaken the suspicions of those amongst whom I was, and so cause them to suspect I was not one of themselves. But it so happened that I found the subject made easy for me. The newspapers had very lately been discussing the details of a robbery of bullion that had taken place on one of the French railways. To the company amongst whom I found myself, such a subject was as interesting and as certain to be discussed as the Two Thousand or the Derby would be at a sporting club. In this affair the thieves had been successful at first; but so soon as it became known, the French police had telegraphed to every seaport in France, and had set themselves to work in Paris to find out the culprits. They were successful, and managed to lay their hands upon the three men who had carried out the robbery. But this had been done in a manner which the company I was amongst that evening stigmatised as 'sneaking' and 'cowardly.'

'In England,' said one of those present, 'the police are hard upon a fellow when they catch him. But when they are trying to find the men they want, they are fair and above-board. They have no dirty spies; they act honourably. You can always tell pretty well when a plain-clothes officer is after you. But the French have a low, sneaking way of going to work. You never know but what the landlord of the hotel, or the waiter, or the porter, or the shopman who brings you a parcel, may not be a detective in disguise. No; give me Old England to do business in! Everybody here, even the police, is on the square.'

To this patriotic sentiment (!) there was a universal assent given.

'Yes,' said one of the party, who talked a good deal about Paris, and seemed, from what he said, to have 'done business' in that city to some extent; 'and that's not the worst of it. Why, I have known these French police employ women to spot down a fellow. There was two years ago a big affair in the Champs-Elysées. The chief hand in it was a New-Yorker called Johnson. He would have got clean away with everything, had it not been for a female with whom he associated. He was caught, and got what they call *travaux forcés* for ten years. He never could find out who it was that peached on him. But one of his French pals discovered, after he was taken, that this woman had been all along in the pay of the police, receiving money from them as well as from Johnson.—Do you call *that* fair-play?' he asked indignantly; to which a universal cry of 'Shame! shame!' was set up in reply.

There was one thing which struck me very forcibly throughout the evening I spent in what Frenchmen would call this eccentric company; and that was, how none of those present ever once compromised themselves by talking of any future 'business.' At anyrate, such matters were never made a subject of general conversation. For some time after I first joined the party, I noticed that some one or other of them would go and talk to another individual in a low tone of voice; but those who thus spoke to one another evidently took great care that what they said should not be heard.

In England, we set great value upon the publicity given by the press to everything that takes place. The company in which I found myself on this memorable evening—or at anyrate those with whom I spoke on the subject—praised this national peculiarity as much as, or even more than, most of us do. They said that the newspaper reports about 'plants' and the manner in which robberies are carried out, are, as a rule, the most utter rubbish; and that the daily accounts of what the police had or had not done in any particular case were of the utmost service

to them, and virtually kept them informed of what their enemies, the guardians of society, were doing. The more publicity given to all cases in which they were concerned, the better prepared were they to avoid places and persons that might be dangerous to their safety, from arrest and other troubles. Several of the party expressed themselves very earnestly to the effect that the English newspapers would always be allowed to publish the fullest details of what the police knew in cases of robbery. On the other hand, they abused the French government in no measured terms for not allowing similar intelligence to be made public; one of the company asking in a very sarcastic tone and manner, whether *that* was republican liberty, which put a stop to the press telling people facts which had really happened. From what was said on this subject, it would seem that the gentlemen who follow the profession of those amongst whom I found myself that night look upon publicity in all police inquiries as of the greatest use to them.

In the course of the evening I got my friend who had brought me to the place to ask one of the party, in a sort of offhand manner, whether he and his friends were not afraid of a detective officer coming amongst them and giving information to the authorities of all he saw and heard. The question was purposely put in a rather loud tone of voice, and at a moment when there was a lull in the general conversation, so that others might hear it. For answer, there was returned a general laugh; and then a burly, somewhat elderly man—who, if I may judge from his talk, must have had considerable experience in the profession—spoke up.

'Detectives!' said he. 'We don't fear no detectives here, in London. We know them all in their plain clothes, just as well as if they wore uniform. They acts on the square with us. *They* don't go a-making of themselves up to be what they ain't. They don't *tell* us what they are; but we know 'em well. Just let any one with eyes in his head go a-loafing round the police courts for a minute or two, and he'll know every detective in London.' After a short pause, this individual—who was evidently a sort of oracle amongst his fellows—continued: 'There's one thing I will say for the plain-clothes officers, you can't "square" them; and it's no use trying to do so. But then you have them in another way; you know them at first sight; and it would only be a duffer of the first water that would allow hisself to be taken in by them.'

To this my friend replied: 'Well, there *are* people who get taken in by them.'

'More fools they,' was the rejoinder. 'I don't think you'll find one of this ere company who has ever come to trouble through them, unless it were his own fault.'

As the night advanced, the persons who formed this assembly began to leave the place, singly and by twos and threes, bringing to a close the most extraordinary evening it was ever my lot to pass. On leaving the place, my friend linked his arm in mine, and took me through several narrow streets, none of which I recognised—crossing and turning very often—until all of a sudden we found ourselves on the south side of Lincoln's Inn Fields, and in a few minutes more were in Fleet Street. My companion, knowing that I wrote for newspapers and periodicals, asked me, as a personal favour, not to give any account of the affair until at least a couple of years should have passed. This I promised to do. And as more than seven years have elapsed since I passed that evening amongst the agents of thieves, my promise has not been broken. As for the person who was my guide that night, I only saw him once or twice afterwards. He came to call on me in the winter of 1878, and told me he was about to sail for America, but would not be away more than four or five months. But from that day to this I have never heard a word about him, and cannot tell whether he is dead or alive.

SOME INSTANCES OF EASTERN TRADING.

The inevitable necessity that a Levantine or Asiatic feels to ask more than double the actual value of his goods, and allow himself afterwards to be beaten down to something less than half what he originally asked, is a cause of bewilderment to the untravelled Briton, and a continual sore rankling in the bosom of the unwary tourist who has fallen a victim. It is not only the unlicensed hawker who takes his wares on board ships as they put in to the various ports along their route, and whose prices are merely a speculation as to how great an extent his customer may be imposed upon; but in the regular shops and markets, this system of haggling is perfectly recognised; and a trader who fixed a fair price on his goods, and kept to the one price, would run considerable risk of losing his entire custom, as the satisfaction of having beaten down a tradesman, and forced him to strike off something from his original price, gives an appreciable flavour to the transaction. As an instance of how ingrained is this idea of trading, I remember a story a friend of mine in the navy told me of a Greek messman on board his ship, who was paying his first visit to England. The first time he went on shore to buy provisions, he was in a butcher's shop, and inquired the price of some prime beef he saw hanging up. 'Fourteenpence a pound,' was the reply. 'I will give you eightpence,' said he, in perfect good faith, and without a minute's hesitation. This somewhat startled the butcher; and it was only after a considerable amount of difficulty that the Greek was made to understand that his system of trading was not in accordance with English ideas. For long afterwards, he spoke of English shopkeepers as 'wonderful people—they have but one price.'

But the ship's hawker or the small shopkeeper in the East is different. For a good thorough-paced scoundrel in trade, he carries off the palm. He looks at his customer, making up his mind how much he may ask him, which is usually about three times as much as he thinks he may get, that being about five hundred per cent. beyond the actual value of the article. The year before last, when I was quartered in Alexandria, I went into a small *boutique* to buy a trifle I saw in the window. I asked the price. 'Ten francs.' 'Nonsense!' I said. 'Five, sir'—'Two'—'One franc only.' Eventually, I bought it for two large piastres (fourpence-halfpenny). Not a bad instance that of a sudden fall in the prices.

But it is the passengers by the Peninsular and Oriental Company's steamers who are the most readily recognised objects for fleecing purposes; so much so, that a special expression has been strung together to denote one of this highly favoured victim band. A few days after I was sent out to Aden, I had the imprudence to go out shopping on the day that the Peninsular and Oriental boat called into that port. I inquired the price of a few ostrich feathers. 'Seventy rupees,' the man said. 'Do you take me for a Peninsular and Oriental passenger-fool?' I asked, having been instructed by old hands as to the little ways of these innocent Arab dealers, and the proper responses with which to meet them. 'I beg your pardon, sir,' he replied, and offered them to me for twenty-five rupees. I got them eventually for five.

But of all the stories of imposture of this description, none excels the following, which was told me by my naval friend mentioned above. Being on his way home from China, the ship put in at one of the Ceylon ports, and the usual crowd of hucksters invaded the ship. My friend had gone on shore, and only returned on board about half an hour before the time fixed for sailing. Coming out on deck, he was accosted by a be-turbaned, venerable old gentleman, who said he had some valuable stones for sale, if my friend would only look at them. He opened his case, and presented for inspection a small number of rubies and emeralds of various sizes, a fine collection of stones unset—the usual condition in which they are offered for sale in Ceylon—and said that the price was thirty pounds, apparently about their actual value out there. This was a large sum to my friend; so, after admiring the stones for some time, he said he was afraid he could not spend so much money. After considerable hesitation, and declaring that he should not make a penny by the transaction, the dealer lowered his price to twenty-nine pounds. My friend still considered, and was on the point of offering twenty-five pounds, as the stones would then have been a really good bargain, when the trader went down to twenty-eight pounds. My friend waited, and eventually twenty pounds was reached. A slight suspicion dawned over my friend's mind, and on the chance, he looked straight into the man's face and said: 'I will give you a shilling.' 'Very good, sir,' said the man, pocketed his shilling, handed in his 'precious stones,' and was over the side just in time before the ship got under weigh. The precious stones were mere glass.

'JERRY-BUILDING' IN THE MIDDLE AGES.

It has been generally thought that this peculiar style of building, that is outward show and inward rottenness, was a modern invention; but the public will be somewhat astonished to hear that a specimen of genuine jerry-work has recently been discovered in Peterborough Cathedral, of all places in the world. It will be remembered that early in 1883 certain ominous-looking rents and cracks showed themselves in the great central tower, and in the two eastern of the four great piers which supported it. After a careful survey by Mr Pearson, the architect of Truro Cathedral, it was determined at once to take down the tower itself and these two piers; and it was during this operation that the amazing discovery was made that these great massive piers, which, with the two corresponding piers on the west, had to carry the enormous weight of the tower above, and which, of course, every one had supposed were of solid masonry, were found to be mere hollow shams—cases, in fact, so to speak, of Barnack ragstone, with no solid interior beyond a quantity of loose stones and rubble just thrown in, without mortar or packing, by which the outer casing of the piers was really weakened, instead of being in any way strengthened. This system was continued from top to bottom. Further investigations brought to light the fact that these great piers did not even rest on proper or firm foundations, but on sand and loose stones thrown in upon gravel, when a fine foundation on the solid rock might easily have been secured only two feet below. The two western piers were now examined, and were found to have been constructed in the same shameful manner; and it is almost a miracle that the tower has not collapsed long ago without sign or warning. Nothing but the strength and tenacity of the Barnack ragstone prevented so terrible a catastrophe.

All these four piers are now being rebuilt in the most substantial manner, and founded on the solid rock. The sum of twenty-one thousand pounds has already been secured for these restorations; but sixty-one thousand pounds will be required for the entire work, which it is proposed to raise by general subscriptions.

JULY.

Scarcely a whisper stirs the summer leaves,
Or bends the whitening barley; sultry-fierce,
The July sunshine beats upon the sward,
The brown-parched sward, whose scorching grass-blades thirst
For the life-giving rain!
The fuchsias droop;
The full-blown roses drop their withering leaves;
The thrush sits mute upon the apple-bough;
A drowsy silence, an unnatural calm,
Pervades the face of nature!
In the fields,
The cattle idly lie beside the hedge,
Seeking for shelter from the sweltering heat;
The blackbird, tenant of the farmhouse porch,
Listless and dumb, sits in his wicker cage;
The house-dog, curled, lies blinking in the sun,
Careless of passing tramps.
Hark! What is that?
A threatening rumble, muttered, sullen, low,
In the far-distant sky; a thunder-peal,
Telling of welcome rain!
Anon the drops,
The thick big drops, in quick succession fall
Upon the parching earth: the flowers revive;
The house-dog rises; and the cattle crowd
Beneath the meadow trees; a gentle breeze
Springs up, and rustles through the barley-ears;
The sultry air is cooled: the fresh earth owns
The power beneficent of healing rain!

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A SCOTTISH MARINE STATION.

The ocean has been watched and studied for ages in innumerable aspects—it has been looked at from points of view wide asunder as the poles—it has been sung of by poets, and fished in by fishermen, and sailed over by sailors for thousands of years; but it is still a region of mystery and wonder. There are very many things about the sea which are quite unknown to this day; in fact, the science of marine phenomena is yet in its early youth, only emerging from its infancy. The study of the physical, chemical, and biological conditions of the sea has always been surrounded by a sort of halo of romance, a scientific glamour that almost led men to believe that such research was like fishing—valuable results might be looked for in return for little labour, if the proper opportunity could be found. But the opportunity only occurred at wide intervals, and then the happy few who were fortunate enough to form the scientific staff of such expeditions as that of the *Challenger* were regarded with unmixed envy by the many who were eager to do similar work if they could get the chance.

The wonders discovered by the chief scientific cruises of recent years have greatly increased the interest of the public in the science of the sea, and this public interest has quite lately assumed a tangible form in the foundation of the Scottish Marine Station for Scientific Research at Granton, near Edinburgh. To understand the importance and value of this Station, one must know something of the difficulties presented to any one who wishes to solve some special problem connected with the life which swarms in the waters around our coasts. He must rely on the help of fishermen for collecting specimens; and if he cannot go to the expense of hiring a boat and crew, he requires to content himself with any selection of their 'rubbish' which they may be pleased to make. Should he wish to examine any locality minutely, he must purchase a dredge and tow-nets, leads and lines, and bottles and boxes to contain the specimens which may be obtained. The difficulty is only half overcome when the work of collecting is over. It is impossible to convey the creatures alive to any distance; and after a few attempts to do so, the naturalist either hires a room in the fishing-village for his work, or gives up the study of marine life altogether; unless he steer a middle course, and content himself with a bare enumeration of species and a description of the external appearance of his specimens.

The individual who is desirous of making chemical or physical observations on the wide sea is in a still more evil case. His apparatus is more costly and more complicated than that of the biologist; it is less easy to manage in a boat not specially adapted for the purpose; and the immediate vicinity of a laboratory is of the first importance. The obstacles, in fact, are so numerous, that observations of this nature have been almost entirely neglected in Great Britain. Now and then, it is true, the fire of scientific enthusiasm burns strong enough in a man to enable him to overcome all difficulties, and to carry on a brilliant research with complete success to a satisfactory conclusion. The work of such men is monumental; but they do not appear many times in a century. The name of one marine chemist is associated with Edinburgh; it is that of Dr John Murray, who in the year 1816 made a series of researches on sea-water collected at Trinity. His work settled a most important point of theoretical chemistry, and it is referred to as of value to this day.

That the progress of marine research was hindered by the trouble and expense of carrying it out—and in honesty it must be said that the latter was always the more powerful deterrent—has long been apparent; and for many years attempts, more or less successful, have been made to remedy this state of affairs. In response to energetic appeals from various learned Societies, government has repeatedly lent gunboats for scientific purposes, and the *Porcupine*, *Lightning*,

Triton, and other ships have done much good work. The culmination of government enterprise was reached in 1873, when the *Challenger* was fitted out for an entirely scientific cruise, and circumnavigated the world investigating the phenomena of the ocean everywhere. How much was accomplished by the three years' voyage can only be realised by those who are familiar with the thirteen large volumes which have been already published describing the collections and observations; but the general reader may form an idea of the magnitude of the work done by reflecting that specialists have been engaged in examining and describing the collections since the return of the ship in 1876, and that this work is still in progress.

Since the return of the *Challenger*, a number of short scientific trips have been made in the vicinity of the British coast by gunboats and hired vessels; and the results of these have been such as to show the extreme advisability of something more permanent being set on foot. The success of the Marine Observatories at Naples and at Marseilles, and of the small movable laboratory kept up for two summers by the university of Aberdeen, proved that Marine Stations were practicable and desirable. It was the consideration of the difficulties in the way of young men who wished to devote themselves to the examination of marine phenomena, but who were unable of themselves to meet the great expense of such work, that led Mr John Murray, Director of the *Challenger* Expedition Commission, to start a Marine Station in the neighbourhood of Edinburgh. A submerged quarry on the shore at Granton, which quarry has been in communication with the sea for nearly thirty years, was selected as the site, and a floating laboratory was formally opened there during the festivities of the Edinburgh University Tercentenary celebration this spring.

The Marine Station has now been open for several months, and the working arrangements have attained a certain degree of completeness. The accommodation which exists at present includes a floating laboratory, 'the Ark,' where zoological, botanical, and chemical work is being carried on by the permanent staff and other investigators. There is also a steam-yacht, the *Medusa*, fitted out with all the arrangements for trawling, dredging, sounding, and taking the other necessary observations. She is manned by an efficient crew, and has the advantage of the services of an engineer who was on the *Challenger* during her scientific cruise. The *Medusa* is a capital seaboat, though, from her small size, when in rough weather, she sometimes tries the sea-going capabilities of the workers. The creatures brought up by the dredge or trawl are kept alive in boxes, the water in which must be changed at intervals, though, when there is a heavy sea and a head-wind, as often happens, this service is performed by the waves, which break over the bows in magnificent spray showers, very beautiful to watch from the dry security of the after-cabin. On arriving at the Ark, the animals are transferred to aquaria or glass dishes, in which a constant current of thoroughly aërated sea-water can be kept up, and in these they live very happily. The larger specimens are usually placed in wire cages moored to the Ark, where they enjoy all the advantages of life except freedom. For short excursions in the neighbourhood of Granton, there is a good sailing-boat, the *Raven;* and work in the haven in which the Ark lies can also be carried on by the little *Dove*, and the two Norwegian skiffs belonging to the Station, whose names, *Appendicularia* and *Asymptote*, are mystifying to the uninitiated. A row round the quarry at low water reveals the immense richness of the vegetable and animal life which inhabits its waters. There are growths of sponges of different colour, with gracefully interlacing branches like a coral grove, where bright-hued sea-anemones spread their tentacles, and crabs and other crustacea crawl and swim about at their pleasure. And not only are the commoner forms of marine life abundant; rarer species may be found frequently. The beautiful nudibranch mollusc *Eolus* lives in the quarry; and the great fifteen-spined-stickleback builds its nest there, and it has been seen keeping guard over its door while its mate and young remain comfortably within.

The work which is being carried on at the Marine Station at present is divided between four workers. Mr J. T. Cunningham, the naturalist in charge, is making a research into the development of the Teleostian fishes, the great group to which most of our food-fishes, such as the cod, herring, and haddock, belong. Mr J. R. Henderson has commenced to form a collection of all the animal life of the Firth of Forth; while Mr John Rattray is proceeding with a similar collection of the algæ or seaweeds, and is also making a detailed study of the diatoms of the district, a piece of work which has never previously been attempted. Mr Hugh Robert Mill has charge of the daily meteorological observations at the Station, and he is working at the chemical and physical study of estuary-water, examining the variations in saltness and in temperature which occur from the fresh water to the open sea, and comparing them at different seasons. The work at the Station is thus seen to be purely scientific; and the results which will ultimately be obtained must be of great practical importance. Any scientific man is welcomed to work at the Station on special problems, without charge, and several gentlemen have taken advantage of the privilege.

It may give a better idea of the working of the various departments if the actual methods employed be shortly described.

Zoological specimens are collected in various ways. The 'trawl' is a wide-meshed net tied up at one end. The net's mouth is attached above to a stout wooden beam that unites two iron runners; the lower side is a strong cable, the ground-rope, which rubs along the sea-bottom. The fish, alarmed by the ground-rope, rise up and are caught in the net, which is carried along so rapidly that escape is impossible. In using the trawl the vessel must steam quickly, and the ground trawled over must be free from rocks. It is only employed for the capture of the larger kinds of fish, such as flounders, haddock, and cod. The 'dredge' is the true naturalist's implement. It is a small-meshed net, closed at one end, and fixed to a rectangular iron frame at the other. When drawn along, it scrapes the

bottom, and brings up everything that it encounters, mud and shells, and all living creatures that are not quick enough to get away. After a run over good ground, when the dredge is hauled up—an operation that is performed on the *Medusa* by a gun-metal wire-rope and a steam winch—and emptied on deck, the profusion of animal life that lies in a struggling heap before one is quite bewildering. There are pectens and oysters, alcyonarians (usually known as 'dead-men's-fingers'), sea-anemones of all sizes and colours, swimming-crabs and spider-crabs and soldier-crabs, whelks and mussels, zoophytes and algæ, ascidians (commonly called 'sea-squirts'), sponges, sea-urchins, star-fishes of every kind from the magnificent sun-star, 'rose-jacynth to the finger-tips,' to the common brittle-star and 'five-fingers;' and there are other things more than can be numbered. The dredge and trawl explore the bottom, but are useless for collecting specimens from the surface or intermediate depths; and 'tow-nets'—bags of muslin or canvas sewn on hoops and drawn after the vessel—are employed for this purpose. The creatures caught in the tow-net are usually small; when the contents of the net are placed in a bottle, the water seems full of bright spots darting about in all directions; but under the microscope the specks discover themselves to be beautifully formed crustaceans shining in glassy armour. But the tow-net often catches larger things. An exquisite transparent *medusa* or jelly-fish, its umbrella several inches in diameter, rayed with purple, and carrying a fringe of graceful pendent tentacles, is often brought on board its namesake; and hosts of smaller species of these beautiful creatures are always to be found. It is in the tow-net, too, that the floating ova of fishes, about which there has been so much discussion recently, are caught.

The chemical and physical work done at sea is chiefly the collection of samples of water and the observation of temperature. Water from any moderate depth is collected by lashing a bottle to the sounding-line and lowering it to the proper point; the stopper is then pulled out by a cord and the bottle allowed to fill. The water in the bottle is not changed in its ascent, as the mouth is narrow and it always hangs vertically. When the sea is rough or the depth is great, it is necessary to employ some other means. The 'slip-water-bottle' is convenient for most purposes. It consists of a brass disc covered with india-rubber, and supporting a central column to which the line is attached. This is lowered to the required depth, and then a hollow brass cylinder, open below, but closed above except for a hole that just allows the line to pass, is allowed to slip down the line. The base of the cylinder strikes on the rubber-covered disc, and securely incloses a sample of the water, which is run off by a stop-cock into a bottle after the whole has been hauled on board. The water must always be brought to the laboratory in stoppered bottles, which are entirely filled, and have had the stoppers tied down from the moment of collecting.

The temperature of surface-water is usually taken by drawing a bucketful and placing an ordinary bath-thermometer in it for a few minutes. The precautions of hanging the thermometer in the centre of the bucket and placing it in the shade must be observed. Temperature at greater depths may be observed in several ways. Three methods have been tried at the Marine Station. The first is by means of a 'cistern-thermometer,' used by the late Sir Robert Christison for ascertaining the temperature of the water in the deep Scottish lochs, which was presented to the Station by Sir Alexander Christison. It consists of a thermometer, the bulb of which is in the centre of a conical copper vessel capable of containing about five pints. When this is lowered into the sea, the water passes through the instrument; but on hauling up, the valves on the upper side are closed, and it is brought on board full of water from the greatest depth it had reached. Experiment shows that the water has not had time to change its temperature in the few minutes that elapse between collecting it and reading the thermometer. A more common instrument, though one not found so suitable for use in shallow water, is the Miller-Casella thermometer, the form chiefly employed on the *Challenger*. It is a self-registering thermometer with a maximum and minimum arm, which register the highest and lowest temperatures met with in each immersion. As the temperature of the sea almost invariably decreases with increase of depth, the lowest temperature is considered to be that of the lowest point reached.

The third form of thermometer has been found the most convenient, and, with some modification, the best for the purposes of the Station. It is Negretti and Zambra's deep-sea thermometer, and its principle is that when the temperature of the water is attained by the thermometer the instrument is made to turn over; the mercury column always breaks at the same point, a contraction near the bulb; the part which had been beyond the bulb remaining in the inverted tube, which is graduated so as to show the temperature at the moment of inversion. Its great advantage is that no subsequent change of temperature affects the instrument until it is set again. Its great defect is that it is difficult to be sure when it has turned over. The simple and ingenious inverting mechanism of Magnaghi is hardly trustworthy; but an improvement has been effected, in consequence of the experience gained at the Scottish Station, which makes the turning of the thermometer, or of any number of thermometers on the same line, a matter of certainty.

The transparency of the water is measured roughly by noting the depth to which a large white disc continues visible when immersed. In the course of a trip from Grangemouth to the Isle of May, the colour of the water was observed to vary from dirty yellow to clear blue-green; and the disc, at first visible only three feet below the surface, was seen at a depth of six feet at Inchgarvie, at fifteen feet off Inchkeith, and at no less than sixty feet a little east of the May. Although the water of the upper reaches of the firth has been rendered muddy by the admixture of river-water, that at the May Island remains beautifully clear.

The routine-work of a biological and chemical laboratory is not of much interest to most people. For every day of collecting, with its fresh sea-air and new sea-sights, there must be

several spent on the Ark in preserving the specimens, pressing plants, dissecting, mounting microscopic objects, observing densities, analysing water, calculating results, and such things; and all this work does not always tend to preserve an odourless atmosphere.

It is not intended that the Marine Station shall long continue of its present small dimensions. The experiment, so far as it has gone, has been so successful that it is now proposed to erect a large house on shore near the quarry, where there will be commodious laboratories, large aquaria, and rooms for the accommodation of the workers. In the meantime, Mr Irvine of Royston has generously given the use of an old manufactory which stands close to the sea beside the quarry. It was formerly used as a tannery, and so contains a number of large water-tight tanks built in the ground. There is a steam pumping-engine; and a very simple modification of the existing pipes will secure the supply of abundance of sea-water. The tanks will be used for experiments on fish-breeding; and the buildings in the works can be employed as laboratories without much alteration.

The Marine Station is intended to be a centre from which branches will extend to other parts of the country. It is in contemplation to erect a permanent marine observatory on the Clyde; and there will also be a portable station, probably a floating laboratory on the plan of the Ark, which can be taken to any part of the coast where it is desirable to make an extended series of observations.

The Granton Station is, with the exception of an annual grant of three hundred pounds from the Scottish Meteorological Society, entirely supported by voluntary subscription; and the heartiness with which the appeals to the public have been responded to by donations of money, apparatus, and material, shows how thoroughly the people of Scotland realise the importance of the work which is being done. The Government Grant Committee of the London Royal Society has made certain allowances to the members of the scientific staff for special researches; but this is not in any sense a government endowment of the Station, the Treasury having definitely refused to give any money for such a purpose. Although government support is an extremely desirable thing, the willing aid of an enlightened public is still better, and the Scottish Marine Station at Granton has this aid.*

BY MEAD AND STREAM.

CHAPTER XXXIX.—THE OTHER SIDE.

It seemed very curious to Madge that she should become the confidant of those two men, with whose fate that of her mother had been so sadly associated. She was thrust into the ungracious position of arbiter between them; she had to decide whether or not the one was false and treacherous, or the other the victim of his own hasty passion and self-deceived in his accusations. She was satisfied that Mr Beecham had spoken under the conviction of the truth of what he told her; and Mr Hadleigh had just shown her that—if innocent—he could be magnanimous, by his willingness to meet in friendliness one whom he had so long regarded as his implacable foe.

The position involved so much in the result to her and to Philip, that she felt a little bewildered, and almost afraid of what she was about to hear. But she could forgive: that knowledge steadied her.

Mr Hadleigh with his formal courtesy asked her to be seated. He stood at the window, and she could see that the white gloom of the coming snowstorm was reflected on his face.

'May I inquire where you have met Mr Shield?'

She was obliged to reply as she had done to a question put by Philip, which, although different, was to the same purport: 'I may not tell you yet.'

'Philip knows that you have met him?'

'No.' It was most uncomfortable to have to give these evasive answers, which seemed to make her the one who had to give explanations. She observed that Mr Hadleigh's heavy eyebrows involuntarily lifted.

'I ought not to have asked. Pardon me.'

Something in his tone and manner plainly showed that he had penetrated her secret and Mr Beecham's.

'I am sorry not to be able to give you a direct answer.'

'It does not matter,' he said with a slight movement of the hand, as if he were putting the whole subject of her acquaintance with Shield aside. 'I know, from the exclamation you made a little while ago, that he has told you with all his bitterness why he and I have not been friends.'

'There was no bitterness, Mr Hadleigh, but much sadness.'

'I am pleased to hear it, and I will try to give you my explanation in the same spirit. First about George Laurence. I never heard his name until after my marriage; and it is therefore unnecessary to say that when I did hear it, and learned the nature of his former relations with my wife, it was not possible for me to receive him in my house, or for him to regard me as a desirable acquaintance. There were unfortunate consequences following upon this peculiar position; but they may pass. They made my life a hard and solitary one.'

He paused, and as he looked out into the dull atmosphere, the vague stare in his eyes, as if he were seeking something which he could not see, became pathetic. Madge began to understand that expression now, and the meaning of the melancholy, which was concealed from others under a mask of cold reserve. She sympathised, but could say nothing.

'I never spoke to the man, and saw him only a few times. But acquaintances of mine, who thought the news would be agreeable to me, told me of his ways of life and predicted the end, which came quickly. The mistake made by Philip's mother and Mr Shield was in believing that it was not until after her marriage that Laurence neglected his business and took to dissipation. Men who had known him for several years previous to that date informed me that his

* We will be glad to receive and acknowledge any donations in aid of the Granton Marine Station.—Ed. *C. J.*, Edinburgh.

habits were little altered after it. Nights spent in billiard-rooms and other places; days wasted on racecourses and his fortune squandered. He attempted to retrieve all by one daring speculation. Success would have enabled him to go on for a longer or shorter time, according to the use he made of the money; failure meant disgrace and a charge of fraud. He failed, and escaped the law by taking poison.'

'Are you sure of this?' ejaculated Madge, startled and shocked by this very different version of the sentimental story she had heard.

'I will show you the newspaper report of the inquest, and a copy of the accountant's report to the creditors on what estate was left. They will suffice to satisfy you that there is no error in anything I have said.'

'Why was it that Mr Shield, who was his most intimate friend, knew nothing of this?'

'He must have known something, but not all. His ways were quiet and studious, and what he did see, he did not regard with the eyes of experience. I do not think that Laurence attempted to deceive him; for men who fall into his course of life soon become blind to its evils and consequences; and so, without premeditation, he did deceive him. Mr Shield, being a man as passionate in his friendships as in his hates, would listen to no ill of his friend. But there is one thing more which I have never repeated, and never until now allowed any one over whom I had influence to repeat. You, however, must learn it from the lips of one who witnessed the scene.'

He rang the bell, and Terry the butler appeared. It was one of Mr Terry's strict points of discipline in his kingdom below stairs that without his sanction no one but himself should answer the drawing-room bell. Obeying a motion of the master's hand, he advanced with a portly gravity becoming the dignity of his office.

'You were an attendant in the Cosmos Club about the date of my marriage?' said the master.

'I was, sir, then, and for six months before, and a good while after.'

'You recollect what was said about the marriage a few evenings after it took place?'

'Perfectly, sir, because you told me to write it down, as you thought some day it might be useful to you.'

'The day has come. Tell us what you heard.'

'There was a small dinner-party in the strangers' room, and I had charge of it. The gentlemen were particularly merry, and in fact there was a remarkable quantity of wine used. Your marriage, sir, was mentioned; and Mr Laurence, who was the gayest of the company, although he took less wine than any other gentleman, proposed the health of the happy couple. I recollect his very words, sir. He says: "I was in the swim for the girl myself; but this beggar, Hadleigh, cut me out; that was luck for me, so here's luck to them;" and the toast was drunk with perfect enthusiasm. Mr Laurence made away with himself some time after; and I heard the gentlemen whisper among themselves, when referring to the sad event, that it was a question of doing that or of doing a spell of penal servitude. That's all, sir.'

The master nodded: Mr Terry bowed and retired with the portly gravity with which he had entered.

Mr Hadleigh turned to Madge. The butler's story produced the effect desired: she was convinced, for she felt sure that no man who loved could speak so lightly—or speak at all—of the woman he loved in a company of club bacchanalians.

'But why did you not tell this to Mr Shield?' was her reproachful exclamation.

'Because he would not listen to anything I had to say. From the time of the marriage until after the death of Laurence, we never met. Then he came to me, mad with passion, and poured out a volley of abuse. I was patient because he was her brother; and silent because it was as hopeless to expect a man drunk with rage to be reasonable as one drunk with alcohol. In his last words to me he accused me of murder. We have never spoken together since. —Do you think me guilty?'

'I do not believe it,' she replied decisively; 'nor would he have believed it, if what you have told me had been made known to him in time.'

'I am grateful to you,' said Mr Hadleigh, bending his head; 'but I perceive you do not know Mr Shield. Time and solitude alter most men, and they must have had a peculiar effect upon him to have enabled him to make such a deep impression on you. He used to be obstinate to the last degree, and once he had formed an opinion, he held to it in spite of reason.'

'He must be changed indeed, then, Mr Hadleigh. I am sure that when he had had time to think, he would have understood it all but'——

She paused; and his keen eyes rested searchingly on her troubled face.

'I know what you would say, and I see that you have doubted me. Ah well, ah well; it is a pity; but that, too, shall be made clear to you, I trust.'

She looked up again hopefully.

'Oh, if you will do that!' The tone was like that of an appeal.

'It can be done, I think. . . . You have been told that it was I who, in my enmity to Shield, took advantage of his long absence and silence to set abroad the report that he was married. I did not. The story was on the tongue of everybody hereabouts for months, and I, like the rest, believed it. There are only two men who would have said that I spoke the falsehood—the one is the man who invented it; the other is Shield himself.'

'You knew the man?'

'I did.'

'Then why, why did you not denounce him in time?'

'Because I did not know him until after your mother's wedding; and then I thought she would learn the truth only too soon for her peace of mind.'

'How did you discover him, then?'

'The scoundrel revealed himself. He came to me, and insolently told me that, knowing the state of affairs between Shield and me, he thought he would do me a good service. So he had given him a blow which he would not get over in a hurry. I knew something of the man, and at once suspected his meaning. I inquired how he

had struck the blow; and he explained that it was he who had brought about matters so that when Shield came home he found his sweetheart already married to somebody else.'

Poor Madge was weeping bitter tears in her heart, but there were none in her eyes: they were full of eagerness and wonder. She was drawing nearer and nearer to the truth, which would enable her to effect the purpose Philip so much desired.

'It is the advantage of my nature,' Mr Hadleigh went on calmly, 'that I can listen to a scoundrel without losing temper. On this occasion, I asked how he knew that Shield had returned. "I have seen him," he said; "and he is cut up enough to please even you. Now, having done this job for you, I expect you to give me something for my trouble."—"How much?"—"A hundred is not too much to ask for the satisfaction of knowing that your bitterest foe has got it hot."—I asked him to write down that he had been the first to report in the village that Austin Shield was married, although at the time he had no authority for the statement.—"That looks like a confession," he said.—"Exactly. I mean it to be one."—After thinking for a moment, the fellow said: "All right; it won't matter to me, for to-morrow I am off to the diggings."'

Mr Hadleigh stopped and looked out at the window again, as if the scene he was recalling even now filled him with indignation. He resumed:

'When he had written the memorandum and signed it, I told him my opinion of his villainous transaction, and threatened to have him horse-whipped through the village. At the same time I rang the bell. Although disappointed, "Bah!" said he; "I always thought you were a sneak, without the pluck to give the fellow who hates you a hiding. Shield has the right stuff in him; he gave me the money for telling him that you employed me to tell the lie. That paper you swindled out of me isn't worth a rap. You have no witnesses."—He got out of the room before I could reach him, and escaped pursuit. . . . He was right; the paper was useless to me.'

'Who was the man?'

'Richard Towers. Your aunt will tell you what a scamp he was.'

'But what motive could he have for such a cruel wrong?'

'Unknown to Shield, he was his rival; and it was his own satisfaction he sought in spreading the falsehood, as it was his own interests he served by endeavouring to make capital of it out of both Shield and me by playing upon the unfortunate misunderstandings between us.'

Madge was now calm and thoughtful. She, too, saw what a powerless instrument the villain's memorandum was unless it could be proved that he had written it. Who would not say Mr Hadleigh himself had written it, to escape blame?

'Have you got the memorandum still?' she asked suddenly. 'Will you give it to me?'

'But it is useless, except to satisfy those who trust me that I had no part in the disgraceful affair.'

'It is not quite useless, Mr Hadleigh. There are letters bearing that man's name amongst my grandfather's papers, and Mr Shield can compare the handwriting. That will be enough to assure him that you are blameless, even if he be so ungenerous as you imagine. Give me the paper.'

A clever thought; and Mr Hadleigh was struck by her quickness in seeing it and the energy with which she took up his cause. He did not know that she was working for Philip.

'You will make a good advocate,' he said with that far-off look in his eyes. 'You shall have the paper. It is in the safe in my room.'

'Thank you, thank you! I will wait here till you send it to me.'

(*To be continued.*)

THE LARGEST STATUES IN THE WORLD, ANCIENT AND MODERN.

A PIECE of interesting news comes to us from Egypt regarding a discovery recently made in Lower Egypt, by Mr Flinders Petrie, of the fragments of a colossal statue of King Rameses II., which, calculating the height from the fragments which remain, must have stood considerably over one hundred feet in height! The material employed is granite; and the executing of such a work in such a material, and when completed, rearing it into position, must have involved a profound knowledge not only of high art but of engineering skill. Is it possible that the statue could have been cut out whole in one piece? If so, what lever-power did the Egyptians possess to raise such an enormous weight into a perpendicular position?

Certain it is that these ancient builders knew well how to get over, and did get over, prodigious difficulties, as witness their obelisks, and the enormous stones which compose the platform of the magnificent Temple of the Sun at Baalbec. As there is no stone quarry near, how these vast stones could possibly have been conveyed thither in the first place, and then raised to their position, has been an enigma to all modern architects and engineers by whom the temple has been critically examined, and who have freely confessed that, even with all our modern science of steam-cranes, hydraulic jacks, and railways, the transport and raising of such immense cyclopean masses would have undoubtedly presented many serious difficulties, if indeed it could be accomplished at all.

Many of our readers will doubtless remember Mr Poynter's grand picture in the Royal Academy of London, a few years ago, entitled 'Israel in Egypt.' It represented an enormous mass of sculpture mounted on a wheeled truck, dragged along by hundreds of the unfortunate captive Israelites, who are smarting under the whips of their cruel drivers. Mr Poynter had good authority for his 'motive-power' as shown in his picture. So far as we can discover from ancient works or ancient sculptures, the hugest stone masses were transported mainly by force of human muscles, with few mechanical expedients. Levers and rollers seem to have been almost, if not altogether, unknown. The mass was generally placed on a kind of sledge, the ground over which it was to pass lubricated with some oily substance, and the sheer strength of human shoulders was then applied.

The most colossal and by far the most remarkable statue of modern days is that most elaborate and rather eccentric gift of the French

nation to the people of America. Not only is it remarkable for its enormous height and gigantic proportions, but for the very singular and ingenious manner in which it has been constructed, so singular, indeed, that at first sight it is somewhat difficult to comprehend the manner in which it has been built up piece by piece, especially when we mention that the several pieces of copper composing the figure have *not* been cast. How, then, have they been made? This we will try to explain.

The statue is a female figure of Liberty, having on her head a crown, and holding aloft in her hand a torch. The figure is one hundred and five feet high; but, reckoning the extreme height to the top of the torch, the marvellous altitude of one hundred and thirty-seven feet nine inches is reached. The statue is to be reared on a pedestal of solid granite eighty-three feet high, so that the entire work will rise to the immense height of two hundred and twenty feet nine inches! The artist is M. Bartholdi (the family name, by-the-bye, of the great composer best known as 'Mendelssohn').

Having first carefully constructed a model in clay about life-size, this was repeatedly enlarged until the necessary form and size were obtained. The next step was to obtain plaster-casts from the clay, and these casts were then reproduced by clever artists in hard wood. The wooden blocks were then in their turn placed in the hands of coppersmiths, who by the hammer alone, it is stated, gave the copper sheets the exact form of the wooden moulds or models; and thus, in this peculiar and laborious manner, the outside copper 'skin' of the statue was formed and, to all outward appearance, completed. But as the copper is only one-eighth of an inch thick, an inner skin is also provided, placed about a foot behind the first, whilst the intermediate space will be filled in with sand, especially at the lower extremities, to give the whole a steadfast foundation.

The stability of the figure will not, however, be left to depend solely on these sheets of thin copper and loose sand; and therefore the interior, from top to bottom, will be strengthened by a framework of girders and supports, by which the whole will be knit together in one firm, compact, unyielding mass. As the sheets of copper and the interior framework are simply secured in the ordinary manner by rivets, when it is desired to remove this metallic mountain, all that has to be done is to unrivet the several plates, take down, and pack on board ship for New York.

It is proposed to place this gigantic 'Liberty' on Bedloe's Island, a very small islet lying about two miles south of the Battery and Castle Garden, the lowest point of the island of Manhattan on which the city of New York is built, so that travellers approaching the city by water on that side will get a fine view of the statue of 'Liberty enlightening the World.'

This mighty work of art, after many years of close and anxious labour, has recently been formally handed over by M. Jules Ferry to the minister of the United States, as a free gift from the people of France to the people of America—a token of love and admiration from the one republic to the other—and measures are being adopted to take the statue to pieces, with a view to its immediate transmission to New York, in which go-ahead city we shall doubtless soon hear of its final erection.

If Mr Flinders Petrie's discovery of the remains of the gigantic statue of Rameses II. in Lower Egypt, one hundred feet high of solid granite, is the largest statue of antiquity, the 'Liberty' of M. Bartholdi may certainly take rank as the most colossal production of modern days.

A GREENROOM ROMANCE.

IN THREE SCENES.—SCENE I.

Mr Percy Montmorency was seated in front of a looking-glass in his dressing-room at the Pantheon Theatre, habited in the costume of Charles Surface, with the perruquier in attendance. The name of 'Montmorency' was merely a *nom de théâtre* assumed by Harry Stanley when he adopted the somewhat singular resolution of 'fretting and strutting his hour' on the boards of a metropolitan theatre; for Mr Stanley was the only child of his father Colonel Stanley, and consequently heir to that gallant officer's estates in Yorkshire and elsewhere. For the rest, he was three-and-twenty, undeniably good-looking, and endowed with considerable abilities. Having completed the arrangement of the powdered wig, the perruquier withdrew a pace and contemplated the effect with well-simulated admiration. 'Mr Charles Mathews never looked the part better, sir.'

The actor seemed to coincide in the opinion of his flattering attendant, for he rose, and surveyed himself in the glass with admiration, which he made no attempt to conceal.

'A good house, Jackson?'

'Capital, sir. But a little cold. They'll warm up when *you* go on, sir.'

'Tell the call-boy I want him, Jackson.'

Jackson withdrew; and Montmorency surrendered himself to a mental soliloquy, which assumed somewhat of this form: 'I wonder what my father wishes to see me about? The same old story, I suppose—the folly and wickedness of the step I have taken. Well, of one thing I am certain: I am much better off in my present position, than wedded to that Barbadoes girl, Miss Anstruther, in spite of her money-bags, and whom I have never seen.'

These reflections were put an end to by the entrance of the call-boy.

'If a gentleman giving the name of Colonel Stanley should call, show him in here.'

'He is outside, sir,' replied the boy.

'Show him in at once,' whereupon there entered a small wizen-faced old gentleman, with snow-white hair, and supporting himself on a stick. Montmorency advanced, shook hands with a great show of cordiality, and placed a chair, on which Colonel Stanley slowly seated himself, gazing round the small apartment with an unfeigned expression of curiosity. 'So *this* is a theatrical dressing-room. You are pretty snug.'

The room certainly deserved the encomium of the old colonel. Paintings in oil and water colours nearly covered the walls; fancy pipes and cigar-boxes and scent-bottles littered the

tables; a case of champagne reposed in one corner, while in the other was a small pile of seltzer water.

The colonel, after indulging in a sigh, proceeded: 'I have called, Harry, before I return to Yorkshire, to make one more appeal to you to give up your present mode of life, settle down as a landed proprietor in your native county, and marry Miss Anstruther.'

It was now the turn of the young man to sigh as he replied: 'Impossible, my dear sir. I am already wedded—to the stage.'

'That may be; but unions can easily be dissolved by a divorce, especially in these days.'

'Not where the contracting parties are so attached to each other as I am to my profession. No, sir. If a man could take a wife on lease, for seven, fourteen, or twenty-one years, the case would be different. But the feeling that my lot in life was fixed—cut and dried, so to speak—the matter won't bear a thought.' The young man felt strongly inclined to indulge in a stage-walk, but the limited area of the apartment forbade such a physical relief. If the reader should consider the remarks of the actor somewhat flippant, it must be borne in mind that no one whose character did not fall under that definition would have acted as Harry Stanley had done.

The old man scowled as he resumed: 'I wonder you can respect yourself, dizened out and painted like a mummer at a pantomime.'

'I am of the same calling as the glory of England, Shakspeare the actor'——

'And poet—you forget that, sir—poet, sir,' sharply retorted the colonel.

'I can assure you, sir, we have men of good family playing very small parts to-night. Trip took honours at Oxford, and Backbite is a Cambridge man.'

'Pray, sir,' replied the colonel, 'if that be the case, why do you all sail under false colours? Why resign the honoured name of Stanley for the Frenchified one of Montmorency?'

The young man bowed as he responded: 'Out of deference to the shallow scruples of the narrow-minded portion of Society.'

'Of which I constitute a member, eh?'

It was in a more conciliatory tone that his son took up the argument. 'Pray, sir, let me ask you a question. Do poets and novelists never adopt a *nom de plume?* Did not Miss Evans style herself "George Eliot;" the late Governor-general of India, "Owen Meredith;" Mademoiselle de la Ramée, "Ouida;" Dickens, "Boz?"'

'That'll do,' interrupted the colonel. 'Then one fine day you will be falling in love, as you call it, with one of these artful and painted sirens, and I shall find myself grandfather to a clown or a pantaloon! For, of course, you will bring up your offspring to *the* profession, as you call it, as if there were no other profession in the world.'

His son and heir drew himself proudly up as he replied: 'No, sir; I trust I shall never forget that I own the honoured name of Stanley.'

The colonel remained silent for several moments ere he observed: 'I shall never understand why you declined even to see Miss Anstruther.'

'Because the very fact that the lady was labelled my future wife,' replied his son, 'would have caused me to detest her at first sight.'

The old colonel rose from his seat. 'I can see very plainly that I am wasting both your time and my own.—I suppose you will have to do a little "tumbling" presently?'

'I do not make my first entrance till the third act. If you will go in front, you can have my box.' Montmorency rang the bell as he spoke, and when the call-boy appeared, directed him to show his visitor into box A.

The actor was indulging in a sigh of relief, when a head appeared at the half-closed door, and a voice exclaimed: 'May I come in?'

Montmorency bounded from his chair as he seized hold of the extended hand and drew the owner into the room. The new-comer was a young man of about the same age as the actor, and was habited in modern evening dress. Montmorency wrung the hand of his friend Vallance, and forced him into a seat. 'Delighted to see you, Jack! Have a weed and a seltzer?'

In a few seconds the two young men were similarly occupied, and immersed in the consumption of a couple of choice Partagas.

The actor opened the ball. 'You must have met an elderly party in the passage. That was the governor. He is very irate because I won't fall in love by word of command, and marry Miss Anstruther, whom I have never seen.—By-the-bye, *you* have seen her. What is she like?'

'A lovely girl,' replied Vallance. 'I met her at a ball at Scarborough, soon after her arrival from the West Indies. Faith, Harry, you might do worse.'

'And might do better; eh, Jack? But your ideas of beauty are so opposite to mine, as I remember of old. Now, if you wish to see a perfect vision of loveliness, go in front and see Fonblanque, the Lady Teazle of to-night.'

'You mean *Miss* Fonblanque, I presume?'

'Exactly. The prefix "Miss" is frequently omitted in theatrical parlance. She is bewitching!'

Vallance shakes his head. 'Have a care, Harry. It would be a pity if you allied yourself with some unknown adventuress, after refusing the rich Miss Anstruther.'

'Well, to be candid, Jack, I *am* afraid of myself. If I did not constantly call to my mind the fact that I am a Stanley, I should speedily succumb to the charms of the divine Fonblanque, so there is some benefit arising from birth after all.'

'And how long do you mean to pursue this mad freak of yours?' inquired Vallance.

'Till I hear on good authority that the troublesome Miss Anstruther is engaged, or married.'

'And then?'

'Why, then I quit the mimic stage as suddenly as I entered upon it.'

'Meanwhile!' ejaculated Vallance with an incredulous smile.

'Meanwhile,' replied Montmorency loftily, 'I contribute to the "gaiety of nations," as Johnson said of Garrick; and therefore consider myself a far better member of society than a successful general, who has killed so many hundreds of his fellow-mortals; or a lawyer, who has set whole families by the ears in order to

fill his pockets; or a doctor, who, as Tobin says, spends the greater part of his time in writing death-warrants in Latin.'

Vallance examined his finger-nails for a few seconds, and after an embarrassing pause, said: 'Harry, I am about to make a confession.'

'I cannot promise you absolution, Jack.'

Vallance proceeded: 'On the memorable night when I first beheld Miss Anstruther at the ball at Scarborough, I fell over head and ears in love with her.'

'You fell in love with her, did you!' repeated Montmorency, in a tone of some annoyance. 'You mean with her banking account. Remember, you are in the confession box.'

'On my honour, no!' replied Vallance. 'As you are aware, I could not afford to marry a penniless girl; but if I were as rich as Rothschild, and Miss Anstruther a pauper, I would marry her to-morrow, if she would have me.—You do not seem to like the idea?'

'Humanity is a strange compound, Jack. It grates upon my sense of propriety that any one else should step into my shoes and wed the woman intended for my wife, yet whom I have vowed never to marry.'

'Why, what a dog in the manger, you are!'

'I would not so much mind if a stranger were to win the heiress; but to know her as your wife, Jack, for the remainder of my existence, to repent probably of my obstinacy——You are not in earnest, Jack?'

'Ah, but I am!' replied Vallance, inwardly murmuring: 'May I be forgiven the lie!'

After a brief mental struggle, Montmorency continued: 'Well, success attend you. You are a lucky fellow to walk off with such a prize; while I—I shall remain a humble stage-player.'

'Remember the peerless Fonblanque, Harry.'

'Ah! you are right. There is beauty, talent, wit, elegance, refinement, all enshrined in the admirable Lady Teazle of to-night. I shall now no longer hold back. To-night I shall know my fate. You have applied the touchstone.'

The shrill voice of the call-boy now uttered the words 'Charles Surface.'

'There is my call. So adieu for the present. Go in front, and call for me at the end of the show; and we will have a steak at the *Albion* together, and drink to the speedy nuptials of my *bête noire*, Miss Anstruther.'

'With whom?'

'Any one! I care not—no offence, Jack—so I am free.'

Vallance proceeded straight to box A, and having tapped at the door, found himself face to face with Colonel Stanley, who eagerly exclaimed: 'Well, Vallance, has my plan succeeded?'

'I fear not, sir.'

'Give him a second dose the first opportunity. I never knew it fail. If you want to make a man fall in love with a particular woman, tell him she is half engaged, and she will instantly go up twenty per cent. in his estimation. That is how I came to marry his mother. Directly my father told me that Fred Spencer was mad after her, and that she was half inclined to marry him, I rushed to the attack, stormed the fortress, and carried off the prize! *I* wasn't going to let that puppy Spencer march off with her. A fellow with not a tithe of my personal recommendations.' Here the colonel paused, as he beheld the countenance of his auditor completely engrossed with the scene; for in the lovely Lady Teazle of the play, Jack Vallance had recognised the West Indian heiress, Emily Anstruther!

SCENE II.

Along one of the tortuous passages leading to the dressing-rooms, a gentleman is conducting a lady, preceded by the dresser. They have evidently come from the audience part of the theatre, as they are both in modern evening dress. Presently the dresser pauses at a door, and after tapping, enters; and returns to invite the lady to invade the sacred precincts of the dressing-room of Miss Fonblanque, the representative of Lady Teazle. After a few whispered words to her escort, the lady accepts the invitation, and in another moment is clasped in the embrace of the actress. 'My dear Julia!'

'My darling Emily!'

Certainly, Lady Teazle fully deserved the rapturous praises of Montmorency. Her lovely dark eyes shone all the brighter from the contrast to the powdered wig; while her splendid figure was displayed to the utmost advantage by means of her handsome brocaded dress.

'And so you recognised me under these tinsel robes, Julia?'

'Your voice is unmistakable; I should have known it anywhere, Emily.—When do you intend to return to your own sphere?'

'First tell me, Julia, how you managed to penetrate these sacred precincts?'

'Oh! my husband, who knows everybody, said he could at once accomplish it, directly I told him you were my old schoolfellow at Barbadoes.—Now, answer me my question, there's a dear!'

'I *have* found my proper sphere; I am free, popular, and admired. Instead of one admirer, I have hundreds, and the number is increasing nightly. What can woman wish for more?'

'I'll tell you, Emily: a nice husband, and domestic bliss.'

The actress indulged in a scarcely audible sigh. 'That might have been my lot. I mean the domestic bliss part of the affair, if I had not had it dinned into my ears from morning till night that there was only one road to happiness—a union with Mr Stanley, whom I have never seen.'

'You might have liked him very much.'

'Impossible, my dear Julia. The very fact of a man being ticketed like a prize animal at a show, and then his being introduced to you as your certain and future husband, would be quite sufficient to make me detest him.—No, Julia; when *I* marry, I will myself make the selection, and he must be one who is ignorant that his intended is a rich heiress.'

'That will not be a very easy matter to accomplish, Emily.'

'Listen, Julia, and I'll tell you a secret. There is a young man acting in this company—a Mr Percy Montmorency. He is all I could wish—

handsome, clever, accomplished, and vastly agreeable.'

'Then you have *made* your selection?'

'Not so, Julia. His profession renders our union impossible. He may be heir to a peerage; he may be a lawyer's clerk. There is the most delightful mystery as to our antecedents, we play-actors! For instance, who would suppose that I was the rich West Indian heiress, who utilised her amateur theatrical talents, and adopted her present profession? And all in order to escape being pestered into an unwelcome and distasteful marriage. Heigh-ho! I wish I had never seen this captivating fellow.'

Mrs Sydney sighed as she rejoined: 'Ah, Emily, there is the danger of your present mode of life. Before you know where you are, finding yourself over head and ears in love with some handsome fellow, even of whose very name you are ignorant. As to the position in society of his progenitors, that is a point which would require the research of the Society of Antiquaries.'

The actress looked solemnly in the face of her friend, and taking both her hands within her own, replied: 'Julia, there is a fascination in the life of a successful actress, of which you can form no conception. There is the delight of selecting the costume you are to wear on the eventful evening. No trifle to a woman, as you will admit. Then there is the actual pleasure of wearing it, not for the sake of some half-dozen friends, whose envy in consequence is a poor reward, but the object of admiration to hundreds of spectators nightly! Then, instead of monotonous domesticity, executing crewel-work to the accompaniment of the snoring in an armchair of a bored husband, we have the nightly welcome from a thousand pair of hands, and the final call before the curtain amidst an avalanche of flowers! Your name on every tongue, your photo. in every print-shop in London, and your acts and deeds the subject of conversation at every dinner-table in the metropolis!'

Mrs Sydney shook her head with a melancholy smile as the actress finished her oration. 'I am still unconverted, Emily.'

'Quite right, Julia. If we were all actresses, there would be no audiences.'

The inexorable call-boy here put a compulsory finish to the interview between the two friends, with the words 'Lady Teazle.'

SCENE III.

Montmorency was seated in the greenroom at the conclusion of the play, engaged in that absent train of thought known as a brown-study. The more he saw of the fascinating Fonblanque, the more he was captivated. Every hour spent in her society but served to rivet more closely the chain which bound him to her. Should he condescend and make her an offer of his hand, she would naturally be influenced by a profound sense of gratitude, when she discovered that she had married a man of fortune and a Stanley! Whereas, if he had married the rich Miss Anstruther, he would have had her money-bags perpetually thrown in his face. A silver-toned utterance fell on his ears. Looking up, he beheld the subject of his cogitations.

'Allow me to congratulate you, Mr Montmorency, on your Charles Surface this evening. A double call before the curtain, and well deserved.'

'You are pleased to flatter me. The plaudits of the house to-night render any praise on my part of your Lady Teazle unnecessary. I regret that I am fated to lose so charming a compatriot.'

Was it fancy that Montmorency imagined he detected a paler tint on the cheek of the actress, as she replied: 'You are not going to leave us?'

'I fear so.'

'Wherefore?'

'You are the last person to whom I can confide the cause of my sudden departure.'

Lady Teazle cast down her lovely eyes for a brief space, and then, in a voice in which the smallest possible *tremolo* was perceptible, whispered: 'Are you not happy here?'

'I fear, too much so,' sighed Montmorency. 'I have been living in a fool's paradise lately.'

'How? In what way, Mr Montmorency?'

'I am in love.—You start. You do not believe in an actor, who is always simulating affection, ever falling under the influence of a real and veritable passion.'

'You wrong me; indeed, you do. The artistic nature is, and must be, more acutely sensitive than that possessed by ordinary mortals. Do I know the lady?'

'You see her every day—when you contemplate those charming features in the glass. Yes; it is *you*, Miss Fonblanque, whom I love, whom I adore!'

How can we describe the flood of sensations which agitated the bosom of the heiress, as she listened to the avowal of affection from the lips of the only man she had ever loved! In low and trembling tones, she managed to reply: 'Mr Montmorency, you are not rehearsing a scene in some new comedy?'

'I was never more serious in my life.'

By this time, the pride of the Anstruthers had come to the assistance of the heiress. 'I grieve very much that I cannot accept your offer. It is impossible.'

'Impossible! Why?'

'That I cannot explain.'

'We are both members of the same profession, and so far equal.'

'Pardon me,' said Lady Teazle. 'You know nothing of my antecedents, and'——

'And you know nothing of mine, you would say. Charming equality! Say, Miss Fonblanque, may I hope?'

It was now the turn of the actress to sigh. 'It would be cruel to raise hopes which can never be realised.'

Montmorency let fall the hand which in his ardour he had seized, and drew himself proudly up. 'That is your fixed answer?'

'It is.'

Montmorency once more took possession of her taper fingers, and raising them to his lips, uttered the word 'Farewell!' and hastily left the greenroom.

The dark melting eyes of the heiress gazed after his retreating figure, and large drops of moisture gathered in them. 'I have half a mind

to call him back,' she mentally whispered.—'No! I must remember I am an Anstruther.'

Sinking on a couch, Lady Teazle felt her brain spinning round; then presently raising her eyes, she beheld—Mr Vallance!

'Have I not the honour of speaking to Miss Anstruther?'

'Since you recognise me, it would be affectation to deny my identity. Mr Vallance, may I ask you to preserve my secret?'

'From all save one individual—Mr Montmorency. Surely you knew that in the Charles Surface of this evening you beheld your rejected lover, Mr Stanley?'

A film came slowly over the eyes of Miss Anstruther. 'You are not joking, Mr Vallance?'

'The matter is too serious for jesting. But I will break a confidence. He loves you. He told me so half an hour ago.'

The heiress could scarcely forbear a smile, as she reflected that her ears had drunk in the soft confession only five minutes ago. 'Mr Vallance, will you do me a favour? Will you ask Mr Stanley to step here for a few minutes? But remember, you must on no account reveal my identity.'

'You may rely upon me, Miss Anstruther. I do not know what steps you mean to adopt; but there is no time to lose, for old Colonel Stanley is in front, and will, if he has recognised you, at once inform his son.'

'That is my fear; so haste.'

Almost before the heiress could mature her plans, the rejected one appeared before her. He was very grave, and bowed with an air of deep humility, as the actress thus addressed him: 'Mr Vallance and I are old acquaintances, so I commissioned him to ask you to return for a short time. I feel very anxious about our scenes in the *Hunchback* to-morrow. Would you mind running through the Modus and Helen scenes? I mean the second one.'

Montmorency bowed. 'With pleasure.'

It would have been a lesson for half the actresses on the stage, could they have beheld the manner in which the saucy coquette of the play coaxed her lover, lured him on, fascinated him, and enveloped him in such a spell of witcheries, that no Modus that ever breathed could have been proof against her seductive wiles. The scene came to an unexpected termination, for Montmorency suddenly caught her in his arms, and as he held her clasped tight to his breast, exclaimed in rapid and excited tones: 'This is not acting! If it be, you are the greatest actress that ever trod the boards. You love me! I see it in your sparkling eye; I read it in your blushing cheek! Say, am I not right?'

Emily Anstruther remained perfectly passive in the arms of Harry Stanley, as she murmured 'Yes!'

The enraptured couple were so completely absorbed in reading love in each other's eyes, that they had not observed the entrance of two gentlemen, Colonel Stanley and Mr Vallance.

The old colonel was the first to speak. 'Speak, sir! Is this a scene from a play?'

By this time the heiress had left the sweet anchorage of her lover's arms, and advancing to the old man, said: 'Do you not recognise your godchild, Emily Anstruther?'

But surprise had taken away the power of speech from the colonel.

His son interposed. 'I trust Miss Anstruther will acquit *me* of any guilty knowledge of this fact—will believe that *I* believed she was merely Miss Fonblanque the actress.'

Emily Anstruther here cast down her eyes, while a deep blush mantled over her face and neck. 'I am afraid *I* am not equally innocent; for Mr Vallance informed me that I had refused my hated lover. But I have enough confidence in *his* love for me, to hope for his belief in my unselfish love for *him*.'

'So you see, dad,' exclaimed the younger Stanley, 'Love not only rules the court, the camp, the grove, as the poet says, but does not disdain to flutter his wings in the green-room.'

Author's Note.—This story having been dramatised, and the provisions of the law as regards dramatic copyright having been duly complied with, any infringement of the author's rights becomes actionable.

HUMOROUS DEFINITIONS.

A SMART, pithy, or humorous definition often furnishes a happy illustration of the proverbial brevity which is the soul of wit. Wit itself has not inaptly been called 'a pleasant surprise over truth;' and wisdom, often its near ally, is, in the opinion of a clever writer, 'nothing more than educated cunning.' 'Habits are what we learn and can't forget,' says the same author, who also defines silence as 'a safe place to hide in,' and a lie as 'the very best compliment that can be paid to truth.' 'Show him an egg and instantly the air is full of feathers,' said a humorist, defining a sanguine man. 'A moral chameleon' is a terse reckoning-up of a humbug. Man's whole life has been cynically summed up in the sentence, 'Youth is a blunder; middle life, a struggle; and old age, a regret.'

Whimsical definitions are sometimes quite as neat and telling as those of a smarter kind. Dr Johnson confessed to a lady that it was pure ignorance that made him define 'pastern, the knee of a horse;' but he could hardly make the same excuse for defining pension, 'an allowance made to any one without an equivalent.' A patriot, some writer tells us, is 'one who lives *for* the promotion of his country's union and dies *in* it;' and a hero, 'he who, after warming his enemies, is toasted by his friends.'

Of juvenile definitions, 'dust is mud with the juice squeezed out;' scarcely so scientific as Palmerston's definition of dirt as 'matter in the wrong place.' A fan, we learn, is 'a thing to brush warm off with;' and a monkey, 'a small boy with a tail;' 'salt, what makes your potatoes taste bad when you don't put any on;' 'wakefulness, eyes all the time coming unbuttoned;' and 'ice, water that stayed out too late in the cold and went to sleep.'

A schoolboy asked to define the word 'sob,'

whimpered out: 'It means when a feller don't mean to cry and it bursts out itself.' Another defined a comma as 'a period with a long tail.' A youngster was asked to give his idea of the meaning of 'responsibility,' so he said: 'Well, supposing I had only two buttons on my trousers, and one came off, all the responsibility would rest on the other button.'

'Give the definition of admittance,' said a teacher to the head-boy. This went from the head to near the foot of the class, all being unable to tell the meaning of it, until it reached a little boy who had seen the circus bills posted about the village, and who exclaimed: 'Admittance means one shilling, and children half-price.'

'What is a junction, nurse?' asked a seven-year-old fairy the other day on a railway platform.—'A junction, my dear?' answered the nurse, with the air of a very superior person indeed: 'why, it's a place where two roads separate.'

To hit off a jury as 'a body of men organised to find out which side has the smartest lawyer,' is to satirise many of our 'intelligent fellow-countrymen.' The word 'suspicion' is, in the opinion of a jealous husband, 'a feeling that compels you to try to find out something which you don't wish to know.' A good definition of a 'Pharisee' is 'a tradesman who uses long prayers and short weights;' of a 'humbug, one who agrees with everybody;' and of a 'tyrant, the other version of somebody's hero.' An American lady's idea of a ballet-girl was, 'an open muslin umbrella with two pink handles;' and a Parisian's of 'chess, a humane substitute for hard labour.' Thin soup, according to an Irish mendicant, is 'a quart of water boiled down to a pint, to make it strong.'

Of definitions of a bachelor—'an un-altar-ed man,' 'a singular being,' and 'a target for a miss,' are apt enough. A walking-stick may be described as 'the old man's strength and the young man's weakness;' and an umbrella as 'a fair and foul weather friend' who has had 'many ups and downs in the world.' A watch may be hit off as a 'second-hand affair;' spectacles as 'second-sight' or 'friendly glasses;' and a wig as 'the top of the poll,' 'picked locks,' and 'poached hare.' And any one who is troubled with an empty purse may be comforted with the reflection that 'no trial could be lighter.'

'Custom is the law of fools,' and 'politeness is half-sister to charity'—the last a better definition than that which spitefully defines polite society as 'a place where manners pass for too much, and morals for too little.' 'Fashion' has been cleverly hit off as 'an arbitrary disease which leads all geese to follow in single file the one goose that sets the style.' An idea of the amusement of dancing is not badly conveyed by the phrases 'embodied melody' and 'the poetry of motion.'

The 'Complete Angler' as a definition of 'a flirt' is particularly happy. Beauty has been called 'a short-lived tyranny,' 'a silent cheat,' and 'a delightful prejudice;' while modesty has been declared 'the delicate shadow that virtue casts.' Love has been likened to 'the sugar in a woman's teacup, and man the spoon that stirs it up;' and a 'true-lover's-knot' may not inaptly be termed 'a dear little tie.' Kisses have variously been defined as 'a harmony in red,' 'a declaration of love by deed of mouth,' and 'lip-service.'

'Matrimony' was defined by a little girl at the head of a confirmation class in Ireland, as 'a state of torment into which souls enter to prepare them for another and better world.'

'Being,' said the examining priest, 'the answer for purgatory.'

'Put her down!' said the curate, much ashamed of his pupil—'put her down to the foot of the class!'

'Lave her alone,' quoth the priest; 'the lass may be right after all. What do you or I know about it?'

THE MONTH:

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

NEARLY seven millions sterling have been already expended upon the Panama Canal works, and according to all accounts, there is plenty to show for the money. The channel is being dredged out by enormous machines, which scoop out the softer earth and operate upon the debris of harder rocks, after the latter have been blasted. Colon, the Atlantic terminus of the canal, has, from the miserable and dirty little village which it presented some years ago, sprung into a prosperous town. The dry season has unfortunately been an unhealthy one, and there has been an epidemic of marsh-fever; but altogether we may take the general report of the Canal works as a satisfactory one. There is little doubt that the great work of uniting the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans will be accomplished within very few years.

News has been received by the Geographical Society that their intrepid explorer, Mr Joseph Thomson, whose departure some months ago on an expedition to the region east and north-east of Lake Victoria Nyanza we briefly chronicled at the time, has safely returned to Zanzibar. Little is at present known as to what he has done, further than that he has successfully carried out his programme with the most satisfactory feature that the work has been done without any loss of life except from disease. We may look forward with great interest to Mr Thomson's account of this his third successful expedition, the more so, as this time he has journeyed in a region of Africa untraversed by any previous explorer, and about which, therefore, the knowledge possessed by our best geographers is open to improvement.

From a paper recently read before the Institution of Civil Engineers, by Mr G. H. Stayton, upon the Wood-pavements of London, we glean the following interesting particulars: The metropolis comprises nearly two thousand miles of streets, of which only fifty-three miles are at present laid with wood. Most of the wood used is in the form of rectangular blocks of yellow deal, principally Swedish. Neither elm nor oak will stand changes of temperature sufficiently well to fit them for this purpose; but pitch-pine answers well, and so does larch; though the supply of the latter limits its use. Creosoting the blocks has no value as a preservative, and the wood is now used plain, the

joints being filled in with cement. The average cost of laying wood-pavement is about ten shillings and sixpence per square yard, and the expenses of maintenance compare very favourably with Macadam and other systems of pavement. 'There is nothing new under the sun,' even in the matter of wood-pavements, for we find, on reference to a *Mechanic's Magazine* dated 1858, that wood-blocks, placed grain uppermost, as in all modern systems, are distinctly advocated as having many advantages over granite roads, diminution of cost and durability being among those stated.

It has become customary to speak of the present epoch as the 'Iron Age,' in order to distinguish it from those two long periods of human interest known respectively as the Stone Age and the Bronze Age. But future historians may well be tempted to substitute the word steel for iron; for it is an undoubted fact that improved processes of manufacture, and the resulting easy and cheap production, are causing steel to be widely substituted for its parent metal. In railways, steel rails are now almost entirely replacing iron ones, and that modification of the metal known as 'mild steel' is finding great favour just now among shipbuilders. The Board of Trade have lately had representations made to them that the superiority of steel over iron for shipbuilding purposes should be officially recognised; and that this request is well grounded, the following instances will go far to prove. A steamer wrecked on the coast of the Isle of Wight remained for ten days in stormy weather perched on a ledge of rocks without breaking up. 'If,' says the engineer's Report, 'she had been built of iron instead of steel, there is not a doubt that she would have gone to pieces. The agent of another vessel wrecked at New Zealand last year reports to the owner that the vessel was eventually released from her rocky bed; 'but, with a large number of passengers, would have been lost, had it not been for the beautiful quality of the material of which she is built, known as mild steel.'

But there is one branch of the metal trade which shows a continually increasing activity, and which need not fear any rivalry from steel, and that is the tinplate trade. Many thousands of tons of this tinned iron—that is, thin sheets of iron coated with tin—are annually exported from this country, our best customers being the United States. We may presume that a large quantity of this metal comes back to us in the form of tins containing preserved meats, fish, and fruit. In Philadelphia, there are a number of factories for utilising these tins after they have been used. They are collected from the ash-heaps, the hotels and boarding-houses. The solder is melted and sold, to be used again; the tops and bottoms of the tins are turned into window sash-weights; the cylindrical portions are rolled out flat, and are made into covers for travelling trunks, and are used for many other purposes. The industry is said to be a very profitable one, for the expense of gathering the tins is covered by the sale of the solder, and the capital required is small. Such ingenious applications of waste materials most certainly deserve to succeed.

What is known as 'flashed glass' consists of common white glass blown with a layer of coloured glass superposed on its surface, which surface can afterwards be eaten away in parts by the application of fluoric acid, so that any ornament or lettering can be executed upon it. The same principle in an extended form has lately been applied by Messrs Webb of Stourbridge to the production of most beautiful vases in what has been aptly called cameo glass. The vase is first blown in glass of three different descriptions, fused together, forming eventually three distinct layers of material—the innermost of a semi-opaque colour, the next white, and the outside of a tint to harmonise with the first or innermost. Now comes the artist's work. The design being drawn upon the surface, the outer colour is removed so as to leave but a tint, deep or light as may be wanted in certain parts; next, the white is cut into so as to show up where required the ground colour behind. In this way the most intricate design is produced with the most artistic results. The operator employs not only fluoric acid, but makes use of the steel point, and also the ordinary emery wheel commonly used for engraving and cutting glass. Two of these vases are, as we write, on view at Mr Goode's, South Audley Street, London.

The first cable tramway laid in Europe has been opened on the steepest bit of road near London—namely, Highgate Hill, and is pronounced on all hands a complete success. It is to be hoped that the system will become as common in this country as it is in America, where not only steep gradients are thus dealt with, but level roads, such as our horse tramcars already traverse. The boon to horses would be immeasurable. At the present time, on British tramways more than twenty thousand horses are at work. The labour is so hard, that about one quarter of this number have annually to be replaced. This annual loss absorbs forty-three per cent. of the gross earnings, a consideration which will appeal more eloquently to the feelings of many than will the sufferings of the poor horses.

Referring to the epidemic of smallpox in London, a correspondent of the *Times* gives a valuable suggestion. He tells how an epidemic of the same dreaded disease was quickly stamped out in a South American village some years ago, and although our great metropolis bears but small resemblance to a village, the remedy in question might nevertheless be tried. Huge bonfires of old creosoted railway sleepers were made in the streets, and gas-tar was added occasionally to stimulate the flames. In the meantime, every house where a death or recovery occurred was lime-washed. With these precautions, which are manifestly applicable to other zymotic diseases, the visitation speedily vanished. Concerning this all-important subject we may have something further to say in a special paper.

Meanwhile, there is no kind of doubt that the spread of infectious disease is attributable in great measure to personal ignorance, commonly called carelessness, as well as to that entire indifference as to the welfare of others which is so common to human nature. Some time since, an advertisement appeared to the

following effect: 'Should this meet the eye of the lady who travelled (by a particular train) with her two boys, one of whom was evidently just recovering from an illness, she may be pleased to learn that three of the four young ladies who were in the carriage are very ill with the measles.' This is surpassed by a statement contained in a recent letter in the *Times*. A lady, finding that her boys, on recovering from a severe attack of scarlatina, suffered much from dandruff (the scales which separate from the scalp, and which, in fever, are a prolific source of contagion), took the sufferers to a leading West End hairdresser's, so that their heads could receive a thorough cleansing with the machine-brush!

We would in this connection draw attention to a novel system of providing for smallpox cases with the least amount of risk to others, which is established by the Metropolitan Asylums Board of London, and which will undergo in time further development. In addition to the five hospitals in different parts of London which have been opened whenever a fresh epidemic has broken out, there is a very elaborate ambulance system, by which a suitable carriage with a nurse and porter is despatched, as soon as notice is received, to the patient's place of residence and removes the patient to the nearest hospital. This has been at work for some years; but in addition there are three ships moored on the Thames opposite Purfleet, two of which are hospital ships, the third being used as a residence for the staff, and containing offices, kitchens, workshops, &c. Some four miles inland there is a convalescent camp, consisting of tents for about one thousand patients, each heated and lighted by gas, and suitably fitted for the purpose in every way.

To convey patients to the ships, an ambulance steamer runs as often as required, being fitted up as a travelling hospital, with beds, &c., and having a medical and nursing staff. Patients are removed to the river-side either direct from their homes, or from the hospitals, usually on comfortable beds, and carried on board the steamer, and thence down the river. Another steamer brings the recovered cases back; and when landed, they are conveyed in special carriages to their homes, free from infection in person and clothing.

So far the problem of how to provide for an epidemic of smallpox in London is in a fair way of being solved, by a system which, though still in its earliest stage, is daily undergoing development and improvement. When yet another steamer is fitted out, there will be no difficulty in coping with a much larger epidemic than has visited London for many years, and at the same time treating patients with an amount of attention almost unknown till now.

The proposal to revive the art of lacemaking in Ireland, to which we adverted some months ago, has now received more definite form. A scheme has been framed under the auspices of many influential persons, the chief features of which are as follows: Original designs are to be purchased under the advice of the best authorities on the subject. These designs will be sent to the lacemaking centres for execution. The specimens will then be exhibited and offered for sale. The expenses to set this machinery at work will amount to about five hundred pounds, much of which is already subscribed. Full information as to the project can be obtained from Mr Alan Cole, of the South Kensington Museum.

Dr Von Pettenkofer has, according to the *Lancet*, been lately paying attention to the poisonous action of coal-gas on the human system, and a few notes of authenticated cases may be serviceable to those who pay little heed to an escape of gas so long as it does not in their opinion assume dangerous dimensions. The cases quoted all refer to escapes of gas into dwelling-houses after passing through a layer of earth, and we may note that such escapes are difficult of detection, for the earth robs the gas in great measure of its tell-tale odour. At Roveredo, three women were killed in their sleep by an escape from a broken pipe under the roadway thirty-five feet distant. At Cologne, three of one family were carried off by a similar escape at a distance of ninety-eight feet. At Breslau, a case is reported where the escape was no less than one hundred and fifteen feet away from its victim. It would seem that the dangerous constituent of coal-gas is carbonic oxide, which usually forms about eight per cent. of the vapour conveyed to our houses. Whether this noxious ingredient can, like other impurities, be eliminated in the process of purification at the gas-works, we do not know, but the question is certainly worth the attention of the authorities.

The Observatory on the summit of Ben Nevis, which our readers will remember was opened in October last, will be completed this summer. The observations already made confirm the anticipations as to the value of a high level station, and the completion of the structure will add to the efficiency of the work done, for hitherto the observers have been cramped for space. A shelter for tourists forms part of the scheme, and travellers will be able to obtain light refreshment there, and if they desire it, can telegraph from the highest point in Britain to their friends below. The cost of completion will absorb about eight hundred pounds; but this estimate does not include the heavy outlay for carriage of materials on horseback up the bridle-path already constructed. It has been suggested that visitors on horseback using this path should pay a toll of five shillings—a modest sum, when it is considered that the expenses of maintenance are much increased by the soil being loosened by the horse's hoofs, especially when the ground is in a soft condition.

The small Chinese colony established at the International Health Exhibition is one of the principal attractions of the place. Visitors have now the opportunity of tasting various strange dishes which before they had only heard of by report. The much extolled bird-nest soup can be had here, together with shark-fins, *beches de mer* (sea-slugs), edibles made of different seaweeds, shredded cucumber peels mixed with vinegar, and various other delicacies, which, we trust, are nicer than they seem to be by mere description. We may note that the South Kensington executive have already arranged for an Exhibition to follow on the present one. It is to be called the Exhibition of Inventions, and will

include all kinds of appliances, one entire division being devoted to musical instruments.

A long-felt want by paper-rulers and others has now been supplied by the new Patent Automatic Paper Feeding-machine. It has been invented by Mr William Archer, 204 Rose Street, Edinburgh—a paper-ruler who has spent his spare time during the last ten years in working it out, and who has now succeeded in patenting a Ruling-machine which is allowed to be the most accurate in use for feeding the paper in a continuous stream, or feeding to grippers at given intervals. It can be worked either by hand or steam-power, and it renders unnecessary the employment of boys or girls as paper-feeders. It can also be applied to hot rolling-machines; and it is expected that it will also be turned to use in connection with printing, &c.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

THE NEW ORGAN IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

THE old-new, or the new-old, organ of Westminster Abbey was formally tried on the 24th of May, at the usual afternoon service, after which a recital, which served to exhibit the extreme beauty and power of some of the new work, was given. The new organ has fifty-six speaking stops, besides many mechanical stops, couplers, &c., and is placed in two lofty blocks, like the one in St Paul's Cathedral, at the west end of the two choir screens, only that in this case the player sits between the two over the doorway of the choir. The magnificent oak case, designed by Mr Pearson, has not yet been erected, because the funds for the purpose—about fifteen hundred pounds—are not, as we write, yet collected. The principal bellows are blown by a gas-engine, and are placed in a vault below the cloisters, the pipes conveying the air being nearly one hundred feet in length. A curious arrangement exists to connect the keys with the pipes, which is done by tubes, through which, on the key being pressed, wind, under heavy pressure, is admitted, and acts instantly on a small bellows at the other end of the tube. This, on being inflated, pulls down the pallet or valve under the sound-board, and thus gives air to the pipe. This clever system is said not to get out of order or to be affected by changes of temperature.

It may be interesting to state that this organ was in the first instance built by Schreider and Jordan so far back as 1730. Exactly a hundred years after (1830) it was added to by Elliott; and again in 1848 and in 1868, Hill made many additions; and it has now been almost completely reconstructed by Messrs Hill and Son, of the same well-known firm. It may fairly be considered, with that in St Paul's Cathedral, and All Saints, Margaret Street, to take rank as one of the finest church organs in London.

THE ANTHROPOMETRICAL LABORATORY AT THE HEALTH EXHIBITION.

Without intending the smallest disrespect to our numerous readers, we will venture to say that more than one will be inclined to ask the very obvious question, 'What is anthropometry?' Well, this fine-sounding, Greek-adapted name signifies the art of describing and recording, in a schedule provided for that purpose, the particulars appertaining to the condition, functions, powers, and capabilities of the human body and limbs. Every person visiting the Laboratory at the Health Exhibition can have his or her schedule filled up with a statement, ascertained on the spot, of his name or initials, age, sex, occupation, place of birth, colour of hair and eyes, height standing and sitting, weight, length of span of arms, strength of squeeze and of pull, swiftness and weight of direct fist-blow, capacity of chest, lungs, and breathing, as measured by a spirometer, acuteness of vision as measured by a test type, conditions of colour-sense, and acuteness of hearing. The ascertaining of these particulars, and any others of a like nature bearing immediately on the principal question, seems to be the especial business of the art of anthropometry. It may be objected that the collecting of these facts, though interesting enough to the individual practised upon and his family, can be of no possible use beyond that limit, or indeed anywhere else; but the gentleman who has originated this novel and ingenious scheme (Mr Francis Galton) proposes to keep a duplicate of the filled-up schedule which each person operated on will receive; and by this means he hopes to obtain a very large number of facts and statements, which will doubtless be ultimately arranged and tabulated, and made good use of by the originator, who may possibly submit them to the Registrar-general, or to the Statistical Society, for enrolment amongst their curious records. It is, at anyrate, in spite of its somewhat alarming Greek name, an interesting experiment.

ADVICE TO INTENDING EMIGRANTS.

A correspondent in New South Wales writes to us as follows: 'Australia offers a wide field for the capitalist and the manual labourer, but I should not advise others to try their fortunes here. For educated persons, male or female, without capital, Australia is a death-trap. Such persons would, according to my observation, do far better in America, or in the English settlements in China. In China, young gentlemen possessing no other fortune than a good education, are soon employed in the warehouses and stores by the Chinese merchants, who value Englishmen whenever they can get them to take charge of the more responsible parts of their businesses. The Chinese Customs' Departments also are open to educated young Englishmen. But in Australia, brains are not a marketable commodity; strong arms are more sought for. The streets of Sydney are thronged with hundreds of educated young Englishmen, who have come out here persuaded by their friends that work is easily got, as well as money, which is not the case, except in one or two kinds of labour. I know of scores of temperate young gentlemen out here who have done all they could to find employment, and failed; and at last have had to seek relief in the Refuge. Some commit suicide out of sheer despair.

'No one, unless he can swing a pickaxe well and is possessed of plenty of muscular strength, with not too much refinement in him, should think of coming out here to earn

his bread, much less make his "pile," unless he has some capital, say a few thousands, to start a warehouse, or take up land and go in for sheep-farming. Sometimes young educated men, who bring good letters of introduction and good characters also, are given government situations, as I am thankful to say was the case with me. But I should warn any educated young man who has no friends here or capital, against coming to Australia. Even where he brings letters, he often has great trouble to get a situation, as there are so many colonials' sons hanging about doing nothing. The towns are overloaded with men, and the country is left untouched for want of capital in the majority of those who come out here.

'Servants of all classes do well here; ten shillings per week and board and lodging is the usual wage for female servants good or bad; and one pound per week with board and lodging for male servants. Governesses are an utter failure; hundreds are doing nothing here now; and when they do get employed, they don't do much better than at home; sixty pounds with board and lodging is the usual salary; but they have to act as nurses often as well, for that sum.

'My advice to young gentlemen and ladies who are thinking of giving up their situations at home and emigrating to Australia in the hopes of getting work and good salary, is—Don't.'

A CURIOUS DISEASE.

The *London Medical Record* quotes some information regarding a strange disease that is met with in Siberia, and known to the Russians by the name of 'Miryachit.' The person affected seems compelled to imitate anything he hears or sees, and an interesting account is given of a steward who was reduced to a perfect state of misery by his inability to avoid imitating everything he heard and saw. One day the captain of the steamer, running up to him, suddenly clapping his hands at the same time, accidentally slipped, and fell hard on the deck. Without having been touched, the steward instantly clapped his hands and shouted; then, in helpless imitation, he, too, fell as hard, and almost precisely in the same manner and position as the captain. This disease has been met with in Java, where it is known as 'Lata.' In the case of a female servant who had the same irresistible tendency to imitate her mistress, the latter, one day at dessert, wishing to exhibit this peculiarity, and catching the woman's eye, suddenly reached across the table, and seizing a large French plum, made pretence to swallow it whole. The woman rushed at the dish and put a plum in her mouth, and, after severe choking and semi-asphyxia, succeeded in swallowing it; but her mistress never tried the experiment again.

ANOTHER UPHILL RAILWAY.

The *Hôtel des Alpes* at Chillon, and the *Hôtel de Mont Fleury* at Montreux, Switzerland, are situated at no great distance apart; but the difference of elevation between the two is over two hundred feet, and the incline very steep. To get over this difficulty, it is intended to call in the aid of that mighty power which has of late so prominently come to the front—electricity. After a long series of carefully conducted experiments, it has been determined that an uphill railway shall be constructed between the two hotels named, to be driven by electricity. An electric motor will be placed on a car to drive a cog-wheel; this wheel will gear into a central cogged rail, and by this means draw or pull the car up the ascent. Conductors placed beside the central rail will convey the current of the generator, which will be kept going by a five-horse-power locomotive engine. It is, however, in contemplation to drive the dynamo not by steam, but by water-power, abundance of which, descending from the hills, can be had close by, and only requires utilising. This railway will in many points resemble that up the Righi, only that electricity will be its driving-power instead of the odd-looking little engine so well known at the latter place; and when it is completed, it will certainly be a great boon to travellers frequenting these beautiful spots.

EVENING ON THE LAKE.

Upon the mountain-top the purple tints
Fade into mist; and the rich golden glow
Of the low-setting sun sinks to a gray
Subdued and tender.

Home the eagle hies,
Swift, to his eyrie, his broad pinions stretched,
Bearing him onwards, seeming motionless
The while with rapid wing he cleaves the air,
As ship the waters: now the grousecock crows
On heathered knoll his vesper lullaby
To his dear mate.

And from the silver lake,
Cradled in mountain-setting, echoing comes,
With rippling music on the air, the plash
Of dipping oars; and voices deep and low,
Mingled with women's trebles, tuneful break
The evening silence!

Grand indeed it is
To be amid these mountain solitudes;
And yet there is a sense of rest and calm,
Soothing the spirit—stealing o'er the heart
Like the soft notes of an Æolian harp,
Falling like balm upon the troubled soul,
And making the most worldly man to feel
That there is over earth a higher heaven!

The Conductor of CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL begs to direct the attention of CONTRIBUTORS to the following notice:

1*st*. All communications should be addressed to the 'Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.'

2*d*. For its return in case of ineligibility, postage-stamps should accompany every manuscript.

3*d*. MANUSCRIPTS should bear the author's full *Christian* name, Surname, and Address, legibly written; and should be written on white (not blue) paper, and on one side of the leaf only.

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BIRD MIGRATION.

The migration of birds is a subject that has excited the attention of naturalists of all nations from very early times, and many theories have been advanced to account for the mysterious periodical movements that take place among the feathered tribes, although it can hardly be said there is one which fully explains these movements. Some writers affirm that they are entirely due to temperature; others, that they are caused by a want of food; while others, again, assert that they are traceable, within certain limits, to a hereditary impulse which guides birds in following lines of flight over seas where at one time all was land.

There can be no doubt that originally, birds, like other animals, were actuated to a great extent in their periodical shiftings by the main considerations of food and temperature. As familiar examples of this, we have only to remember that species which are reared within the Arctic Circle are compelled to quit their birthplaces as soon as the brief summer is past—their haunts becoming wrapped in snow, and their feeding-grounds converted into a dreary expanse of ice; while in our own country, every one knows that swallows and other soft-billed birds are obliged to leave us at the close of autumn, and repair to climes where there is not only greater warmth but abundance of insect life, on which their subsistence depends.

Another theory, however, may be adverted to, as showing the phenomena in a more suggestive and poetical light—namely, that put forward by the aged Swedish poet Runeberg, who believes that birds, in undertaking their vast and toilsome journeys, are solely influenced by their longing for light. When the days become shorter in the north, birds make up their minds to go southwards; but as soon as the long northern days of summer set in, 'with all their luminous and long-drawn hours,' the winged hosts return to their old haunts. There is evidently something in this theory, because, in the case of the insectivorous birds, there is little diminution of food in their southern hunting-grounds to compel them to seek a change; and even with regard to marine birds, it seems quite possible that fishes and other migratory creatures in the sea on which they prey are influenced to a great extent by some such impulse as this theory indicates. The longing after light, moreover, is well exemplified in imprisoned plants, which, though firmly rooted in the ground, instinctively strain towards the light, and spread upwards in search of an outlet from the surrounding darkness. The Swedish poet, therefore, may, after all, be nearer the truth than some naturalists are willing to allow.

But whatever may be the true theory, it is certain that at the close of each summer, whether it be within the Arctic Circle or in the temperate region of Britain, where observations are now being made, vast flights of birds are seen passing southwards, and again in early spring proceeding northwards, with unvarying regularity; and it has consequently become a matter of considerable interest to ornithologists, as well as to naturalists at large, to record such observations as may help to throw light upon the question as to what species share in the general migration and how their movements appear to be influenced.

In *Chambers's Journal* for December 1876, a suggestion was made that the light-keepers of our lighthouses might be enlisted in the cause of science by making notes of their observations concerning birds and other animals, as by that means new facts would certainly be added to our stores of knowledge; and Messrs J. A. Harvie Brown and John Cordeaux—two well-known ornithologists—subsequently undertook of their own accord the circulation of carefully prepared schedules among the keepers of lighthouses and lightships situated on the English and Scottish coasts, with a view to investigate the migratory movements of birds. The results, which were both interesting and valuable, were published in the *Zoologist* for 1880, but were immediately thereafter reprinted in a convenient

form for reference. Subsequently, it was found that the scheme was somewhat beyond the limits of private enterprise, and application for aid was therefore made to the British Association at its meeting at Swansea, in the autumn of the same year. This led to the appointment of a Committee of Naturalists, whose Report, issued in 1881 (London: Sonnenschein and Allen), was so encouraging, that when the Association again met at York, a larger Committee was appointed, and a wider interest given to the investigations by their extension to the coasts of Ireland. A subsequent Report on the migration of birds, containing a mass of interesting information on the points referred to, has recently been issued as the work of this Committee; and judging from its contents, it may reasonably be expected that the results of such investigations will become more and more important as the work proceeds.

From the returns given by the light-keepers, it would appear that birds, prior to crossing the ocean, follow closely the coast-line in their journeyings, and that during the two periods named, a continuous stream passes to and from their summer quarters, broken, it may be, by a sudden change of wind or other vicissitude of weather, and thus causing 'throbs' or 'rushes,' as they have been termed, but steady as a rule—the hereditary impulse being too powerful to admit of anything but a temporary deviation or delay on these great highways of migration.

It seems strange that while such movements are taking place, persons resident but a few miles inland may be unaware of the winged multitudes that in this way pass within a short distance of their homes. Yet a great deal of information may be gathered by close observers who are willing to visit the seacoast at daybreak about the time the birds are on the move. The present writer well remembers seeing large flights of birds of different species arriving in early spring on the shores of East Lothian for a succession of years. Among these, the swallows were conspicuous even at some distance out at sea, the main body passing northwards in undeviating flight, while numerous detachments left it and came landwards, to people the haunts in the country which they had occupied the previous year. The same was observed in the case of wheatears, redstarts, and golden-crested wrens—the last-named being particularly interesting from their tiny size. Occasionally goldcrests would come in great numbers, and immediately on alighting, would flutter in the morning sunlight among the rocks and walls near high-water mark in search of insect prey, paying no heed to the presence of any one watching their motions. Again, in the autumn months, buzzards, owls, and woodcock would arrive simultaneously, and pitch upon the rocks at low water, as if glad to touch the nearest land; and even wood-pigeons (supposed by the country folks to come from Norway), which delight only in dense woods and fertile fields, and which suddenly appear in vast numbers in severe British winters, settled in crowds upon the stony beach without any preliminary survey of the ground. Observations like these can be made on almost any part of the east of Scotland, and it is gratifying to find them verified in a remarkable degree by the returns from the light-keepers, which not only show the closeness with which birds follow the coast-line, but also indicate the points of land from which they speed seawards in their adventurous flight. Thus, it is found that arrivals and departures take place at Spurn Point and on the coast of Forfarshire—the inference being, if the theory of a former land-communication be true, that an ancient coast-line must have extended east or north-eastward probably from Holderness to Southern Scandinavia and the mouth of the Baltic. There is also reason to believe that similar points of arrival and departure exist in the north-east of Aberdeenshire, judging from the occurrence of so many rare birds, whose presence there at the migration season can hardly otherwise be accounted for.

Among other interesting facts brought to light by the present series of investigations we find that, with very rare exceptions, young birds of the year migrate some weeks *in advance* of the parent birds, and that the appearance on our coasts in autumn of many species, such as the wheatear, fieldfare, redwing, hooded crow, goldcrest, and woodcock, may almost be predicted to a day. The punctuality, indeed, with which certain birds return to us in the fall of the year is remarkable—one species regularly taking precedence of another according to the time required for their self-dependence. Shore-birds apparently reach this stage earlier than land-birds, as it has been observed that the young of the knot, gray plover, godwit, and sanderling—birds which nest in very high latitudes, and are the last of the migrants to leave in spring—are amongst the first to come to our shores.

The most interesting of all the stations from which returns have been sent is the small rocky island of Heligoland, situated in the North Sea, about forty miles from the mouth of the Elbe. Here the tired wing of many a feathered wanderer finds a resting-place. Lying almost directly in the line of migration, the island has been periodically visited by birds in incredible numbers, many of them belonging to species of extraordinary interest. Attracted by the lighthouse, which occupies the highest point of the island, and throws out on dark nights a blaze of light 'like a star of supreme brightness,' many thousands of birds of all kinds pitch upon its treeless surface, where they have scarcely any shelter from the weather, and where they become at once a prey to the wants of the islanders, who capture them in vast numbers, and use them as food. Mr Cordeaux, in an interesting communication to the *Ibis* for 1875, states, that on the evening of the 6th of November 1868, three thousand four hundred larks were captured on the lantern of the lighthouse before half-past nine o'clock; and on the same evening, subsequent to that hour, eleven thousand six hundred others were taken—making a total of fifteen thousand. For this holocaust of these charming songsters, no words of deprecation are strong enough, though their capture was probably regarded as a lawful addition to the larder of the captors, and probably such visitations had been so regarded ever since the lighthouse had begun to lure the poor creatures to an untimely fate! In this way also, no doubt, many a feathered rarity was consumed.

Fortunately for science, however, this little island has numbered amongst its resident population an observer of rare intelligence, Mr H. Gätke, whose leisure hours have been employed for nearly thirty years in registering the occurrence of the birds which have either made the rock a temporary resting-place or been seen crossing it in their migratory flight. Mr Gätke first visited Heligoland as an artist; but having secured an official appointment there, he afterwards made the island his permanent home. During the interval, he has collected and preserved with his own hands upwards of four hundred species—a collection containing examples of the avi-fauna of the four quarters of the globe. Strange as it may appear, birds have touched here whose proper homes are wide as the poles asunder—birds from the burning plains of India and the arctic lands of desolation. The Far West, too, has contributed its land and water birds; and from the barren steppes of Siberia, tiny warblers have joined the moving throng. As instances of the abundance of what are called 'British birds,' mention may be made of flights of buzzards numbering thousands which passed over the island on September 22, 1881; while flocks of equal numbers rested on the cliffs, and a 'great flight' of hooded crows, which crossed in the same direction. As for the starling—a bird which has become extraordinarily plentiful in this country during the last thirty years—it is referred to as making its appearance in a 'great rush,' which no doubt accounts for a flock, recorded some time afterwards as coming from the east, by a light-keeper on the English coast, 'estimated to contain a million starlings, making a noise like thunder, darkening the air.' All these birds were doubtless of Scandinavian origin, and had in the case of each species travelled in a compact body along the coast-line until they reached North Germany, where they had to some extent become broken up, many of the birds being induced to alter their flight westwards in the direction of the British coasts. As a natural consequence, the earliest observers of their arrival in this country would be the light-keepers at Spurn Head on the Yorkshire coast; and the records from this station show that the buzzards and hooded crows at least, reached us from Heligoland in somewhat less than twenty-four hours.

Another important post of observation is the lighthouse on the Isle of May, in the Firth of Forth,* from which one of the reporters has obtained records of species of more than ordinary interest, the intelligent keeper there having sent him no fewer than seven closely filled schedules, principally referring to autumn migrations. Seventy-five species have already been identified from this station; but in addition to these, numerous entries refer to 'small birds' of various descriptions, regarding which and other accidental visitors, more will be known as the investigations proceed, arrangements having been made for the preservation and transmission to the mainland of all the species that occur at the station. The occurrence of the blue-throated warbler here—a very rare bird in Britain—suggests the possibility of other interesting forms being sent from this locality.

* See article 'The Isle of May and its Birds,' in *Chambers's Journal* for September 22, 1883.

In summarising the material received, the compilers of the Report confess that the migrations of seagulls are most erratic and difficult to tabulate. In certain years, however, these are unquestionably regulated by the movements of the fish upon which they feed. The late Professor MacGillivray has recorded that, in the winter of 1837, a flock of seagulls computed to contain not short of a million birds made its appearance in the Firth of Forth; and it must be within the recollection of at least one of the reporters that in 1872–3 similar if not even greater numbers visited the firth, the most common species being the kittiwake and lesser black-backed gull. In this memorable invasion, unusual numbers of glaucous and Iceland gulls made their appearance, birds of such note among ornithologists as to be marked objects when they do occur; and the entire assemblage was suggestive of a migration controlled by the movements of fishes—the waters of the firth being at that time swarming with sprats. The 'catches' of the local fishermen were so heavy as to necessitate their sale at a trifling sum per cartload to the neighbouring farmers, for the purpose of manuring their fields.

There is not much, we apprehend, to be gathered from the appearance of skuas, petrels, long-tailed or ice ducks (*Harelda glacialis*), and other species whose haunts are exclusively marine, as their occurrence inshore signifies in nearly all cases continued rough weather at some distance from land. There are no seafaring creatures, indeed, that delight more in storms than ice-ducks and petrels; for them, the huge green waves or churned masses of foam have no terrors; they are for the time being at home amid the wildest waters—the petrels on the one hand flitting silently over the turbulent billows, rising as they advance, and falling in their wake with contemptuous ease; the ducks, on the other hand, careering aloft during a sudden blast, and sounding their bagpipe-like notes, as if deriding the war of elements. Very different is the experience of the tender songsters that traverse the dreary waste of waters; sorely tried in their powers of flight, they are not unfrequently caught by adverse gales and driven hundreds of miles out of their course, to be finally swallowed by the pitiless waves.

In connection with this subject, and as bearing upon the question of former land-communications, reference may be made to an extremely interesting paper on the Migration and Habits of the Norwegian Lemming, read before the Linnæan Society of London by Mr W. D. Crotch in 1876. In this communication, Mr Crotch shows that the lemming, which is a small rat-like animal, occurring in abundance in many parts of Norway, assembles periodically, although at irregular intervals, in incredible numbers, and travels westwards until the sea-coast is reached; after which, on the first calm day, the vast multitude plunges into the Atlantic Ocean, 'and perishes, with its front still pointing westwards.' Such a voluntary destruction in the case of a single species is perhaps nowhere else to be found in the history of migratory animals, and it seems difficult to understand how the annihilation of so many migratory hordes through a 'suicidal routine' should not

ultimately lead to their extinction. Mr Crotch tells us that no survivor returns to the mountains; indeed, so formidable is the migration and its effects upon the poor fugitives, that we are told by Mr Collett—a Norwegian naturalist—of a ship sailing for fifteen hours through 'a swarm of lemmings which extended as far over the Trondhjems fiord as the eye could reach.'

Mr Crotch rightly, we think, concludes that land existed in the North Atlantic Ocean at no very remote date, and that when dry land connected Norway with Greenland, the lemmings 'acquired the habit of migrating westwards for the same reasons which govern more familiar migrations.' The inherited tendencies, therefore, of this little creature are opposed to the so-called instinct which impels quadrupeds as well as birds to change their quarters in quest of food and warmth, unless we conclude, with Mr Crotch, that in the case of the lemming, such instinct has persistently failed in its only rational purpose.

BY MEAD AND STREAM.

BY CHARLES GIBBON.

CHAPTER XL.—MADGE'S MISSION.

THE glow of happiness on Madge's face seemed to brighten even the gloomy atmosphere outside. She had done something for Philip—something that would not only give him pleasure in the highest degree, but which he would regard as an important practical service. For she had no doubt that she would be able to convince Mr Beecham of the groundlessness of all his charges against Mr Hadleigh. Then the two men would meet; they would shake hands; all the errors and suspicions which had separated them would be cleared up, forgiven, and soon forgotten in the amity which would follow. How glad Philip would be. She was impatient to complete her good work.

Miss Hadleigh entered the room hurriedly.

'Goodness gracious, dear, what charm have you used with papa that you have kept him so long with you? I never knew him stay so long with anybody before.'

'The only charm used was that the subjects we had to talk about were of great interest to us both,' Madge answered, smiling.

'Oh, how nice.—They concerned Philip? What does he say?'

'That we are not to pay attention to the rumours until we have definite information from Philip himself.'

'Was that all?' Miss Hadleigh was disappointed, and her expression of curiosity indicated that she was quite sure it was not all.

'No,' said Madge softly, wishful that her answer might have been more satisfactory to Miss Hadleigh.

The latter did not endeavour to conceal her surprise; but she did successfully conceal her feeling of pique that Madge should have been taken into the confidence of her father about matters of grave moment: she was sure they were so, for she had passed him on his way to the library. *She* had never been so honoured.

'I suppose I must not ask you what the other subjects were, dear?' she said, with one of her most gracious smiles. She meant: 'You certainly *ought* to tell *me*.'

Madge was spared the necessity of making a reply; for Mr Hadleigh, instead of sending the promised packet, had brought it himself. When he appeared, his daughter was silent. That was generally the case; but on the present occasion the silence had an additional significance. She was struck by a peculiar change in his expression, his walk, and manner. As she afterwards told her betrothed, it quite took her breath away to see him coming into the room looking as mild as if there had never been a frown on his face. The dreamy, seeking look had vanished from his eyes, which were now fixed steadily on Madge.

'I have brought you the memorandum, Miss Heathcote, and you are free to make what use of it you may think best.'

'I hope to make good use of it,' was her answer as she received a long blue envelope which was carefully sealed.

'Of course you understand that you are at liberty to open this yourself, or in the presence of others whom you think the contents may affect.'

'I shall first find one or two of the other letters,' said Madge, after a moment's reflection, 'and then I shall place them with this packet, sealed as it is, in the hands of the gentleman it most concerns.'

'I am satisfied. What I am most anxious about is that you yourself should be convinced. Do not forget that.'

'I am already convinced.' No one could doubt it who saw the bright confidence in her eyes.

'That is all I desire; but of course it will be a pleasure to me if you succeed in convincing others. I have told them to have the carriage ready, as I thought you might be in a hurry to get home.'

'Indeed I am; and thank you.'

Amazement as much as courtesy kept Miss Hadleigh mute until the leave-taking compelled her to utter the usual formalities. Mr Hadleigh saw Madge to the carriage, and there was a note of tenderness in his 'Good-bye'—as if he were a father seeing his daughter start on a long journey from which she might never return.

What was the mysterious influence the girl exercised over this man? Under it he had been always different from what he appeared to be at other times; and under it he had consented to do that to which no one else, except Philip, had ever dreamt he could be persuaded.

'I shall be glad when they are married,' he repeated to himself as, when the carriage had disappeared, he walked slowly back to the library.

Aunt Hessy was somewhat startled when she saw the Ringsford carriage and Madge come out of it alone.

'Is anything wrong at the Manor?' she asked; but before she had finished the question she was reassured by the face of her niece.

'No, aunt; but Mr Hadleigh thought I should have the carriage, as I was in a hurry. I have had a long talk with him. He has made me very happy, and has given me the power to make others happy.'

They were in the parlour now, and Aunt Hessy smiled at the excitement of the usually calm Madge.

'Is it extra blankets and coals for the poor folk, or a Christmas feast for the children?'

'No, no, aunt: it is something of very great importance to Philip and to me. Philip's uncle has all these years believed that it was Mr Hadleigh who spread the false report about him; and that is why he will not agree to have anything to say to him. Now, Philip has set his heart upon making them friends, and I can do it!'

There was a brightness in the girl's voice and manner which Aunt Hessy was glad to see after those days of pained thoughtful looks.

'How are you to do that, child?'

'By showing Philip's uncle who the real traitor was. His name was Richard Towers, and Mr Hadleigh says you knew him.'

'Richard Towers,' echoed the dame gravely, and looking back to the troubled time calmly enough now. 'We did know him, and we did not like him. He was one of the worst lads about the place, although come of decent people. He borrowed money from my father, and thought he could pay it back by wedding his daughter. He would not take "no" for an answer for a long time. But at last he came to see that there was no chance for him, and he spoke vile words. I do believe he was the kind of man that would take pleasure in such evil work.'

'He did do it. I have the proof.'

'The wonder is we never thought of it before,' continued the dame thoughtfully; 'but he has been gone away this many a year and is dead now. He went to California, and was shot in some drunken quarrel. Neighbour Hopkin's lad, who was out there too, says he was lynched for robbing a comrade and trying to murder him. But these are not pleasant things to talk about. God forgive the poor man all his sins; although, if what thou'rt saying be true, he brought sorrow enough to our door.'

That was the worst word the good woman had for the man. Then Madge, without betraying the confidence of Beecham, gave her a brief outline of her conversation with Mr Hadleigh. Aunt Hessy naturally concluded that it was Philip who had suggested that she should speak to his father, and asked no questions. With her mind full of wonder at the way in which the wicked are found out sooner or later, she went to the dairy whilst Madge wrote a hasty note to Mr Beecham. She asked simply what was the earliest hour at which she could see him.

She gave the note to young Jerry Mogridge with strict injunctions that he was to bring back an answer, no matter how long he might have to wait. Jerry promised faithful obedience, and privately hoped that he might have to wait a long time, for the taproom at the *King's Head* was a pleasant place in which to spend a few hours.

Then Madge went to the garret, which had been a storehouse of wonders to her in childhood, for there the lumber of several generations was stowed. It was a large place, occupying nearly the whole length and breadth of the house, with a small window at each end, and one skylight. She knew exactly where to find the oaken box she wanted, for she herself had pushed it away under the sloping roof near one of the windows. It was not a large box, and she had no difficulty in dragging it forward, so that she had the full benefit of the light. She had the key ready; but as it had not been used for years, she found it was not easy to get it to act. At length she succeeded, and raising the lid, disclosed a mass of old letters neatly tied in bundles, and old account-books ranged in order beside them.

The letters were not only neatly tied but duly docketed, so that, as Madge rapidly took out bundle after bundle, she had only to lift the tops to see from whom they had come and when. The light was failing her fast, and Aunt Hessy would on no account permit a lighted lamp or candle to be brought into the garret. She strained her eyes, and endeavoured to quicken her search. At length she found two letters, both dated in the same year—the year of her mother's marriage—and bearing the name Richard Towers. With a breath of satisfaction she drew them out from the bundle. What their contents might be did not matter: all she wanted was to secure fair specimens of the man's handwriting.

After relocking the box and thrusting it back into its place, she descended to the oak parlour. The lamp was on the table, and she lit it at once. Her first impulse was to open those letters and read them. But that would be to no purpose, as it was not in her power to compare the writing with the memorandum in the blue envelope she had received from Mr Hadleigh. Of course she was at perfect liberty to open that too, and it was natural that she should feel an inclination to do so. This feeling, however, was brief. She had decided to deliver the undoubted letters of Richard Towers and the packet with its seals unbroken. So she secured them all in one cover, which she addressed to Austin Shield. It was not to pass from her own hand except into that of the person for whom it was intended.

She had not recovered from the sense of hurry in which she had been acting, when young Jerry returned, and after fumbling in his pockets, produced a note.

'You saw Mr Beecham, then?' she said gladly.

'Didn't see him at all, missy; and I thought maybe as I'd better bring that back.' The note he gave her was her own.

'But I told you to wait.'

'Weren't no sort ov use, missy. Gentleman's gone away bag and baggage; and they say at the *King's Head* he ain't a-coming back no more.'

'Did he leave no address?'

'No what, missy?'

'The name of any place where letters could be sent to him.'

'O yes. I saw father: he drove him to the station, and the gentleman's gone to London.'

This was all the information young Jerry had been able to obtain, and he regarded it as quite satisfactory. To Madge, it was disappointing; but only in so far that it delayed the completion of her mission for a few days. It was certainly strange that Mr Beecham should take his departure so suddenly without leaving any message for her; but she had no doubt that the post would bring her one.

So, now, she settled herself down to wait for

Philip, and to make him glad when he came, with her news that his father had given his consent to the reconciliation.

But Philip did not visit Willowmere that night.

ANCIENT ROCK-HEWN EDICTS.

HAVING had the good fortune, some years ago, to find myself in the grand old Indian land, in company of friends so exceptional as still to take keen interest in all matters relating to native customs and Indian antiquities, I hailed with delight their proposal that we should devote some weeks to leisurely wandering among the chief points of interest along the line of railway, and thus with ease and comfort see more of the country than many old Indians have explored in their long years of exile. One of the chief cities where we made a prolonged halt was Allahabad—that is, 'the City of God'—now the point of junction for the railway from Bombay and from Calcutta, but dear to the natives of India as the meeting-place of the sacred rivers the Jumna and the Ganges, and consequently a very favourite place of pilgrimage, where countless multitudes annually assemble from every part of Hindustan.

Immediately above the junction of the sacred rivers stands the old fort of Allahabad, a grand mass of red sandstone, built by the great Emperor Akbar. It now contains a very large English armoury—great guns and little guns, and cannon and mortars, and all manner of weapons. Here it was that the English found refuge during the Mutiny; and our friends showed us the balcony, over-hanging the river, to which they thankfully hauled up any morsels of food or firewood brought to them by the faithful old servants, whom, however, they had been compelled to dismiss, with the rest of the native attendants, from within the walls of the fort. The mutiny in this city was very quickly crushed by the timely arrival of General Neill with his 'Madras Lambs;' not, however, till after one awful night, when, the doors of the jails having been broken open, three thousand miscreants were turned loose to lend their aid in burning and plundering the city. Upwards of fifty Europeans were massacred that night, including eight young cadets who had only just arrived from home. In the centre of the fort stands a very remarkable monolith, surmounted by a lion. It bears an inscription in the ancient Pali character, and is known as the Lat or Stone of Asoka, a mighty emperor who lived about 250 B.C., and who, having embraced the tenets of Buddha, inscribed his decrees on sundry great pillars which he erected in divers cities. One of these is at the Buddhist caves of Karli, and is called the Lion-pillar. It is a sixteen-sided monolith, surmounted by four lions. Another exists at Delhi, in the ruined fort of Togluck, though it is called after Feroze, a very modern emperor, whereas Asoka was, as we have seen, a mighty prince of pre-Christian ages. His pillars are sometimes surmounted by lions, sometimes by human figures, overshadowed by the seven-headed cobra, or some other emblem of power, such as the mystic umbrella—symbolical of Buddha—of which sufficient trace remains to be recognised, though time and weather have in the course of two thousand long years worn away the distinct form. Very similar pillars are at the present day erected in Nepaul, whereon are placed statues of kings, sometimes shaded by an umbrella made of metal—and in one instance, by the serpent hood.

From the reign of Asoka, the stone architecture of India dates its origin. He is said to have left eighty-four thousand buildings of various sorts, as the marks of his footprints on Time's sands. To him is attributed the great tope at Sanchi, that mighty relic-shrine, whose huge stone portals are to this day a marvel of mythological sculpture, the details of which have now been made so familiar to us all by casts, photographs, and description (see Fergusson's *Tree and Serpent Worship*, and also the great plaster casts at the South Kensington Museum)—sculptures representing the primeval worship of sacred serpents and holy trees, and displaying wheels, umbrellas, and other symbols more particularly suggestive of the new faith—that of Buddha—which Asoka established as the religion of the state. This mighty despot having determined that the new maxims which had become binding on his own conscience should henceforth be law to his subjects, proceeded to inscribe them on stone in every corner of his dominions, that the wayfarer might read them for himself.

Thus it is that, besides finding his edicts engraven on his buildings and pillars, they are also found inscribed—as on imperishable tablets—on great rocks scattered over the country from Orissa to Peshawur. One of these huge boulders, twenty feet in height and twenty-three in circumference, lies in the lonely jungle in the district of Kathiawad in Western India. Here the emperor states, that being convinced of the iniquity of slaying living creatures, he will henceforth desist from the pleasures of the chase. Henceforth, no animal must be put to death either for meat or sacrifice; and this law, which the emperor appoints for himself, is to apply to all his subjects, who are in future to feed only on vegetables. His protection of the brute creation applies not only to their lives; medical care is to be provided for all living creatures, man and beast, throughout the whole empire, as far south as Ceylon. Wells were to be dug, and trees planted, that men and beasts might have shade and drink. The emperor forbids all convivial meetings, as displeasing to the gods or injurious to the reveller. He declares that he will himself set the example of abstaining from all save religious festivals. On this huge 'Junagadh Rock,' as it is called, allusion is also made to four contemporary Greek kings. The date thus obtained is proved to be about 250 B.C., which just corresponds with that of Asoka himself.

The edicts go into various other matters. They inculcate the practice of a moral law of exceeding purity; they enjoin universal charity; and bid all men strive to propagate the true creed. To

this end, special missionaries were to be sent forth to the uttermost parts of the earth, to preach to rich and poor, learned and ignorant, that they might bring those 'which were bound in the fetters of sin to a righteousness passing knowledge.' Nevertheless, a liberal margin was to be allowed for diversity of opinion, and nothing savouring of religious persecution was to be tolerated. At the same time, the domestic life of the people was subject to the strictest censorship, overseers being appointed to report on every act in the life of every subject. These domestic inspectors attracted the particular attention of the Greeks who visited India in the train of Alexander the Great, who first turned the attention of Europeans to the then unknown Indian land, and pursued his career of conquest as far as the banks of the Sutlej, making himself master of the Punjab, and establishing Greek colonies at various places. These Greeks described the domestic monitors as 'Episcopi,' and asserted that their duty was to report, either to the king or the magistrates, everything that happened in town and country —an office which they seem to have filled wisely and with discretion. We may here observe that there must be some confusion in this chronicle of ancient days, inasmuch as Alexander the Great is stated to have died at Babylon in the year 323 B.C., a hundred years before the date usually assigned to the death of Asoka.

But Asoka's pillar has been to us as a talisman, transporting us backward for twenty centuries, to those remote days, which we now hear of as a dream of the past, when Buddhism first arose, and, like a mighty wave, for a while overspread the whole land. Hinduism is now, however, the chief religion of this north-west province.

The pillar is not the sole representative of diversity of creed that exists within the huge Mohammedan fort, a fort now held by Christians, who have fitted up one of Akbar's buildings as a military chapel, where, we believe, service is held daily. Half-way between this Christian church and the Buddhist pillar there still exists a Hindu temple of exceeding sanctity, though how the Mohammedans came to tolerate its existence within their fort is a marvel quite beyond comprehension. It is a foul temple of darkness, extending far underground, and roofed with low arches. We descended by a flight of dark dirty steps, dimly revealed by a couple of tallow candles; and we followed the old soldier who acted as our guide, and who led us along dark passages, and did the honours of various disgusting idols, stuck in niches, some as large as life, others quite small, but all alike hideous, and all adorned with flowers, and wet with the libations of holy Ganges water, poured upon them by the faithful. The flowers are the invariable large African marigold and China roses.

Each image is generally smeared with scarlet paint, to symbolise the atonement of blood that should be offered daily, but which most of the worshippers are too poor to afford. This substitute for the sacrifice of blood is common all over India, where a daub of red paint administered to the village god is at all times an acceptable act of atonement. These village gods, however, are generally placed beneath some fine old tree, with the blue sky overhead; but this disgusting temple was one which you could not enter without a shuddering impression of earthly and sensual demon-worship.

Here we were also shown a budding tree, supposed to be of extraordinary antiquity; a fiction by no means shaken, though the Brahmins frequently substitute a new tree. So holy is this temple, that when, at one time, all natives were excluded from the fort, one rich Hindu pilgrim arrived, and offered twenty thousand rupees for permission to worship here. The commandant, however, had no authority to admit any one, so was compelled to refuse his prayer, in spite of so tempting a bait. It was with a feeling of thankful relief that we emerged from that noxious and oppressive darkness into the balmy air and blessed sunlight.

We spent some pleasant hours in one of the balconies overhanging the river, while in the cool room within, fair women with musical voices accompanied themselves on the piano, in Akbar's old quarters; and so we idled away the heat of the day till the red sun sank into the water, behind the great dark railway bridge, a bridge which the Brahmins declared the gods would never tolerate on so sacred a river as the Jumna, but which nevertheless spans the stream in perfect security. It was a vast undertaking, as, owing to the great extent of country subject to inundation during the rains, it was necessary to construct a bridge well-nigh two miles in length. The Indian railway has certainly necessitated an amazing amount of work, on a scale so vast as to test engineering skill to the uttermost, and in no respect more strikingly than in the construction of these monster bridges, one of which, across the Soane, is about a mile and a quarter in length, while that on the Sutlej, between Jellunder and Loodiana, is about two and a half miles. On the sandbanks just below the fort, huge mud-turtles lay basking, and the gentlemen amused themselves by taking long shots at them from the balconies, whereupon the creatures rose and waddled into the water with a sudden flop. These sandbanks are favourite haunts of crocodiles—*muggers*, as they are called—which, however, declined to show on this occasion.

Perhaps the pleasantest of our afternoons at Allahabad was one spent in watching the evolutions of the native cavalry, Probyn's Horse, a beautiful regiment, whose graceful dress, and still more graceful riding, were always attractive. On this occasion they were playing the game of Naza Bazi, or the Game of the Spear, when, riding past us singly at full gallop, they with their long spear split a wooden tent-peg driven hard into the ground. Then they picked a series of rings off different poles; afterwards, with unerring sword, cleaving a succession of oranges, stuck on posts, as though they were foemen's skulls. Next followed some very pretty tilting with spear against sword. We had only one fault to find—their strokes were so unerring that they never allowed us the excitement of a doubt! Altogether, it was the prettiest riding imaginable, and a beautiful game, though the practice of suddenly pulling up short, when at full speed, on reaching the last peg, thereby showing off splendid horsemanship, must often injure the good steed. As we watched this beautiful sport, we all agreed in wishing we could see it introduced into England. That wish has since then been fulfilled,

and I learn with pleasure that many of our own cavalry have attained such perfection in this game of skill as to be no whit behind the most accomplished of Indian horsemen.

A RUN FOR LIFE.

A PRISONER had escaped from Dartmoor Prison. During a dense fog, which had suddenly enveloped a working convict-gang, one of them—a man notorious for being perhaps the most desperate character amongst the many desperate ones there—had contrived to escape, and, for the present at all events, had eluded capture.

It was not a particularly pleasant piece of news for us to hear, considering that we had, attracted by a very tempting advertisement, taken a small house for the summer months not very far distant from the famous prison itself. We were tired of seaside places; it seemed as if we should enjoy a change from our every-day life in London more, if we were in some quiet secluded spot, far from uncompromising landladies, crowds of over-dressed people, and bands of music. Every day we scanned the papers, with a view to discovering something to suit us; and our patience was at last rewarded by coming across the following advertisement, to which I promptly replied: 'To be let for the summer months, a charming Cottage, beautifully situated on the borders of Dartmoor, containing ample accommodation for a small family, with every convenience; a good garden and tennis-lawn; also the use of a pony and trap, if required; and some choice poultry. Terms, to a careful tenant, most moderate. Apply to A. B., Post-office, &c.'

The answer to my inquiries arrived in due time; and everything seemed so thoroughly satisfactory, that I induced my husband to settle upon taking the place for three months, without a personal inspection of it previously. The terms were two pounds ten shillings a week, and that was to include the use of the pony-trap, the poultry, and several other advantages not set forth in the advertisement. The only drawback—rather a serious one—was that Mr Challacombe, to whom the place belonged, had informed me that it was about three miles from a station. However, with the pony-trap always at hand, even that did not seem an insuperable objection. He expatiated upon the beauty of the scenery; the perfect air from the heather-clad moors; and lastly, requested an early decision from us, as several other applicants for the Cottage were already in the field.

To be brief, we agreed to take it; and on a scorching day in July, our party—consisting of two maid-servants, my husband, and myself, and our only olive branch, a most precious little maiden of three years old—started from Paddington Station *en route* for Exeter, where we were to branch off for our final destination, Morleigh Cottage. The pony-trap was to meet us; and Mr Challacombe had promised that we should find everything as comfortable as he could possibly arrange; and as sundry hampers had preceded us, I had no fears as to settling down cosily as soon as we should arrive.

The journey to Exeter by an express train was by no means tedious; we rather enjoyed it. As our branch train slowly steamed into the wayside station, we seemed to be the only passengers who wished to alight; and presently we found ourselves, with the exception of a solitary porter, the sole occupants of the platform. At one end of it lay a goodly pile of our luggage, which the said porter had in a very leisurely manner extracted from the van.

The pony-trap was to meet us; and as Mr Challacombe had assured us it would not only hold four grown-up people and a child, but a fair amount of *impedimenta*, we were under no anxiety as to how we were to reach Morleigh Cottage.

'Is there anything here for us?' my husband inquired of the porter.

'No, sir; not that I knows of.'

'From Morleigh Cottage?' Jack explained.

'No, sir,' he repeated. 'But chance it may come yet.'

'Chance, indeed,' I echoed in a low tone. 'It will be too disgraceful, Jack, if Mr Challacombe has forgotten to desire the carriage to be sent.'

We both proceeded to the other side of the station, and gazed through the fast-falling twilight up a narrow road, down which the porter informed us the pony-trap was sure to come, if it was coming at all—which did not seem probable, after a dreary half-hour's hopeless waiting for it.

In the meanwhile, we beguiled the time by asking the porter some leading questions with regard to the surroundings, &c., of Morleigh Cottage; all of which he answered with a broad grin on his sunburnt, healthy face.

'How far is the Cottage from here?' Jack inquired.

'Better than six miles.'

'Six miles!' I exclaimed!—'O Jack, Mr Challacombe said it was about three.'

'It 's a good step more than that,' observed the porter, with a decided nod of his head.

'It is a very pretty place?' I said interrogatively.

'It isn't bad, for them as likes it,' was the guarded and somewhat depressing response.

I felt my spirits sink to zero. I had persuaded Jack to take it; he had suggested that we should go to see it first; but the advertisement had been so tempting, and the idea of the other longing applicants had made me so keen to secure it, that I felt whatever it was like, I must make the best of it, and contrive that Jack at least should not repent of having been beguiled by me into, as he expressed it, taking 'a pig in a poke.'

'The pony-carriage is sure to come,' I said in a confident way, once more straining my eyes up the deserted road. As I uttered the word 'pony-carriage,' I detected a distinct grin for the second time on the man's face, which was presently fully accounted for by the appearance of our equipage coming jolting down the deeply rutted road. Imagine a tax-cart of the shabbiest, dirtiest description, with bare boards for seats, and the bottom strewn with straw; the pony, an aged specimen, shambling along, with a harness in which coarse pieces of rope predominated. It was a pony-*trap*, with a vengeance.

I could almost have cried when it drew up, and I saw Jack's critical eye running over all its shortcomings. And it was all my fault.

It was too late to recede from our bargain now; all that we could do was to bundle into

the horrible machine, and endure as we best could an hour's martyrdom driving to Morleigh Cottage.

Our groom was a civil boy of about fifteen, clad in ordinary working-clothes. He managed to sit on the shaft or somewhere, and to drive us back, as Jack of course had no idea of the direction; and, judging from the solitariness of the scene, we should not have been wise to depend upon chance passers-by to direct us.

Arrived at last, we found the Cottage was just two shades better than the trap. It was a tiny abode, as desolately situated as it was possible to conceive; the only redeeming point about it being that it was clean.

The next morning, which happened to be a very wet misty one, we surveyed our garden and domain generally. The tennis-lawn was spacious enough, and the garden, to do Mr Challacombe justice, was well stocked; but the place itself was like the city of the dead—so silent, so quiet, so lonely.

But as the weather improved, we got out most of the day, which rendered us very independent of the small low-roofed rooms. Jack and I took long walks, and occasionally we utilised the pony-trap, taking with us our little Rose and her nurse.

We began to think soon of asking some of our relations to visit us; and the first to whom I sent an invitation was an elderly cousin, who resided in London, and who was in rather delicate health. I candidly explained the out-of-the-way nature of the place we were in, but descanted upon the great pleasure it would be to have her, and my entire conviction that the air would do her an immense amount of good. She came; and it was very fortunate for me that she did so, as about three days after, a telegram had reached us requesting my husband to lose no time in returning to town, in consequence of one of his partners being taken ill. It was raining when he left us; and I watched the wretched shandrydan disappear down the road with feelings I could scarcely repress—a sense of foreboding evil seemed to oppress me. I tried in vain to shake it off, but only partly succeeded in doing so. Cousin Susan endeavoured to console me by reminding me constantly that Jack had promised to return in a day or two.

Jack had just been gone for one week, when Rose's nurse, a pleasant girl of about twenty, came to my room and informed me of the occurrence I have already alluded to—'A prisoner had escaped.'

Nothing could have frightened me more, and I was afraid it might alarm Cousin Susan, so I charged Margaret on no account to let it reach her ears. Very likely, even now the man was captured; it was rare, indeed, that a convict ever escaped; but I had heard stories of their eluding capture, until, driven by sheer starvation, they often surrendered themselves to any stray passer-by, to whom the reward might or might not be of some consequence.

That very morning, we had arranged to drive to rather a distant spot to get some ferns. I would fain have deferred the expedition; but Cousin Susan was already preparing for it, so I could only have postponed it by giving my reasons; and the chance of encountering the convict seemed too small to risk terrifying her by telling her of it at all.

It was a lovely morning when we started, and Cousin Susan became quite enthusiastic over the 'frowning tors and wind-swept moors.'

'Don't you admire them, Helen?' she said.

'They are very grand,' I admitted.

'Oh, so lovely, so wild!' said Susan.

I was glad she liked them.

The ferns were to be found in a sort of ravine, which was reached by a narrow lane; on one side was almost a precipice, overhanging a streamlet, now nearly dry, but one which the winter rains soon transformed into a torrent; on the other side was a wood, composed principally of stunted oak-trees, with hardly any foliage, and singularly small; but all around the trees was a thick sort of underwood.

We had left Tom the stable-boy with the trap by the roadside, and I had privately resolved not to let my cousin penetrate farther into the ravine than I could help; but she was so charmed with its wealth of rare ferns, that she skipped from one point to another with an amount of dexterity and nimbleness I had never before given her credit for.

'I do think we might collect quite a hamperful, Helen!' she said, kneeling down as she spoke to dig up a root most energetically.

'We had better come another day, then,' I responded. 'I don't want to be late of getting back, so, if you don't mind just taking a few specimens—when Jack is with us, we can come again.'

'Now or never!' gaily rejoined my cousin, little imagining how soon her own words were to be applicable to ourselves. She pounced joyfully upon her ferns, and had collected quite a small heap, when I suggested that we had better tell Tom to tie the pony to a gate, and come up to carry them down for her.

'O no!' said Cousin Susan. 'I will carry them myself. Do help me here just a minute, Helen.'

By this time we were some distance up the ravine; the walk was narrow and winding; we had gone farther than even I had intended. I bent down to give her the assistance she wanted in raising up some lovely lichen from the trunk of a dead tree. As I did so, my eyes wandered some distance from where we were standing towards a fallen tree. I fancied—perhaps it was only fancy—I knew I was in a very nervous state, and apt to imagine, but I fancied I saw a movement just beyond the tree—it was within twenty paces of us. I felt my face grow icy cold; my veins seemed chilling; for a moment I feared I was going to faint. Death must be something like what I felt on that sunny day in August when I stood in the Devonshire ravine with my unconscious cousin. I looked again. There it was more distinctly visible than ever—a line of drab-coloured clothing, and presently a side-view of the most villainous-looking countenance it was ever my fortune to behold. If I could, without alarming her, get my cousin to retrace her steps about ten yards, we should have turned a corner, and then I could tell her enough to hurry her onwards. I knew she was nervous—more so, perhaps, than myself; but I knew we were in imminent peril while in such close proximity to this desperate

and, from his very escape, doubly desperate man.

'Susan,' I said—my voice seemed so hard and dry and strange!—'you have passed all the best ferns here.'

'O no; I haven't,' said Susan joyously, approaching two steps nearer the crouching convict.

'Am I to throw these away?' I continued, holding out one of her best specimens, and, as carelessly and indifferently as I could, moving one, two, three steps nearer the corner.

'No; of course not,' she exclaimed, hurrying towards me now. 'Why, Helen, what are you thinking of?'

I moved a few more steps on; and in a few more, Susan and I would both be out of sight of that fallen tree.

'There is a much better one here,' I said, keeping my face well averted, for I felt if she looked at me she would see its ashy paleness.

'Where?' she asked. 'Wait a minute, and I'll come for it.' To my horror, she retraced her steps towards her heap of ferns, and carefully counted them, whilst I waited in a state of terror words cannot describe. But she came at last, and I tottered with her round the fateful corner.

'Don't be frightened,' I said; 'but come quickly; ask no questions. Do as I tell you, Susan.'

She paused, affrighted. 'Good gracious, Helen, have you seen a wild beast?'

'Worse,' I murmured. 'Do not run, but lose no time.'

I ventured to glance behind. Nothing was visible; but every moment was precious; we must reach the pony-trap and Tom. Once all together, the convict would surely not venture to attack us, and I knew that being on the high-road, alone would in itself insure our safety. But we had not reached it yet; a long rough narrow path had to be traversed. If the man suspected we had seen him, nothing would be easier than for him to overtake us and make short work of us. I thought of Jack, of Rose, of my happy life. Everything seemed to float through my mind as I half led, half dragged Susan after me. We had gone perhaps a shade more than half-way, when I once more turned round, in the distance, on the path over which we had just passed. To my unutterable consternation, I beheld the convict hurrying towards us.

'Run, Susan!' I panted—'run for your life!'

Another twist in the road hid us momentarily from his sight; but I knew he was after us, running now as fast as, or perhaps a good deal faster than we were, though we were now both of us flying along at a pace which only the peril we were in could have enabled us to sustain.

'For your life!' I repeated. 'Run, Susan!'

I held her hand. Narrow as was the path, we managed to struggle onwards together and to keep ahead of our pursuer. Mercifully, we had had a good start; and it had only been on second thoughts, some minutes after we had disappeared, that the man had elected to follow us. I felt if I once let Susan's hand go, she would be lost. Ever and anon, she stumbled; once she nearly fell; but she recovered herself well, and though panting terribly, showed no signs of succumbing.

But he was overtaking us; I heard him coming faster and faster, nearer and nearer. I heard him breathing behind us, and I felt another instant and he must be upon us.

'Help!' I shrieked.

'Help!' echoed poor exhausted Susan, in a still shriller treble.

I heard an oath, awful in its profanity, hurled at us; but the steps seemed to pause.

'Help! help!' I shrieked again.

We plunged forwards. I heard as in the distance the sound of horses' feet galloping towards us. Another moment and we were on the high-road; Susan speechless, her dress half torn off her with our terrible race, her hat gone, and otherwise in a dishevelled condition; I feeling faint and sick—but safe—thank God! both of us quite safe—with not only Tom, seated in the shandrydan, staring in mute amazement at us, but with three stalwart mounted warders, who were even then in quest of the convict.

They captured him an hour afterwards, after a terrific struggle, which was made all the more terrible from the fact of his having possessed himself of a knife, with which he attempted to stab the warders.

Jack came back the next day; and as his partner's illness had assumed rather a serious aspect, he told me he must give up Morleigh Cottage, and we could finish our holiday at Eastbourne or some place nearer town. 'I never could leave you here again, my darling,' he said; 'after such an escape, I can't risk another.' So we all, Cousin Susan included, returned to our cosy house in Seymour Street, and afterwards proceeded to the seaside, where in due time Susan and I both fully recovered from the shock we had received in that Devonshire ravine.

FAMILIAR SKETCHES OF ENGLISH LAW.

III. MASTER AND SERVANT.

THE relation of master and servant depends entirely upon a contract of hiring and service. If the contract is not to be fully performed within the period of one year, it is void if not in writing; and this necessity for a written contract is not confined to cases where the service is intended to be for more than one year. If a servant be hired on Monday for the term of one year, to commence on the following Saturday, the contract ought to be in writing, as a verbal contract would be void on the ground indicated above—namely, that it was not intended to be fully performed within one year from the date on which it was entered into. If, however, the service was to commence on the Monday on which the verbal contract of hiring was entered into, no such objection would arise.

Assuming that a valid contract is entered into, there are still some peculiarities attached to certain kinds of service, which do not affect others. Thus, in England, both domestic servants and agricultural labourers are usually engaged for a year; but the former class may put an end to the engagement at any time by giving one month's notice; while the latter are irrevocably bound for the entire year, unless the hiring be determined by mutual consent. This difference is

founded upon universal custom, which has the force of law. Probably the custom had its origin in early ages, and was founded upon considerations of convenience. The work of an agricultural labourer is distributed very unequally over the year, being much more heavy at some seasons than at others; and therefore it is reasonable that a man who receives wages by the year should not be allowed to take his money for the light season, and leave his situation when the work is heavier. Domestic servants, on the other hand, have their work more evenly distributed over the entire year, although they also have sometimes to do more work than at other times, but not to the same extent as agricultural labourers; and being brought into more immediate contact with their master's family (especially the mistress), it might in many cases be very unpleasant to be obliged to carry into full effect the hiring for a whole year. Hence, either master or mistress on the one hand, or domestic servant on the other, may at any time give 'a month's warning,' and so dissolve the engagement. In Scotland, domestic servants are generally hired for a month or for 'the term,' which is half a year, but agricultural labourers for a year, as in England.

The more highly paid class of servants, such as managers, cashiers, clerks above the grade of copyists, &c., are generally engaged for an indefinite term, subject to three months' notice. Such an engagement as this, although it may possibly continue for several years, need not be in writing, because it may be dissolved within the year; and it is only when a contract which is entire and indivisible cannot be fully performed within that time, that writing is necessary. It is, however, desirable that the terms of the engagement should be in writing, for the sake of certainty and in order to avoid misunderstanding. Copying-clerks, journeymen, and persons occupying positions of a similar kind, are usually subject to one month's notice. In all cases, the obligation as to notice is reciprocal, and equally binding on both parties, mutuality being essential to the agreement. There is, however, one distinction which has a substantial reason for its existence: a master may pay his clerk or manager three months' salary, or his journeyman or copying-clerk one month's salary, and dismiss him immediately; but the servant must give the proper notice, and cannot throw up his engagement by sacrificing salary in lieu of notice. The reason for this is obvious: if a clerk gets his salary without working for it, instead of working out his notice, he is not in any way injured, but may be benefited by the prompt dismissal; for he may obtain an engagement elsewhere before the time when the notice would have expired. But it would be difficult to estimate the loss which might be sustained by a master in consequence of the sudden withdrawal of a confidential clerk or manager. For any breach of contract an action of damages will lie at the instance of either party, and the measure of damages will be the probable loss to the servant before he can find a new situation, or to the master before he can find a new servant.

Whenever a person is hired without any stipulation as to notice, the engagement will be subject to any custom which may exist in the particular trade or business for which he was engaged. In some branches of business, commercial travellers claim to be engaged absolutely by the year, and this custom has been proved and allowed in court; a traveller obtaining a verdict for the balance of his year's salary, when he had been dismissed in the middle of the year. Ordinary labourers, engaged by the week, are only entitled to one week's notice; but miners are by custom required to give, and are entitled to receive, fourteen days' notice.

Gross misconduct on the part of the servant is in all cases a sufficient reason for dismissal without notice; and generally, if the misconduct be sufficient to justify this extreme course, the wages actually earned by the offender are forfeited, and he or she cannot recover the same by legal proceedings. A manager who imparts his master's secrets to a rival in business; a cashier who cannot account for the cash intrusted to his care; a journeyman who recklessly destroys any of his master's goods—may all be summarily dismissed. So also may any kind of servant who persistently disobeys his master's orders, or frequently absents himself without leave. A female domestic servant who without reasonable cause stays out all night, or who is known to be guilty of immorality, is within the same category. It is scarcely necessary to add that any dishonest act by a servant, such as misappropriating his or her master's money or goods, ought to be followed on detection by immediate dismissal, even though it may not be thought necessary or desirable to prosecute the servant.

In the absence of any special agreement on the subject, a servant cannot be compelled to make good the loss occasioned by accidental breakages; and any deduction from the salary or wages earned in respect of such breakages would be illegal, unless the master were to establish a claim for reparation in respect of fault or gross negligence; just as in the case of a lawyer or a doctor who has bungled the duty intrusted to him through want of skill or due care.

The death of the master terminates the contract. In England, the servant may be paid wages up to the time of his master's death, if the executors do not retain his services, which would amount to a new hiring so far as relates to notice; but in Scotland he is entitled to be paid wages and board-wages up to the end of his engagement, unless a new situation should in the meantime be procured for him either by himself or the executors. He is at anyrate entitled to be kept free from loss, because he was ready to fulfil his part of the contract.

On the bankruptcy of the master, each clerk or servant, labourer or workman—if the assets be sufficient—is entitled to be paid in full the salary or wages due to him in respect of services rendered to the bankrupt during four months before the date of the receiving order, if the amount do not exceed fifty pounds, before any dividend is paid to ordinary creditors. For any excess, the servant must rank against his master's estate as an ordinary creditor, with whom he will rank for dividend thereon. This right of priority is, however, subject to the right of the landlord to distrain for the rent due, not exceeding a twelvemonth, and is shared with the collectors of rates and taxes within certain specified limits. If the net amount of assets in

hand, after paying expenses, should be insufficient to cover the preferential payments, the money must be divided among the parties entitled, by way of preferential dividend. In Scotland, the farm-servant's claim for wages is preferable to the landlord's claim for rent.

A master is liable for any damage done to the property of strangers by his servant in the course of his ordinary employment, but not otherwise. For example: a groom who is sent out by his master with a horse and carriage, and drives so negligently as to injure another person's horse or carriage, renders his master liable to an action for damages. An engine-driver who disregards a danger-signal, and causes a collision, involves the Railway Company in a liability for reparation to every passenger who may be injured. But a master is not liable if the servant act beyond the scope of his employment; if, for example, the groom were accidentally to wound a passer-by with the gamekeeper's gun, or even if the gamekeeper himself were voluntarily to wound a poacher, unless it were proved that he was actually ordered by his master to do it.

Before January 1, 1881, a master was not liable to an action for damages in respect of any injury sustained by any person employed by him through the negligence of a fellow-servant; though he might be held responsible if the accident which caused the injury were caused by his own negligence. But the law has been altered, and a workman is now entitled to compensation for accidental injury sustained by reason of the negligence of any foreman or superintendent in the service of his employer; or of any person whose orders the workman was bound to obey; or by reason of anything done in compliance with the rules or bylaws of the employer, or in obedience to particular instructions given by any person duly authorised for that purpose: or in the case of railway servants, by reason of the negligence of any signalman, pointsman, engine-driver, &c. But the right to compensation is not to arise in case the workman knew of the negligence which caused the injury, and failed to give notice to the employer or some person superior to himself in the service of the employer; nor if the rules or bylaws from the observance of which the accident arose had been approved by the proper department of the government; neither would a workman who by his own negligence had contributed to the accident be entitled to compensation: the common-law rule as to contributory negligence being applicable. In case of any accident which is within the provisions of the Act, notice of the injury must be given to the employer within six weeks, and any action must be commenced within six months after the occurrence of the accident; or in case of death, proceedings must be taken within twelve months from the date of death. The compensation must not exceed in amount three years' earnings; and the action must in England be brought in the County Court; in Scotland in the Sheriff Court; and in Ireland in the Civil Bill Court; the proceedings in each case being removable into a superior court at the instance of either party. The benefits of the Act do not extend to domestic or menial servants, but are available for railway servants, labourers agricultural and general, journeymen, artificers, handicraftsmen, and persons otherwise engaged in manual labour.

In case of the illness of a servant—unless such illness be caused by his or her own misconduct—the master cannot legally refuse to pay the wages which may accrue during the time of such illness; but the service may be terminated by notice in the usual way; the principle being that no man can be held accountable for what is beyond his own control. The servant being willing to do his duty, but rendered unable to do so by circumstances beyond his own control, he must not be punished for such inability by being deprived of his wages. A master is only liable to pay his servant's medical attendant when the master has employed him, but not when the doctor is employed by the servant himself.

A master may bring an action against a stranger for any injury done to his servant, whereby he (the master) suffers loss or inconvenience, or for enticing his servant away, and inducing him to neglect or refuse to fulfil his engagement.

When a servant applies to any person for a new engagement, it is usual for him to refer to his previous master for a character, as it would be objectionable for a stranger to be employed without some means of knowing whether he was competent and respectable. In answering inquiries as to character and ability, it is necessary to be very careful to say neither more nor less than the exact truth. If an undeserved bad character be given, the servant may recover damages, on establishing malice and want of probable cause, in an action for libel or slander, according to the mode in which the character was given, in writing or verbally. On the other hand, suppression of unfavourable facts may have still more serious consequences. If a servant be known to be dishonest, and his master ventures to recommend him as trustworthy, he will render himself liable to make good any loss occasioned by subsequent acts of dishonesty which may be committed by the servant in his new situation, and which without such recommendation could not have been committed. When nothing favourable can be said, the safest way is to decline to answer any inquiries on the subject. But it would be unfair to adopt this course without adequate cause, for such refusal would inevitably be construed as equivalent to giving the servant a bad character, and would frequently prove an obstacle to his obtaining another situation.

HEROINES.

Most of us have heard of a certain thoughtful little girl who took Time by the forelock, and decided that if women must have some profession to turn to, she would be a Professional Beauty. There are thousands of girls, older and wiser, who yearn to be heroines, and have quite as vague notions about it. There are countless women, with characters still fresh and plastic, who find existence but a dull level. Life is a narrow lane to them. They would like mountaineering. They want adventure. They sigh to be heroines.

What are heroines, after all? Let us look for the reality, and not for a dream, or we shall go

mountaineering, and be lost among shadows when the darkness of age begins to fall. In the real life we are all living, how does one get to be a heroine? Are there any, and where are they? Who shall tell us? Can the novelists? For the most part, no. The ordinary sort of fiction is full of ambitious flecks and flaws; how can it know and describe the most delicate and intricate, the most minutely beautiful of human characters? There is a novel in which the hero exclaims pathetically that he was 'a Pariah' until he married. Could the inventor of the Pariah invent anything but a heroine to match him? The fiction that excels in the highest qualities falls short here. The best describer of life, even if his conception of this character be perfectly just, must be content with merely hinting it, for his space has limits. Instead of describing in half a page the colour of eyes, hair, and dress, and afterwards ten adventures and two dozen conversations, he could hardly be expected to write for one character a whole shelf of detailed volumes, and to gather his notes with the minuteness of a census-taker.

Let us look elsewhere. Several women have passed the old turnstile to public life, and got in somehow on men's tickets. Their insignificant sisters peep over the wall, and observe that men who outside were the soul of chivalry, begin to elbow the ladies within, and ungallantly assert in self-defence that the ladies have elbows too. The insignificant sisters will not enter; but if they tried to reason about it, they would be 'stumped out' in a moment by the others on the platforms inside. 'When I hear a woman use intellectual arguments, I am dismayed,' says a wise thinker from beyond the Atlantic; and the insignificant crowd aforesaid and the majority of the world agree with him in this; and those outside the wall find out all at once that a woman's unreasoning nature is no insignificant charm. 'Her best reason, as it is the world's best, is the inspiration of a pure and believing heart. She is happiest when she devotes herself, obedient to her patient and unselfish nature, to some loved being or high cause; and glory itself, says Madame de Staël, would be for her only a splendid mourning-suit for happiness denied.'

Shall we turn from the platforms, and look to intellectual culture? We see at the outset that it cannot be necessary to heroism; for all human nature's highest prizes are open to all, and great intellectual culture belongs to the few. Besides, there can be such a thing as learning too much, and knowing nothing worth knowing. In America, where life is lived double-quick, and where every product from a continent downwards is of the largest size, there are crops of overtaught girlhood ripe already for our inspection. Women of the middle classes there can discuss the nebular hypothesis or the binomial theory, as ours talk of lacework and the baby. Mr Hudson, in his recent *Scamper through America*, declares that to converse in the railway cars with ladies returning from Conventions and Conferences was a genuine pleasure, an intellectual treat. But he adds, that though one could revere them, almost worship them, to love them was out of the question. 'Practical passionless creatures, they seemed to constitute a third sex. Where were the girls? We never saw them. We did meet with young ladies of twelve and thirteen, with jewel-laden fingers, and with vocabularies of ponderous dictionary words; but, like their mothers and elder sisters, they were such superior beings, that one longed for a lassie that was not so very clever—one who had something yet unlearned that she could ask a fellow to tell her about.'

We have failed in the novels, on the platforms, and at the learned Conferences. Shall we carry our search to the haunts of human suffering next? There are hundreds of women, banded together or working singly, to whom every form of sorrow and helplessness is an attraction. They do not deal in dry statistical philanthropy, but in loving compassion. They are not 'women with a mission,' because the woman with a mission flaunts it before the world, and gets more or less in everybody's way; but these desire to remain unknown, never counting the debt humanity owes to them. The wounded soldier on the battlefield knows them well enough; and the criminal in prison; and the sick, the poor, the aged, the young children. Sacrificing a whole life to the common good, they are heroines; it is beyond doubt. But not the heroines we seek, whose sphere is to be something more homely, easy, and attainable for all. However, these women, whose lives are compassion, have given a light upon the track. It dawns upon us, that in womanly heroism, self-sacrifice is the essence, and hiddenness marks it genuine.

Far different is the typical woman with a mission, whose type, dashed off with a few strokes by the pen of Dickens, flits across our memory from *Bleak House*, and provokes a sigh and a smile. Again, Mrs Jellyby, with her dress laced anyhow like the lattice of a summer-house, is writing in a room full of disorder, with her philanthropic eye fixed upon the savages of Borrioboola, South Africa, while her own little boy is outside, kicking and howling, with his head stuck between the area railings. Again, Mr Jellyby employs his evenings in leaning his head feebly against the wall; and when poor Caddy is married, we hear him giving her all he has to give—the beseeching advice: 'My dear, never have a mission!'

Even Mrs Jellyby may help us in our search, by sending us flying in the opposite direction. We have had light on our path—hiddenness is the seal, and unselfishness is the essence, and we are searching for the heroines of home. Their distinction does not depend, as in fiction, upon adventures, lovers, or beauty. If it did, they could be heroines only till the end of youth and volume three; but in the real world they shall be heroines not only till the time of gray hairs and careworn brow, but for ever and a day.

There is nothing in creation more beautiful than a true heroine, and nothing so hard to find. Not that they are scarce. They crowd the world as daisies dot the summer fields. But they are hidden, and hidden precisely where a thing wanted is most unlikely to be found—too close

to us, just straight before our eyes. Not in the world of romance, or in the crush of public life, or in the clear cold air of science; but in the narrow lane where we started, in the monotonous routine of common daily life, that seems to be hedged in from all interest—there are the heroines to be found. Their heroism is made up of trivial details, the shabby atoms of uneventful life. If it be objected that the heroic means something greatly above the ordinary level, we would answer, that their whole life is above the level; that the essence of heroism—sacrifice—has become to them an unconsciously acting second nature, and that all that is life-long is surely great. But sometimes trivial incidents can become in themselves heroic. Whoever heard in a novel of heroism with a crushed thumb? All the finest things are true. It is told of the late Viscountess Beaconsfield, that on the night of an important speech by her husband, then Mr Disraeli, when they were seated in the carriage together to drive to the House of Commons, the servant closing the door, crushed her thumb. She uttered no cry, left the bruise untouched, and acted and spoke as if she was at ease. Hours after, when she descended from the Ladies' Gallery, he discovered the agony she had been enduring, in order not to spoil his speech; and in after-years, when the Viscountess was dead, he still told the touching little story in her praise.

But to return to our heroines of commonplace life. Their greatness does not even need striking incidents. Their worth makes precious those trivial atoms of which life is composed, and what began as an unpretending patchwork, ends as a complete and precious picture, like the splendid mosaics of Venice or Rome. This is why one might defy the first of novelists to describe the loveliness of such a life; its daily parts are positively too small to pick up.

For each one of us there is some face enshrined in memory, whose influence is lofty as an inspiration, whose power is a living power, whose love has been stronger than death, and will light an upward path for us even to life's end. Why is all this but because she whom we loved was a heroine? And what were her characteristics? One answer will serve for all—Tenderness, gentleness, self-forgetfulness, suffering. The last characteristic may not be universal, like the rest. But the highest love can only exist where suffering has touched the object loved. It is one of the compensations for the manifold sorrow of this world of ours. The fire of trial seems to light up every beauty and attraction. The life that not only loved much but suffered much has a royal right of influence as long as memory lasts—an influence which cannot belong to any life which suffering has not crowned.

Now we have sketched our heroine, easily recognisable, but herself never dreaming or caring to think that she is one, or her glory would be frail as a bubble. The poorest woman knitting on her cottage threshold can have this glory for her own; for there is no true-hearted woman, rich or poor, who cannot walk her simple life lovingly enough to leave enshrined for others, as a living influence, such a memory as we have described. And what sceptre has so sweet a power as that—an immortal influence through the hearts we have loved most? Compared with this, what is fame but an echo, and what is the heroism of romance but an unreal shadow!

ARMY SCHOOLS.

THE valuable advantages these institutions offer to soldiers and their children will, we trust, be evident from the perusal of the following short account of their organisation. With regard to children, these schools will soon have little to do; for the new system of short service promises to do away almost entirely with the married soldier. A soldier is not allowed to marry till he has served seven years, subject to certain qualifications of good conduct; but as the great majority of men are passed into the Reserve before they reach that length of service, the proportion of married soldiers is very small, and rapidly becoming more and more reduced in number. It is rather with the men themselves, therefore, that the military schoolmaster and his assistants have now principally to deal.

Every regiment or depôt has its school. The schoolmasters are trained at Chelsea; and though non-combatants, they are subject to the usual army regulations. They now rank as warrant-officers, and, on the whole, are an able and estimable body of men. Occasionally, educated and promising young soldiers are selected from the ranks and sent to the training college to qualify as schoolmasters. Their number is, however, very limited; the great majority of the schoolmasters enter the army through the college, joining it as civilians; consequently, a schoolmaster cannot be reduced to the ranks. If he misconduct himself seriously, he is liable to be tried by court-martial and dismissed. Such cases are very rare. The army schoolmaster retires with a pension on attaining twenty-one years' service, though, under certain conditions, it is possible for him to prolong his engagement. If of more than ordinary ability, he is often promoted to the higher rank and more important position of Sub-inspector of Army Schools.

Assistants are allowed in these schools according to the numbers in attendance at them. There is usually one school-assistant to about every twenty men or children attending. In depôts, where the soldiers are mostly recruits, the attendance is often very large, with a correspondingly increased number of assistants. The latter are picked out from among the better-educated men in a regiment; they receive extra pay, and are exempt from the ordinary drill and duty of the rank and file, giving their time and attention to the working of the school and the details connected with it. Many well-educated men, who are not otherwise well suited for non-commissioned officers, are employed in this way in imparting instruction to their more illiterate comrades.

Every recruit on joining a depôt has to attend school until he satisfies an examiner—sub-inspector—of his familiarity with certain elementary subjects. Examinations for this purpose are held at intervals. There are four classes of certificates granted to candidates on passing the necessary examinations. Supposing a man to be competent to pass the fourth or lowest standard,

he becomes exempt from further school attendance. But if ambitious of being made a non-commissioned officer, or of securing one of the other good berths, of which there are many open to intelligent men, it is advisable for him to hold on till he gains a higher certificate. For example, to be promoted to the rank of corporal, the aspirant must be in possession of a third-class certificate; to attain to a sergeant's position, he must have one of the second class. Thus, a considerable proportion of the men in a regiment are kept under instruction; and as soon as one batch has been passed out of the school, other candidates appear. A few unfortunates, entirely destitute of education when they enlist, are often long in obtaining the desired certificates. After a year or two's attendance, they are probably dismissed from school as 'useless.' Such hopeless ignoramuses—happily not so numerous now as formerly—are a bugbear to the school staff: they soon cease to make any attempt to learn, and are simply in the way of the more intelligent or persevering men. Of course, to such, the school-work is a species of punishment. But let us glance at the quantity and quality of the learning implied in obtaining the certificates.

To satisfy the examiner, the entirely uncultured youth has in the first place to set himself resolutely to learn to read. Then he must be able to write to the extent of transcribing a few lines from a book. With the mysteries of the four elementary rules of arithmetic he must display a tolerably intimate acquaintance. To men who can already read and write, the latter does not prove an insuperable obstacle. Having furnished a moderately good 'paper' on these not very exacting subjects, he in a few days receives his fourth-class certificate, and leaves the school in triumph. But if he aspires to a third-class certificate, a man of this kind has yet much to do. As a matter of fact, very few attempt more from mere love of self-improvement; an eye to advancement in the ranks acts as the stimulus to further study. Writing fairly well to dictation is a part of this next higher step, and often proves a serious difficulty. Arithmetic will include the compound rules and reduction; and on a man passing this standard, a third-class certificate is granted. The possession of this qualifies the holder for the rank of corporal. But to the corporal, further promotion is necessary. No corporal would go to so much trouble, besides having to perform the ordinary duty attached to his rank in regimental affairs, except as a step towards the coveted chevrons of the sergeant. To attain sergeant's rank may be taken as the aim and ambition of all corporals; and the latter are the men who, as we have seen, try to get the third-class certificates. But a sergeant must, by the regulations, have a second-class certificate. To the comparatively untutored corporal, this object entails his continued use of the school, and an increased demand of the schoolmaster's instruction. In short, to a man whose education has been more or less neglected in early youth, this second-class test is a pretty stiff one; it requires a considerable amount of application for a time before he can present himself for examination with a reasonable chance of passing. He must be able to write fluently and correctly a moderately difficult passage to dictation; and take down military orders with due care to arrangement and spelling. A long list of terms connected with military matters—such as 'commissariat,' 'aide-de-camp,' 'manœuvre'—has to be written and spelt correctly. The arithmetical part of the examination consists of the ordinary rules as far as and including decimals. Besides, he must be able to work out a debt and credit account, a military savings-bank account, and a mess account. Withal, he must read with fluency, and write a good legible hand. Such is the necessary scholastic attainment of the modern sergeant. The ordeal would probably have terrified his predecessors of a quarter of a century ago.

There remains still the certificate of the First class. This is obtained by a comparatively small number of men. It enters into details which would be, to many, insurmountable difficulties; and as the possession of it is not compulsory for any non-commissioned rank, it is not much sought after. A few of the originally better-educated men do, however, go in for it. As a passport to the higher grades of clerkships, or even to eventual commissions, it is desirable. The examination includes an extra subject, such as a language, or geometry; the whole of arithmetic; and a searching test as to spelling and composition.

The reader will see that, from the above description, the second-class certificate is the important one to possess. Men having got it, are available for all the higher kinds of non-commissioned officers, as colour-sergeants, sergeant-majors, &c. The work of preparing men for this is perhaps a very important part of the business of the school, and is generally undertaken mainly by the schoolmaster himself.

In an army school the men are divided into classes according to their several abilities or stages of advancement. A special class is usually composed of men preparing themselves for the next examination for sergeants; another lot looking forward to being made corporals are engaged in the necessary work for third-class certificates. Then there are still more elementary classes for men trying to get themselves exempted from school attendance by passing the fourth class; and lastly, are the complete 'ignoramuses' who are labouring at the alphabet or assiduously making pot-hooks. The duration of the daily attendance is from an hour to an hour and a half; but other duties frequently break in upon this, and men are not able to be present every successive day. As attendance is compulsory, the men are paraded and marched to school as for any other duty; but the room is open in the evening for those anxious to push on with their work—the latter being, so to speak, volunteers, and nearly all non-commissioned officers. From this it will be seen that men really desirous of picking up a serviceable education have ample opportunity of doing so, especially when we consider the large share of spare time which the soldier has in ordinary circumstances on his hands.

All the schools are furnished with maps, books, and everything essential for carrying on their work. Where there are children, they are

supplied with these requisites. Children, however, from being at one time the more important, have now become a secondary element in army schools. The present writer was connected with a school having an average attendance of two hundred men, but no children. This was in a depôt, and the men were almost without exception recruits. A small number of children in barracks were sent out to the Board School, leaving the school staff to devote its whole attention to the adults. At one time several regiments would have been required to furnish such a numerously attended school as the above, when recruits came in at the rate of perhaps about twenty annually. But short service has filled regiments up with recruits, or at least with very young soldiers, which, together with other circumstances, has given more ample employment to the schoolmaster. If we compare the number of recruits who join a regiment with that of the certificates of education granted in the same corps, we speedily find that the school department has not been asleep; and especially is this the case when we consider what is the educational standard of most men who enlist. We hear a good deal from time to time concerning the superior class of men that now seek to enter the army; but, practically, from an educational point of view, recruits are not so very different from what we have seen for many years past. It will yet be long before the army schools are abolished.

Among some statistics, we lately noticed some figures relating to the standard of education of soldiers. In this statement, a large percentage—fifty-seven per cent. of the whole rank and file—was set down as of 'superior education.' This probably referred to the men in possession of the two highest kinds of certificates, as holders of the third class could hardly be included under such a heading. The reader may perhaps be inclined to smile at the use of such a high-sounding term; though that such a large proportion of the ranks are educated even to this degree appears on the whole to be very creditable indeed. It certainly offers a marked contrast to the state of affairs at no very remote period.

LIGHTING COLLIERIES BY ELECTRICITY.

This interesting and important experiment has just been tried with great success at the Park Pit Ocean Collieries, South Wales. The arrangement consists of a number of Swan incandescent lamps distributed throughout the workings, both under and above ground, in the workshops and engine-houses. The bottom of the mine is thus admirably lighted, and the whole of the workings as far as the main engine roads. The power is supplied by a six horse-power Marshall engine, fitted with Hartnell's patent automatic expansion gear, driving a Crompton-Bürgin self-regulating dynamo.

We believe we are correct in stating that this is the first attempt to illuminate the whole of the interior of a colliery pit, and its workings and offices, by this useful medium; and it is impossible to over-estimate the value of an incandescent light, and yet one of extraordinary brilliancy, in such a place as a coal-mine, subject to the escape of gases which are liable at any moment, on coming in contact with an unprotected flame, to occasion an explosion involving terrible and deplorable consequences. Now, this is one source of danger which the use of this system of lighting prevents; and if this is found to succeed, it is to be hoped that it may be adopted in all underground works, where the advantage of a brilliant light to work by is recognised; a marvellous contrast to the safe but gloomy and light-obstructing 'Davy.' There can really be no reason why this plan should not be universally applied to mines, unless the objection may be on the score of expense, for when once the necessary driving-machinery is built, the rest is simple enough, and the advantages almost untold.

A LAST 'GOOD-NIGHT.'

Love, I see thee lowly kneeling,
Claspèd hands and drooping head,
While the moonbeams pale are stealing
Sadly round my dying bed.
Dearest, hush thy bitter weeping;
Lay thy tearful cheek to mine,
While the stars, their death-watch keeping,
Softly through the lattice shine.
Through the trees, low winds are sighing,
And my hand, so worn and white,
On thy clustering hair is lying.
Love, my only love, good-night!

Ah! I hear thy broken sobbing.
Faint and low, thy voice hath grown;
And I feel thy fond heart throbbing,
Oh, how wildly, 'gainst mine own!
Dear, my spirit still delaying,
Loves to hover near thee now,
Like the moonbeams fondly straying
O'er thy pallid cheek and brow.
Yes, my soul, to share thy sorrow,
Pauses in its heavenward flight,
And will comfort thee to-morrow.
Love, my dearest love, good-night!

Now, for one sweet moment only,
Fold me closely to thy breast.
When thy life seems dark and lonely,
Oh, remember I am blest!
Though thy voice with grief be broken,
Smile once more, and call me fair.
Darling, as my last love-token,
Take this little lock of hair.
Feeling these, thy last caresses,
Tears must dim my failing sight.
Kiss once more my wandering tresses,
Then a long, a last good-night!

Shades of death are round me closing;
Tears and shadows hide thy face;
Still I fear not, thus reposing,
In thy faithful, fond embrace.
Though thou lingerest broken-hearted,
All thy thoughts to me shall soar;
We shall seem but to be parted;
I'll be near thee evermore.
Brightly on my soul's awaking,
See, yon gleam of heavenly light!
Now, behold the morn is breaking.
Love, my faithful love, good-night!

FANNY FORRESTER.

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WATER.

Water bears a very important part in relation to the human system and preservation of health. It combines with the tissues of the body, and forms a necessary part of its structure. In the case of a man weighing one hundred and fifty-four pounds, one hundred and eleven would consist of water. It enters very largely into the composition of our food. Although water is so important a factor in our existence, and although its vitiation often gives rise to that deadly pestilence, typhoid fever, yet, strange to say, there are comparatively few people who possess any trustworthy information respecting its primary sources and purest forms. The object of this paper will be to afford our readers some useful hints respecting the various kinds of water and their relative purity, also to mention certain wise precautions requisite in order to avoid impure water.

The first great source of water is the ocean; the sun shining upon the surface, its heating rays combine with and send out a certain amount of vapour. The atmosphere, like a sponge, absorbs the vaporous water, forming clouds, which are driven by the wind east, west, north, and south. When the clouds arrive in a cooler atmosphere, the vapour condenses, and descends in the form of rain or snow, being ultimately absorbed into the earth, giving rise to different varieties of water; or it pours down the mountains, and forms rivulets, and ultimately rivers. Thus we have rain, spring, and river water. We may here mention that Dr Normandy discovered a process by which sea-water can be distilled and rendered fit to drink. In nature, water is never found perfectly pure, as that which descends in rain is to a certain degree contaminated by the impurities contained in the air, as spring-water is by contact with various substances in the earth. These impurities are not always perceptible. Thus, the clearest and brightest waters, those of springs and pellucid rivers, even when filtered, are never pure. They all contain a greater or less percentage of saline matter, often so much so, indeed, as to form what are termed mineral waters. Amongst the purest natural waters hitherto discovered is that of the Loka in North Sweden. It contains only one-twentieth of a grain (0.0566) of mineral matter per gallon. The water supplied to the city of Edinburgh contains from seven to fourteen grains in the gallon; whilst that of the Thames near London contains about twenty-one. Rain-water, if collected in the country, is the purest; but when obtained in or near large cities, becomes impure from passing through a vitiated atmosphere.

It is, however, on spring and river water that we depend for our daily supply, and a due consideration of these waters is manifestly a matter of no small moment.

Well-water, as also that of some springs, especially when obtained in or near towns, although cool and clear, and at times sparkling, is to be avoided. The solvent power of water being so great, it takes up many impurities from the soil through which it passes. In the neighbourhood of dwellings and farmyards, the water often is impure, and unfit to drink. Wells in the vicinity of graveyards are particularly to be avoided. Mr Noad found a hundred grains of solid matter to the gallon of water taken from a well in the vicinity of Highgate Church, London. Besides mineral substances, decaying vegetable impurities are usually found in wells. The water that supplies the surface-wells of London is derived from rain, which percolates through the gravel and accumulates upon the clay. Now, this gravel contains all the soakage of London filth; through it run drains and sewers, the surface also being riddled with innumerable cesspools.

River-water being derived from the conflux of many springs with rain-water, unless close to large towns, is decidedly preferable to well-water; but it is liable to a certain amount of contamination, by holding in suspension a considerable quantity of animal, vegetable, and earthy matters. This, according to Dr Paris, is unquestionably

the case in water supplied from the Thames by the Grand Junction Water Company. Be it known that Thames water is never used in London breweries, but Artesian-well water, brought up from a depth of several hundred feet.

Besides vegetable and animal impurities in water, there are two other substances which are usually considered foreign to pure water—namely, saline and mineral. The saline are often present in such large proportions as to render water medicinal, as illustrated by those of Cheltenham, Leamington, and Harrogate, numerous other varieties existing on the continent. Brighton water, although sparkling, contains a great deal of bi-carbonate of lime, which, being soluble, filtering is ineffectual to remove. When boiled, however, the carbonic acid is driven off and the chalk precipitated. Such water when boiled is fit for drinking purposes.

A simple but not infallible test for ascertaining animal or vegetable contaminations in water is to put fifteen or twenty drops of permanganate of potash solutions, or Condy's fluid, into a tumblerful of water. If the water is free from such impurities, the permanganate will retain its beautiful red colour. Should the water contain organic matter, the red hue soon disappears, and in proportion to its contamination will be the discoloration.

Bad water is far more dangerous than impure air; the air may be dispersed by ventilation and change of atmosphere; whilst water when vitiated is a constant source of mischief. Snow-water when collected in the open country equals rain-water in purity. It has been supposed by some to be unhealthy; but such belief is totally unsupported by any reliable evidence. The practical observations of Captain Cook on his voyage round the world demonstrate beyond all question its wholesomeness.

Lake-water is collected rain, spring, and occasionally river waters. Its transparency, however, is not to be relied on as evidence of purity. It is often contaminated by both vegetable and animal matter, which, owing to its stagnant nature, have become decomposed. According to Dr Paris and other authorities, endemic diarrhœa often arises from drinking lake-water, a circumstance which tourists would do well to bear in mind.

Should much lime be present in water, as in that supplied by the Kent Water Company, boiling alone will not soften it; but by the addition of a little soda during the boiling, the lime of the gypsum is precipitated. Marsh-water is certainly the most impure of all water, being loaded with decomposing vegetable matter. Many diseases have without doubt been occasioned by its use.

The receptacles in which even the purest water is kept are of the utmost importance in a hygienic point of view. The noted colic of Amsterdam was believed by Tronchin—who wrote a history of that epidemic—to have been occasioned by leaves falling into leaden cisterns filled with rain-water and there putrefying. Van Sweiten also mentions an instance where a whole family were affected with colic from a similar cause. The acidity arising from decomposing leaves in water dissolves part of the leaden receptacle, and such water ofttimes thus induces lead-colic.

The sources of contaminated drinking-water are very numerous, and may affect the water at its source, in its flow, in its reservoir, or during distribution. When stored in houses, it is especially exposed to risk, and this is the most important argument in favour of constant service. Cistern stowage lessens the risks incidental to intermissions; but at the same time the success of this plan entirely depends upon the receptacle being properly made and frequently cleansed. An eminent physician told the writer that he believed typhoid fever often originated from the stagnant water in dirty cisterns being used for drinking purposes.

We have now arrived at the most important part of this paper—namely, the most effectual means for obtaining pure water.

For the purification of water, various methods have from time to time been suggested, with more or less success. Perhaps the most efficient for attaining so desirable an end is by passing it through layers of charcoal, a substance eminently useful in preserving water from corruption, by abstracting therefrom both vegetable and animal matter. Nevertheless, where there is reason to suspect the presence of much injurious contamination, the process of boiling previous to filtration should never be omitted. The water subsequently must be agitated in contact with the atmosphere, with a view to the restoration of its natural proportion of air; otherwise, it is insipid and tasteless. In China, water is seldom drunk until it has been boiled. According to the advice of a distinguished court physician, those who travel on the continent should studiously avoid drinking water, especially that contained in the bedroom bottles of hotels. The same authority is also of opinion that typhoid fever is often thus caught whilst travelling. Natural mineral waters, such as Apollinaris, are, he considers, the best to drink whilst travelling. Lastly, those who are desirous of drinking the purest water should take distilled water, which possesses the following advantages: (1) Great purity; (2) High powers as a solvent of all animal and vegetable substances; and (3) The material assistance which its remarkable solvent properties exercise in favouring a healthy digestion. It also assists in eliminating calcareous matter from the system; hence its undeniable utility for vesical concretions. To those who are unable to obtain distilled water, we would most strongly urge the importance of boiling all drinking-water, and then filtering through charcoal, previous to use. The charcoal through which water is filtered ought frequently to be replaced by a fresh supply, as otherwise it becomes choked up in time by impurities, which at last escape into the water. Under such circumstances, even filtered water may become contaminated.

Were this simple precaution more generally adopted, according to the latest teachings of science, many a life liable to be destroyed by typhoid fever would most assuredly be saved.

BY MEAD AND STREAM.

CHAPTER XLI.—PULLED UP.

'The strain is proving almost too much for me,' Philip wrote. 'I have no doubt that my scheme is practicable; and even if I fail, somebody else will carry it out by-and-by. But at present the men do not understand it, and are suspicious that my promises will not be fulfilled. So that the harder I strive to put matters right, the more wrong they seem to go. The losses are bringing me to a crisis, and the worry which is the consequence of daily disappointment is driving me out of my wits. Sleepless nights and restless nervous days began long ago, although I have not told you; and I have been obliged to swallow all sorts of rubbish in the form of narcotics. At first they gave me sleep, and that was a gain, notwithstanding the muddled headachy feeling they left me next day.

'O yes; I have seen the doctor. Joy is a capital fellow. He came in by accident, and when he saw me, gave me good advice—as usual, the advice which could not be followed. He told me that I ought to have absolute rest of mind and body, and to secure it, ought to throw up everything. A good joke that—as good as telling a soldier that he ought to run as soon as he sees the chance of catching a bullet in the wrong way!

'Do not be afraid, though: I will take a long rest, when I get things a little straight here.

'One of my present worries is that Kersey has deserted—as I feared he would. Says he is going to Australia or Manitoba, but will give no explanation. That girl Pansy is no doubt at the bottom of it, and I do not think even you can set it right. If my suspicions are correct, she is the fool of her own vanity. She has thrown over an honest fellow, because she is thinking of a man who has no more notion of having anything to do with her than of trying to jump over the moon. I am sorry for her—especially as she deprives me of the best man about the place.

'As for Wrentham, he irritates me. He sees my anxiety, and yet he comes and goes as gaily as if the whole thing were a farce, which should not disturb anybody's equanimity, no matter how it ended. And then he has that horrible look of "I told you so" on his face, whenever I attempt to make him seriously examine the state of affairs.

'The fact is I begin to repent having ever asked for his assistance. He is much more interested in speculative stocks than in the business which ought to occupy his whole attention at this juncture.

'But, there—I am in a highly excited condition at present, and no doubt misjudge him. He does everything required willingly enough, although not in the spirit which seems to me necessary to the success of my plans.'

The letter was not finished, and so far it did not give a full account of his sufferings mental and physical, or of the gravity with which Dr Joy had warned him that he must pull up at once, or prepare for insanity or death. The good little doctor had never before pronounced such a decided verdict, for, with professional discretion and natural kindliness, he avoided a decisive prognosis unless the result were inevitable. Philip had promised obedience as soon as he got over the present difficulty—promised to take whatever drugs the doctor prescribed, and begged him in the meanwhile not to frighten the people at Willowmere (of course the doctor understood he meant Madge) with any alarming reports.

Philip was writing in his chambers late at night, when he was interrupted by the arrival of Wrentham. The visit had been expected, and therefore excited no surprise. Philip was struck by a change in his visitor's manner, which, although slight, was enough to render the description he had just written *of him* a little unfair.

Wrentham's face was not that of one who was gaily taking part in a farce. Still his bearing suggested the careless ease of a man who is either endowed with boundless fortune or a sublime indifference to bankruptcy. It might be that, being conscious of Philip's dissatisfaction, he assumed a more marked degree of nonchalance than he would have done if there had been confidence between them.

Philip did try to keep this rule in mind—that when your suspicions are aroused about any person, you should make large allowances for the exaggerations of the meaning of his or her actions, as interpreted by your own excited nerves, and for the altered nervous condition of the person who is conscious of being suspected. But somehow, the rule did not seem to apply to Wrentham. In favour or out of favour, he was much the same. He was a cool-headed or light-hearted gambler in the business of life, and took his losses as coolly as he took his winnings—or feigned to do so; and this feigning, if well done, has as much effect upon the looker-on as if the feeling were genuine.

'Any news?' Philip inquired, as he put his letter into the desk and wheeled round to the fire, by the side of which his visitor was already seated.

'None; except that our friend appears to consume an extraordinary quantity of B. and S. But Mr Shield could not be seen by any one this evening. The man first told me he was out; so I left your note and said I should return in an hour. Then I marched up and down near the door, on the watch for anybody like your uncle. I did not see him, but I saw a friend of mine arrive.'

'Who was that?'

'You know him—Beecham, who has been living so long at the *King's Head*.'

'That was an odd coincidence.'

'Yes, it seemed so,' rejoined Wrentham, with the tone of one who sees more than he reports. 'Very odd that the day after your uncle leaves the *Langham* and takes up his quarters in this quiet private hotel, Beecham should bundle up his traps, quit Kingshope, and come to settle in the same house.'

'Has he left our place, then?'

'So he says—for of course I spoke to him. He does not know where he is going to, or whether he will return to Kingshope or not. I said it wasn't fair to his friends to vanish from amongst them without a hint, or giving them a chance to express their regret at losing him. He said it was a way he had of making up his mind suddenly and acting on its decision instantly. He hoped, however, to have the pleasure of seeing me again. With that he shook hands and bustled into the hotel before it came into my head to ask him if he knew Mr Shield.'

'How could he know him?' muttered Philip a little impatiently, for this episode interrupted the account of Wrentham's endeavours to obtain a reply from his uncle as to whether or not he would consent to see him on the following day.

'Don't know how exactly; but there are lots of ways in which they might have met. Beecham has travelled a bit in all sorts of odd corners of the earth. Anyhow, I think they know each other.'

'Well, well, that is no business of ours.—Did you see Mr Shield at last?'

'No; but I got this message from him with his compliments. He regretted that he could not see me, but the letter should have immediate attention.'

'That is satisfactory,' said Philip, relieved.

Wrentham looked at him critically, as if he had been a horse on which a heavy bet depended.

'You are easily satisfied,' he observed with a light laugh; but the sound was not pleasing to the ears of the listener. 'Before being satisfied, I should like to have his answer to your note, for everything goes to the dogs if he declines to come down handsome.'

'He will not refuse: he is pledged to it. But it is horrible to have to apply to him so soon.'

'Ah, yes; it is nasty having to ask a favour. What do you mean to do if he should say "No" plump, or make some excuse?—which comes to the same thing, and is more unpleasant, because it kind of holds you under the obligation without granting you the favour.'

'I don't know,' answered Philip rising and walking up and down the room uneasily.

'Well, I have a notion,' said Wrentham slowly, as he drew his hand over his chin; 'but it seems scarcely worth mentioning, as it would take the form of advice, and you don't care about my advice, or you wouldn't be in this mess. . . . I beg your pardon: 'pon my honour, I didn't mean to say anything that would hurt you.'

'What were you going to say?' was Philip's abrupt response.

'I was going to say that you ought to find out what Beecham has to do with him. Of course I have been pretty chummy with the old boy; but I never could get behind his eyes. *You* can learn what he is up to without any trouble.'

'Me!—how?'

'By asking Miss Heathcote.'

'Miss Heathcote! What nonsense you are talking. She knows no more about the man than I do.'

'Oh!'—There was a most provoking tone of amused surprise in this exclamation.—'You think so?'

'I am sure of it.'

Wrentham, resting his elbows on the table and his chin on his thumbs, whilst the tips of his fingers touched in front, stared at him seriously.

'Then you don't know what friends they are?—that they have been meeting daily—that they correspond?'

Philip did not immediately catch the significance of voice and manner, he was so much occupied with other matters.

'I daresay, I daresay,' was the abstracted answer; 'he is always wandering about, and they like him at Willowmere. . . . Do you think we can manage to prepare the full statement of accounts by the morning?'

The mention of accounts did not please Wrentham. He jerked his head back with the grand air of one who, being accustomed to deal with large totals, could not think of giving his mind to petty details.

'Oh, well, if you don't mind, I have nothing more to say. As to the accounts, I don't see what you want more than your books. They are made up, and the totals will be quite enough for Mr Shield. They are what, as you know, I always expected them to be—most confoundedly on the wrong side. I warned you'——

'Yes, yes; I know you warned me, and others warned me, and the thing has turned out as bad as you croakers could wish. That is due to my mismanagement—to a blunder I have made somewhere, not to any weakness in the principle of my scheme. Taking the position as it is, I want to find out where I have blundered.—I do not mean to give in, and will go on as hard as ever, if we can only tide over the present mess.'

'That's right enough,' ejaculated Wrentham with an outburst of good-natured admiration; 'but in the meanwhile, the first thing to do is to get over the mess.'

'Ay, how to do that,' muttered Philip still marching up and down.

'The shortest way is to make sure that Mr Shield's mind is not prejudiced against you and your work at the same time.'

'Oh, stuff. Who wants to prejudice him against me?'

'I say, find out what Beecham is after. Maybe he is your friend: in that case, so much the better; and if he is not, then you will be able to deal with him more promptly, if you have discovered his trick in time. Ask Miss Heathcote about him. She ought to tell you all she knows.'

Philip halted, head bowed, eyes fixed on the floor, and the words buzzing through his brain —'She ought to tell me all she knows.' Certainly she ought, and would. Then, for the first time, there seemed to reach his ears as from a distance the voices he had heard behind him at the 'dancing beeches,' and he recalled Madge's agitated face as she told him that she had been intrusted by this man with a secret which she must not at present share with him. He had disapproved of her conduct at the time; he disapproved of it still more strongly now, although he regarded it as nothing more than a mistake

into which she had been betrayed by her sympathetic heart.

'Very well,' he said sharply, 'I shall ask Miss Heathcote what she knows about him. What then?'

'Why, then we shall know where we are,' Wrentham answered gaily. 'To be sure, if you receive a message from Mr Shield to-morrow morning that it is all right, there will be no necessity to trouble Miss Heathcote.'

It was one of the anomalies of his association with Wrentham—or one of the effects of the weakness which the strain upon his nerves had produced—that Philip was influenced by him on those very points on which he would have least expected himself to be subject to influence by any one. It is true that whilst he had been all along aware of his manager's want of sympathy with his work, he had discovered no reason to suspect his honesty—and this might account for the anomaly.

So, it was Wrentham who had persuaded him that the time had come to apply to Mr Shield for assistance at a critical juncture in his speculation; and it was Wrentham who persuaded him that he ought to learn from Madge the nature of the secret confided to her by Beecham.

'He won't think much more about the accounts to-night,' Wrentham was saying mentally as he went down-stairs. And his step was not so jaunty as usual when he got into the street.

MUSHROOMS FOR THE MILLION.

Is there any one in England who does not esteem mushrooms as delicious esculents? Their flavour commends them to most palates, and their value as food is quite on a par with many other vegetables. Few of the other varieties of edible funguses are approved of by English people, partly through ignorance and prejudice. Yet in many countries in Europe, about thirty kinds, closely allied to the mushroom in flavour and excellence, form the chief diet for thousands of the peasants during the summer months, either fresh from the meadows or preserved in vinegar and oil.

We may, then, be very thankful to any one who instructs us how to grow mushrooms so that they may be as plentiful as cabbages, and within the reach of any cottager who has a garden and can buy a load of manure. A very practical little treatise on Mushroom-growing has been published by Mr Wright (price one shilling) at the office of the *Journal of Horticulture*, 171 Fleet Street, London, from which we propose to give a slight sketch of his plan, recommending the purchase of the work to those who desire to follow out his directions. It would seem to be a most profitable investment in these days, when the farmers have so much reason for complaint, as the remuneration far exceeds that of any other vegetable. Fruit-crops as well as vegetables are seriously affected by winter-cold, high winds, and spring frosts; and from twenty to forty pounds an acre is an average value of the profits arising from either. In Cornwall and Devonshire, the early potatoes and valuable fruits may give from one to two hundred pounds an acre, but this is very exceptional. Yet mushroom-growing exceeds even this profit.

We will turn now to Mr Wright's actual calculation, founded on the well-ascertained fact, that a mushroom-bed two and a half feet wide and one yard long, and situated in the open air, yields produce of the value of fifteen shillings, and that the cost of production is five shillings per yard. There have been seasons when the price was very high and an extraordinary crop produced, the returns having amounted to forty-five shillings the yard. The average price to be got in London is one shilling per pound-weight. Take the width of the beds at two feet and a half, with five feet of space between each bed, which is necessary for moving freely between the beds. There are four thousand eight hundred and forty square yards in an acre, which would allow of nineteen hundred and thirty-six yards for beds; these, at fifteen shillings a yard, give a profit of fourteen hundred and fifty-two pounds; from which deduct rent, eighteen pounds, and cost of production at five shillings a yard—leaving the very profitable balance of nine hundred and fifty pounds. The purchase of the spawn, if not grown on the ground, would be an additional cost of one shilling a yard. From October to July, seven thousand pounds-weight were really despatched to market from a length of five hundred yards, and sold for three hundred and sixty-seven pounds, besides the ketchup that was made from the overgrown specimens.

The next question is, how to grow this valuable article of commerce. First of all, the stable-manure (used as a basis) must be of the best kind, to which oak or beech leaves may be added, as they induce a steady heat; but the large soft leaves of the sycamore, &c., are unsuitable. A slight sprinkling of tan, with a very small quantity of salt and guano, may be advantageous; an ounce of each to a barrowful of the material will be sufficient. However, many successful growers use none of these things, but depend entirely on well-prepared manure and good spawn.

The best time for beginners to prepare their beds is towards the end of July or in August. In three weeks the manure will be ready for forming into ridges; in another week, spawn may be inserted. Eight weeks after, the mushrooms will appear, and continue bearing for three months. Now for the preparation. Take the manure as it comes from the stalls, the greater part consisting of straw more or less discoloured. When on the ground, fork it over, casting aside the long clean straw only; the remainder, forming a mixture of half and half, should be mixed and piled into a heap, as if for a hotbed for a frame. Very little water, if any, will be needed. In four or six days the fermentation should be in full force and the mass hot. The work of turning and purifying now begins. Every lock of straw and flake of manure must be separated and thoroughly incorporated, the outsides being placed in the centre. From four to six turnings on alternate days are necessary. Thus the mass is sweetened and the straw broken with the least possible loss of ammonia. A little practice will guide to the knowledge of when the beds are in a right

condition; the appearance and the smell form the best indications. There should be an inseparable mass of straw and manure, a slightly greasy tinge, and a warm brown colour. A lump drawn from the interior should not smell offensively, but possess a pungent and somewhat agreeable scent, with a slight odour of mushrooms. If these features are not present, another turning is required. Texture, heat, purity, and moisture, are the four important requisites—sufficiently moist to be pressed into a mass, and yet not a drop of water to be squeezed from it.

The site for the bed is the next consideration. Shelter from cold winds is a great advantage; a garden-wall to the north and a hedge on the south is the best position; but by the use of wattled hurdles, admirable results have been obtained. The sheltered nook of any garden or homestead may be better used for this purpose than for any other kind of produce. If the soil be good in quality, it is well to remove it where the beds are to be made to the depth of several inches, and place it on a heap, to be laid afterwards on the top of the beds. The excavations can be filled with rubble, which insures a dry foundation, as water should never accumulate on the surface. As mentioned previously, the beds should be two feet and a half wide at the base, six inches at the top, and two feet and a half high. At this angle, the soil will adhere to the sides, and much of the rain will pass off freely. But where the rainfall is great, they must be protected with canvas coverings over the straw at the top. A couple of sticks a yard long will prove an easy guide to the form. Insert them two and a half feet apart, and draw the tops to within six inches of each other, and there is the outline of the bed. Soon, however, a line will only be needed; the eye can do all the rest. Larger beds may be made; but let the sides be as steep as possible, firm, and smooth, that the rain may not penetrate. In addition to its being heavily beaten with forks, it must be twice trodden down—once at the depth of eighteen inches, and again when three feet high. The appearance will be that of a thatched roof in miniature, and is quite a work of art for smoothness and outline. To prevent the bed drying in the centre, holes should be bored with an iron bar, about ten inches apart, along the ridge to the bottom of the bed, and a few sticks put in afterwards, to indicate the temperature.

There are many varieties of mushroom seed, or spawn, as it is termed. Large quantities are imported from France, where it is made up in flakes, instead of bricks, as with us. Good virgin spawn made up in bricks is decidedly the best, but the price is as high as two guineas a bushel. Mr Veitch, King's Road, Chelsea, or Mr Barter, Harrow Road, London, and many others, may be relied on for the small quantity which would be required for a beginner. The lumps are nine inches long and six wide; sixteen of them make a bushel. They are composed of soil and manure. When partially dried, the spawn is inserted, and under a genial heat it penetrates the entire mass. Kept cool and dry, the vitality lasts for years. A good mushroom brick when broken should resemble a mass of silvery cobwebs. In growing these esculents for the market, it is most advantageous to use the spawn liberally and in large lumps. A brick may be divided into eight parts, and inserted about nine inches apart, level with the surface of the ridges. Holes should not be made, but the manure held up with the left hand, the lump pushed in with the right; there are then no interstices for the accumulation of steam, which is fatal to the mycelium. The time for sowing is when the heat of the bed is decreasing, but has not fallen below eighty degrees an inch below the surface.

If the bed be in the right condition, the spawn will begin to spread in three days, after which the top layer may be covered with soil. A little litter may cover the bed previously, if the heat requires it. The kind of soil is not an unimportant matter, and strong turfy loam yields the best produce, such as a gardener would use for growing chrysanthemums and roses. From this, mushrooms are frequently cut weighing half a pound. These are termed 'broilers,' and are much in demand in the foreign hotels in London. The top layer from a pasture in which buttercups rather than daisies are plentiful, forms an excellent soil. It may even be enriched with bone-meal, if light and sandy, but on no account with ordinary manure, as some unwelcome fungi might spring up. The thickness of this covering of soil must be from one to two inches. It may be slightly moistened before putting on, not after, lest dry fissures should form and the heat escape. The whole should be made firm and smooth, but not plastered like a cement floor. The temperature of September is a guide to the heat required to be kept up, as that is the month when mushrooms grow naturally in the open air. An average of fifty-eight degrees must be considered the highest, but they will be found among the grass meadows as low as forty-seven degrees. On a mild day in January, a bed was beginning to bear largely in the open air under a layer of straw nine inches thick. Cold does no real injury to mushroom beds; it only stops their growth, but does not destroy the spawn. They may even be frozen through, and yet, when the spring melts the frost, they will bear. Too high a temperature is much more destructive, and the cause of many failures.

After all this preparation is made, the routine of management consists in maintaining the beds at an equable temperature, watering them at the right time, and gathering the crops. Sufficient straw has been shaken from the manure when first brought in to cover the beds; it is the best that can be used, and when dry, its peculiar nature seems to agree with the mushrooms better than clean sweet straw or hay. If the weather be mild, six inches of litter will suffice; whilst during a prolonged frost, two feet or more, with mats, canvas, or some such material, will be required. The proper temperature can be determined by the hand; if there is the slightest warmth felt when placed on the soil under the straw, that is right; or if the thermometer be laid there at night and has risen to fifty degrees in the morning.

During fine weather in summer, autumn, and spring, the beds require frequent watering. The soil should never become dry, and the time chosen must be early in the afternoon on a sunny day. The covering on the beds will then be warm; and on this—not under it—water must be

sprinkled in sufficient quantity to percolate through and gradually moisten the soil. Immediately after, the beds must be covered with mats, to prevent the evaporation, and the vapour that will be generated will result in a warm, humid atmosphere, so suitable for the growth of mushrooms. The mats may be removed in the morning. Beginners should endeavour to have beds beginning to bear in April or October; they are not profitable after June, as, owing to the nitrogen they contain, mushrooms speedily decay in hot weather, and become very indigestible.

When the beds are partially exhausted by continuous bearing, a free application of liquid manure, heated to a hundred degrees, may be given, and one or two ounces of salt added to each gallon. It is a well-known fact that sowing salt over grass and pastureland often produces an enormous crop of mushrooms, whilst on other parts of the same land not one is to be found. In a small farm the author is acquainted with, mushrooms grow abundantly among the potato and turnip crops, whilst none are found in the neighbourhood; the only difference being that the farmer sowed two hundredweight of salt per acre every year. Of course, the spawn is there, but the salt develops its growth.

After all this preparation, the pleasant time of gathering the crop will come; and here knowledge and care are alike requisite. The old plan was to cut off the mushroom above the soil; now, it is pulled by hand, and if the stump be left close to the surface, it is at once scooped out with a knife, leaving a round cavity as large as a walnut. This plan increases the productiveness of the beds; for if the threads of the mycelium are not broken, they expend their strength in masses of mould or fungus. On the other hand, when scooped out, small tubercles form, and develop into mushrooms, a fine ring appearing round each cavity. When gathering, a small portion only of the bed should be uncovered, especially in cold weather, and re-covered as quickly as possible. It is not unusual for nine or ten pounds to be gathered at once; and in the case of young beds, the crop may be cleared off twice a week. As a rule, a good bed will yield ten gatherings—seven large, the first and last two lighter. It is well to separate them into two baskets, if intended for the market—one for buttons and cups, the other for broilers, as it saves time at the weighing-table. The stems should always be retained, as the mushrooms keep sound for a much longer period. To the salesman, the packing is of consequence. One pound is put into each punnet—the baskets which every one knows, made of shavings. But few are aware what a large trade there is in these little articles, or where they are made. It is to Brentford or Hammersmith that we must go to see the juvenile population busy at work making these cheap and useful articles. They are sold in rolls of three dozens, of different sizes—'deep pounds' and 'flat pounds,' which may be bought for from four to six shillings the gross of Mr Nicholls, 377 Goldhawk Road, Hammersmith. After the loose soil has been taken from the stems, the mushrooms are neatly packed and tied down with raffia, the best and cheapest tying material, and then placed in wooden packing-cases for transmission to towns. Everywhere, in large centres, the greengrocers are glad to receive them, as the demand is greater than the supply, the price varying from one shilling to two shillings the pound from October to June.

Whenever the supply is too large, good unadulterated ketchup finds a ready market, and mushroom-growing is profitable if only for the juice alone. What is now sold as mushroom ketchup is rarely pure, bullocks' liver being one of the usual component parts. The spent beds are most valuable for manure for the land or for potting the higher class of plants, and are by no means exhausted. The manure often lies for months during decomposition before it is fit for the land. Why should not this be utilised? It is a most suitable investment for market-gardeners who are not far from a town, and for cottagers who hold a few acres, keeping one or two horses and cows. If they can make poultry pay, much more mushrooms. Clergymen and professional men are not unwilling to add something to their income, and might do much in their parishes to improve the condition of the working-classes by thus making use of what too often lies wasting in the farmyards.

This is but a sketch of Mr Wright's little book, which should be in the possession of all who intend to be mushroom-growers.

A YARN OF THE *P. AND O.*

As there were but very few passengers on board the Peninsular and Oriental steamer *Sicilia*, outward bound for the Far East, we did not anticipate the usual amount of fun and festivity which are, strangely enough, more remarkable features of life on outward-bound than on homeward-bound steamers. But what we missed in frolic we certainly had made up to us in the shape of excitement. We numbered about a dozen in all; but of these, three only need individual description.

The principal personage, in accordance with the ancient dictum that a woman is at the bottom of everything, was a pretty young widow, a Londoner, who was on her way to join her friends living in Shanghai. The worship of the fair sex is nowhere more ardent than aboard ship, partly, perhaps, because its members contrive to put on under such exceptional circumstances their most captivating airs and graces; and chiefly, it must be admitted, although the admission is ungallant, because, beyond eating and sleeping, there is little else to do than to offer homage to whatever goddess presents herself. Hence Mrs Fuller, as she was named, reigned sole and unapproached monarch of the ship. Had she been other than she was, she would have occupied this position; but being tall and fair and graceful, she assuredly merited every tribute of admiration laid at her feet. The darts she unconsciously shot around fixed themselves most firmly in the hearts of the remaining members of the prominent trio to be described. The first was a young Englishman named Goodhew, going out to the consular service in Yedo; the other was a young Irishman named MacWhirter, going to the same city in the Japanese government Telegraph Department. Goodhew was as typical an Englishman as was MacWhirter a typical Irishman, indeed, more so, for Mac was a victim to a most

un-Milesian failing—he could not take a joke. Goodhew was a big, broad-shouldered, ruddy-faced, blue-eyed, fair-haired fellow, who ate like an alderman, was always laughing when he was not eating or sleeping, and was half the life and soul of our little community. Terence MacWhirter was the other half. He could sing a capital song and tell a capital story, his story-telling powers eclipsing his song-singing, inasmuch as with the gravest conceivable demeanour he would endeavour to foist upon us the most palpable fiction as the most solemn truth. 'As true as oi'm standing here,' was a concluding phrase of his, which soon became a catchword on board, and synonymous with what was most extravagant and improbable.

The apple of discord which the fair Londoner was destined to throw amongst us fell between Goodhew and Mac, who, long before she joined us at Brindisi, had singled out each other as opponents upon the one particular question of belief or disbelief in ghosts. Strangely enough, Goodhew, who had won the Humane Society's medal for saving life, was a firm believer in the theory that the departed from this life revisit their old haunts. Equally strange was it that Mac, although a fervid, imaginative Irishman, pooh-poohed ghosts and omens and visions and dreams and second-sight as being unworthy of the consideration of a practical nineteenth-century human being; and the more instances Goodhew quoted in support of his creed, the more violently would Mac exclaim: 'Now, look ye here, Mister Goodhew; oi'll stand the man an onlimited dinner up to a couple of sovereigns who can prove that he has ever seen a ghost; an' if a man can show me a ghost, bedad, oi'll show him what oi'll do wid it!'

The arguing matches and disputes between the two opponents formed our principal amusement during the tedious passage from Southampton to Brindisi. Then Mrs Fuller came on board, and their antagonism assumed a new shape. Goodhew helped her on board. Score No. 1 for the Englishman. But Mac lent her his cane-chair, and equalised matters. Goodhew sat next to her at table; but Mac sat opposite, which was as good, for in talking to her, he was obliged to raise his voice, and by so doing obtained a monopoly of the conversation. To her credit it must be said that she behaved exactly as a young lady placed in such peculiar circumstances should behave. She showed no partiality to one more than to the other. She laughed heartily at Mac's jokes, and listened attentively to Goodhew's quiet common-sense and commonplaces. If one of them gained a trifling advantage one day, it was made up to the other the next; and so, whilst conscientiously she believed she was pleasing both, in reality she was stirring up a fire between the two which was fated ultimately to burst into a tragedy.

So matters went on. By the time Alexandria was reached, we, the audience, agreed that Goodhew held a slight advantage, inasmuch as the passage across the Mediterranean having been stormy, poor Mac spent the greater part of his time in his berth; whilst Goodhew, who was a good sailor, was brought into uninterrupted contact with Mrs Fuller, who was also *mal-de-mer* proof.

It may be imagined that when we were sick of quoits and 'bull-board' and deck-cricket and walking-races, the little comedy played by the trio formed our chief amusement. Its ups and downs, its various phases, its situations, were subjects of attentive watchfulness on our part. We were like a party of special correspondents taking notes of an important campaign. We received from one another news of victory or defeat, of attacks foiled, of successful stratagems, of bold strokes, of new moves, with as much earnestness as if our own interests were at stake with the issue of the contest. If one of us hurried for'ard with a joyful face, it was not to tell of a confident prophecy on the part of the skipper that we should have an easy time in the monsoon, or that we should make Aden ahead of schedule-time; but to relate some splendid stroke on the part of Mac, or an admirable counter delivered by Goodhew. Occasionally, there were uninteresting lulls in the conflict, and during these periods we were driven to our wits' end for amusement, and the time passed slowly and heavily; but when the battle was in full swing, the long hours of the tropical day sped but too quickly. Our doctor took an especial interest in the drama, and by virtue of his official position, was enabled to see far more of its ins and outs and by-play than we outsiders, and often when matters seemed to slacken a bit, would infuse fresh life and fire by some adroit, mischievous remark.

Open hostility soon became the order of the day between Mac and Goodhew. Hitherto, they had been simply cold and distant to one another, interlarding their conversation profusely with 'Sirs' and 'I beg your pardons;' but by the time we reached Penang, they were hardly civil to each other. The climax was reached at Penang. According to the usual custom, a party was made up to visit the celebrated waterfall. Most of us went: Skipper, Doctor, Mrs Fuller, Goodhew, Mac, and half a dozen of us outsiders. We arrived at the waterfall after the well-known broiling ascent, rhapsodised over it, sketched the joss-house, partook of a sumptuous tiffin beneath its roof, and were about to return to the quay, when Mrs Fuller espied a dead buzzard floating in the waters of the pool. 'Oh, how I should like a few feathers from that beautiful bird!' she exclaimed.

Mac and Goodhew rushed to execute the commission. We outsiders never dreamed of interference, as we foresaw an important scene in the drama. Mac was armed with his walking-stick, Goodhew had seized a long bamboo stem. Mac was upon one side of the pool, Goodhew on the other, and the buzzard floated in the middle between them.

The faces and figures of the two men were perfect studies of sternness and resolution; they stretched and craned, they knelt, they floundered, they hopped up and jumped down; for the time-being the entire universe of each of them was concentrated in that palm-shaded pool. But the bird stuck resolutely in the middle, in spite of coaxing and flopping and all sorts of cunning endeavours to waft it to one side or the other. Suddenly a puff of wind carried it towards Mac. His face lighted up with joy, and he uttered a smothered 'Hooroo!' In a moment his walking-

stick was under it, he was slowly but surely pulling it towards him; when there was a vision of a sort of fishing-rod in mid-air, a momentary struggle and splash, and Goodhew triumphantly dragged it towards him. Mac made a desperate dash at the retreating spoil, missed his footing, and fell plump into the pool. Our long-restrained feelings were no more to be kept in, and the laughter which followed awakened the echoes of the solitary Penang waterfall. To emerge from the water, hatless, dripping, and vanquished, was humiliating enough for poor Mac; but when he looked at Mrs Fuller, and saw that she was endeavouring to stifle immoderate laughter with her pocket-handkerchief, his cup of misery was full, and without another word, he strode off ahead of us on the path leading to the Settlement, and was soon lost to view.

We sailed that evening for Singapore. Mac was not visible. Next evening, however, as we were sitting on deck after dinner smoking our cigars and gazing at the peerless panorama of the tropical heavens, we saw him come on deck. We hushed our talk, for we felt that something was pending. Goodhew was sitting by Mrs Fuller's chair—that is, poor Mac's chair—at some distance from us. Mac seeing this, strode up and down the deck behind them. Presently, Mrs Fuller rose, wished us good-night, and disappeared below. We nudged one another, watched round the corners of our eyes, and listened.

Mac strode up to Goodhew, who was approaching us. 'Mister Goodhew,' he said, 'oi call that a dirty mane trick!'

'What do you mean, sir?' angrily retorted Goodhew, stopping short.

'Oi mane what oi say, sir,' said Mac. 'It was a dirty mane trick. Mrs Fuller asked me to get the bird for her, and oi got it; and you come in with a pole like a mast, and you fish it out under me very oyes!'

'Under your very stick, you mean, Mac,' said Goodhew, laughing.

'No matter what oi mane!' exclaimed the infuriated Irishman. 'Oi mane, that when one gintleman recaives a commission from a lady, and another gintleman executes it by a mane trick, the other gintleman's no gintleman at all at all—but a cad, Mister Goodhew, a cad!'

'I say, Mac, draw it mild,' said Goodhew, in his turn irritated; 'we're not all bogtrotters here!'

'Is it bogtrotter ye're callin' me!' exclaimed Mac in a frenzy. 'Bedad, oi'll tache ye to call a MacWhirter a bogtrotter, ye spalpeen!' And he sprang at Goodhew furiously.

Goodhew seized him by the waist, and in another minute would have certainly dropped Mac overboard, had we not all jumped up and interposed. Mac danced and kicked and struggled and used every vilifying expression he could. Goodhew also was endeavouring to wrest himself from our grasp; but we held on, and the opponents seeing that they could not get at each other, gradually desisted from trying.

'Doctor!' said Mac, after a breathing-space, 'this is an affair for immadiate settlement.'

'Pooh! my dear fellow,' said the officer, 'who can fight duels on the deck of a P. and O. steamer? Better wait till we get to Hong-kong; there's plenty of room there.'

'Hong-kong be it then,' said Mac.—'Mister Goodhew, oi'll send ye me card in the morning.'

'All right, Mac,' replied Goodhew, who was recovering his good temper. 'Send as many as you like. But don't you think we're a couple of fools, to be going on in this absurd way about a trifle?'

'A trifle ye call it?' roared Mac. 'An' if there's a fool hereabouts, it isn't Terence MacWhirter; but ye needn't travel very far to find him.'

The doctor whispered in Goodhew's ear. The latter nodded and smiled, and said: 'All right, Mac. You challenge me to a duel. I accept it. Pistols?'

'Of coorse,' replied Mac. 'Ye didn't think oi mane fishing-rods? Insulting a MacWhirter's no trifle, oi tell ye.'

So they separated.

It may be imagined that the chief topic on board during the interval between Singapore and Hong-kong was the approaching duel. Mac had given out more than once that he was no novice; and he certainly had shown himself a dead-shot with a rook-rifle at bottles or pieces of wood; but whether, considering the extreme excitability of his nature, he would preserve his calmness on the field of battle sufficiently to make any use of his accomplishment, we were inclined to doubt. Goodhew had never fired a pistol in his life; but there was an easy, calm confidence about him that foretold no want of nerve on his part.

'Pat,' said the doctor, on the evening before our arrival at Hong-kong, 'haven't you a qualm of conscience about going to shoot this poor fellow?'

'Faith, doctor,' replied Mac, 'the odds are even. If he wins the toss, he shoots me.'

'You're not afraid of the consequences of manslaughter?' continued the doctor. 'I don't mean the judicial consequences, but the remorse, the fear of being haunted'——

'Doctor,' said Mac, 'oi took ye for the only sensible man on the ship, and ye go and talk blarney about haunting and all that. Oi tell ye, doctor, oi'm not a believer in spirits; and if oi kill Goodhew, and his ghost makes a pother about me afterwards, oi'll have to settle him as well. Look ye, doctor, ye and the whole lot of 'em want to get me off this duel; but oi've been insulted; and if oi put up with it, oi'll not be worthy of the name of MacWhirter at all at all.'

The next evening we steamed into Hong-kong harbour. Mrs Fuller was on deck, admiring the effects of the great mountain shadows upon the moonlit water, and of the innumerable twinkling lights from the shore, which mount up and up until they seem to mingle with the stars.

Mac was standing by her chair. 'Mrs Fuller,' he said, in a low impressive voice, 'this is a beauteous scene. It remoinds me of Doblin Bay or the Cove of Cark. It is a sad scene.'

'A sad scene, Mr MacWhirter!' said Mrs Fuller. 'Why, I was just thinking it was a gay scene, with all those lights, and'——

'It is a sad scene for those who are looking

at it for the last toime, Mrs Fuller,' said Mac in an almost sepulchral tone.

'Gracious! Mr MacWhirter, what do you mean?' asked Mrs Fuller. 'What a dreadfully uncomfortable thing to say!'

'Oi mane, Mrs Fuller,' replied Mac, 'that this toime to-morrow noight there'll be one less passenger on board the *Sicilia*.'

'Why, of course, Mr MacWhirter; for I suppose our little company will be broken up here, and it is never pleasant separating from kind friends.'

'Ye mistake me,' said Mac. 'The moon that will shoine to-morrow noight will look upon the corpse of either Mister Goodhew or of Terence MacWhirter; and it'll be all for the sake of yerself, Mrs Fuller.'

Mrs Fuller saw that Mac was serious, and the idea flashed across her mind that the two rivals for her hand were about to fight a duel on her account, so she resolved to take the earliest opportunity of speaking to the captain about it.

She did speak to the captain, who spoke certain words to her in return.

Very early the next morning, before even the sun had peered round the corner of the Victoria Peak, the captain's gig put off from the *Sicilia*. In it were the captain himself, the doctor, Goodhew, Mac, and we outsiders. We were soon alongside the Bund, and in a few seconds were being whisked away in the direction of the Happy Valley as fast as chairmen could take us. We went swiftly by the cemetery gate and the Grand Stand to the extreme end of the Valley, where there was no chance of interruption.

After each of the combatants had been armed with one of the captain's pistols, the doctor measured fifteen paces. The coin was spun into the air. Mac won the toss, and took up his position, as did Goodhew.

'Captain,' said Goodhew, 'if—if I fall, you'll find a memorandum as to the disposition of my property in a tin box in my cabin. Here's the key.'

'At the word Three,' said the captain, 'Mr MacWhirter will fire.'

Mac raised his pistol, half closed his left eye, and took aim.

'One! Two! Three!'

He fired. Goodhew, with a cry, pressed his hands to his head, and then fell like a stone with one deep groan. The red stain on the right temple told Mac the fatal truth. The Irishman's vaunts and threats had been justified.

'You've done it, Mac!' whispered the captain in a voice of agony. 'Come away as fast as you can. The doctor will attend to the poor fellow, if life still remains.'

And so Mac and the captain hastened away, leaving Goodhew on the ground, with us gathered around him.

As we were to shift over to the smaller steamer which was to convey us to Yokohama the next day, and were to bid farewell to Mrs Fuller and the captain and the old *Sicilia*, the banquet that evening was of an unusually lavish description: the champagne went merrily round with jest and gibe, as if there had never been such a being as poor Goodhew in existence. Even Mac aroused himself after a few glasses, although at first he was rather solemn, and remarked: 'Ye're a rum lot, all of ye. If oi'd been killed instead of Mister Goodhew, ye'd have enjoyed your dinner and drink all the same. Oi'm sorry for him; but it'll be a lesson to Sassenachs not to insult Oirishmen.'

Then Mrs Fuller's health was drunk, and the captain's, and every one else's, and not until a small-hour of the morning did we think of breaking up.

'I say, Mac,' said the doctor, 'aren't you afraid of seeing poor Goodhew to-night?'

'Whisht, doctor; ye've taken more than's good for ye!' was the contemptuous reply.

As the ship's bell tolled two o'clock, we prepared to turn into bed, when the saloon door opened quietly, and a tall figure, ghastly white, with a crimson patch on its face, glided a few inches in. Mac was seated next to the door, and saw it. His cigar fell from his fingers, beads of perspiration burst upon his forehead, and he trembled violently.

'What on earth is the matter, Mac?' we asked.

'Why!—Don't ye see? There, at the door!—Him! Mister Goodhew!' stammered Mac.

'Nonsense, man; you're dreaming. There's nobody there at all!' we said.

'Strikes me you've had a drop too much, Mac,' said the doctor, quietly.

The figure still stood there with its eyes fixed on Mac, who, after remaining for a few moments petrified with horror, rushed with a shriek into his cabin.

Such a night as the poor fellow passed will never be known to any one but himself, although it was manifest that he was undergoing extreme agony by the groans and smothered cries which we heard for a long time after he had turned in. He was not visible at breakfast the next morning; nothing was seen of him during the process of transferring passengers, mails, and baggage from the *Sicilia* to the Yokohama steamer; and we began to fear that the poor fellow had really been affected by what he had seen, and had taken some rash step. However, about an hour before our starting-time, it was reported that Mac had come on board. There was a festive assembly in the saloon, the captain, doctor, and officers of the *Sicilia* being our guests, although an unusual spruceness in the general costume proclaimed that the affair was something more than a mere return of the compliment paid us by the captain of the *Sicilia* on the previous evening.

The doctor had risen to his feet, was clearing his throat preparatory to an important speech, when the saloon door was pushed open, and Mac looked in—not the careless, swaggering Mac of past days, but Mac haggard, weird, scarcely human, with unkempt locks and bloodshot eyes. Goodhew was seated next to the pretty Londoner. 'Hillo, Mac, old fellow; come in, come in; you're just in time,' he said.

'By the powers!' exclaimed Mac, 'ye're not dead, Mister Goodhew!'

'No, old fellow,' replied Goodhew, with a laugh. 'But if your pistol had carried a bullet, I should have been.'

'But the blood on your forehead—I saw it!' cried Mac.—'And Mrs Fuller—she's wid ye, I see!'

'No, no, Mac; wrong this time,' returned Goodhew, smiling. 'There was no blood on my forehead; and it isn't Mrs Fuller that's beside me.'

'Whisht, man! I'm not draming now; I know what I'm talking about,' exclaimed Mac. 'D'ye mane that there was no blood on your forehead after I'd hit ye, and d'ye mane that it isn't Mrs Fuller alongside of ye at all?'

'Yes, old fellow,' said Goodhew, rising, and stretching out his hand to the bewildered Irishman. 'The mark on my forehead was only a little red paint carried in the palm of my hand, and ready to be slapped on the moment you discharged your deadly weapon; and the lady'——

'Yes, yes, the lady?' interposed Mac with eagerness.

'The lady was made Mrs Goodhew about a couple of hours back,' calmly replied the Englishman. 'Give us your hand, and drink our healths.'

Mac did both, and ever after remained a firm friend of Goodhew's, although always a little touchy on the subject of ghosts.

SEALS AND SEAL-HUNTING IN SHETLAND.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART II.*

A RELATIVE of mine, now dead, used to be a mighty seal-hunter. It was before the days of the modern 'arms of precision,' long before breech-loaders were in common use, and even before the Enfield or Minié rifles were invented. In those days, the old muzzle-loading rifle was found to be not a trustworthy weapon; he therefore used a very thick metalled fowling-piece, which was deadly up to sixty or eighty yards. He had a splendid boat, which he named the *Haff-fish*, about seventeen feet of keel, a capital sea-boat, equally good for sailing and rowing, safe, therefore, in bad weather and rough sea, and at the same time handy to manage when rapid movements might be required, such as landing in narrow creeks, or on slippery shelving rocks, or shallow beaches with a surf on. His crew was composed of four picked men from amongst his fishermen tenants, and his henchman, who was as much friend and adviser as servant, a man of great natural sagacity, intelligence, and fertility of resource, and of prodigious bodily strength; all of them first-class boatmen, expert pilots, familiar with every rock and reef and tideway on the coast and amongst the islands, and withal steady, bright, intelligent fellows. Master and men, all save one, gone now! With this crew, my uncle was wont to start on his seal-hunting expeditions. He would be absent for a week, sometimes more, if the weather should turn out unfavourable; for the distance from his residence to the haunts of the seals was considerable. The first day would be spent amongst the nearest islands; and in the evening he would land, and spend the night in the hospitable mansion of one of his brother lairds, where he was always a welcome guest, his boatmen at the same time making good their quarters at very small cost in the nearest fishermen's cottages. Next day, and each day while the expedition lasted, he would explore new hunting-ground, spending the nights at some other friends' houses; and so he would hunt all the islands in Blummel Sound and Yell Sound, the Holms of Gloup, the Neeps of Gravaland, the long line of precipitous coast on the west side of Roonees Hill, the Ramna Stacks, and even the distant Vee Skerries, and other places well known as the principal haunts of the seal. Sometimes, of course, the weather, always fickle in those latitudes, would put a stop to all sport. Not often, but sometimes, even with the most favourable weather, he would return 'clean.' At other times he would bring back a number of very substantial trophies of his prowess. In some seasons he would bag—*boat* I should rather say—as many as forty or fifty. In ten years, during which he kept a careful record of the number he shot, he secured close upon three hundred of both species, and of various ages and sizes, besides killing a considerable number more, which sunk, and he was unable to recover. The most he shot in one day was eleven, ten of which he secured. Not a bad day's sport.

I have often heard him tell with pride the story of the most deadly shot he ever fired. The weapon was a favourite fowling-piece charged with two bullets, which occasionally wrought great havoc. A small herd of tang-fish was lying on a rock within easy range of some large boulders in the ebb, close to the water's edge, to which, with infinite labour and circumspection, my relative had crept. Very cautiously, his piece on a good rest, he took a well-calculated aim at the seals, lying close together in a particularly favourable position, and fired. The first bullet killed no fewer than three, and the second ball struck, but did not kill two others, which floundered into the water and escaped; but the other three were secured.

The most extraordinary *hour's* sport I have ever heard of was that of a young Shetlander, about three years ago. Reports of it had reached me; but they seemed so incredible, that I thought they must be exaggerated. I therefore wrote to the gentleman himself for the particulars; so I can vouch for the accuracy of what I am going to relate. I quote from his letter:

'My evening sport at Muckla Skerry was certainly a good one. I started from the Whalsay Skerries about five o'clock of an evening about the end of August or first of September 1881. When nearing the rock, I could see with a glass that it was almost covered with seals—I should say there would have been eighty or more—but all took to the water before a shot was fired, and while we were three to four hundred yards off, and were soon sporting about the boat, but keeping at a respectable distance. It had been perfectly calm for some days, and the sea was like a mirror. I fired eight shots from a short Enfield rifle with government ball cartridge. Two shots missed, and the other six secured a seal each. They were all shot in the water; and singular to say, every one floated on the surface till we took hold of it. One of them was a large fish, measuring six feet four inches long; the others would run from three and a half to five feet in length. . . . I feel certain I could have shot as many more, if we could have taken them in the boat; but the boat was only ten and a half feet keel, and I had four sturdy oatmeal-fed islanders with me, so that you can fancy how much freeboard we had when the six seals were

* Continued from No. 23, p. 364.

in our little craft. The time we were at the rock did not exceed forty minutes, and I think that half the time was expended in getting the largest seal into the boat. This was no easy matter, and attended with very considerable risk; but he was quite a prize, and we did not like to let him go.'

Several things in this interesting and spirited account are, so far as I am aware, unprecedented in the annals of seal-hunting in this country. I have never known or heard of any one in so short a time and out of a single herd getting so many fair shots. When one gets amongst a lot of seals, swimming and diving around the boat, one shot is commonly all that you can hope for, and whether you kill or not, it is almost invariably sufficient to send the rest at once far beyond range. Then out of eight shots, to strike and kill with six, considering the expertness of seals in 'diving on the fire,' is, I believe, also unprecedented; and to cap all, that not one of the six should have sunk when shot, is extraordinary and unaccountable; for, as I have already said, they sink when killed in the water quite as often as they float, if not oftener. Anyhow, Mr A—— had the rare good fortune to encounter a splendid opportunity, and he made a splendid use of it.

A good dog is a useful auxiliary to a seal-hunter; but he requires a good deal of training to learn his work. Very soon he acquires the art of stalking; but most dogs at first are apparently afraid to lay hold of a dead seal floating in the water, and very commonly, when sent off to fetch him ashore, simply attempt to mount on him, and in consequence do harm rather than good by helping to sink him. But generally—not always, for some dogs we never could train to do the right thing—we succeeded in teaching them to retrieve. When we had brought a seal home, we used to throw it over the jetty or out of a boat with a stout cord attached, and encourage the dog to fetch him. Great praise was bestowed when he learned to lay hold of a flipper and tow the selkie shoreward; in this way, with a little patience and perseverance, the dog soon came to learn what was required; and many a seal was secured by his help, which without it might inevitably have been lost, for a seal shot in the water from the shore, which they often were, was very generally on the opposite side of an island or long promontory, where a landing had been effected; and it took many minutes before the boat could be got round; and by that time, but for the dog, the seal might have sunk.

We tried many breeds of dogs—Newfoundland, Retriever, St Bernard, Rough water-dog, and Collie; but after all, the best seal retriever of the lot was a Collie. When he comprehended what was wanted and how to do it, he did it neatly and thoroughly. I well remember the first seal I shot. I had landed on the weather-side of a small island. A cautious reconnoitring discovered a good-sized seal 'lying up' on a detached rock. Then I commenced the stalking, closely followed by my dog. But ere I could approach within range, one of those seal-sentinels and provoking tormentors of the seal-hunter, a herring gull, set up his wild warning scream. The seal perfectly understood what it meant, at once took the alarm, plunged into the water, and disappeared. I sprang to my feet, rushed down along a little promontory, and then crouched behind a big boulder, in hopes that selkie would show his head above water and give me a chance at him. And he did. Raising his head and neck, he took a good look shoreward; but seeing nothing to account for the gull's persistent screaming, he turned round, and raised his head preparatory to a dive. I had him well and steadily covered; now was my chance. I pulled the trigger; no splash followed, which would have meant a miss; but the *lioom*—that is, the smoothing of the water by the flow of the oil—told that my bullet had taken effect. 'Fetch him, old dog! fetch him!' I cried. In an instant he plunged into the sea and swam to the seal, which I could see was floating. Neatly he dipped his head under water, seized a hind flipper, turned it over his neck, and towed him towards the shore. Passing the rock on which I stood in his way to the beach, he turned his eyes upwards for the praise and encouragement I was not, it may well be believed, backward to lavish on him. Such a look it was! I shall never forget it, instinct with the brightest intelligence, joy, pride, triumph. Indeed, I don't know whether he or his master was proudest and happiest that day. Alas, that our noble 'humble friends' should be so short-lived!

I have not shot a great many seals. They are not now, nor were they in my younger and sporting days, so numerous as they were fifty or sixty years ago, when but a very few persons here and there owned a gun, which with scarcely an exception was only the old regulation flint-lock musket. But since the invention of percussion locks, and of the splendid rifles and breech-loaders of the present day, and still more since steamers and sailing-vessels have been constantly plying amongst the islands, where formerly they never were seen, the seals have not had so peaceful a time of it; slaughter and persecution, and the inroads of modern civilisation in general, have greatly diminished their numbers; at least they are not now so frequently met with in their old haunts, from which it is probable most of them have retired, to more inaccessible and therefore safer quarters. These remarks apply only to the common seal. The Great seal was never very numerous anywhere, and there is not much chance of his wild retreats being disturbed except by an occasional hunter.

I have shot only three Great seals; but the largest one certainly I ever saw, I might have shot, but did not—dared not, I should say. Thus it happened. It was at the Holms of Gloup—some outlying rocks and skerries off the north point of the island of Yell. There is a fine hellyer here. According to the usual practice, I had landed on an abutting point or promontory at the outer entrance to the hellyer, and sent the boat inwards. If a seal happens to be in the hellyer, he plunges into the sea, swims out under water, and very generally rises up at no great distance, to see what is the cause of the disturbance and noise—for seals, as I have said, are very inquisitive as well as shy—and in this way the sportsman in ambush often gets a capital shot. As the boat went slowly inwards, the men kept

shouting and peering into the darkness, all eyes directed towards the inner beach, which was dimly visible. Presently from my perch of some twenty or thirty feet, I saw, in the clear water, what they did not see, a rushing white figure coming outwards under water. Then, not thirty yards distant, the head and neck of an enormous haff-fish* rose above the surface. For time enough to have shot him five times over, he gazed at the boat, the back of his head turned towards me, and offering such a mark as I never had before or since. I covered him with the sights; my finger trembled on the trigger; I knew my weapon would not fail me. I knew I could kill him easily, and secure him too, even if he should sink, for the water was clear and shallow. But, as ill-fortune would have it, he was directly in the line between me and the boat, and I did not dare to fire. The boatmen never saw him, and of course I could make no sign. So the great ocean patriarch, having satisfied his curiosity, quietly withdrew under water.

I shall conclude with one other adventure of my seal-hunting experience. It was at the Neeps off Gravaland, on the west side of Yell. Here the coast-line is sinuous and precipitous, the cliffs in many parts being very high; and here there are many well-sheltered creeks, rather favourite haunts of the tang-fish. A cautious survey discovered twelve or twenty of them 'lying up' on a few detached rocks in one of these creeks, and of course, as usual, far beyond range from any point on the top of the cliff. To get a chance of a shot, it was necessary to scramble down to the beach and out amongst the great boulders left dry by the ebb-tide, a matter of no small difficulty, and also danger. I was accompanied by a young Englishman, who was very eager for a shot. Retiring a little from the brow of the cliff, we held a brief whispered consultation. 'Nothing for it,' I said, 'but to get down. Will you try it?'

'No,' he replied; 'I dare not. I always get giddy, looking down from great heights, and I could not possibly attempt a precipice like that. Do you really mean to venture?'

'Certainly,' I said; 'nothing venture nothing win.'

'Well, well,' rejoined he, 'you're to the manner born, and I wish you luck.'

One can't climb or descend a difficult precipice with boots, so I discarded mine, carefully charged my trusty old fowling-piece, and commenced the descent, well out of view of the seals. The task would have been no easy one at any time; but cumbered as I was with my fowling-piece, and obliged to double and twist in all directions, to avoid being seen, it was stalking under difficulties of no ordinary magnitude. After infinite toil and circumspection, I found myself about thirty feet from the bottom; but farther I was utterly unable to proceed without coming full in sight of the seals, who were as yet unaware of the proximity of danger. Continuing my downward course, they soon caught sight of me, and one after another quietly slipped off the rocks into the water. I made my way to the beach, and crept out as far as possible amongst the great ebb-stones, behind one of which I crouched, in hopes of getting a shot at a seal swimming, for they kept bobbing up and down in the creek. At last one fellow did give me a pretty good chance, and I brought his gambols to a speedy close. To strip and plunge into the sea was the work of a minute. But before I reached him he had sunk. This was very provoking. However, nothing daunted, I returned on shore, retraced my way up the cliff, and then across a long stretch of barren moor, to the nearest fishermen's cottages at Whalfirth Voe. A boat was speedily manned by three obliging young fellows, and a pull of several miles brought us round to the creek. Having borrowed two stout piltock rods, I lashed them firmly together, and tied a ling hook to the point, and thus extemporised a capital gaff. We found the water not more than twelve or fourteen feet deep, and quite clear. I knew the exact spot where the seal had sunk; so we soon discovered him lying on the bottom, seeming not much larger than a good-sized cod, owing, I suppose, to refraction. I speedily gaffed him, and brought him to the surface. He proved to be a splendid animal, five feet nine inches in length, and very fat. The skin, a particularly fine one, I presented to my English friend; and the blubber was converted into oil, which kept our dining-room lamp burning brightly during many long nights of the succeeding winter.

* In our former paper, the Great seal or Haff-fish was inadvertently named *Phoca barbata* instead of *Halichœrus gryphus*, a mistake which we take this opportunity of rectifying.

SOME SACRED TREES.

THERE are few things more impressive to the thoughtful mind than the near contemplation of tall and large trees in full foliage. They are symbols of antiquity and endurance, yet also of the changes consequent on a constant renewal. Traditions gather naturally round an object which witnesses the growth and disappearance of generations. The memories of men long dead become connected with them; and the rude imagination pictures the souls of the departed as still lingering in the familiar groves, and haunting the favourite tree which sheltered them in the noonday heat and from the fury of the sudden tempest. Such fancies in untutored times naturally induced veneration for the object which inspired them, and such may have been the origin of tree-worship, which has been a prevalent form of idolatry.

In the East, the greatest veneration is paid to the Indian *Ficus religiosa*, the sacred and consecrated fig-tree or peepul-tree, which is held pre-eminently sacred by the Buddhists, and is revered also by the Hindus, the birth of Vishnu having occurred beneath its branches. It is the Rarvasit, the tree of knowledge and wisdom, the holy Bo-tree of the lamas of Tibet. It is met with in most countries of South-eastern Asia; but the descriptions of it in botanical handbooks are confused and misleading. It is a handsome tree, growing frequently to a great height, an evergreen, which puts forth its flowers in April, and the bark yields freely upon incision an acrid milk containing a considerable proportion of india-rubber. According to Balfour, 'the leaves are heart-shaped, long, pointed, and

not unlike those of some poplars; and as the footstalks are long and slender, the leaves vibrate in the air like those of the aspen. It was under this tree that Gautama slept, and dreamed that his bed was the vast earth, and the Himalaya Mountains his pillow, while his left arm reached to the Eastern Ocean, his right to the Western Ocean, and his feet to the great South Sea.' (Balfour's *Cyclopædia of India.*) This dream warned him that he was about to become a Buddha; and when its prophecy was fulfilled, he was again seated beneath the same tree.

In the year 250 B.C. a branch of this sacred tree was sent to the ancient city of Amūrādhapōōra, in the interior of Ceylon, together with the collar-bone of Gautama, and his begging-dish with other relics. Here it was planted, and was known by the name of the Bo-tree. The highest reverence was paid to it for two thousand years, and it is to this day the chief object of worship to the pilgrims who every year flock to the ruins of this city. These ruins are of vast extent, and abound in intricate and magnificent carvings. 'An inclosure of three hundred and forty-five feet in length, and two hundred and sixteen in breadth, surrounds the court of the Bo-tree, designated by Buddhists the great, famous, and triumphant fig-tree.' It is declared to be the same tree sprung from the branch sent by Asoka from Buddh-gyâ, and the amazing vigour and longevity of these trees make the assertion within the limits of the possible. 'The city is in ruins,' says Fergusson; 'its great dagobas (sanctuaries containing relics) have fallen into decay; its monasteries have disappeared; but the great Bo-tree still flourishes, according to the legend: "Ever green, never growing, or decreasing, but living on for ever for the delight and worship of mankind." There is probably no older idol in the world, certainly none more venerated.'*

A recent Indian periodical, describing the white elephant purchased by Mr Barnum, states that, under the terms of the deed of sale, the great showman was required to swear 'by the holy and sacred Bo-tree' that the animal, itself reverenced in the highest degree, should receive every kindness and consideration.

The next instance of a venerated tree is of a still more astonishing kind. Tsong Kaba, the founder of the Yellow Cap Lamas, who became Buddha in the early part of the fifteenth century, was endowed from his birth with miraculous white hair. At the age of three years his head was shaved, and the hair, which was fine, long, and flowing, was thrown outside his parents' tent. 'From this hair there forthwith sprung a tree, the wood of which dispensed an exquisite perfume around, and each leaf of which bore, engraved on its surface, a character in the sacred language of Tibet.' Whatever may be thought of this legend, it is certain that the tree which it is concerned with actually existed in the days of the Abbé Huc, who visited it, and in whose Travels it is circumstantially described. It is situated at the foot of the mountain where Tsong Kaba was born, near the lamasery or Buddhist convent called Kounboum, which signifies the 'Ten Thousand Images,' and is a famous place of pilgrimage.

'This tree,' says the abbé, 'does exist; and we had heard of it too often in our journey not to feel somewhat eager to visit it. At the foot of the mountain on which the lamasery stands is a great square inclosure, formed by brick walls. Upon entering this, we were able to examine at leisure the marvellous tree. Our eyes were first directed with earnest curiosity to the leaves; and we were filled with an absolute consternation of astonishment at finding that there were upon each of the leaves well-formed Tibetan characters, all of a green colour—some darker, some lighter than the leaf itself. Our first impression was a suspicion of fraud on the part of the lamas; but after a minute examination of every detail, we could not discover the least deception. The characters all appeared to us portions of the leaf itself, equally with its veins and nerves. The position was not the same in all: in one leaf, they would be at the top; in another, in the middle; in a third, at the base, or side. The younger leaves represented the characters only in a partial state of formation. The bark of the tree and of its branches, which resemble that of the plane-tree, is also covered with these characters. When you remove a piece of the bark, the young bark under it exhibits the indistinct outlines of characters in a germinating state; and what is very singular, these new characters are not unfrequently different from those which they replace. We examined everything with the closest attention, in order to detect some trace of trickery; but we could discern nothing of the sort. The tree of the Ten Thousand Images seemed to be of great age. Its trunk, which three men could scarcely embrace with outstretched arms, is not more than eight feet high; the branches spread out in the shape of a plume of feathers, and are extremely bushy; few of them are dead. The leaves are always green; and the wood, which is of a reddish tint, has an exquisite odour, something like cinnamon. The lamas informed us that in summer towards the eighth moon, the tree produces large red flowers of a beautiful character. Many attempts have been made in various lamaseries of Tartary and Tibet to propagate it by seeds and cuttings, but all these attempts have been fruitless.

'The Emperor Khang-hi, when upon a pilgrimage to Kounboum, constructed at his own private expense a dome of silver over the tree of the Ten Thousand Images, and endowed the lamasery with a yearly revenue for the support of three hundred lamas.' This tree is said to be still in existence.

In Hunter's *Annals of Rural Bengal*, there is the following interesting instance of tree-worship. 'Adjoining the Santal village is a grove of their national tree'—the Sal (*Shorea robusta*)—'which they believe to be the favourite resort of all the family gods (lares) of the little community. From its silent gloom the bygone generations watch

* 'Not long since,' said a writer some years ago in *Notes and Queries*, 'an old woman in the neighbourhood of Benares was observed walking round and round a certain peepul-tree. At every round she sprinkled a few drops of water from the water-vessel in her hand on the small offering of flowers she had laid beneath the tree. A bystander, who was questioned as to this ceremony, replied: "This is a sacred tree; the good spirits live up amidst its branches, and the old woman is worshipping them."'

their children playing their several parts in life. Several times a year the whole hamlet, dressed out in its showiest, repairs to the grove to do honour to the *Lares Rurales* with music and sacrifice. Men and women join hands, and dancing in a large circle, chant songs in remembrance of the original founder of the community, who is venerated as the head of the village pantheon. Goats, red cocks, and chickens are sacrificed; and while some of the worshippers are told off to cook the flesh for the coming festival at great fires, the rest separate into families, and dance round the particular trees which they fancy their domestic lares chiefly haunt.'

Three principal deities are at this day worshipped by the people of Dahomey: the serpent-god, which Burton describes as a brown python, streaked with white and yellow, of moderate dimensions, and quite harmless. This is the supreme god. 'It has one thousand Danh-'si, or snake-wives.' These are maidens and married women devoted to the service of the serpent. The second deity 'is represented by lofty and beautiful trees, in the formation of which Dame Nature seems to have expressed her greatest art. They are prayed to and presented with offerings in times of sickness, and especially of fever. Those most revered are the Hun-'tin, or acanthaceous silk-cotton, whose wives equal those of the snake; and the Loko, the well-known Edum, ordeal, or poison tree of the West African coast. The latter numbers fewer Loko-'si or Loko spouses. On the other hand, it has its own fetich pottery, which may be bought in every market.' The god Hu, the ocean, is the youngest of the three deities; he is inferior both in power and age to the other divinities, and his turbulence is held in check by them.

The island of Ferro is the most westerly and the smallest of the Canaries. Fresh water is very scarce, and the moisture which falls from the leaves of the linden-tree is said to be collected to increase the supply. This seems to be the only foundation for a wonderful story told in Glass's *History of the Canary Islands*, concerning a 'fountain-tree,' which would certainly have received divine honours of the highest kind from all tree-worshippers. There grows, says the story, in the middle of the island a tree, 'called in the language of the ancient inhabitants, Garse—that is, sacred or holy tree—which constantly distils from its leaves such a quantity of water as is sufficient to furnish drink to every creature in Ferro. It is situated about a league and a half from the sea. Nobody knows of what species it is, only that it is called Til. The circumference of the trunk is about twelve spans, and in height it is about forty spans. Its fruit resembles the acorn, the leaves those of the laurel; but they are larger, wider, and more curved; they come forth in a perpetual succession, so that the tree always remains green. On the north side of the trunk are two large tanks. Every morning a cloud of mist rises from the sea, and rests upon the thick leaves and wide-spreading branches, whence it distils in drops during the remainder of the day. This tree yields most water when the Levant or east winds have prevailed, for by these winds only the clouds are drawn from the sea. A person lives on the spot, who is appointed to take care of the tree and its water, and is allowed a house to live in and a certain salary.'

The story is evidently told in good faith; and the power of condensing mist is possessed by various species of trees. The Garse, moreover, has been described by more than one traveller.

In conclusion, while tree-worship is, of course, essentially pagan, innumerable superstitions concerning trees have prevailed in Christian countries, notably in England. They are now almost extinct; but the traveller in remote country-places might still meet with some of those strange instances recorded in Brand's *Antiquities* and in the *Fragments* of Edward Moor.

IN A HIGHLAND GLEN.

AN AUTUMN REVERIE.

THE dreamy hush of a warm autumn noon, broken only by the sweet murmurous sound of the falling water as it leaps from its shining pebbled shallows into the rock-encompassed *linn*. What could give more peace and quiet delight than this? Let us sit for one brief half-hour under the fresh green hazels and drink in the varied charms of sight and sound. We are 'far from the madding crowd,' and have left all care leagues behind. Let us rest on this mossy bank in the delight of dreamy ease, with the delicious fragrance of the wild thyme wafted to us on the wing of the gentle breeze. We are here seeking rest, and that sweet dreamy pleasure which a mind can get when it is in the delicious equipoise that repose and the beauties of nature can bring. The stream's melodious wanderings in this sunny hour are of more importance to us than all the anxious worldly sounds of a city's din; and the glowing petals of that wild red rose wooing its own shadow in the stream are better far to our eyes in our present mood than any of the exquisite studies of Salvator Rosa or Claude Lorraine. What wealth of light and shadow is given to us in the far-stretching umbrageous vista! Never had cathedral aisles more perfect and graceful roof, or more radiant lights from painted windows; and is not the music here of stream and hazel-haunting warblers sweeter and more heart-inspiring than the organ's swell? The interlacing branches through which the filtered sunlight comes, rendered in flashes of green and gold, are better than the Gothic roof of cathedral aisle or dome; and the eerie cry of the curlew commends itself more to our soul—in the midst of heather and mountains as we are—than would the richest chorus of human song.

This is not the time or place for preaching or moralising; but is it out of place for us to consider in this delectable hour the exquisite delight that we poor unworthy souls get by an intense reverence for the harmonies that nature has for us! This glen, these sheltering hazels, this melodious mountain rill, are all our own. For the time we are the possessors of these green grottos and flashing waves and bird-notes, which exceed in excellence *anything* that kings' palaces can give.

Every rustle of the breeze turns over for us a fresh leaf of Nature's wondrous, inexhaustible

book; and the flash of emerald from the kingfisher's breast, or the glorious note from the blackbird's mellow throat, gives us sudden and bright revelations of sweetness and joy, that we can call up with a lingering delight and tenderness of feeling when we are far away. Up the bed of the glistening stream there, at a perfect artistic distance, are the silent shadowy rocks, overlooking and guarding the deep and sullen linn, and working out Nature's will with a quiet watchfulness, and with a changeless solemnity and patience. And see! right above the sombre linn there are rainbow-fringed cloudlets of spray, brought down by the laughing stream, that comes with soothing unobtrusive din over its rocky ledges.

That sound of falling waters is like a lullaby, and contains in it more of the hush of rest than anything else in nature.

What a history this mountain stream must have had in all the seasons and the centuries! and how many hearts has it not gladdened in its lights and shadows and silvery song! Its waters have chiselled these overhanging rocks into a stern beauty, and those boulders have been moulded by them into a soft symmetry and grace. Its changes are like the mutations that belong to human life, now the roar of the torrent, and now the deep calm of the clear crystalline pool. The sportive trout has long leaped from the quiet breast of its limpid shallows, and its woodlands have resounded to the song of the mavis and blackbird. The swallows that have passed their winter amid the slopes of Carmel, the groves of Sharon, or the gardens of Damascus, may be those that are now skimming over the sunlit pools there in the hush of this noontide hour. But their aërial and graceful flight is as pleasing here to us poor rest-seeking pilgrims as ever it was to the eye of vizier or khan; and the cottage eaves in this glen echo the twitter to human ears as deliciously as do the frescoed piazzas of Athens, Venice, or Rome.

What a temple is here for the worship, with reverent spirit, with silent tongue, of the One who made and loveth all! Ferns and flowers, birds and wandering bees, sunshine and singing waters! What lessons of tenderness, natural piety, and reverence may we not get here! Yon shaft of sunlight, filtered through the hazels, striking the stream, and lighting its still bosom with emerald and gold, brings before us some of the finest lines of *Lycidas*, that peerless poem of the lights and shadows and music of Arcadia.

All around us, the brightness that fills the spirit, the deep shadows beneath scaur and tree, the sound of bleating upon the hills, and the melody of waters dashing past boulders or rolling with an onward, free, and joyous music over pebbled beds, lead us alike to reverence and gratitude. Nature is a gentle, sweet, and loving teacher. We shall never touch the hem of her garment in vain. She giveth us grace and sympathy and love.

But we must leave our bosky dell in the midst of this Highland glen. We can carry away, however, memories from it that shall be always our own. The indescribable yet fascinating music of the waters falling into the linn yonder is ours for ever now; so is the rock there, cushioned with the tender green moss, that moss that comes in silence, and lays its gentle covering mantle over the mounds of our beloved dead. There, too, a few yards from us, is a still pool which might remain for ever in one's memory. How the shadows are reflected from the flowers! Here we have the fable of Narcissus told us again in this Highland dell. But that flower near us droops—it is almost touching its shadow: they have been wooing each other long. By-and-by they will clasp each other, and wooed and wooer will float away. But it is autumn, and flowers must wither and die. When our autumn departure cometh, may our passing away be as calm!

THE RIME OF SIR LIONNE.

'Hush, a little, for harp and rhyme;
This befell in the olden time.'

W. ALLINGHAM.

In days of old, as rimesters tell,
(Culvert, and petrel, and mangonel),
A maiden dwelt in a castle stout,
Guarded and walled, within, without,
And ever defeat and direful rout
To all her castle's besiegers fell.

No suitor the maid's proud heart could win,
(Pike, and halberd, and culverin);
She recked not of love-kiss, ne vow, ne sigh,
But her song had the ring of a battle-cry:
'O strong is my fortress—a maid am I—
And never a foeman shall enter in.'

But it fell in an evening windy-wet,
(Hauberk, and helmet, and bascinet),
A knight drew rein 'neath the castle wall;
Proud was his port, his stature tall,
His face held the gazer's eye in thrall,
And a lion of gold on his casque was set.

He winded a bugle silver-clear,
(Mace, and arblast, and bandoleer),
Singing: 'Yield up thy castle, fair May, to me:
Sir Lionne me hight, of a far countrie.
Now boune thee, Lady, my love to be,
Or I take thee by prowess of bow and spear!'

In the pale, pale light of a crescent moon,
(Spear, and corselet, and musketoon),
She saw him there by the castle wall,
And shrilled to the warder a careless call:
'Ho!—let portcullis and drawbridge fall;
We would see this bold knight of a braggart tune.'

And oh! but the wind had changed, I trow,
(Falchion, and gauntlet, and good crossbow),
When, an eve from thence, in a fading light,
On the bastion-keep stood a maid and knight,
And, while to his heart he clasped her tight,
'Thou hast conquered, Sir Lionne!' she murmured low.

'I had vowed that no knight beneath the sun,
(Demi-pique, helm, and habergeon),
Beneath the sunlight, or moonbeam shine,
Should be lord of this castle and heart of mine:
But take me, dear love, I am only thine;
My fortress is taken—my heart is won.'

BRINHILD.

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CAVE-CHAPELS.

In the biographies of the saints of the early Celtic Church it is frequently recorded that towards the close of their lives they left their monasteries and sought the seclusion of some lonely island or mountain solitude, in order to pass the evening of their days in undisturbed devotion and freedom from worldly cares. Joceline in his *Life of St Kentigern* also records that it was his custom to retire to a cave during Lent, so that, 'removed from the strife of tongues and the tumults of this world, he might hide himself in God.' Such retreats, whether they were used for periodical and temporary seclusion or for permanent retirement, were called in the ecclesiastical language of the day *Deserta;* and the frequent occurrence of this term in the topography of Scotland and Ireland—in its modern form of Dysart or Disert—shows how common the custom must once have been. Sometimes the recluse erected a habitation for himself of stones and turf, as St Cuthbert did in the island of Farne; but frequently he chose the shelter of a natural cavern or crevice in the rocks, as St Cuthbert is also said to have done at Weem in Perthshire. As the veneration for the memory of the saint increased with lapse of time, the sites of such hermitages naturally became places of pilgrimage, and troops of devotees were drawn to visit them by rumours of special benefits accruing to pilgrims of weak health, or peace of mind procured by the performance of special vows. In consequence of the peculiar prevalence of this mode of retirement in the primitive Celtic Church, cave-hermitages must have been exceedingly numerous in Scotland. But the thoroughness of the breach which the Church of the Reformation made with the traditions and especially with the superstitious practices of the past, has obliterated most of the traces of this early devotion; and it is only in a few isolated and exceptional cases that any of its associations have survived to our day.

St Ninian's Cave, near Physgill, in the parish of Glasserton, Wigtownshire, is situated a little to the west of the wooded valley which terminates in the creek known as Portcastle. It is simply a triangular fissure in the rock, some ten or twelve feet wide at the entrance, and about fifteen feet in height, narrowing inwards until, at a distance of about twenty-five feet from the entrance, the sides of the fissure come gradually together. A rudely-built wall has been constructed across the mouth of the cave, of which the lower part still remains. On the occasion of a visit to the cave by the late Dean Stanley of Westminster, a small cross was discovered carved on a projecting part of the rock, and three others were subsequently made visible by the partial removal of the debris from the face of the rock. The form of these crosses is peculiar. They are equal-limbed crosses, formed by four arcs of circles intersecting the circumference of a circumscribing circle. Similar equal-limbed crosses, but bearing the hook-like curve at the right-hand corner of the upper limb, which constitutes the *chrisma* or monogram—the combined *Chi* and *rho* of the Greek word *Christos*—are found upon early Christian monuments at Kirkmadrine and Whithorn in the same county, but nowhere else in Scotland. These monuments bear inscriptions commemorative of certain 'holy and distinguished priests'—Viventius, Mavorius, and Florentius. Their names are so different from those of the priesthood of the Columban Church, that they may be regarded as followers if not as contemporaries of St Ninian. But none of the crosses in Ninian's Cave present this peculiarly ancient characteristic of the *chrisma*, and these crosses may therefore be of a much later date than Ninian's time. They are not confined to the rock-face, but have also been carved upon several of the loose stones found on the floor of the cave.

In the month of June last the cave was thoroughly explored for the Ayrshire and Wigtownshire Archæological Association, under the superintendence of Sir Herbert Maxwell, M.P., and Mr Cochran-Patrick, M.P., Secretary of the Association and of the Society of

Antiquaries of Scotland. They found that the whole floor of the cave had been regularly paved; and close to the entrance, but outside the external wall which converted the cave into a chapel, there was a large stone basin placed under a natural drip from the rock, which may have served as a holy-water vessel. A number of additional crosses were also discovered. On a stone which had been placed as one of the steps leading down to the paved floor there were four crosses in a line. On one of the stones of the pavement was an inscription in Roman letters, of which the word SANCTI could only be deciphered. Underneath the pavement and throughout the debris of the cave-floor there was a considerable accumulation of shells, consisting chiefly of limpets and periwinkles, mingled with splintered bones, evidently the refuse of the food of some earlier occupants. At a considerable depth immediately outside the wall of the chapel, the decayed remnants of a human skeleton were disentombed. Whether these were the bones of a hermit of the chapel who had chosen to be buried in the spot where he had ended his solitary life, or the remains of some victim of violence placed there for concealment, will probably remain unknown.

St Ninian, to whom the cave was dedicated, was the first who preached Christianity among the southern Picts. His life and labours are briefly related by the Venerable Bede, and more fully by Ailred, a Cistercian monk of Rievaux, in Yorkshire. Ailred, whose *Life of St Ninian* was written in the second half of the twelfth century, states that he derived his materials from a certain barbarously written manuscript, presumably of much earlier date. He informs us that Ninian was born at Whithorn—then called Rosnat—and that he was the son of a Christian Prince. Having received his education under the care of St Martin of Tours, he subsequently went to Rome, where he remained till he was made a bishop and sent to evangelise the people of his native province. From St Martin he obtained masons to build a stone church in Galloway after the Roman fashion. As this was the first stone church erected in Scotland, the fame of Ninian's *Candida Casa* or White House has been perpetuated in the Saxon form of Whitherne or Whithorn. The date of its erection is fixed by the fact that St Martin died in 397 A.D.; and St Ninian, having heard of his death while the church was being built, resolved to dedicate the finished edifice to his memory. Ninian himself, after a life full of labours, was buried in the church of St Martin which he had built; and Ailred mentions the stone sarcophagus which contained his remains as still existing in his day, and much venerated in consequence of the many miraculous cures said to be wrought upon those who devoutly frequented it. Pilgrimages continued to be made to the shrine of St Ninian down to the period of the Reformation. In a letter of King James V. of Scotland to the Pope, the king states that pilgrims from England, Ireland, the Isles, and adjoining countries came yearly in flocks to St Ninian's shrine at Whithorn. That notable pilgrim King James IV. made special pilgrimages to this famous shrine, and his Treasurer has preserved an account of his disbursements on these occasions. From it we learn that the king made offerings in money 'at the Rude Altar; at the fertir (or shrine) in the outer kirk; at the reliques at the Hie Altair; at the Lady Altar; and in the chapel on the hill—at ilk place xiiis. 4d.' And in 1505 he offered also 'ane relique of the king's awn silver' of considerable weight and value.

The number of dedications to St Ninian, scattered over the whole country from the remotest Northern and Western Isles to the Mull of Galloway, bear testimony to the widespread devotion to his memory which once pervaded the Scottish Church. The removal of a portion of the wall of the choir of the old church of St Congan at Turriff in 1861 brought to light a fresco-painting of St Ninian, robed as a bishop, with mitre and pastoral staff—the only relic of pre-Reformation work of the kind that has been discovered in Scotland. Neither in his *Life* nor in any ancient document has any reference been found to the occupation of the cave at Physgill by St Ninian; but Sulpicius Severus, who wrote a Life of St Martin of Tours, mentions that he had a little cell in the rock at Marmoutier to which he was accustomed to retire for prayer and meditation, and that many of his disciples also dug cells in the rock and took up their abodes in them. St Ninian being a disciple of St Martin, there is reason to conclude that in this respect he would follow the example of his master. But apart from this consideration, it is certain that from a very early period this cave has been traditionally associated with his name, and that this association was the reason for converting it into a chapel, where services would be held on the saint's anniversaries, pilgrimages performed, vows paid, and offerings presented. It is not unlikely that in its earlier days the chapel may have been ministered to by a resident recluse, as was often the custom in similar circumstances. For instance, we are told by Bower, the continuator of Fordun's *Chronicle*, that in crossing the Firth of Forth in the year 1123, King Alexander I. was driven by stress of weather to land on the island of Inchcolm, 'where at that time lived an island hermit, who, belonging to the service of St Columba, devoted himself sedulously to his duties at a little chapel there, content with such poor food as the milk of one cow, and the shells and small sea-fishes he could collect.' It is suggestive, too, that one of the copies of the *Scotichronicon*—that which belonged to the Abbey of Coupar-Angus—connects the island of Inchcolm with St Columba by saying that he lived in it for a certain time during his ministry among the Picts and Scots, just as the cave at Physgill is connected with St Ninian.

There is another cave-chapel on the Wigtownshire coast, which had a reputation scarcely less famous than that of St Ninian. St Medan's Cave, still locally known as 'The Chapel Co',' is an irregular rent in the cliff between Maryport and East Tarbert, about four miles from Drumore. In front of it are the remains of a wall about four feet thick, of rough stones and lime, still showing traces of the doorway, and one deeply splayed window. About twelve feet farther in

is the back wall of the chapel, reaching to the roof of the cave, but giving access, by a square-headed doorway four feet high and two and a half feet wide, to the small natural cell in which the cave terminates. Near the external entrance there are three pools or rock basins, within the tide-mark, and usually full of sea-water. The largest, which is about four feet in diameter, is known as 'the Body Pool,' and was used for the cure of internal and wasting disorders, being specially efficacious in cases of 'back-gane bairns.' The second pool, of an irregularly triangular shape, and about two feet long, was known as 'the Knee Pool,' and was considered effectual for the cure of diseases of the lower limbs. The third pool, a circular basin about six inches diameter and the same in depth, was used for sore eyes. The cave and its pools were largely frequented for curative purposes down almost to the commencement of the present century, and continued to be occasionally visited to a much later period. There are persons yet living who remember large gatherings at St Medan's Chapel, especially on the first Sunday of May, old style. St Medan, who is commemorated in the dedication of the church of Kirkmaiden, was one of the 'devout women' of the early Celtic Church of whom there is no distinct biographic record. The *Breviary of Aberdeen* states that she came from Ireland to Galloway, and ended her days near the blessed St Ninian. Mr Skene identifies her with Modwena, whose original name was Darerca, a convert of St Patrick, who died on St Columba's birthday, July 6, 519 A.D.

St Kieran's Cave is situated in the precipitous cliffs of Achinhoan Head, about three miles south of the site of the church dedicated to him at Kilkerran, in Kintyre, Argyllshire. It is one of many fissures occurring in the limestone rock on this coast, irregularly triangular in shape, spacious and lofty. A substantially built wall three feet thick has been constructed across the entrance. Immediately within the entrance is a rough boulder with an oval basin scooped in its upper surface, which is placed beneath a drip of water from the roof of the cave, and thus forms a reservoir, which may have answered the purposes of a hermit's well, a holy-water vessel for the pilgrims' chapel, and a curative or holy well for the superstitious uses of later times. Close by it is another boulder about two feet in diameter, the upper surface of which is prettily carved with a circular border of fretwork, such as is frequently seen on the early sculptured monuments of Scotland and Ireland, inclosing a hexafoil with its points connected by arcs of circles. A writer in the old *Statistical Account of Scotland* also speaks of the cross which St Kieran had cut upon the rock; but this is no longer visible. Kieran Macantsaor, or the 'carpenter's son,' was Abbot of Clonmacnois. In his youth he was a disciple of St Finan of Clonard; and in proof of the sanctity of his life, it is told of him that 'he never looked upon a woman, and never told a lie.' He was held in great esteem by St Columba, who is said to have written a hymn in praise of Kieran. He died at the age of thirty-three, and 'was likened to Christ, both on account of his age and that his father was a carpenter like Joseph Muire.'

A cave on the western shore of Loch Caolisport, also in Argyllshire, is associated with the name of the great evangelist of Scotland, St Columba. Like most other cave-chapels, it has the remains of a wall, with a doorway, constructed across the entrance. On a kind of rocky shelf close by the doorway is a rude circular basin, which probably served as the holy-water vessel of the chapel. Against the rock forming the east side of the cave is the altar platform, roughly but solidly built, and still standing—or at least till quite recently—to nearly its full height. On the smooth face of the rock above the centre of the altar platform is a cross carved in relief, of the Latin form, but with its arms and summit slightly expanding towards the extremities. This cross is placed a little to one side of the centre; but more nearly in a central position over the altar there are discernible the almost obliterated outlines of a much older cross which has been incised in the rock. At a little distance from the cave are the ruins of an ancient chapel dedicated to St Columba. It is a small plain edifice about forty feet by twenty-two, with one east window, and the remains of a window in each of the side-walls near the eastern end. The tradition is that St Columba, landing here on his way to Iona, established the chapel in the cave, which was ever afterwards held sacred to his memory, and that the chapel near it was subsequently founded in his honour. The cave was cleared out about two years ago by the proprietor; but no record of what might have been a most interesting scientific investigation appears to have been preserved. It is said that a great many burials were found in the floor of the cave—as many as sixteen or eighteen different skeletons are supposed to have been found—and underneath them the traces of a more ancient occupation of the cavern, probably in pagan times.

The cave of St Molio in the Island of Lamlash, or Holy Island, on the east side of Arran, is a natural cavity in the sandstone rock, about twenty-five feet above the present tide-mark. Traces of a rudely-built wall across its entrance are still visible. A shelf of rock within the cave is known as 'the Saint's Bed;' a large flat-topped rock close by with several step-like recesses cut in its circumference is called 'the Saint's Chair;' and a fine spring of pure water, which is known as 'the Saint's Well,' was formerly much resorted to for the healing virtues of its water. The Island of Lamlash appears in ancient documents as Helant-in-laysche or Almeslach, and this form of the name identifies it with St Molaissi or Laisren of Leighlin, a nephew of St Blane of Kingarth in Bute. His mother was a daughter of Aedhan, king of the Scots of Dalriada; and it is told of him, that in order to avoid being made king, he retired to an island in the sea between Alban and Britain—between the country of the Scots and that of the Britons of Strathclyde. This answers precisely to the situation of the Holy Island which is still associated with his name. There was a relic either of St Molaissi or of St Moluag of Lismore preserved in Arran down to the time of Martin's visit to the island in the beginning of the last century. This was the *Baul Muluy*, a 'green stone, like a globe in figure, about the bigness of a goose-egg,' which

was much used by the islanders for curing diseases and 'for swearing decisive oaths upon it.' It seems to have been in the hereditary custody of a family of Mackintoshes, and had also the reputation of having been anciently a *vexillum* or battle-ensign of the Macdonalds of the Isles, carried with their host in their conflicts, in the belief that its presence would secure to them victory over their enemies. The cave of St Molio has several Runic inscriptions cut upon its interior—mere *graffiti* of occasional visitors at the time when the galleys of the Northmen frequented the western seas. Amudar, Ontur, and Sea-elk, who have left their names there, may have been pagans; but Nicolas of Haen, who carved the longest inscription, bears a good Christian name.

St Serf's Cave at Dysart, in Fife, derived its sanctity—as the town of Dysart has derived its name—from its having been the *desertum* or place of retirement of the saint during his seasons of meditation and prayer. The *Aberdeen Breviary* states that 'once upon a time the devil tempted the blessed St Serf with divers questions in the cave at Dysart; but confounded by the divine virtue, he went away; and from that day the said demon has appeared to no one in that cave, although the place is still held famous in honour of St Serf.' Andrew of Wyntoun, prior of St Serf's monastery in Lochleven, as in duty bound, gives, in his *Cronykill of Scotland*, a circumstantial account of this disputation with the Evil One:

> Quhill Saynt Serf in till a stede
> Lay eftir Maytynis in hys bede,
> The devil came in full intent
> For til fand him with argument;

proposing to the saint many of the questions of high theological speculation which presented themselves to the cultivated minds of the fifteenth century, and receiving orthodox, and consequently unanswerable replies to them all:

> Thane sawe the devil that he coud nocht,
> With all the wylis that he socht,
> Ourecum Saynt Serf; he sayd than
> He kend hym for a wys man;

and the saint becoming impatient of his flattery, commanded him to begone from his cave, and never more to annoy any one in it. This prohibition apparently obtained for the cave a reputation as of a place for ever freed from the temptations of the Evil One, and it continued in consequence to be used as a chapel, and largely frequented by pilgrims down almost to the Reformation.

St Adrian's Cave at Caiplie, also on the north shore of the Firth of Forth, consists of a cluster of contiguous cavities formed by the sea washing out the softer parts of the rock. The principal cavity bears obvious marks of artificial adaptation. It is somewhat irregular in shape, but large and lofty; and the foundation courses of a wall constructed across its entrance are still visible. Near the mouth of the cave, a kind of platform or seat is shaped in the rock, and a door cut through the rock communicates with a smaller cell on the south side. On the west side, a series of steps led up to a smaller cell, in the inner part of which was a kind of bench cut in the rock, which is said to have been the hermit's bed. In front of the cave, five human skeletons were found, four of which were regularly buried east and west, the heads to the west, but without coffins. A considerable quantity of bones of oxen, sheep, and swine, and portions of deer-horns, were found mixed with the debris in front of the cave, evidently the refuse of the food of its occupants at some remote period. On the interior of the rocky walls of the cave, many pilgrim crosses are carved, some of the equal-armed form and surrounded with a border, but mostly of the Latin form. St Adrian, whose true name was probably Odran, is represented as having settled and laboured among the Pictish people of the east parts of Scotland. His settlement in the Firth of Forth is thus described by Wyntoun:

> Adriane wyth hys cumpany
> Togydder cam tyl Caplawchy,
> Thare sum in to the Ile off May
> Chesyd to byde to thare enday.
> And some off thame chesyd be northe
> In steddis sere the Wattyr off Forth.

At Pittenweem, St Monance, and other places along the coast as far as Fifeness, there are several caves which have pilgrim crosses and other symbols of archaic character carved upon their rocky walls. All of these seem at one time to have been occupied as places of retreat and devotion by saints or recluses of the early Celtic Church, and doubtless are the *steddis sere* (that is, the 'several places') referred to in Wyntoun's narrative. At Fifeness is the cave of Constantine, king of the Scots, who, after a reign of forty years, exchanged the sceptre for the pilgrim's staff, and 'died in the house of the Apostle;' that is, of St Andrew. At St Andrews itself is the cave of St Rule, or rather what remains of it, for it has been much destroyed within the last half-century. Sir Walter Scott describes the palmer in *Marmion* as bound to fair St Andrews:

> Within the ocean cave to pray,
> Where good St Rule his holy lay,
> From midnight to the dawn of day,
> Sang to the billows' sound;

and mentions that on one side of the cave there still remained a sort of stone altar. The *Aberdeen Breviary* states that St Gernadius, who settled at Kennedor, in Moray, lived in a cell partly natural, but artificially adapted for a habitation, in which he was wont to repose his wearied limbs on a bed of stone. His cave in the neighbourhood of Lossiemouth is distinguished by the holy well close beside it, which had a local reputation until quite recently, and is still known as St Gerardine's Well. St Baldred of the Bass, who sat upon the rock in Aldhame Bay, and caused it to transport itself out of the fairway, had his cave also in the cliff opposite this rock; and traces have been found both upon the rock itself and in the cave of a long-continued occupation at a remote period.

Although the materials for the illustration of this long-forgotten phase of ecclesiastical life are so few and fragmentary, they suffice to reveal the presence in these early ages of a passionate fervour of devotion and a child-like simplicity of faith to which we are altogether strangers in these times. The systems and institutions by

which they were created and fostered 'are productions of old ages, not to be repeated in the new: they presuppose a certain rudeness of conception, which the progress of mere scientific knowledge puts an end to.'

BY MEAD AND STREAM.

CHAPTER XLII.—A LAND SHIPWRECK.

To be unhappy and alone at night in chambers is to have an opportunity of realising the sense of desolation in its bitterest degree. The double doors and double windows which secure the stillness that is of so much importance for working purposes, seem now to shut you off doubly from the world; from help if you are dying, and from sympathy if you live. The rumble of the heaviest wagon reaches the ears as a faint sound from afar off; no footstep is heard at all; and the adjacent chambers are silent as the tenements of the dead. You welcome the plash of rain against the window-panes—dull as that is—as if it were a friend come to speak to you in your solitude.

That is the time for thoughts of suicide to haunt a man if his mind is disturbed; and that is the time for cynical broodings on the vanity of life, the falsehood of friendship, and the fickleness of love. He sees in what miserable failure his most earnest efforts have resulted; he misinterprets the most trivial word and look of his friend, and he loses grip altogether of that faith which in healthier state enables him to find consolation in love. He recalls all the bitter things that have been written about women, and for the time-being believes them.

How was it, Philip asked himself, that he had fallen into this desperate position? He had laboured with all his might for others rather than for himself; his object was a noble one, and quite feasible, he was still convinced. Yet the social revolution he had dreamed of was as far off as ever, and he suddenly found that he was face to face with absolute ruin. Evidently his blunder lay in his miscalculation of the power of his capital. There had been disappointments with his fellow-workers, who, shrewdly counting the cost of material and the market value of the manufactured article, saw that the latter would barely realise enough to give them a fair ordinary wage in the best of times, to say nothing of the share of profits promised them. The cost of material was too high; and it was natural that they should conclude the cost was so fixed by arrangement with their chief in order to deprive them of what they now called their rights.

Philip saw the force of their argument, and began to inquire about the items of expenditure. Hitherto, he had been so deeply occupied in the organisation of his scheme, that he had left financial matters almost entirely in Wrentham's hands. Hints were given him that the prices he was charged were not the prices paid for materials, but that a large proportion went in secret commissions. As soon as he began to look into the question closely, he was met by the astounding fact, that he had reached the end of his capital, and had heavy liabilities to meet almost immediately, as well as heavy current expenses to provide for. How to do this without applying to Mr Shield, he had been trying for weeks to find out; and the more harassed he became, the more impossible it appeared to work through the mess without assistance.

Then had come the last humiliation: he must submit to the immediate and entire overthrow of all he had been working for, and in which he had sunk the considerable fortune placed at his disposal, or he must seek the help which only a short time ago had appeared to him as an impossible necessity. He was bewildered, and could not understand how it came about. It should not have been so. He yielded to the necessity, however; but determined that when his course became clear again, his first task should be to institute a thorough investigation into the causes of his failure.

Through all this agitated survey of his position, how was it that the figure of Beecham continually obtruded itself? What could Wrentham have had in his head, when he urged him so strongly to find out from Madge all that she knew of the man's history and possible friendship with Mr Shield? He had not felt very keenly impressed by the suggestion during Wrentham's presence; but now, in the silence and alone with his chagrin, he became infected with Wrentham's suspicion. It had not occurred to him until now that there was something most incongruous and altogether incomprehensible in a girl consenting to accept from an acquaintance of only a few weeks a confidence which she could not disclose to her guardians or the man who was soon to be her husband.

If Beecham had been a younger man than he was, there would have been a ready and most bitter explanation of the mystery; but it was not available in the present case. And yet (so outrageously morbid had he become that he was capable of the thought!) women were such strange creatures, that there was no telling who might win their favour or by what charm it might be done.

Pah!—What madness was this?

He went to the front room and opened a window overlooking Gray's Inn Road. The stillness of the chambers had become intolerable. This was better; much better. There was more air; he could hear the rattle of cabs, and catch glimpses of hurrying foot-passengers on the opposite side of the way.

Why should he remain indoors, to be haunted by these horrible phantoms of doubt and suspicion? He knew they were phantoms, and yet he could not drive them from his brain. Sleep was impossible, and he was afraid to take more drugs, for he was conscious that they had already impaired his power of self-control. When would the morning come? The active duties he had to discharge would relieve him. He looked at his watch. Very little past midnight. Why, it seemed as if two nights had passed since Wrentham went away!

Well, he would try Dr Joy's specific, and endeavour to work or walk off this nervous frenzy. First he tried the work. There was much need that he should master the accounts and compare prices paid with prices quoted in

the markets. But the figures performed such strange antics before his eyes, that after an hour of vain endeavour to master their meaning, he impatiently closed the book and rose no wiser, or rather less wise, than he had been before he sat down.

He took himself to task. It was of the utmost importance that in the morning he should be cool and clear-headed; but he could not hope to be so unless he obtained sleep. Well, he would try the second remedy.

He put on his hat and overcoat and went out. It was not of any consequence to him in which direction he should walk, his sole object being to exhaust himself by the physical exercise, in order to induce healthy sleep. To distract his mind from its troublous ruminations, he turned instinctively towards those quarters where he was most likely to encounter signs of life.

He strode along Oxford Street and down Regent Street. But he was walking in a dream. The lights of the lamps were dim in his eyes, the figures which flitted by him were like shadows, and he could not have told whether they were men or women. The voices of those who passed him seemed to be muffled, and he scarcely distinguished any sounds. A hansom cab came rattling at full speed towards him: the horse slipped, staggered, fell. There was a commotion, and although, a minute before, the street seemed to be deserted, figures sprang out of the darkness, and there was a crowd at the scene of disaster.

He passed on, with that insensibility to the fate of others which characterises people when in dreamland. His feelings were numbed as his eyes were dimmed. The sense of humiliation at the utter failure of what he had believed to be so certain of success produced the one pain of which he was conscious, and which no drugs, fatigue, or reason had power to subdue.

If the money had been his own, he could have borne with comparative calmness the overthrow of his hopes and the ridicule of those who had from the first called his project folly.

But despite the assurances of Mr Shield and of Mr Shield's solicitors, Philip had never regarded the money otherwise than as held in trust; and the loss of it was as bitter as the destruction of the beautiful palace he had built in air.

The only bit of ballast left him was the dogged conviction that the principle which he had endeavoured to carry into practical effect was a right one, and would be turned to good account by some one more fortunate or more careful than he had been.

He set his teeth together and marched on. He began to realise how strangely numbed his sensations were, and how vague everything appeared to him. The rain had ceased, and the tiny pools in the roadway glistening in the lamplight seemed like great white eyes staring at him in pity. He passed down the Haymarket, nor did he slacken his pace until he reached the Embankment. There he halted and leaned over the parapet. He was not fatigued: the rapid walk seemed to have instilled new strength into him and had partially cleared the cobwebs from his brain. He was attracted by the lights gleaming in the dark fast-flowing river. Out there, were black islets of barges, and on the opposite shore the fantastic outlines of buildings, showing like irregular ramparts against the dull gray sky. He was thinking of Madge, and the pain she would suffer on his account, when the worst was made known to her in the morning, perhaps, or next day.

'Got a copper to spare a poor cove as hasn't had a crust for two days?' said a husky voice close to him.

Philip started up. He was aware of the evil reputation of the Embankment and the character of the roughs who infest it after nightfall. A lamp close by showed him a miserable-looking wretch, ragged and hungry-eyed. He did seem to need help, poor fellow. Philip gave him a shilling, and was about to pass on. But a huge hulk of a fellow stood in his way.

'We want som'at more nor that, guv'nor. So tip us'——

The man went down as if he had been shot. Philip was in the mood for mischief, and he had not forgotten his practice with the gloves. So the first words of the ruffian plainly intimating his purpose, a well-delivered blow straight from the shoulder finished the sentence for him. Philip knew that it would have been madness to have given the man time to attack him, and as it was, the other man was already attempting to rifle his pockets. This one belonged to the sneak tribe, and finding his throat suddenly gripped by fingers that seemed to possess the strength of a vice, his hands went up to loosen them. He was hurled aside; and Philip hurried away with a sort of savage pleasure in having punished the brace of scoundrels, as well as disappointed them of their expected prize.

Near Blackfriars Bridge he met a policeman, to whom he briefly reported the incident. The man listened with stolid indifference.

'They are a bad lot about here, at nights, sir,' he said composedly; 'and it ain't a place for decent people at this hour.'

The constable's idea evidently was that decent people should keep out of the way of the roughs, not that it was his duty to keep the roughs from molesting the decent people who might be compelled to use the thoroughfare.

Philip entered his dreary chambers again. He felt better, but still he could not sleep.

LONDON HOSPITALS AND DISPENSARIES.

From the day when Rahere the troubador, in the year 1123 A.D., founded the hospital of St Bartholomew, the number of hospitals, dispensaries, infirmaries, and other institutions for the cure and medical treatment of the sick poor, has gone on increasing, till now it stands at considerably over one hundred and fifty for London and its district alone. This is altogether exclusive of the workhouse infirmaries. Besides hospitals and dispensaries, there are included in the above number institutions for the supply of surgical instruments, &c., either free, or at such reduced prices as bring them within the reach even of the very poor. Twelve of the London hospitals have medical schools attached to them, amongst which is one for the education of lady-doctors. Differences of opinion of course exist as to the medical

woman, some no doubt regarding her as a great acquisition, and one of the glories of the nineteenth century; whilst others would speak of her as an institution naturally to be expected in the dark ages, but quite an anomaly in a civilised age. Which of the views may be the correct one, we will not pretend to say. However this may be, in Henrietta Street stands the medical school for women, which is in connection with the Royal Free Hospital, Gray's Inn Road.

The hospitals with medical schools attached undertake the treatment of almost every form of disease both surgical and medical. Still, there are some diseases which it is necessary should be treated apart in special hospitals, and the chief of these is that terrible scourge of past times, smallpox. Not only smallpox but scarlet fever and other infectious diseases have to be excluded from some of the hospitals of which we are speaking, inasmuch as they are not all provided with wards set apart for infectious cases. To get an idea, however, of the great variety of work undertaken by the largest hospitals, it may be well to glance at the various departments of medicine and surgery represented at St Bartholomew's Hospital, the oldest of these London institutions. In addition to the out-patients' rooms, and wards devoted to the treatment of ordinary medical and surgical diseases and accidents, there are the following special departments: A department for skin diseases; for diseases of the eye, ear, and throat; an orthopædic department; a dental department; a department for the special diseases of women; a maternity department; and lastly, in the case of this hospital, a ward for the treatment of cases of infectious disease. The average number of in-patients is estimated at over six thousand annually, and the out-patients at more than one hundred and fifty thousand. It will readily be believed that the work of the physicians and surgeons, both visiting and resident, connected with such an institution is by no means light. There are many other general hospitals in various parts of London, besides those having medical schools attached to them, but we cannot speak of them here. The nature of their work is much the same as that of the others, though of course the extent of it is more limited.

Coming next to the dispensaries—their name is legion. Almost every parish in London has one or more, and they are very abundant in the immediate suburbs also. Some of these dispensaries are free, others are to a greater or less extent self-supporting. It is, we hope, needless to say that the public dispensaries of which we are speaking are not to be confounded with the private dispensaries set up by medical men, quite legitimately, for their own benefit, but which are not unfrequently conducted upon the lowest of commercial principles. The public dispensaries of London, with their committees of management and staffs of physicians and surgeons—who in the case of the free dispensaries are almost invariably honorary—do excellent work, and are worthy of all, and more than all, the support which they obtain. Unlike the majority of hospitals, they undertake the treatment of disease at the patients' own homes; and by calling in the aid of the nursing institutions, they are able to supply not only medical attendance and medicine, but also trained nurses. Recently, an effort has been made to increase the number of provident dispensaries; and this indeed appears to be one of the best ways of meeting the difficulty of supplying good medical treatment to the poor cheaply, without demanding of medical men more unpaid work. It has been estimated that the medical profession does more work without payment than the rest of the professions put together.

We will now say a few words concerning the special hospitals and dispensaries. And first, it is to be remembered that all are not of the same merit. Many of them may be said to be above praise; but some, it is to be feared, are almost beneath contempt. Indeed, the opinion of those in the medical profession best able to judge of the matter is, we believe, strongly opposed to the multiplication of special hospitals, except of course for those diseases which cannot be advantageously treated in the general hospitals. Enumerating now the special hospitals and dispensaries in their alphabetical order, first of all come those for the treatment of cancer, of which there are two. Then there are eight hospitals for children. A visit to the hospital in Great Ormond Street is calculated to make most persons enthusiastic on the subject of well-managed children's hospitals; and many readers will remember the glowing description given by Charles Dickens of the East London Hospital for Children. Of hospitals for diseases of the chest there are five. The physicians of the general hospitals do not, if they can avoid it, admit patients suffering from consumption. The air of a hospital in which wounds and diseases of almost every kind are being treated is ill fitted to give any good chance of recovery to a case of consumption, which requires almost more than anything else fresh air and plenty of it; and if such a patient gets no good, he only occupies uselessly the place of some one who might benefit greatly by admission. Chest diseases require, too, arrangements for the securing of appropriate temperature, and this it would not be easy to do in a general hospital. It is well, therefore, that there should be special hospitals for diseases of the chest, and it is to be regretted the number is at present quite insufficient. Still, these chest hospitals contrive to treat a very large number of patients in the course of the year, the average being estimated at considerably over thirty-two thousand.

There are six hospitals and infirmaries for the throat and ear; and three for diseases of the nervous system. Next we come to the fever hospitals—four in number. It is almost impossible to overrate the value of these hospitals. They not only tend to prevent the occurrence of epidemics, by removing the fever-stricken from the healthy, but they also save many from the untimely death that might have befallen them in their own ill-ventilated homes, and with the intermittent nursing which alone they could have secured. And further; even when the danger of death is past, the continuous care which can be given to patients in a hospital may restore many more to sound health, who in their own homes would only have escaped death to remain for the rest of their days miserable invalids.

The hospitals to be next mentioned are one for fistula and one for diseases of the hip. Then there are three buildings for the reception of

cases of incurable disease; two hospitals for lunatics; six lying-in hospitals; six for diseases of the eye; three orthopædic hospitals; one specially for accidents; six for skin diseases; four for smallpox—to which the remarks made on the fever hospitals of course apply; one for stone; three for women; and four for women and children.

We have said nothing concerning the convalescent hospitals. Most of them are of course situated in the country; but those anywhere near London are largely supplied with patients from the metropolis. Their value is immense, for they restore many patients to complete health, who, had they gone back to their work immediately after severe illness, and the bad hygienic conditions pertaining to their homes, might have sunk into a state of permanent ill-health.

There are a few other hospitals which may be alluded to, for, though they are not special as regards the diseases treated in them, yet they are special in other ways. Thus, there is the hospital at Greenwich for seamen; the French hospital for all foreigners who speak the French language; and the German hospital 'for natives of Germany, others speaking the German language and English, in cases of accident;' and lastly, there are a temperance hospital, a medical mission hospital, and one medical mission dispensary.

And now it might perhaps seem that London has hospitals enough; but those who have had some experience of the matter are not wont to say so. They freely admit that numbers of persons seek and obtain the help of hospitals who have from their circumstances no right to it, and these they would gladly see excluded; but they cannot admit that even then there would be hospital accommodation enough for the legitimate claimants. Nay, they may go further, and declare that there is, through the length and breadth of that 'great province of houses' which men call London, an urgent and increasing demand for more. An attempt to meet this demand so far was made a few years ago, when Pay-hospitals were opened in Fitzroy Square and elsewhere (as described in this *Journal* for October 13, 1880). This class of institutions might well be extended, as there are many patients both able and willing to pay for the treatment they require; and the still further development of such hospitals would greatly relieve the pressure presently felt by the purely charitable institutions.

IN A FLASH.

When first I remember my aunt Barbara, she was over forty years of age; but she could never have been accounted a handsome woman. She was very tall and very angular, with a long thin face, the most remarkable feature of which was a Roman nose of commanding proportions. But as she had one of the kindest hearts in the world, her paucity of good looks seemed a matter of trifling moment to those who had the privilege of knowing her well. It was at my request that, some two or three years before her death, she wrote out the following narrative of an actual occurrence in her early life. I put the manuscript away at the time, and did not come across it again till the other day. On looking over it once more, it seemed to me not unworthy of being transcribed for a wider circle of readers than that comprised by the writer's immediate friends and acquaintances.

You ask me to go back in memory (begins my aunt) to what seems to me now like a period of remote antiquity, when I, Barbara Waldron, was twenty-four years of age, and my sister Bessie five years younger, and endeavour to put down in writing the little story I told you by word of mouth a few days ago.

You must know, then, that in those far-off days, my sister and I were keeping house for our brother John, who at that time filled the position of steward and land-agent to Lord Dorrington. The house we lived in was a pleasant but somewhat lonely residence, about half a mile from the little country town of Levensfield. The house suited us for several reasons. In the first place, the rent was low; in the next, a large walled garden was attached to it, in which Bessie and I spent many happy hours; and in the third place, there was a side-entrance to Dorrington Park, by which my brother could take a short-cut to the Hall whenever he had business with his lordship, or his lordship had business with him. Our household was a small one, and besides ourselves, comprised only Mary Gibbs, a middle-aged woman, and her niece, a girl of sixteen. John's horse and gig were looked after by a young man named Reuben Gates, who did not, however, sleep on the premises. An important part of John's duties was to receive and pay into the Levensfield bank the rents due from the farmers and other tenants of property held under Lord Dorrington. One such tenant was a certain Mr Shillito, a corn and seed merchant, who was noted for his eccentricities. It was only in keeping with Mr Shillito's aggravating way of doing business that he should never pay his rent at the time other people paid theirs; that he should always pay it in gold and notes, instead of giving a cheque for the amount, as he was quite in a position to have done; and that he should make a point of bringing it himself, instead of naming a time when my brother might have called upon him; and finally, that he seldom arrived with the money till after banking-hours.

We come now to a certain autumn evening. Kitty had just brought in the tea-tray. It was growing dusk, almost too dusk to see clearly without the lamp; but Bessie and I liked to economise the daylight as much as possible, especially now that the long winter nights were so close upon us. John had come in for a cup of tea. This evening, he was going to drive over to Nethercroft, some ten miles away, dine there with some friends, and stay all night.

After dinner, there was to be a dance; and I was not without my suspicions as to the nature of the attraction which was taking him so far from home, although he laughingly pooh-poohed the soft impeachment, when I challenged him with it. John was in the act of putting down his cup and saucer, when we heard a noise of wheels outside, which presently came to a stand opposite the house. He crossed the room and peered through the window.

'It's old Shillito, come to pay his rent,' he remarked a moment later. 'Two hours after banking-time, as usual. What a nuisance he is!' He went down-stairs; and about ten minutes later we heard Mr Shillito's trap start off. Presently John came back. 'Ninety pounds, all in gold and notes,' he said. 'I've had to lock it up in my desk till morning.'

I may here remark that iron safes for the custody of money and other valuables were by no means so common in those days, especially in out-of-the-way country-places, as they appear to have since become.

'But the money will be quite safe in your desk, won't it, John?' asked Bessie.

'Safe enough without a doubt, seeing that no one but ourselves knows of its presence there. Only, as a matter of business, I should prefer to have had it in the coffers of the bank.' Presently he added: 'The old fellow was half-seas over, as he generally is; and I have no doubt, with so many houses of call by the way, that he will be soaked through and through before he reaches home. I wonder whether he goes to bed sober a night in his life?'

A few minutes later, John kissed us and bade us good-night. Bessie and I went to the window to see him start; but by this time it was nearly dark. He waved his whip at us as soon as he had settled himself in his seat, then he gave the reins a little shake. Black Beryl's heels struck fire from the stones as she sprang forward, the gravel scrunched beneath the wheels, and a moment later the shadows of evening had swallowed up horse and gig and driver. My sister and I pulled down the blinds and drew the curtains and rang for Kitty to bring in the lamp.

The evening passed after our usual quiet fashion. We worked a little and read a little and played some half-dozen duets, and chatted between times, till the clock pointed to half-past ten, at which hour we generally retired for the night. My last duty every evening was to go the round of the house and satisfy myself that all lights were out, that the fires were safe, and that all the doors and windows were properly secured. When this duty had been duly accomplished to-night, the drawing-room lamp was extinguished, and then Bessie and I took our bed candles and marched up-stairs, leaving darkness and solitude behind us. Mary Gibbs and Kitty had retired long ago.

My sister's room and mine adjoined each other, with a door of communication between, which generally stood partly open at night, for the sake of companionship. The windows of both rooms looked into the garden, which ran in a wide strip along that side of the house, and was shut in by a wall some seven or eight feet high, beyond which were three or four meadows, and then the boundary-wall of Dorrington Park.

It was close on one o'clock—as I found out afterwards—when I woke suddenly from a sound sleep. The instant I opened my eyes the room was illumined by a vivid flash of lightning, and in all probability it was a peal of thunder that had broken my slumbers. Another flash followed after a brief interval, succeeded again by the deafening accompaniment. My sleep was effectually broken. I arose, flung a shawl over my shoulders, and crossing to the window, drew back the blind and peered out. As long ago as I can remember, lightning has always had a singular fascination for me. As a child, I loved to gaze upon its vivid splendours, and in this respect at least years have left me unchanged. A board creaked as I crossed the floor.

'Is that you, Barbara?' asked my sister from the other room.

'Yes, dear. I am going to look out for a few minutes. Is not the lightning beautiful?'

'Very beautiful; only I wish it were anywhere rather than here,' answered Bessie, who at such times was just as nervous as I was the reverse.

The flashes followed each other at intervals of about a minute. I had witnessed three or four when suddenly I gave a start, and an exclamation broke involuntarily from my lips. The last flash had revealed to me the figures of two men in the act of climbing over the garden-wall. One of the men was a stranger to me; but in the other, instantaneous as was the revelation, I recognised the somewhat peculiar face and figure of a man named Dethel, whom my brother had employed temporarily during the last week or two in the garden, our regular man being laid up at the time with rheumatism. There was something in the looks of the man in question which had set me against him from the first; but if we were all to be judged by our looks alone, what would become of us! For aught I knew to the contrary, Dethel might be an honest, hard-working fellow, with a wife and children dependent on him; but for all that, on the days he was working for us I carefully refrained from going into the garden.

And now, here was this man, and another with him, effecting a surreptitious entry of the premises at one o'clock in the morning! Such a proceeding could have but one end in view. Two questions at once put themselves to me. Firstly, were these men aware that my brother was from home for the night, and that only three helpless women and a girl were left in the house? Secondly, had they by some means become cognisant of the fact that a few hours previously Mr Shillito had paid my brother a considerable sum of money, which must necessarily still be somewhere on the premises? In my mind there was little doubt that both these facts were fully known to the men. My brother's movements were as open as the day, and Dethel had doubtless ascertained from Reuben the groom that his master would be from home on this

particular night; while as for Mr Shillito, everybody knew how he talked in his loud-voiced way about his most private affairs when he had taken more to drink than was good for him. At the bar of more than one tavern that evening, every one who might chance to be within hearing would not fail to be informed that Mr Shillito had just paid John Waldron his half-year's rent.

These thoughts flashed through my mind almost as quickly as that flash which revealed so much. Breathlessly I waited for the next flash. It came, shattering the darkness for an instant, and then it, too, was swallowed up. The men were no longer visible. Between the two flashes they had had time to drop on the inner side of the wall, where the thick clumps of evergreens which clothed that part of the grounds would effectually screen them from view. At that very moment they were doubtless making their way stealthily towards the house. What was to be done? Never had I realised so fully as at that moment how helpless a creature a woman is. Drawing my shawl more closely round me and putting on a pair of list slippers which I wore about the house in cold weather, I crept noiselessly out of the room. At the top of the stairs I halted and listened; but all was silence the most profound. The corridor out of which the bedroom opened was lighted at the opposite end by a high narrow window which looked into the garden. To this window I now made my way, and there, with one ear pressed to the cold glass, I stood and listened. Presently I heard the faint sound of footsteps, and then the subdued voices of two people talking to each other. Directly under the place where I was standing was the back drawing-room, which opened on the garden by means of a French-window; and although this window was secured at night by shutters, I had an idea that the security in question was more fancied than real, and was of a kind that would be laughed to scorn by any burglar who was acquainted with his business. If the men had made up their minds to break into the house —and with what other object could they be there?—the probability was that they would make the attempt by way of the French-window. Even while this thought was passing through my mind, the voices of the men sank to a whisper, and a low peculiar grating sound made itself heard. Evidently they had already begun to force the fastenings of the window. I crept back to my room, feeling utterly dazed and helpless.

'Is that you, Barbara? Where have you been?' asked my sister.

Going into her room, I sat down on the side of the bed and told her everything in as few words as possible. She was of a somewhat timid and nervous disposition, and my news visibly affected her. She sat up in bed, trembling and clinging to my arm.

'Perhaps,' she whispered, 'if we lock our bedroom doors and keep very quiet, they will go away without coming near us.'

'Why, you goose, it's not us they have come after, but Mr Shillito's ninety pounds,' I answered.

'And there's poor mamma's silver tea-service down-stairs; I hope they won't find that,' said Bessie.

I hoped so too; but there was no judging how much Dethel had contrived to ascertain respecting us and our affairs. I went to the corridor window again and listened. The noise made by the men was now plainly distinguishable. It seemed as if they were trying to file or cut their way through some obstruction. After listening for a few moments, I went back to my room and began almost mechanically to put on a few articles of clothing, asking myself again and again as I did so whether it was not possible to do something—though what that something ought to be I knew no more than the man in the moon. The nearest house was a quarter of a mile away; and even if I could have stolen out unnoticed by way of the front-door, before I could have reached the farm and brought back help, the burglars would have effected their purpose and decamped. Our pecuniary means at that time were very straitened. For some time back John had been paying off some old family debts; and the loss of the ninety pounds—which, as a matter of course, he would feel bound to make good—would be a great blow to him. If I could only have got at the money, and have hidden it where the burglars would not be likely to find it, I felt that I should have accomplished something. But the bag was locked up in John's strong mahogany desk, and was as utterly beyond my reach as if it had been in the coffers of the Bank of England, while yet it could hardly have been placed more conveniently ready to the hands of the thieves. To them the strong mahogany desk would seem a trifling obstacle indeed.

All this time, metaphorically speaking, I was wringing my hands, knowing full well how precious were the fast-fleeting moments, but only feeling my helplessness the more, the more I strove to discern some loophole of escape. Oh, the wretchedness of such a feeling! I hope never to experience it again in the same degree as I experienced it that night.

The lightning, if not quite so vivid as it had been a little while previously, still came in as frequent flashes, and by its light my sister and I made a hurried toilet. Our house stood a little way back from the high-road, from which it was divided by a tiny lawn and a low screen of evergreens. Once or twice in the course of the night one of the mounted constabulary would ride slowly past as he went his rounds; but I was without any knowledge as to the particular time when he might be expected, or whether, in fact, the time at which he might be looked for at any specified point did not vary from night to night. Still, there was just a possibility that he might put in an appearance at any moment; so I stationed Bessie at the window to keep a lookout for him, and be in readiness to raise an alarm the moment she heard the tramp of his horse's hoofs. For once in a way the lightning was something to be thankful for; each flash lighted up the high-road for a considerable distance on both sides of the house.

When this was done, it seemed as if everything possible had been done; and yet it was next to nothing. With both hands pressed to my eyes, I stood thinking as I seemed never to have thought before. Then it was that—as sudden, swift, and startling as one of those flashes which

were momently illumining the outer world—an idea shot through my brain, which for an instant or two seemed to cause my heart to stand still. And yet at the first blush it was an idea that had about it something so preposterous, so ludicrous, even, that had the need been at all less imminent, I should have discarded it at once as little better than the inspiration of a mad woman. But preposterous as the idea might seem, for the life of me I could think of no other, and every minute now was invaluable. There was no time for hesitation. I must discard it or adopt it, and that without a moment's delay. 'I will try it; it can but fail,' I said to myself with an inward groan.

On the toilet-table was a jar of white tooth-powder, which had been replenished the previous day. I shook out a quantity of this powder, shut my eyes, and proceeded to rub it thickly over my face, arms, and hands. That done, I drew the white coverlet off the bed, and draped myself with it loosely from head to foot; then I unbound my hair, which in those days was ebon black and reached below my waist, and shook it round my face and over my shoulders in 'most admired disorder.' I was now ready for the rôle I had made up my mind to enact.

Bessie has told me since that she thought I had taken leave of my senses. Just at the moment my toilet was completed, and as I turned and advanced towards her, another long, quivering flash lighted up the room. A low shriek burst involuntarily from my sister's lips, and she shrank away from me as though I were something altogether uncanny.

'O Barbara, dear, what is the matter?' she cried. 'Why do you frighten me so?'

'It is not you I want to frighten, but the men down-stairs,' I replied. Then, in a few hurried words, I told her my plan.

She would have tried to dissuade me; but there was no time to listen. Leaving her there watching by the window, ready to raise an alarm in case the mounted constable should pass on his round, I stole swiftly and noiselessly down the carpeted staircase, and only paused when I reached the corridor below. I could hear a subdued murmur of voices, and a moment later I was startled by a noise of falling glass. The burglars had succeeded in effecting an entrance. They and I were separated only by the drawing-room door, which, although locked, was an obstacle that very few minutes would suffice to overcome. With an indrawing of my breath I sped quickly past the door along the length of the corridor until I reached the opposite end, where there were two more doors, one of them being that of my brother's office, which also was locked, and from the lock of which I now withdrew the key. I have omitted to state that the window of John's office was secured by two stout bars, which was probably one reason why the thieves had chosen to effect an entrance at a point more readily adapted for their purpose. The second door at the end of the corridor shut off a short passage leading to the kitchen. This door I succeeded in opening without noise. I had decided to take my stand a little way on the inner side of it, and there await the course of events. By this time the men were busily at work forcing the lock of the drawing-room door. A thin thread of light which shone from under showed that although the lightning was still as frequent as before, they did not find it sufficient for their purpose.

Scarcely breathing, I waited. I was too excited, too wrought up, the tension of my nerves was too extreme, to allow of any personal fear. It was all terribly real, yet with a strange, vague sense of unreality underlying it. I felt as if I should not have been surprised had I woke up and found the whole affair resolve itself into a dream; while yet fully assured in my mind that it was nothing of the kind. Suddenly the noise at the door ceased; the lock had been forced. The thread of light disappeared; for a few moments all was silence the most profound. Then a faint creaking, which at any other time would have been inaudible, told me that the drawing-room door was being opened and that the crucial moment had come. I pressed one hand over my heart, and for a few brief seconds an almost overpowering longing seized me to get back to my room at any cost and lock myself within. But it was too late; by this time the men were in the corridor. I knew it, although I could not see them.

'Where's the door we want?' I heard one whisper to the other.

'On the right—the first door we come to.'

As they advanced a step, I did the same.

'What noise was that?' asked one of them quickly.

'Don't be a fool. There was no noise.'

'I tell you there was.—Where's the glim?'

But the lightning was quicker than the bull's-eye. It came, smiting the darkness, and flooding the corridor with the blinding intensity of its glare. Then I saw the men, and the men saw me, but darkness had hidden us from each other again before they had time to make sure that their eyes had not deceived them.

One of them gave a gasp and whispered to his mate: 'What was that tall, white thing at the end of the passage? Seemed to me like a ghost.'

'Ghost be dashed! There ain't no such things.—Here's the glim. We'll soon see what it is.' As he spoke, the light of his bull's-eye lantern was turned full upon me.

I advanced a couple of paces, and the men fell back in speechless surprise and terror. I have often tried since to picture to myself the appearance I must have presented when seen at such a moment and by that uncertain light, with my ghastly, death-like face, my dilated eyes, my black, snake-like locks, my tall figure all in white, and with one extended arm and finger pointed direct at the men. I cannot wonder at their fright.

At this juncture came another flash, and a terrible peal of thunder startled the air and shook the house. At the very instant, impelled thereto by something within me that I was powerless to control, I burst into a wild peal of maniacal, blood-curdling laughter. One step nearer I advanced; but that was enough. With a loud yell of terror, the men turned and fled by the way they had come. I heard a crash of shattered glass; and after that, I remember nothing more till I came to my senses, to find Bessie supporting my head on her lap and pressing her smelling-salts to my nose.

But John's ninety pounds were saved, and it is hardly necessary to add that Dethel the ex-gardener was never seen in those parts again.

SPIDER-SILK.

It may not be inopportune to recall to the minds of our readers a somewhat neglected silk-source, which may perhaps at some future period form a profitable commercial undertaking. It is unnecessary to expatiate upon the beauty of the gossamer spun by the *Aranea diadema*, or common Garden spider, as the fairy-like tracery must be familiar to every one who has wandered through the woods in autumn, when the gauzy films festooned between and over the bushes were rendered prominent through saturation with dew or a sprinkling of hoar-frost. The thread produced by this little creature is estimated to be many times finer than the most attenuated filament of the well-known silkworm of Europe, the *Bombyx mori;* consequently, as may be imagined, the difficulty of obtaining such silk is so great that, except for land-surveying purposes, the web of spiders as a class has not been permanently utilised. For the latter object, the plan adopted by our surveying instrument makers* in order to secure small supplies of spider's line, is remarkably simple, and affords an illustration of how closely instinct in the lower creation sometimes approaches reasoning intelligence in the higher. Having caught the selected spider, it is immediately tossed backwards and forwards from hand to hand of the operator, until the impulse of self-preservation induces the emission of its thread. Meanwhile, a wire, bent double like a hairpin—the distance between the prongs being slightly greater than the diameter of the telescope to be fitted—is at hand to receive the silk. As soon as the filament appears, the end is attached to the wire and the spider dropped, when it immediately emits its thread with great rapidity, in the hope of reaching the ground and escaping. This is frustrated by a dexterous revolution of the extemporised reel, which winds up the line as fast as it is produced, until the spider's store of silk is exhausted. It is then allowed its liberty; and a touch of gum on each prong secures the silk in convenient lengths for future use.

Rather more than fifty years ago, it seemed as if a new and important trade was about to be inaugurated by the rearing of spiders for their silk, which the Society of Arts marked with their approval by awarding a medal to a Mr Rolt for his success in obtaining an appreciable quantity from the Garden spider. This gentleman accomplished his purpose by connecting a reel with a steam-engine, setting it revolving at the rate of one hundred and fifty feet per minute; when, after two hours' patience, he wound off eighteen thousand feet of beautiful white line of a metallic lustre from twenty-four spiders. Subsequent examination proved this thread to be only the thirty-thousandth part of an inch in diameter, so that a single pound-weight was estimated to be sufficient to encircle the globe. Although this gentleman appears not to have pushed his interesting experiments much further, a Frenchman of Languedoc afterwards established a factory for producing and weaving spider-silk into articles of utility. He manufactured gloves and stockings which were much admired; but the difficulty of rearing a sufficiently numerous family of spinners within a reasonable space, on account of their extreme pugnacity, soon interfered with this budding industry, and led to its abandonment. No difficulty was experienced by M. Reaumur in collecting some five thousand spiders and immuring them in fifty separate cells; but unfortunately, on one occasion there occurred a scarcity of flies; a food-panic ensued, and the hungry and infuriated prisoners, escaping during the night, fell upon one another with such deadly ferocity, that when the anxious proprietor paid his usual morning visit, only a few gorged and bloated specimens survived. It seemed, indeed, so vain to expect European spiders to exist peacefully within sight and reach of each other without their usual employment conducted after their own fashion, that the hope of rendering them useful for commercial purposes gradually died away, and has for many years been almost wholly relinquished.

Certain species of foreign spiders, however, when examined with a view to their silk, offer a field of very considerable encouragement. In the island of Ceylon there is one described by Sir Samuel Baker as being two inches long, with a large yellow spot upon its back, which spins a beautiful yellow web two and a half feet in diameter, so strong that an ordinary walking-stick thrown in is entangled, and retained among the meshes. As might be expected, the filament, which is said to exhibit a more silky appearance than common spider's web, is easily wound by hand on a card, without any special care being exercised in the operation. A spider of even more formidable dimensions is alluded to in the fascinating work, *The Gardens of the Sun*, by Mr F. W. Burbidge. It is a large, black, yellow-spotted creature, measuring six or eight inches across its extended legs, and it spins a web strained on lines as stout as fine sewing-cotton.

The prince of the species, however, seems to be the *Aranea maculata* of Brazil, vouched for by Dr Walsh as having been seen and examined by him during his travels in that country. In this huge, ungainly, yet harmless and domesticated creature, we evidently possess a treasure of a silk-spinner, with which the non-nervous and practical among our colonial ladies, situated in moderately warm localities like Northern New Zealand, Queensland, and the Cape of Good Hope, might spend many a profitable hour when they became mutually acquainted. It is not only free from the vices of the European spider in not devouring its kind, but it actually exists in little harmonious communities of over one hundred individuals of different ages and sizes occupying the same web. Like the last-mentioned spider, this one is of similar colossal dimensions, and it spins a beautiful yellow network ten or twelve feet in diameter quite as strong as the silk of commerce. Regarding the toughness of this filament, the doctor

* In theodolites and other similar instruments for taking observations, lines of spider-silk cross the centre of the glass at right angles for certain purposes of observation.

says: 'In passing through an opening between some trees, I felt my head entangled in some obstruction, and on withdrawing it, my light straw-hat remained behind. When I looked up, I saw it suspended in the air, entangled in the meshes of an immense cobweb, which was drawn like a veil of thick gauze across the opening, and was expanded from branch to branch of the opposite trees as large as a sheet, ten or twelve feet in diameter.' Another traveller, Lieutenant Herndon of the United States navy, confirms Dr Walsh's account of this enormous spider, with the addition that he saw a single web which nearly covered a lemon tree; and he estimated its diameter at ten yards!

Probably the latest addition to our knowledge of spider-silk has recently come from the Paris 'Ecole pratique d'Acclimation,' a member of which has discovered an African species which spins a strong yellow web, so like the product of the silkworm as to be scarcely distinguishable from it. So promising a material as a fibre of commerce does this seem to be, that, after close investigation, a syndicate of Lyons silk-merchants has reported in its favour; the more so as there is said to be no difficulty in acclimatising the spider in France.

In those gigantic spiders there is evidently the nucleus of an important industry of the future, which colonists might perhaps easily ingraft upon their ordinary sericultural or other occupations. If the period has scarcely yet arrived for the profitable utilisation of ordinary spider's web, surely something might be evolved from the less attenuated filaments just alluded to, which are strong enough to whisk a man's hat from his head and retain his walking-stick dangling in the air. There are doubtless difficulties to be surmounted, such as the feeling of repulsion, or even disgust, at being brought into proximity with monstrous spiders like Dr Walsh's pets; but as this species, unlike the *Lycosa tarantula* and other poisonous and dreaded kinds, is harmless to human beings, and as their silk would evidently become a valuable addition to the resources of the loom as well as the boudoir, any such feelings and other obstacles would probably soon be overcome. The French—always in the van in such matters, notwithstanding their comparatively limited colonial opportunities—are not likely to allow this curious and interesting occupation to go begging for want of experiment and patience. But Britain—with her numerous dependencies and myriads of active, scheming, inventive brains scattered all over the globe—occupies a peculiarly favourable position to test and localise such an industry.

THIEVES AND THIEVING.

THE days when Border moss-troopers made a raid on the well-stocked farmyards of Northumberland, or when Highland caterans swooped down from Rob Roy's country to levy 'blackmail' or 'toom a fauld' in the Lennox or in the Carse of Stirling, and departed, leaving burning byres or weeping widows behind, are for ever gone. Gone, too, are those later days when bold highwaymen of the Dick Turpin type—all well mounted and equipped, if we are to credit the legends that have come down to us—stopped the mailcoach or the travelling postchaise, and made the terrified passengers hand over their valuables. The traveller of to-day, whether cyclist or pedestrian, may roam from John o' Groat's to Land's End without interruption from highwayman or footpad. The thieving profession has changed its character; and as now unfolded in courts of justice, it appears vulgar, prosaic, and mean. Indeed, we are doubtful if it was not always so. The pen of the novelist has thrown a glamour of romance around that as well as other features of former times, which we love to read about, but should not care to experience. But while this is so, the study of thieves as a class is far from being uninteresting. It has been our lot to see much of them and to learn more, from sources whose reliability is unquestionable.

There are many grades of intellect and ability among these Ishmaelites—from the low type of thief that lies in wait in our large towns for children going messages, and, beguiling them into a dark close, strips them of clothing and money—to the well-dressed, well-bred man of the world, who floats a swindling Company, has his office in a good locality, moves for a time in the best circles, and then decamps, carrying with him the capital of the elderly annuitant, or the hard-earned savings of the struggling tradesman. To her shame be it said, the child-stripper is generally a woman. Far more to his shame, the high-class swindler is generally a well-educated man, who occupies a good position in society, and has often only his own folly to blame for his having fallen to be a needy adventurer. They differ in degree, but not in kind; and though the law may call their offences by different names, the essence of the crime is the same in both cases.

It is sad to see mere children, charged with daring acts of pocket-picking or purse-snatching, brought before a court; but such is often their only chance of salvation from a life of crime. Smutty-faced, ragged little urchins many of them are, dressed in clothes and shoes a world too big for them; and yet, when the dirt is washed from their faces, there is the glance of keen intelligence, and often comely features, underneath. Brought up in the murky closes that yet occupy the older parts of most of our cities, surrounded by influences such as may be inhaled from drunken, swearing men, and tawdry, coarse, and unkempt women, how could they grow up other than they do? Perchance they are reared in low lodging-houses, where a clever theft or an artful dodge is extolled as worthy of the highest admiration, or where some old hand is assiduous in giving them training lessons in crime. Industrial and Reformatory Schools are worthy of all support, checking as they do the career of these young prodigals while yet there is some hope. Apart altogether from considerations of a higher nature, it is surely to the interest of the public that children should be trained into useful wealth-producing members of the community, instead of growing up to prey upon society when out of prison, and burden the ratepayers when in.

A large number of thieves are merely skirmishers or auxiliaries, as it were, on the flanks of the regular army. These auxiliaries do not

live wholly by crime, but have some ostensible occupation which they follow. At the same time, they never lose a good opportunity of stealing. In all large towns, the cinder-gatherer may be seen. Late at night and early in the morning she goes through the streets and lanes, probing with a long knife the depths and shallows of every dust-heap, and rescuing therefrom every scrap that will sell. Papers, rags, bones, cinders, and old boots are transferred with marvellous celerity into the depths of the capacious bag which she carries. Should a stray door-mat be lying handy, or an unsecured back-door give access to a green where clothes lie bleaching, her ideas of *meum* and *tuum* become straightway rather hazy, and the chances are that a theft is reported next morning. A large number of thefts of umbrellas and greatcoats from lobbies are the work of pedlars, beggars, or old-clothesmen, who loaf around and watch their chance. A smart 'professional' of our acquaintance, who is at present in penal servitude, was an adept at stealing greatcoats. He had a piece of wire with a sort of hook on one end, with which he could snatch them from lobby-pegs without making his own appearance. Each 'professional' has his own particular style of thieving in which he has graduated. These soon become known to the detectives, who, on learning the *modus operandi* of a theft, are often able to pounce on the person wanted, even when no description can be supplied.

One class of theft was very prevalent in Glasgow and neighbourhood some time ago. A man dressed like a tradesman called at a number of houses where the owners happened to be absent. (Of course the operator satisfied himself on that point first.) He represented that he had been sent by some well-known firm of upholsterers to measure a room for a new carpet, or by a joiner to repair the windows. In various instances, he got into houses, and generally found an opportunity to steal. Another thief well known in Dundee does the 'pigeon' trick. His method is to look out for an open window, ring the bell, and say that a pigeon has just flown away from him on the street and fluttered in at the window. Would they kindly search for it, or permit him to do so? Once in, ten to one but the clever thief manages to commit a theft before he goes out lamenting the loss of his bird, which, of course, cannot be found.

A decrepit youth used to go about the city in which the writer lives. This lad's legs were useless, so he had flat boards fastened with straps below his knees, and, assisted by short crutches, he crept along the pavement. He was a dexterous thief. If a lady stopped to look in at a shop-window, he could just reach her handbag or pocket; and if she was unwary, she was minus her purse in a few seconds, while the insignificant appearance of the thief disarmed suspicion.

Thieves sometimes quarrel in their cups, and if a detective happens to meet them before the heat of anger has passed off, spitefulness often induces them to give him valuable information. Criminals are almost always prodigal in spending their ill-gotten gains, and the old proverb, 'Lightly come, lightly go,' seems specially applicable to them. If in funds, they share freely with their needy brethren, probably with an eye to receiving similar help when out at the knees and elbows themselves.

Stolen property is often stowed away in very curious hiding-places. A lame man was convicted at Leeds assizes last year of passing base coin. When apprehended, it was found he had a receptacle in his wooden leg, in which a considerable stock of the bad money was cunningly secreted. We have sometimes seen a considerable pile of coins unearthed from the voluminous folds of a ragged coat, trousers, or vest. Bank-notes, for obvious reasons, are capable of being stowed away in little space; and thieves often hide them in the cracked joints of a dilapidated old table, chair, or bed. Underneath a picture, or between the portrait and the back, appears to be a favourite place of concealment. Articles are often 'planked' in the chimney behind the grate; and a watch has even been tossed into a glowing coal-fire, when pursuit was close, although in at least one instance the latter device was unavailing. Two detectives were once searching the house of a well-known thief for some stolen jewellery. The scent was keen, and the examination searching. High and low they rummaged, but without success. From the air of the thief, the officers were satisfied the stolen property was concealed in or about the room. One of them observed that the interest of the 'suspect' got always most intense as they approached the window. Taking this as his cue, the officer narrowly examined the shutters, and even tore off the straps that kept in the window-sashes; but without result. Suddenly, a thought struck him, and lifting the lower sash, he scanned the outside of the wall closely. About three or four feet below the window-sill he saw a stone in the wall that appeared to be loose. Calling his comrade to hold him by the legs, he reached down, pulled out a small square stone, thrust in his hand, and found a nice little 'hide,' containing not only the articles he was in search of, but also other stolen property sufficient to connect the thief with several 'jobs,' and to procure him a long term of quiet contemplation.

A smart female thief once very nearly outwitted an officer by wrapping a crumpled and dirty five-pound note round a candle, and stuffing it into a candlestick, which she then obligingly handed to him. He searched a considerable time before discovering that he had the object of his search in his hand. Another detective, after in vain searching a house for some trussed poultry that had been stolen, cast one parting glance around, when his eye chanced to alight on a cradle in which a woman was vainly trying to hush a squalling baby. A thought struck him. He asked her to lift the child. The woman made some excuse, but the officer insisted, and was immediately rewarded by finding a couple of the stolen fowls.

A slight clue, sometimes discovered by the merest accident, often helps to unravel not only one, but a whole series of thefts. A peculiar button, a footmark, or a portion of dress, will spring a mine under the feet of a rascal who thought he was off scot-free. Of late years, thefts of money by young clerks or salesmen from their employers have become increasingly common. There are several causes for this. Beyond doubt the tastes and habits of the young men of

to-day are more expensive than those of their fathers. With small means, or no means at all, they dress up as 'mashers,' and smoke choice cigars, attend theatres, concerts, balls, and race-meetings. If often indulged in, these are rather expensive luxuries; and as the supply of youths anxious for genteel employment is always in excess of the demand, the salaries given are in many cases low. Then firms are sometimes very lax in the oversight of young men who have large sums of money daily passing through their hands. It seems so easy to take the loan of a small sum, which, of course, is to be put back again. After the first false step, the descent is rapid; and many a young man fills a felon's cell, or has to fly the country, under circumstances due to his master's carelessness as well as his own folly.

The plea of kleptomania is now put forward in defence of thieves much oftener than it used to be. Of course there are some cases in which kleptomania is indisputable, as, for instance, when we hear of a nobleman having to be watched by his valet to prevent him from pocketing his own silver spoons. We know a respectable bookseller who had for a considerable time, at intervals, been missing books from his shop. He was satisfied some of his customers were helping themselves, but he could not say which. At last his suspicions rested on a reverend gentleman of great abilities, but rather eccentric character. He watched him narrowly, and one day caught him in the act of surreptitiously carrying off a volume. The divine tried to explain it away; but the bookseller, after listening gravely, called a cab, and insisted on accompanying him home and examining his library. He hinted that otherwise he would be under the painful necessity of calling in the police. The clergyman made no further objection. They went to his house; and the bookseller brought back a number of valuable books, some of which he had not before missed, and said no more about the matter. The thief was a wealthy man, and had a large library; but he was a bibliomaniac.

Some thefts, however, are of a different character, and in these the plea of kleptomania, like that of insanity in cases of murder, is sometimes pushed rather far. Without attempting to argue the matter on scientific principles, it seems rather strange that kleptomania appears only to affect those who are rich enough to pay an able advocate, and that the morbid desire to steal something—instead of moving them to carry it off openly—appears to be accompanied by an equally morbid desire to secrete the article stolen.

We shall conclude this paper by one or two instances which show that thieving has also its comic side.

A fire was raging fiercely in a grocery store, and the owner, accompanied by an active staff of assistants, was trying to rescue some of the goods by removing them to one side. Immense cheeses and hams were lying about in tempting profusion. A keen-eyed thief had just secured a large Gouda, and was marching off with it, when he found himself face to face with a policeman. The rogue grasped the situation instantly. 'Here, policeman!' cried he, planting the cheese in X's arms before that officer knew what he was about; 'you had better take charge of that, or somebody 'll be carrying it off;' and in an instant the nimble rascal disappeared in the crowd.

One morning, a merchant who had come by rail from his country residence was hurrying along the street to his counting-house in a pouring rain. He had forgotten his umbrella; but spying, as he thought, a friend with a large one a little before him, he hastened up, and seizing the handle of the umbrella, jocularly observed: 'Hillo! is this mine you 've got?' He had just had time to observe that the man was a complete stranger to him, and was about to apologise in some embarrassment, when the unknown saved him the trouble, by saying coolly: 'Oh, it 's yours, is it? Pardon me; I did not know.' And he hurried off, leaving the astonished merchant in full possession.

About two years ago, a constable in a business part of London found a horse and van, about midnight, standing at the door of a grocer's shop. He approached, and saw several men in aprons, apparently carrying chests of tea into the shop. Remarking that they were late at work, one of the men replied: 'O yes; we 're preparing for Christmas;' and the constable, thinking all was right, walked on. Next morning it was found the shop had been entered by thieves, who had carried off what they evidently took to be twenty-two half-chests of tea, most of which had been standing in the shop-window. The rogues had gone leisurely to work, and being caught by the constable, had employed themselves in carrying *in* some of the boxes, till he should pass. The reader may judge the surprise and disgust of the thieves, when they found that only one of the chests contained tea, and a second tea-dust, the remaining twenty boxes being merely 'dummies' filled with sawdust, with a sprinkling of tea on the top!

Nothing tends more to root out and lessen the number of nests of thieves than the exercise of the power vested in corporations to pull down old houses, which, densely populated with the poorer classes, become at last the abodes of filth, disease, and crime. The former inmates cannot stand the new sanitary and social atmosphere introduced by wider streets and purer air. They gradually betake themselves to other and more honest modes of employment, or seek for 'fresh woods and pastures new.' On the other hand, the exercise of a little prudence and common-sense by the general public would prevent an opportunity being given for the commission of a large number of petty but often very annoying thefts.

ST JOHN'S GATE.

A SHORT distance from the very heart of London, stands—for it has not yet been swept away by the builder's hand—one of the finest remaining relics of the ancient city. It is a heavy fortified gate, built of large blocks of freestone, and flanked by bastions. It has a fine groined Norman arch; and though it is now old and decayed, it is still strong, and shows us what its strength and stability have been in days gone by. It was built by, and belonged to, at one time, that famous order of chivalry, 'The Knights Hospitallers,' or 'Knights of St John of Jerusalem,' the great rivals of the Templars, and who did such good service

in the Holy Land in the time of the crusades; and when Palestine was hopelessly lost, kept up their incessant war against the Infidel in Rhodes, and when driven from that island by the Turks —in Malta.

This order had at one time many religious houses scattered over Europe; and their London priory, that of St John of Clerkenwell, has quite a history of its own to tell. It was founded in the year 1100 by a devout baron named Jordan Briset, this being the time that the first crusade, led by Godfrey of Bouillon, was going on. For a considerable time after this, we know little of the priory, save that the knights were growing in riches and arrogance, and thus were making themselves obnoxious to the people, although some of the old chroniclers tell us that 'they tended the sick and the needy.' In fact, they got to be so disliked by the common people, that in the riots which took place in the reign of Richard II.—in which Wat Tyler, Jack Straw, and John Ball took so prominent a part, the last-named being a clergyman, who, in his harangues to the multitude, took for his text the rhyme,

> When Adam delved and Eve span,
> Who was then a gentleman?

and made the people think that all the property of the rich was really theirs—the rebels made the Priory of St John a special mark of their fury, and after destroying houses and much property belonging to the knights, they attacked the place itself and burnt it to the ground; and capturing the prior soon after, they executed him upon the spot.

For many years after, the knights were engaged in building a new priory; but the work went slowly on, owing to the troubled state of the order at what was then their great stronghold, Rhodes, and the large numbers of men and sums of money required there to assist in keeping back the conquering Turks, who were fighting with great zeal under the victorious Sultan Solyman. Gradually, a fine church, whose bell is related to have had an exceedingly fine tone, was added to the priory; and soon after the church was finished, Thomas Dockwra, who was then prior, built the gate; this being in or about the year 1504, in the latter part of the reign of Henry VII., the first of the famous dynasty of Tudor sovereigns.

About the year 1540, Henry VIII. suppressed all the larger monasteries and private religious houses in England, and the venerable priory fell with the others. This was a severe blow to the prosperity of the order, and is said to have broken the heart of the valiant old L'isle Adam, the grandmaster, who held Rhodes till he could hold it no longer, and then, obtaining honourable terms from the Sultan Solyman, removed to the island of Malta, where the knights continued to be a powerful enemy to the Turks until 1798, when, 'through the treachery of the Maltese, and the cowardice of D'Hompesch the grandmaster, the island was surrendered to the French;' and soon after this, most of the property still belonging to the order in many parts of Europe was confiscated by the various governments. Since then, the order, which had been gradually degenerating, has not had any political importance.

The priory, however, was not destroyed, like most of its kindred buildings, at the Reformation, for even the bluff, matter-of-fact King Henry had some respect for the venerable old building; and so, instead of destroying it, we are told that he used it for a military storehouse. In Edward VI.'s reign, however, a more ruthless and sweeping hand came to deal with it. The proud and ambitious Seymour, Duke of Somerset, at that time Lord Protector, had no kindly feeling for such places; and the church and all the rest of the priory, with the exception of the gate, were blown up with gunpowder. The large blocks of stone were used to build Somerset's palace in the Strand in 1549. It remained till the year 1776, when it gave place to the present one, a building erected after the Palladian style, from the designs of Sir William Chambers.

We hear nothing more of the gate till the reign of James I., when that monarch bestowed the building on Sir Roger Wilbraham, who lived there for many years. Long after this, Cave the printer rented the old gate for a small sum, and here was first printed and published the *Gentleman's Magazine*. This was one of the first places to which Dr Johnson, then poor, and almost unknown, came, when he settled in the great city. Here he made his first literary efforts by helping Cave in his publication. Here also Garrick the actor first played, some of Cave's interested workmen taking the other parts of the pieces.

The old gate is now turned into a tavern, called *Old Jerusalem Tavern*, and inside may still be seen some interesting relics of the former days of the gate, when it was the chief entrance to the priory of one of the most powerful religious bodies in Europe. Who can look upon such a relic without being reminded of the great spirit of chivalry, that strange compound of barbarity and courtesy; of the crusades, and the great changes which have taken place since the time of the prosperous days of the old priory? and we cannot but feel thankful that we live in a happier, less troubled, and more enlightened age; and as we gaze upon the grim old gate, think of the words of Shakspeare: 'To what base uses may we return.'

'TWIXT DAYBREAK AND DAYLIGHT.

The glint and glimmer of the daybreak shows
In the fast-reddening east; the sable clouds
With roseate streaks and golden threads are lined;
And the first early cock, awakening, rings
His shrill clear challenge on the breaking morn!

A voiceless stir of many murmurings,
From woodland, hill, and dale, and meadow, tells
The flight of slumber: now the cricket chirps
Amid the barley, and the skylark plumes
His wing for early rising; passes by
The milkmaid to the pasture; and the farm
Grows noisy with the many-varied sounds
Of rustic labour, telling that hath fled
The drowsy sweet forgetfulness of night!

Shadows of dreamland pass from earth away
Into the mystic world of things unseen;
The stern necessities of daily life
Again their round commence, as, one by one,
Toilers awaken to the coming day!

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GROUSE.

Exact statistics cannot be obtained of the number of grouse annually killed upon the Moors; but estimates of a reliable kind have occasionally been published, from which we learn, that as many as five hundred thousand annually reach the markets, in addition to the numbers given away as presents or 'consumed on the premises.' That this figure, large as it may appear to those who are not well versed in sporting matters, is not exaggerated, will be apparent when we mention on good authority, that on some days of August as many as sixteen thousand grouse (single birds) have been received by the London wholesale dealers; and that for days in succession, supplies of from two to ten thousand birds reach the metropolis to be sold to the retailers. But no matter how great may be the slaughter on the grouse-moors in any given year, the death-roll of the following season is frequently even greater. The grouse, in common with many other birds, protected or otherwise, is endowed with great powers of reproduction; and even when disease has on some occasions played such havoc with the birds, that on some vast stretches of heather only half-a-dozen brace may have been left to multiply and replenish, yet, in two or three seasons they will have increased with such rapidity as to be more numerous on that ground than they ever were before. Stories of nests being seen with as many as fifteen, sixteen, and eighteen eggs have often gone the round of the newspapers; but the usual number of eggs annually laid by each female may be fixed at not less than from seven to nine.

But the chief question is not so much the number of eggs produced, as the number of birds which are hatched and the percentage of these that become food for powder. The grouse has a hundred enemies lying in wait to do mischief—to destroy the nests, suck the eggs, or kill the tender brood; nor are the parents spared, when the enemy is their superior in strength and cunning. Let all who have the chance walk the heather in June and July with an observant eye, and note the damage which has been done during the breeding season by foes, both quadruped and biped. See yonder carrion crows, how they sweep down on those spots of heather which are populous with nests and young ones! And what a delicious titbit for stoat and weasel do the day-old 'cheepers' afford! Many a gallant battle will be fought by the male grouse on behalf of his mate and her eggs, as he does not hesitate to defend them from the greedy crow, nor is afraid even of the bloodsucking weasel. Whenever danger threatens the home of his little family, the cock-grouse is up in arms, ready to do all he can for the protection of madame and her chicks. Before twenty-four hours have elapsed, the nest in which the young ones have been hatched seems to be no longer necessary for rearing purposes, and is consequently forsaken; and the parents and their family take to a nomadic life, travelling about with a rapidity which is wonderful, considering the tender age of the brood. It is also a curious circumstance that one or two birds of almost every nest come to maturity at an earlier date than their brothers and sisters—the percentage that displays this precocity of growth being about two out of every seven; and we have been told by shepherds that these are 'the cock's own birds.'

Both parents are attentive to their young ones, and tend and nurse them with assiduity and care; but the birds which are specially looked after by the male, come on, it is thought, the quickest. The father of the brood, however, seldom takes in hand to pay attention to more than three members of his family, no matter how numerous may be the total number hatched. The cock-grouse is a brave parent; but in addition to being courageous, he is cunning as well, and in times of danger frequently outwits his enemies by his superior resources. He is often able, when his brood is threatened, to find a safe hiding-place for them, or is skilful in devising other modes of escape from sudden danger.

But notwithstanding all the care which the

parent birds are able to bestow on their young ones, the percentage of mortality, as in the case of other wild animals, is always considerable. In the first place, there are 'the elements' to do battle with. A stormy spring-time will delay pairing; the birds are late ere they begin their work of egg-laying, and deluges of rain will wash the eggs out of the nests or drown the tender nestlings. Nevertheless, there is still a head of game left for the sportsman; and after the moors have been industriously trodden for a few weeks, there may yet remain a stock of birds sufficiently numerous to insure an ample supply for the sportsmen of the future.

The exact number of moorfowl that a given acreage of moor will feed and breed cannot be stated except by way of an estimate. Some shootings are much better stocked than others of similar size, probably because the breeding accommodation is good and the food more plentiful. To insure good sport on the Twelfth and subsequently, much requires to be done to a moor. It must be traversed by keepers, whose duty it is to trap and otherwise destroy the 'vermin;' patches of old heather must be burned to insure the growth of young shoots, upon which grouse delight to feed; and poachers and other trespassers must be dealt with. In some places where the heather is well cared for and systematically burned, and where the vermin are looked after, the return will be much more liberal than on moors that have been left to themselves, though, strangely enough, in some districts, one of several contiguous moors will often produce a greater percentage of birds than can be obtained on any of the others. Big bags quickly filled are the order of the opening day, and instances of modern sport will bear us out when we say that two guns have been known to kill two hundred and eighty single birds on the first or second day of the season; and we have known a small party to have shot in the course of ten days as many as nine hundred and fifty-two brace. On some of the English grouse moors, still larger bags are occasionally recorded. On the Wemergill moor, belonging to Sir Frederick A. Millbank, there were shot in four days in 1882 by seven guns on the first two days, and by four guns on the next two, four thousand eight hundred and thirty-three grouse. Some twenty years ago, a good sportsman was well contented with his sixteen or twenty brace of birds; but we shoot faster and closer nowadays.

All who have had occasion to take a moor for themselves or friends, know that the pastime of grouse-shooting is yearly becoming more and more expensive. 'The heather is cheap enough,' we are sometimes told; 'it ranges from about sevenpence to eighteenpence an acre;' and that certainly does not appear to be an expensive matter; but the extras mount up to a tidy sum before the season closes. No good shooting with a comfortable residence upon it can be obtained much under two hundred and fifty pounds for the season; but that sum, with travelling expenses hither and thither of family and servants, the payment of keepers and gillies, the entertainment of guests, and other items of expenditure, becomes largely augmented. There are always, of course, shootings in the market at the most varied prices, from a share of a moor at perhaps twenty-five pounds, to a stretch of heather with palatial residence, and perhaps salmon-fishing, that costs a thousand pounds and upwards. Various terms are occasionally exacted besides the payment of a given sum by way of rent—the number of birds to be shot is specified, and the period of occupation strictly laid down in the articles of lease. There are, however, moors which are let on a pretty long lease for good rentals, where the tenant is, as it may be, put on honour, and shoots as few or as many birds as he pleases, it being understood, that when he quits the ground, he shall leave upon the heather as good a breeding stock as he found.

Yearly, or, as they may rather be called, season tenants, have often proved somewhat unscrupulous as to this factor of grouse-moor economy, and have been known to shoot every bird that could be found. It is because of such dishonourable conduct that landlords or factors have been compelled to lay down stringent conditions as to the number of birds that shall be slain during the shooting season. There are persons who make it their business to rent a moor in order that they may completely despoil the heather of its feathered treasures. In some instances of this kind of dealing, a large stretch of moorland has been depopulated in the course of a few days, the lessee being assisted in his deadly work by a band of confederates, and the grouse hurried into the market—this being of course the intention of all concerned from the beginning. It is the next tenant of that shooting who suffers. Both laird and factor being very likely ignorant of what has occurred, the ground is again let for the season; and the tenant—who probably had omitted the precaution of previously visiting the moor to satisfy himself as to the chances of coming sport—finding that birds are exceedingly scarce, is naturally very much annoyed. In consequence of such fraudulent practices, sportsmen rarely take a moor without some guarantee of the quantum of sport they are likely to obtain; while on the other hand lairds are yearly becoming more particular as to the character of offering tenants.

The expenses of a shooting are nowadays so great, that it is the custom for nearly all who take a moor to send a considerable number of their birds to market. In the days of our grandfathers, it would have been thought mean to sell one's grouse, most of the birds which then were shot being distributed as presents. But in those days, shooting was truly a 'sport,' and was leisurely gone about, with the result that, in a comparative sense, not more perhaps than a third of the number now killed were shot. It must, however, be borne in mind that at the period indicated, say fifty years ago, breech-loaders had not been invented; the same facilities for reaching distant markets were not in existence; the modes of steam transport, now so well developed, were only in their infancy; and the rents of moors were not, speaking roundly, more than a fourth of what they are to-day. Ten or twelve thousand acres of productive heather might have been leased

in the days of our grandfathers for little more than a hundred pounds a year, and probably not above seventy or eighty, or at most a hundred brace of birds would be shot upon it—no more being needed, the London and other grouse markets not being then in existence, at anyrate not in the active way that we find them to-day. Seeing that fifty years ago there was even a greater expanse of heather than there is now, it is curious to note the increased abundance of game, though the apparent increase may partly be accounted for by the modern methods of suppressing moorland 'vermin.' Formerly, hawks, carrion crows, stoats, and other grouse-foes, roamed the moors comparatively unmolested, and doubtless committed great havoc. Nowadays, gun and trap destroy those creatures, and secure a larger head of game to the sportsman. That being so, grouse are sent in large quantities to market in order to be sold, much to the benefit of the general public.

Grouse commerce is of varied incidence. There are persons, for instance, who before the shooting season begins will contract with the lessees of moors to receive all the birds they can shoot, at a fixed price per brace. These contractors take their chance of making a profit by sending the grouse they receive to London, Liverpool, Manchester, &c., to be sold for what they will bring. It depends on the season how they fare. If the supply is large, the price falls, and little profit may in consequence be realised. On the other hand, if the supply is less than the demand, then prices rise and profits are insured. Some lessees consign their birds to a dealer, and agree to take the market price—a commission being allowed on sales. The prices vary according to the quality and plumpness of the birds. Thus, we have seen a large number of the return lists from big salesmen in London and Manchester, in which the prices range from 7s. 6d. and 6s. 9d. for single birds, down to 1s. 3d. The following salesman's note speaks for itself: ten at 7s. 6d.; twenty at 6s. 6d.; thirty at 5s. 9d.; forty-nine at 4s. 6d.; twenty at 3s. 9d.; twenty at 2s.; twelve at 1s. 6d.—total, one hundred and sixty-one, all priced, be it noted, as single birds. These will have been sent in hampers, and will most likely be disposed of by auction by the salesmen to the West-end poultrymen and game-dealers of London; who in turn will fix the price of the finest of the birds at probably a guinea a brace. The returns for sales are very varied; at times the market is so glutted with grouse, that none of them will bring more, perhaps, than two shillings or half-a-crown. Such loads of grouse in plentiful seasons now reach our populous towns and great cities by the 13th and 14th of August, that this delicious game may be bought at quite a moderate figure.

As a matter of fact, the great bulk of the birds which are annually killed reach the markets before the close of the month named; and we regret to say that despite of every care being exercised, poached birds are still plentiful—so plentiful that they hurt the market. The ingenuity of the poachers is notorious; they will sweep a moor a few days before 'the Twelfth,' and then manage to place the spoil in the hands of such dealers as will purchase, in spite of all the watchfulness of the authorities. This pernicious system often accounts for grouse being exposed for sale on the *morning* of the Twelfth.

The amount of money which is annually expended in grouse-shooting and deer-stalking cannot be less than from one to two millions sterling. The sporting rental of Scotland has been estimated to be not less than half a million per annum; and the amount of money paid for living, and for the wages of servants, entertainment of guests, as well as what is expended in travel, must be at least four times the sum named. It has been said that Sir Walter Scott *made* Scotland, in the sense of conferring upon it that celebrity which caused it to become a profitable show. Not only did he describe its scenery of cloud-capt mountain and placid lake, but he made classic its sports and pastimes, and sent thousands from all parts of the world to stalk its deer, kill its salmon, and shoot its moorfowl.

BY MEAD AND STREAM.

CHAPTER XLIII.—OTHER PEOPLE'S MONEY.

At an early hour Wrentham was with him again, as smartly dressed and hat as glossy as if he had been on his way to a garden-party, or Ascot, which was the more probable expedition for him to be intent on. Whatever he thought of Philip's haggard looks and ruffled dress, which indicated that he had been up all night, he affected not to perceive these signs of a mind perturbed.

'Any letter this morning?' he inquired after a cheerful greeting.

'No letter from Mr Shield,' answered Philip, comprehending the real meaning of the question.

'Droll,' muttered Wrentham, for an instant allowing his disappointment to appear. 'Should have thought he would not have failed to write last night, knowing what a corner you are in. Never mind. I daresay he means to send the answer by messenger, and he can't back out of giving you a lift, seeing that he is pledged to do so.'

'He may be annoyed—he has reason enough to be so—and may refuse. What then?'

Wrentham shrugged his shoulders and smiled complacently.

'Why, then, my dear old man, you must go in for the whitewash.'

'The what?'

'The whitewash. Go through the Court—the Bankruptcy Court. . . . Oh, you need not look so glum over it, for it is quite the pleasantest way of getting out of a difficulty, and every sensible man does it. I've been through the Court twice myself, and only want to go through it a third time in order to be certain of success. I assure you the Court of Bankruptcy is the gateway to fortune. Look at'——

He ran over a long list of notable commercial men who had undergone 'the whitewash,' as he termed it, in his flippant way, who had never done any good until they underwent the ordeal, and who were now wealthy and respected. He spoke of them with genuine admiration, and

concluded with the declaration of his ambition to go through the Court once again: then, success was certain.

Philip stared at him. Surely the man would not dare to jest at such a time as this; and yet the species of consolation he offered him was very like a cruel jest. But it was impossible to look at Wrentham's cheerful confident countenance and doubt his sincerity.

'If the object I had in view had been different from what it is,' Philip said coldly, 'and if the money had been my own, probably I should not have felt the loss as I do.'

'That's just where I don't understand you. The beauty of it to me is that the money was not your own—if it had been, I should have sung another tune. But it's nonsense to think that anybody can be desperately upset when they are only losing other people's money.'

Philip turned wearedly to the window: it was a hopeless endeavour to get this man to understand his sentiments on this subject.

'Come, come; cheer up, old man—things never turn out so bad as they look. I know Shield has plenty, and he'll stump up. If he doesn't, why, there's the Court open to you, and you can start again fresher than ever.'

'We need not talk further on the subject at present,' said Philip, turning round. 'I shall wait till eleven o'clock, and if there is no message by that time, I go to Willowmere. Should I not call at the office on my way back, come here in the afternoon and let me know what is doing.'

'All right. I am glad you are going to see Miss Heathcote. I believe she can give us some useful information—if she chooses.'

The mixture of good-nature and selfishness as displayed in Wrentham was at that time most painful to Philip. He felt as if his noble purpose had been dragged down to the level of a swindle; and if he had been a conscience-stricken swindler, he could not have endured sharper stings than his morbidly exaggerated sense of failure thrust into him.

Eleven o'clock struck, and still no message had come from Mr Shield.

After breathing the close atmosphere of Wrentham's unscrupulous counsels, it was a relief to be out in the meadows again, although they were covered with snow: the crisp tinkle of the river in the frosty air was delightful music to his weary ears; and the trees, with their skeleton arms decked and tipped with delicate white glistening in the sunlight, refreshed his eyes.

'Eh, lad, what is't that has come to thee?' was the greeting of Dame Crawshay. 'Art poorly?'

'Ay, poor enough; for I am afraid I have lost everything.'

'Nay, nay, Philip; that cannot be—thou hast not had time for it,' she said in distress and wonderment as they went into the oak parlour.

'Time enough to prove my incapacity for business,' he answered bitterly; 'and my grand scheme will burst like a soap-bubble, unless Mr Shield comes to the rescue.'

'And never doubt he will,' she said earnestly, her own mind troubled at the moment by the knowledge of Mr Shield's intentions, which she could not communicate. The sight of Philip's face convinced her that the ordeal was too severe.

'I sent to him yesterday afternoon asking help, and he has given no answer yet.'

'But he will do it. Take heart and trust him. But there must be something wrong about this, Philip—that such a fortune should slip through thy fingers so quickly.'

'Yes, there is something wrong; and I am trying to find out what it is, and where it is. I *will* find it out before long. But I am anxious to get back to town, and I want to see Madge for a few minutes. That was what brought me out.'

'There's a pity now! She's gone to London all in a hurry after the post came in. I thought she was going to see thee.'

'I sent no letter last night,' said Philip, chilled with chagrin and disappointment. 'Did she say that she was going to see me?'

'Yes, and with good news; but if she finds thee looking as glum as thou art now, she'll be frightened;' and the dame tried to smile. Her soft kindly voice soothed him, although her words conveyed little comfort.

'Where is Uncle Dick?' he inquired after a brief pause.

'He is away to the inspector about the cattle he is sending to Smithfield. I do hope he'll get a prize; he has so set his heart on it.'

At any other time, Philip would have cordially sympathised with that good wish: at present, he scarcely noticed it.

'I shall not see him to-day, then. . . . What time did Madge go?'

'By the nine o'clock train. Stay and have a bite of something, lad. I do not believe thou hast been eating properly, or thou'dst be better able to bear this pother. It will be ready in ten minutes.'

'Not now, Aunt Hessy, thank you,' was his reply to her sensible proposal. 'There is the more need for me to hurry back, since Madge is to call for me. I cannot make out how she did not reach my place before I started.—Good-bye.'

The dame had been watching him anxiously all the time; and now she laid her hand with motherly tenderness on his arm.

'Thou art poorly, Philip: come back here to-night.'

'I cannot promise that; but I will come as soon as possible. . . . Do you think it likely that Madge might have gone to see Mr Beecham?' he asked abruptly.

'What would she do that for?' said Aunt Hessy with some surprise.

'I don't know—but it seems, they have struck up a great friendship.' He spoke with affected carelessness, his eye scanning the floor.

'Then I must tell thee, she has gone to Mr Shield, and will bring thee good news. Thou must learn the rest from herself. It would not be fair for me to take the pleasure from her.'

What had she gone to Mr Shield for? and what good news was she to bring him? Had she suspected or discovered that he was on the brink of ruin, and gone to plead for assistance?

That would be a sting indeed. Hard as it might be for him to do it himself, it was unbearable to think that she should be brought to such a pass. This idea presented itself to him in all sorts of shapes, as he hurried back to Dunthorpe station, and it by no means tended to allay his agitation.

He drove straight from Liverpool Street to his chambers. They had been left in charge of one of the office lads, sent from Golden Alley for the purpose. This smart youth informed him that no one had called and no message had arrived during his absence.

He dismissed the lad and, with a dogged determination to master his nervous excitement, attacked the account-books and vouchers once more. His head was painfully clear now, and he was surprised at the sudden development of a hitherto unsuspected capacity for figures. He threaded the mazes of those long columns with what was for him singular rapidity and accuracy. He was rewarded by finding everything perfectly correct: the balance, although largely against him, was strictly in accordance with the items entered; and for every item, there was the voucher beside him.

He only paused when the fading light compelled him to rise and light the lamp. There was no mistake about it: the money had been spent in accordance with his directions, and there was no present return, nor any probability of a return in the future. A black lookout, truly; and he began to wonder gloomily whether it would not be best to undergo that white-washing process of which Wrentham spoke so admiringly. By that means he would at any-rate save himself from the pain of losing more money which did not belong to him.

He passed his hand slowly over his head and stared vacantly, like one dazed by some mental vision of horror. Had he then lost faith in the work he had undertaken? Was he to bow down and own that he had blundered egregiously in imagining that there were men—and women too—willing to work and capable of seeing the advantages of being paid for what they produced—paid for quality as well as quantity—rather than by a fixed wage for so much time spent on the premises of the employer? No; he had not blundered: the system was in a minor degree already in vogue in various trades, and there was no reason why it should not be developed to its full extent, so that the workman should find that his labour was tangible capital, which would increase as it improved in quality and productiveness.

His eye fell on the open account-books on his table. What a cruel commentary on his brave speculations. He had tried to realise them—tried under the most favourable circumstances of time and money. The people were in a ferment of discontent with their condition, ready, apparently, to enter upon any scheme which promised to improve it; and the capital he had invested in his scheme for their benefit was considerable. And he had failed!

Again the dogged look came into his face. The failure was not due to the men or to the scheme: the fault lay in himself. He had mismanaged somehow; and he had not yet found out how.

He was roused from his reverie by a sharp knock at the door. It was Wrentham, who entered briskly and with the air of one who has important intelligence to communicate. His manner was not precisely excited; but it was flustered, as if he had been running a race and was a little out of breath. 'No message yet, old man, I suppose?'

'None,' replied Philip, and his tone was not indicative of a pleasant humour. 'Has anything happened—since I saw you?'

'Yes, something has happened,' was the answer.

Wrentham cooled suddenly when he observed how Philip had been occupied. 'Have you seen Miss Heathcote?'

Philip had a repugnance to the sound of Madge's name on this man's lips, and yet it was pronounced respectfully enough.

'I have not seen her yet.—But look here, Wrentham; I wish you would do without referring to Miss Heathcote so frequently. I do not like to have her name mixed up in the mess of my affairs.'

'I beg your pardon, my dear Philip, if I have touched the very least of your corns. 'Pon my honour, it was accidental, and I am sorry for it.'

'All right, all right.'

'Well, but I must ask you to pardon me once again, for I am compelled to refer to the lady, and I hope to do so as a gentleman should in speaking to his friend of the fair one who is to be that friend's wife. Will you grant me leave?'

'What is it?' was the irritable query.

'I mentioned to you that I imagined Miss Heathcote could throw some light on the proceedings of Mr Beecham and Mr Shield. Now I know she can.'

'You say that as if you thought she would not. How do you know that she knows anything about their business?'

'Don't get into a temper with me—there's a good fellow. Although I could not enter into your plan with the enthusiasm you and I would have liked, I am anxious—as anxious as yourself—to see you out of this scrape.' (He had good reasons of his own to be anxious; for there was a certain strip of blue paper in the hands of Philip's bankers which it was imperative that Wrentham should get possession of; and that he could not do unless a round sum was paid in to Philip's account during the week.)

'Don't mind my ill-humour just now,' muttered Philip apologetically, in answer to his manager's appeal.

'Certainly not,' Wrentham went on, instantly restored to his usual ease. 'Well, I could not rest in the office to-day, and having put everything square until to-morrow, I went up to Clarges Street.'

'To call on Mr Shield again?'

'No; but to examine apartments in the house opposite to the one in which he is staying. Whilst I was engaged in that way, I looked across the road and saw, in the room opposite, Beecham, Shield, and Miss Heathcote together.'

'Well, you guessed that Beecham was a friend of my uncle's, and as she started this morning to visit Mr Shield, there was nothing extraordinary in seeing them together.'

'Oh, you were aware of that! No; nothing extraordinary at all in seeing them together; but

it confirms my surmise that Miss Heathcote can give us—you, I mean—information which may be useful.'

They were interrupted by a gentle knock at the door, and when Philip opened it, Madge entered.

SANITARY INSPECTION OF THE PORT OF LONDON.

We move easily in the little beaten track of our own concerns, and do not think of the care that is taken of us. What snug citizen of us all ever imagines danger to himself and the community from such a source as the port of London? Nevertheless, if the matter be given a moment's consideration, it must be allowed that danger threatens there of a very real kind. Our great port swarms all the year round with vessels of every nationality. They come with human and other freight from this country and that, from ports maybe in which disease of one sort or another was rife when they sailed; they carry the germs of many a deadly malady in cabin or in hold; disease often ripens on the voyage amongst passengers or crew, and is carried right up to the port itself; and the vessels, on their arrival here, lie a day, a week, a month in our docks. What, if any, precautions are taken, and by whom, to prevent the diseases that are thus borne so near to us, from spreading through the port, and from the port through the wide area of London itself? The thing is worth looking into for a moment.*

There is no better known craft in all the port of London than the *Hygeia*. She is the little steam-launch used by the medical officer of the port when, accompanied by his inspector, he goes up and down the river on his sanitary rounds. The inspector inspects, and the medical officer receives the report and gives instructions. Through the kindness of the medical officer (Dr Collingridge), I was enabled, a few days ago, to accompany him on board his fast-going and comely little craft. The purpose I had in going will be better understood if I explain first what are the functions of the port medical officer. He acts under the corporation of London, who for ten years or more have been the sanitary authority for this vast and teeming port. The custom-house has sanitary powers of a kind, but they are little better than nominal. The duty of discovering an infected ship rests upon them, but having done that, their responsibility is almost at an end. For example, every vessel arriving at the port of London from a foreign port is bound, on reaching the quarantine ground at Gravesend, to signal, for the information of the boarding officer. This officer at once visits the vessel, and interrogates the master as to the health of the crew and passengers. If all questions be answered in a satisfactory manner, the vessel is allowed 'free pratique,' and the quarantine certificate is issued, without which no vessel is allowed to report. If there has been any sickness of an infectious or contagious character, the vessel is examined by the Customs medical officer, who, if he find infectious cases on board, communicates with the medical officer of the ship-hospital at Greenwich. But the arrangements in force at this moment for preventing the importation of disease into the port of London are exceedingly defective, inasmuch as—unless the disease be cholera, plague, or yellow fever—there exists no power by which an infected vessel can be detained at the entrance to the port. Unless, therefore, the hospital officer—who acts in concert with the port medical officer—arrive immediately, a vessel containing infectious disease is allowed to pass up the river with her cases on board, and it is not until her arrival in dock that the patients are able to be removed by the medical officer of the port. But this weak point in the system is now in train to be wholly remedied, for the corporation have within the last few weeks framed a regulation by which no vessel with any contagious or infectious disease on board will be allowed to pass into port until the cases have been removed and the vessel thoroughly cleansed and fumigated.

A notion may be gathered from the foregoing of the functions of the port medical officer. He derives his authority from the Port of London Sanitary Committee of the corporation, a main part of whose business it is to prevent the importation of epidemics into London by means of the vessels which arrive daily in the port from all quarters of the globe. It is hardly necessary to expatiate on the extreme importance of their functions; but let me endeavour to show these by one or two picked examples, and then—for the *Hygeia* has her steam up, and the fog is rising rapidly—we shall be off on our tour of inspection. In the latter part of the summer of 1882, a very serious epidemic of smallpox occurred at the Cape of Good Hope. What has smallpox in South Africa to do with us in London? A good deal, considering that the shipping which arrives here from that colony is enormous. The disease spread, the death-rate rose, and our port medical officer was very properly alarmed. He at once set to work to take all due precautions, and by his orders, rigid note was had of every vessel arriving from the Cape. Beyond this, a circular letter was addressed to the principal Companies and shipowners engaged in that trade, calling attention to the disease, and asking for immediate notice in the event of its breaking out on board any vessel. It turned out that very few vessels carried the disease; but, thanks to the precautionary measures that had been taken, such cases as did arrive in the port were promptly discovered and dealt with. At another time Boulogne was attacked by the same disease, and as this is a port within nine or ten hours' voyage of London, and steamers arrive almost daily, the matter was of great importance to the port sanitary authorities of London. The medical officer himself visited Boulogne, to inquire into the causes and extent of the disease; and in the port an inspector was told off to examine each vessel on its arrival; while the General Steam Navigation Company were advised to order the revaccination of all officers and crews on vessels running to Boulogne. The recent outbreak of cholera in Egypt occasioned no small anxiety to the Port Sanitary Committee, and it was owing in part no doubt to the vigilance of the medical officer and his assistants that not a

* See also the article on 'Quarantine' in the present sheet.

single case of the malady appeared in this port. To the crew of every infected ship, or of any ship arriving from an infected port, the medical officer offers vaccination free of cost. These are some amongst the precautions that are taken to protect the citizens of London against the importation of infectious diseases from foreign ports. Not a vessel that enters the port of London, great or small, or of any nationality, escapes inspection. There are two inspectors for the river, one of whom, in the *Hygeia*, and the other in a rowing-boat, goes through and through the port every day of the week; and two for the docks, the whole of which—miles in extent—undergo a careful daily inspection. I forget how many thousands of vessels the medical officer told me were overhauled in this way in the course of a year—British, American, French, German, Dutch, Danish, Austrian, Russian, Italian, Spanish, Portuguese, Greek, Swedish, and Norwegian. Cases of infection are received at present on the hospital-ship at Greenwich; but a land-hospital has just been opened there, an improvement on the floating establishment for which the medical officer has long been anxiously waiting. A ship-hospital, he says, is useful enough for one class of infectious disease; but he holds that it is impossible effectually to isolate more than one class in the same vessel; and in addition to this grave disadvantage, there is the danger to the vessel herself, an illustration of which was afforded one rough night lately, when the hospital-ship *Rhin* broke from her moorings and went pitching down the river.

But let us see how the work of inspection is done. We are aboard our pretty little launch, which has been steaming impatiently this half-hour past. The master is at the wheel, the 'boy' is lively with the ropes, and the inspector has his note-book ready. The medical officer descends to the cosy little cabin; and when he has changed his silk hat for the regulation blue cloth cap, and bestowed his umbrella where no nautical eye may see it, he produces a cigar-case, and observes casually, that should stress of weather confine us below, the locker is not wholly destitute of comforts. That all may know what we are and what our business is, we fly in the bows, or the stern—I speak as a landsman—a small blue flag, whereon is inscribed in white letters, 'Port Medical Officer.'

We are not going to make the tour of the whole port, which at our necessarily moderate rate of speed—though the *Hygeia* can do her twelve knots an hour and race any craft on the river—would be something like a day's voyage; for the area over which the Port Sanitary Committee has control is a wide one, embracing the whole river from Teddington Lock to Gravesend, and from below Gravesend to Trinity High Water. We are to run through the region known as the Pool, which, commencing below London Bridge, ends somewhere about the West India Docks. It is now half-past ten o'clock, and the river is all astir with its own picturesque and varied life. The rising breeze has scattered the mist, and fretted the surface of the water, which dances around us in a thousand crested wavelets. The sun has struggled through a mass of slate-coloured clouds, and plays over the wonderful towers and steeples of the City churches, and lights up the gray old wharfs along the river, and pierces the deep holds of vessels discharging their cargoes.

In making his ordinary round, the inspector works steadily up or down the river, going from vessel to vessel, until all have been examined. But as I am anxious not only to see the routine of inspection, but to get some notion besides of the variety of the craft lying in the Pool, the medical officer kindly proposes to make a selection of typical vessels. Steering out of the course of a fine Thames barge, just bearing down on us with all sail set, and fit as she moves to be transferred to the vivid canvas of Miss Clara Montalba, we stop alongside a Dutch eel-boat. The inspector has already intimated that the work of inspection here will be little more than a form. He never has any trouble with the Dutch eel-boats, for the crew appear to spend the major part of their existence in scrubbing, scouring, and polishing their neat little craft. The skipper salutes us in very passable English, and invites us aboard. We go from stem to stern, above and below; and I confess my inability to discover a single speck of dirt. These are trim and sturdy little boats, strongly and even handsomely built, and able to stand a good deal of weather. With a fair wind they make the passage in one or two days, but are sometimes delayed a fortnight or three weeks between Holland and the Thames. We steer next for one of the General Steam Navigation Company's continental steamships, with the blue boats hanging in the davits. Here the inspector discovers a small sanitary defect in the neighbourhood of the forecastle, and a promise is given that it shall be remedied without delay. I am much struck by the genial and kindly style of the inspector. He has the *suaviter in modo* in perfection. It is never 'Do this' or 'Look to that,' but, 'If I were you now, I think I'd,' &c.; which goes far to account for the evident good feeling with which he is everywhere received. He can afford, however, to go about his business in a courteous spirit, for he rests upon the strong arm of the law. We board next a Thames sailing-barge. These vessels carry a miscellaneous cargo of grain, bricks, manure, cement, &c., from below London Bridge up the Medway. They are for the most part handsome and well-kept ships. There is no prettier sight on the river than a fleet of Thames barges sailing into port on a sunny summer's day, laden high with hay or straw. The inspector puts the usual questions: 'How many have you aboard? How's the health of the crew?' and so on; and then we take a look round. Both the medical officer and the inspector have a keen eye to the water-casks, and to the cabin where the crew have their bunks or hammocks. The mate has the pick of the berths; the men come next; and the 'boy' takes his chance in a hole, where, if he be pretty well fagged out by the time he turns in, he may not impossibly manage to get his forty winks. In the matter of crew, by the way, these Thames barges are generally short-handed, and a bad time they have of it in dirty weather, when all hands are needed for the sails, and the helm and everything else has to be abandoned. It is small wonder that so many of them are lost.

Our next visit is to one of the splendid

Dundee passenger boats. No chance of fault-finding here, where everything is spick-and-span throughout. These are very fast boats, and their fittings are fine enough for a yacht. The chairs in the saloon are velvet, the fireplace a picture in itself, and the pantry glistens with silver-plate. As we go down below, the captain suggests refreshments; but the medical officer, fully alive to the force of example, makes a modest reply to the effect that the day is not yet far spent. We board then a Guernsey sailing-boat, discharging a cargo of granite. The mate is nursing a wounded hand, crushed the day before in attending to a crank; and the medical officer tenders a bit of professional advice, for which he receives no fee. The crew's quarters in the forecastle have a decidedly close smell, and the inspector thinks that a little lime-washing would not be amiss. We go on to visit a 'monkey'-barge, the craft which sails the unromantic waters of the canal. Cleanliness abounds here—the master, in fact, is polishing his candlestick when we arrive; but he receives a reprimand from the inspector for not having his papers on board. In this way the work of inspection is performed. It is lightly and easily done, to such perfection has the system been brought; and thanks to the extreme care with which it has been carried out for years past, and to the readiness with which masters and owners have complied with the instructions of the medical officer, it is now often in nine cases out of ten almost entirely formal. To see the really big vessels, we must go farther down the river; but we have learned something in the Pool as to the manner in which the sanitary work is conducted amongst the craft of every description.

We are now at the Shadwell entrance to the London Docks. Limehouse is on one side of us, and Rotherhithe on the other. It is a charming bit of the river, for those with an eye for quaint water-side scenery, as one of Mr Whistler's early canvases abundantly testifies. The gray steeple of Limehouse church is to the left; nearer to hand, the red house of the harbour-master stands out brightly; ancient weather-smitten wharfs are on either side; queer old tenements with projecting stories, and coloured white, brown, and black, elbow one another almost into the water; and behind us rise the countless masts and delicate rigging of the vessels lying in the dock. The sun has gained full power now, and burnishes the restless surface of the river as I take leave of my courteous friends.

VERMUDYN'S FATE.

A TALE OF HALLOWEEN.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER I.

A LITTLE knot of miners were gathered round the fire in Pat Murphy's drinking-saloon, situated in that delightful locality known to diggers as Rattlesnake Gulch. They were listening eagerly to the details of a story related by Gentleman Jack, a member of their fraternity who had recently visited San Francisco. He had gone there with the twofold object of having what was facetiously termed a 'fling,' just to relieve the monotony of existence, and also with the intention of exchanging the gold he had accumulated during the past six months for notes and coin. He had likewise in some mysterious way contrived to get rid of the burden of his wealth, and now returned almost penniless to the bosom of his friends; but this fact in nowise diminished the cheerfulness with which the wanderer greeted his mates, or disturbed the equanimity with which he recounted his adventures since their last meeting. He had just ended his narration with the account of a curious discovery of which he had heard the details that morning on his way back to the Gulch.

'A mighty queer story, anyhow,' observed Pat, *alias* 'Flash' Murphy, as he emptied his glass.

'Mighty queer!' repeated the chorus, following suit.

'Spin out that yarn again, mate!' demanded a gentleman who rejoiced in the sobriquet of Old Grizzly. This personage had only entered the 'bar' in time to catch the concluding words of the narrative. 'Let's have it, Jack!' he repeated impatiently.

Thus invited or encouraged, the young man rejoined carelessly: 'It was nothing much, only the finding of a man—all that was left of him at least—in a place they call the Devil's Panniken, when they were blasting the rock for the new railroad between Sandy Bar and 'Frisco'——

'I know the place—travelled that road years afore they ever thought of running cars through it,' interposed Old Grizzly. 'But what about the man?'

'Well, that's the queer part of the story; not that they found a man, but that they should have found him where they did, and with so much gold on him too,' answered Gentleman Jack with his slow languid drawl.

'Say!' ejaculated Old Grizzly, who was listening with a curiously eager excited face to the indifferent, careless utterances of the younger man. 'Cut it short, mate, and tell us how they found him.'

'Well, they were blasting a big rock, and as it broke, it disclosed a cave right in the heart of the limestone; but there must once have been an entrance to it, for the skeleton of a man lay there. All his clothes had fallen to dust; but there was a ring on one finger, and about seventeen ounces of gold lay in a little heap under him. It had evidently been in his pockets once; but the bag that held it, and the skeleton's clothing, were alike a heap of dry light dust. There was nothing to identify him, nothing to show how long he had been there. The very ring he wore was of such a queer outlandish fashion that the fellows who found him could make nothing of it.'

'Was that all?' demanded the elder man.

'All that I can recollect.—Stay! I think he had a rusty knife somewhere near him, but nothing more. It's a queer story altogether. How he got there, if he died in the cave, and by what means it was afterwards closed up—these are all mysteries.'

Old Grizzly smoked in silence for some time; and the miners had resumed the usual occupations of their idle hours, drinking, smoking, playing poker, and quarrelling, which amiable

amusements had been momentarily suspended in order to welcome the return of the 'Wanderer' with due *empressement*, when suddenly the deep voice of Old Grizzly was heard above the babel of tongues, saying: 'This story of Jack's about the Devil's Panniken and the man they found there puts me in mind of what befell me and a mate of mine when we were riding through that same place one October night hard upon twenty years ago. His Satanic Majesty had a hand in that job, if ever he had in anything.'

'Spin us your yarn, old chap!' shouted a dozen voices; and passing the word for a fresh supply of whisky, they gathered closer round the log-fire, filled their pipes, and prepared to listen with the keen interest of men who lead an isolated and monotonous life far from the stir and life of big cities, and are therefore ever ready and eager to hail the smallest incident with pleasure; while a good story-teller is regarded with universal respect. Rattlesnake Gulch was at that period a comparatively new Claim, on the very outskirts of civilisation, and news from the cities was long in reaching the denizens of this locality.

'What I am now going to tell you, boys, has never crossed my lips from that day to this, and most likely never would, if I hadn't chanced to come along just now as Jack was speaking about the body those navvies found in the Devil's Panniken.'

Being politely requested by his hearers to 'Shell it out!' Old Grizzly continued: 'Whether you believe what I'm going to say is no matter now. *I* believe it, though I can't understand how it all came about. Well, as I said before, the time was hard on twenty years ago, and the night was the last in October.'

'Bedad, and it's that same night now!' put in Murphy.

'So it is!' acquiesced Old Grizzly; 'but I never thought of it till this minute; and now the whole thing comes round again on All-Halloween, of all nights in the year. Those of you boys who've been raised in the old country will know what folks believe, in most villages and country places, of Halloween, and the strange things that happen then to men abroad at midnight, and to lads and lasses who try the Halloween spells for wives and husbands.'

'Sure everybody knows them things,' agreed Murphy, casting an uneasy glance over his shoulder as he spoke.

'Well, true or false, I for one thought little enough of them when I was young; but as luck or fate would have it, I rode through the Devil's Panniken on the 31st of October, that special night I'm going to tell you of. I wasn't alone either; perhaps, if I had been, I shouldn't have felt so jolly; for, not to speak of the loneliness of the place, with its great black rocks towering up on either side of you, and almost shutting out the sky, except for a narrow strip overhead, the place had an ill name both with the Injuns and with miners. Many a queer tale was told round camp-fires, and folks said the place was haunted; that miners had lost their way there many a time, and had never been seen or heard of again.

'I'd been working all that season at a Claim—a new un then, but worked out and forgotten now—which we used to call Cherokee Dick's, because a Cherokee Injun first showed us the place. There was perhaps a dozen of us all told; but I chummed and worked from the first along with a chap they called the "Flying Dutchman." When we had been together a goodish bit, he told me his real name was Cornelius Vermudyn; and I acquainted him with mine and where I hailed from. He was a Dutchman, sure enough, but had travelled half over the world, I used to think from his talk; and he could speak as good English as you or me—or any here.'

A dubious smile hovered for an instant on Gentleman Jack's lips at this naïve statement, but nobody observed him; they were all intent on Old Grizzly and his yarn, and that worthy continued: 'We began to find our Claim about cleaned out, and we—that's me and Vermudyn—reckoned to make tracks before the winter, and get down 'Frisco-way. Well, we each had a good horse and a nice bit of gold, and we was sworn mates—come what might—so we started, riding as far as we could by day and camping out at night, if we weren't able to reach a settlement or diggings by nightfall.

'On this night, it seemed as if we'd no luck from the beginning. We lost our way for a goodish bit, and were some time finding the track again; after that, night seemed to come on us suddenly like. We'd rode and rode that day without ever a sign of man or beast, and when we came to this place, Vermudyn says: "This must be the famous Devil's Panniken, old boy." I had been almost falling asleep on my horse's neck; but I woke with a start, and answered all in a hurry: "Of course it is." It seemed somehow as if I knew that place well, and I began to ride on quickly.

"Stop!" hollered Vermudyn, "unless you want to lame your horse or break his knees among those rocks." As he came up with me, he put his hand on my arm, and I drew rein.

"Anyhow," I said, "let's get out of this, and then we'll camp for the night. I'm as tired as a dog, and can hardly stick in my saddle."

"Why not camp here?" says Vermudyn with a laugh. "Who's afraid?"

"I'm not—if that's what you mean," I answered; "but I'd rather camp outside."

"A good two miles of bad riding," said he quietly. "Why shouldn't we content ourselves with a snug corner of the rocks, where we can shelter from the wind? As far as I can make out, there's brush and litter enough for a fire, and we've got a bait for our horses."

'While he talked and argued, I grew more and more tired, exactly as if I had ridden a hundred miles without drawing rein. It seemed then as if I didn't care what came next, so long as I could roll myself up in my blanket and snooze, so I answered short enough: "Have your own way. The place is ours, I reckon, as much as it is other folk's."

"The pixies and demons, you mean," laughed Vermudyn. "I know all the miners' tales! Never fear. I dare wager we shall see nothing worse than ourselves, if we stop for a month of Sundays.—Did you ever hear," he went on, "of the White Witch of the Panniken? She should meet us hereabouts, if all tales be true. She waits for lonely travellers, and shows them gold

in the rock where gold never was in daylight; and if a man is tempted, for the gold's sake or hers, to spend the night with her, he's never seen or heard of in this world again. She feasts him with the sight of big nuggets and her own beauty, while she sucks his heart's blood like the vampyre; and when his body is drained to the last drop, he is flung aside among the rocks or dropped in some dark gully; and she comes back to watch the road for a fresh prey."

"I've heard of the White Witch many a time; but I never knew the rights of the story until to-night," said I. "But witch or no witch, we'll have to stop; the road grows harder, and my horse seems to stumble at every step. It's so dark, too, I can hardly see my hand before my face; yet it seemed almost daylight when we rode into the gorge."

"The pair of us will be too many for the White Witch, anyhow," said Vermudyn. "Too much human society don't agree with her ghostly constitution."

'We had stopped together, and I was just going to get off my horse, when Vermudyn sang out in a hurry: "I see a light!—there to the left. Let's ride up. We may find a party forced to camp out like ourselves; or they may be Injuns; and any company is better than none to-night."

"Right enough," says I, rubbing my eyes. "There is a light, and a pretty strong one too; a steady light, mate, and not a Will-o'-the-wisp. I never heard before of white man or Injun daring to camp in the Devil's Panniken."

"Well, we must go up quietly till we can see our company," said my mate. "We don't want to drop on a gang of freebooters, who'll ease us of the dust, and then leave us with a bullet through our heads, as a parting gift."

'After this, we rode forward in silence for what seemed a quarter of a mile; but we went at a foot's pace, on account of picking our way among the rocks that lay thick in the road. Then, as we turned a sharp corner, we saw all at once that the light came not from a camp-fire, but from a house!

"Well," says I, "in all the years I've worked in these parts, man and boy, and tramped from claim to claim, I've never heard that there was hut or shanty in this place."

"Nor I neither," returns Vermudyn; "but perhaps it's a new spec; though what folks could want with a house where there's neither gold to find nor land to farm is more than I can tell. We may thank our luck we've tumbled across it."

'He jumped off his horse as we drew rein at the door of the queerest old house I ever saw. It was a tumble-down sort of a place, half-stone, half-wood; and the woodwork was fast going to decay, though we could see plainly enough that time and money had once been spent over it. The stone was pretty rough; but the house was all pointed gable-ends and queer-shaped long windows. The high-peaked overhanging roof and the diamond panes reminded me of houses I'd seen in England when I was a young un. The pointed gables were faced with carved oak; and heavy oaken beams, black with age, formed the framework of the upper stories; while the spaces between were roughcast with shingle and plaster. The wickedest old faces were grinning and leering at us from the carvings above the windows; and we could see the whole place, every stick and stone about it, as plain as daylight. We had been riding in darkness through the Devil's Panniken, a darkness that grew blacker as we went on; and the light from this house fairly dazed us at first. Every window flamed as though there were jolly fires in each room, and hundreds of candles. The place seemed all aflame inside and out; the walls were as bright as if the moon was shining her clearest and strongest full on the house; yet,' said Old Grizzly, dropping his voice impressively, 'there was no moon at all that night! We stopped and looked at one another in wonder, and then stared at the house again. We could hear sounds inside now quite plain, men's voices, and women's too. Ugly sounds besides, that I couldn't understand; such howling and shrieking as though all Bedlam were let loose inside—wailing like some creature in pain, and roars of mocking laughter. I turned deadly cold, and shivered as if it were mid-winter.

"For mercy's sake, let's get away from this madhouse—if it's not something worse!" said I. "All's not right here; and I'd go afoot all night before I'd rest in that place."

"Nonsense!" returned Vermudyn in his impetuous way. "I'm going in, anyhow; and you'll stop to see fair-play, I know."

'The upshot of it was he seized my arm and led me into the house; while a gipsy-looking fellow came out for our horses, after we'd unloaded our knapsacks and blankets. My gold was sewed in a belt round my body, and I determined to fight hard for dear life, if need be; whilst I was equally determined to see Vermudyn through the night's adventure, as far as it lay in my power.

'If the outside of the house was strange to us, the inside was still stranger. The furniture appeared to be hundreds of years old. The presses, chairs, and tables were all of polished black oak, which reflected the light of many candles; while a big fire roared in the open fireplace, near which a table was laid for supper, and everything on it matched all we'd already seen. There were drinking-horns mounted in silver; cups of the same; such a load of plate as I'd never seen in my life, and such as, I was pretty certain, belonged to no country inn in a wild district where the only travellers were miners, and the only natives Injuns. On the top of a carved press in one corner there was a fine show of bottles—long-necked, slender flasks, crusted over with age and cobwebs; and short squat bottles, that held hollands and Kirschwasser, Vermudyn told me.

'Well, while we took stock of the room and its contents, there wasn't a soul to be seen, yet the noise and hubbub continued still all around us; the clatter of a hundred voices rising and falling far and near like the wind. Laughter, screams, and low moans all together, or following each other quickly. The longer I listened, the less I liked it; yet, as I sat in a corner of the big chimney, I seemed to grow drowsy and stupid-like, as if I had no power of my limbs or my voice. I think I couldn't have walked a dozen

steps for a thousand pounds; yet I could still hear and see all, through a light mist that fell betwixt me and everything I looked at.

'Vermudyn didn't appear afraid or surprised in the least; and the spell—I can call it nothing else—that was over me had no effect on him. He stood in front of the fire, warming his hands, and looking round him quite gaily, and pleased with all he saw.

"Wake up, mate!" he called to me; "we've fallen in luck's way this time, surely. You've no cause to fear. It seems to me that I must have been here a score of times before, I know the place so well; and yet"—he stopped for a minute and put his hand over his eyes—"and yet—it can't be!—I know it. That press," he went on, "should hold the green suit." And stepping across the room, he opened a worm-eaten cupboard in the far corner, and took out a suit of faded green velvet, the cut of which reminded me of old pictures I'd seen at home; and when Vermudyn took them out and looked them over carefully, the whole thing struck me so absurdly, that I began to laugh like a maniac, though still I had no power to speak. I wanted to tell him he would look like a tumbling mountebank at a fair, if he rigged himself out in the velvet suit; but I only laughed and nodded at him silently from the chimney corner, like some drivelling old dotard.

'However, he didn't put it on, but, as if struck suddenly by another thought, threw it aside, and opened a cupboard near the fireplace. He smiled again. "I knew it was here," he said softly, as he returned to the fire, and stooping down, held something to the light. It was a little box of carved ivory, yellow with age, and strangely shaped; but Vermudyn seemed as familiar with it as he was with the rest of the wonders in that house, for he pressed a spring, and the lid flew up, disclosing a sparkling chain made like a snake, with shining scales of beaten gold that glittered in the flickering firelight.

'While Vermudyn was still looking at its twisted coils and muttering to himself, the door opened, and a troop of figures crowded into the room.'

IS THE SEASHORE FREE TO ALL?

To the ordinary visitor to the seacoast this question may seem unnecessary. To him it probably appears, if he ever gives the matter a thought, that the shore is free and open to everybody; and that no one person really has any more rights over it than another. If he were told that he was no more entitled to walk or be driven across the beach for the purpose of obtaining his morning dip in the sea than he was to cross the park of a private gentleman and bathe in his lake without permission, he would probably refuse all credence to the statement. If he were further told that when he picked up a shell off the sands and walked away with it, he was guilty of an unlawful act, his mental attitude would most likely be one of indignation, and in most cases his belief in his own indisputable right to be where he was, and to enjoy himself as seemed best to him, provided that he did not interfere with the comfort of his neighbours, would be in no way shaken.

It is the object of what follows to show how little ground there is for this belief. To begin with, a brief definition of the shore will be useful. Strictly speaking, it is that portion of the land adjacent to the sea which is alternately covered and uncovered by the ordinary flow and ebb of the tides. The fringe of rock, sand, or shingle, which is to be found on most parts of the English coast, and which is never under water except at the highest spring-tides, does not form a part of the 'shore,' though it is commonly spoken of as such; and the law only recognises as shore that portion of the coast which lies between the ordinary high and low water marks. All that portion of it which lies nearer to the land than the ordinary high-water mark is part of the *terra firma*, and, as such, is subject to the usual rights of ownership. This technical 'shore' throughout the coasts of England belongs, except as is mentioned afterwards, to the Crown. As is well known, the theory of the law is that the whole soil of England belonged originally to the sovereign, by whom it has, in process of time, been almost entirely granted to subjects. Some of our sovereigns have also occasionally exercised their rights of ownership in the seashore by making grants of it, in company with the adjoining *terra firma;* so that there are cases in which the shore, as well as the adjacent *terra firma*, is subject to private ownership.

So much by way of definition and explanation. Let us now briefly consider what rights the ordinary subject has to the use and enjoyment of the seashore. We will begin by considering his right to use it as a means of access to the sea for the purpose of bathing. The first time this question was raised in a court of justice in England was in the case of Blundell against Caterall, which was tried in the year 1821. If the reader will look at a map of England, he will find marked on the coast of Lancashire, a few miles north of Liverpool, the town of Great Crosby. In the year 1815 an hotel was built there. Before that time, people who lived at Great Crosby had bathed on the beach, but they had done so in a simple and primitive manner; they undressed themselves in some convenient spot, and then walked over the sands into the sea. When the hotel was built, the proprietor thought that it would be for the comfort of his guests and his own profit if a more convenient means of bathing were provided; and so he had built a number of 'machines' of the well-known type. Caterall was one of the hotel proprietor's servants, and was employed by him to drive these machines into the sea. The plaintiff, Mr Blundell, was lord of the manor of Great Crosby, and he claimed that the shore there had been specially granted to him, and formed part of his manor. This grant of the shore was not proved, but it was not questioned by the counsel who appeared for Caterall, and so was taken for granted. The contention of Caterall's counsel was what would probably be in accordance with the views of most people on the subject. He argued that there was a common-law right for all the king's subjects to bathe on the seashore, and to pass over it

for that purpose on foot or with horses and carriages.

The case was fully discussed and long judgments were delivered by the four judges before whom it was tried. The result was that it was decided by three judges against one that no such general right in the subject to frequent the shore for the purpose of bathing existed, whether on foot or in carriages. The dissenting judge, who seems to have taken a broad and common-sense view of the matter, based his judgment on the general grounds of the sea being the great highway of the world; of the importance of a free access to it; and of the necessity of a right to bathe in it, as essential to the health of so many persons. 'It was clear,' he said, 'that persons had bathed in the sea from the earliest times, and that they had been accustomed to walk or ride on the sands. . . . The shore of the sea is admitted to have been at one time the property of the king, and from the general nature of the property, it could never be used for exclusive occupation. It was holden by the king, like the sea and highways, for all his subjects.' Unfortunately for the subjects, however, the other three judges, and consequently the majority of the court, were convinced by the arguments of the counsel who opposed the claim to the right of bathing. This opposition was based on three grounds. 'First,' said Mr Blundell's counsel, 'there is no evidence to be found in any of the legal authorities for the existence of any such right; they are completely silent upon the matter. Secondly, such a right is contrary to analogies. Thirdly, such a right is contrary to acknowledged and established rights.'

The first and third of these arguments seem to have chiefly influenced the judges in coming to their decision. This decision, which must be taken as ruling the matter, up to the present time at anyrate, declares, as has been stated, that the subject has no right to pass over the shore for the purpose of bathing. The actual right to bathe in the sea does not seem to have been disputed; what was settled was, that a man has no right to pass over the shore in order to reach the sea. If any one chooses to take ship from Ireland to within a few yards of the Lancashire coast, and then bathe from the deck, there is nothing in the decision in the case of Blundell against Caterall to show that he would in any way be going beyond his strict legal rights. Such a course would, however, be inconvenient—and decidedly expensive.

Of course, when the shore remains undisputedly in the possession of the Crown, no interference with the subject's privilege of bathing, under fitting conditions, is to be apprehended. The decision in Blundell *v.* Caterall, however, shows that where a portion of the shore has been made the subject of a grant, there is nothing to hinder the person in whose favour the grant has been made from entirely preventing it from being used for the purpose of bathing, or from allowing it to be so used only on payment of any tax he may choose to demand. It is scarcely necessary to say that no such claim on the part of a private subject to such property in the shore, carrying with it, as it does, the right to tax, or even prevent altogether, sea-bathing, should be allowed without the strictest possible examination of it. Whether a man is possessed of the shore will entirely depend upon the exact words used to describe the boundaries of the land granted to him. If the deed of grant describes the land to be granted 'down to the sea,' or if any similar words be used, such grant would not include the shore; for it, as we have said, is what lies between high-water and low-water marks; and 'down to the sea' would be taken to mean down to the ordinary high-water mark, and so would just fall short of the 'shore.' If, on the other hand, it should be distinctly stated that the land is granted down to low-water mark, or to any definite distance out to sea, which would include the low-water mark, then undoubtedly the shore, with its attached rights, has been granted. Because it has been held judicially that the subject has no right to use the shore as a means of access to the sea for the purpose of bathing, it must not, however, be inferred that he has no right to be there at all. From time immemorial it has been recognised that the ownership by the Crown of the sea-shore is limited by a common-law right on the part of the subject to pass over it to reach the sea, for the purposes of fishing and navigation; and as the Crown cannot transfer to other persons more than it possesses itself, these rights of the general public still exist when the shore has passed into private hands.

The right of bathing is not the only right which most people are apt to take for granted which has been disputed, and disputed successfully, in the courts. How many people know that when they pick up a shell or a piece of seaweed and take it home with them, they are rendering themselves liable to an action? Yet it is so, as what follows will show. In the year 1801, one Bagott was the owner of a certain manor in the parish of Keysham, and this manor included—or at anyrate, Bagott claimed that it did, and his claim was not disputed—a portion of the seashore. In cases such as those here cited, there seems to have been far too great readiness to admit claims to the shore. It appears that on this part of the coast shellfish were found in great numbers, and it was the custom of the people in the neighbourhood to take them for the purpose of selling them, or using them as food. Amongst those who did so was a man called Orr. He employed other men to help him, and took away great quantities of the shellfish in carts, and seems, by the magnitude of his operations, to have exhausted Bagott's patience. At anyrate, Bagott commenced an action against him, alleging that he (Orr) had entered certain closes of his (Bagott's) 'lying between the flux and reflux of the tides of the sea, in the plaintiff's manor of Keysham, and the said shellfish and fish-shells there found, caught, took, and carried away, and converted, and disposed thereof, when the said closes were left dry and were not covered with water.' To this Orr urged in defence, that what the plaintiff called his closes were, as a matter of fact, rocks and sand of the sea, lying within the flux and reflux of the tides of the sea, and that the shellfish and fish-shells which he had taken away were 'certain shellfish and fish-shells which were in and upon the said rocks and sands of the sea, and which were, by the ebbing of the tides of the

sea, left there in and upon the said closes; and that every subject of this realm of right had the liberty and privilege of getting, taking, and carrying away the shellfish and fish-shells left by the said ebbing of the sea.' The judgment of the court, as it appears in the Report of the trial, gives none of the reasons upon which it was founded, but merely declares in the baldest manner possible that the defendant had a right to take the *shellfish;* but that, as no authority had been brought forward to support his claim to take *shells*, the court would pause before establishing a general right of that kind!

Of course, this judgment cannot be taken quite literally, for the shellfish cannot be taken unless their shells are taken also. What it must be understood to lay down is this, that we may take the shells so long as they are attached to, and form, as it were, part of the living fish; but that we must not take a shell when it has become detached from its inmate, and is nothing more than a shell. This prohibition to take empty shells is really equivalent to a prohibition to take not shells only, but also sand or pebbles, or indeed any other part of the soil of the shore. It may be added here, by way of parenthesis, that, by an Act of Parliament passed in 1620, a special privilege is granted to all persons living in the counties of Devon and Cornwall 'to fetch and take sea-sand at all places under the full sea-mark.' Why this privilege was specially granted to the inhabitants of these two counties is not at all clear. At anyrate, the passing of the Act shows that the right did not previously exist.

The last case to which we shall refer is that of Howe against Stowell. It was tried in the year 1833. Here, as in the case of Bagott against Orr, the plaintiff was the owner of a portion of the shore, upon which, at different times, the sea cast up great quantities of seaweed. The farmers in the neighbourhood were in the habit of carting this seaweed away, using it for the purpose of manuring their land. Stowell had taken some, and Howe brought an action against him. Stowell urged that, as a subject of the king, he had full and perfect liberty to go upon the shore and take the seaweed, which had been left there by the reflux of the tide. The court, however, found that no such right as Stowell claimed existed. Their judgment to some extent supplements and explains the one delivered in the case of Bagott *v.* Orr. The court referred to that case, and said that the taking of fish was for the immediate sustentation of man—a reason which did not apply to the taking of seaweed. Whatever the reasons may have been which caused the court to make a distinction between the fish and their shells, the distinction certainly now exists; and while it is unlawful to take away from the shore any shells, sand, pebbles, or seaweed, it is perfectly lawful to carry away any shellfish that may be found there.

Here we may leave the subject. Sufficient has been said to show the reader how much of the liberty of doing what he likes on the seashore is entirely due to the goodwill of such as have the power, if they choose to use it, of very seriously curtailing that liberty. Happily, by far the greater portion of our shore is still the property of the Crown, which is never likely to enforce its strict rights to the curtailing of the reasonable liberty of the subject. These rights might, however, with general advantage, be much more strictly enforced than they are on some parts of our coasts, where sand, pebbles, and stones are being constantly carted away in large quantities, to the detriment of the beach and adjacent land.

A NAMELESS ROMANCE.

I HAVE a leisure hour to spend now and then, and I spend it in rambling round the city where I dwell. Perhaps some of you may think this is poor enjoyment, but it does not seem so to me. True, were I young and rich, I might seek my pleasures farther afield—on the sunny shores of the Mediterranean, or in the gay gardens of France. I might bask more in the smile of gentle dames, forgetting my loneliness, as one forgets in the sunshine that only a moment before the sky hung black with clouds. But I am neither young nor rich; and even if I were, it seems to me that no place in the world could ever be so dear as those lanes and meadows I love so well.

Yes; I am old now, and chilly sometimes at night when the fire gets low, wearing a greatcoat even on the summer days, and shivering often when the zephyrs fan my face. But I am kept young by my love for nature; I woo her as amorously as ever maid was wooed by swain, and she is not afraid to press her rosy lips to mine, yellow and withered as they are, and to twine her lovely arms round my neck. I love her for her hopefulness, for her inexhaustible store of youth. Everywhere with love she rebukes poor mortals for sitting down sad with folded hands, and with a glad voice bids them be up and doing. She is irrepressible. You may crush her down with stony hand and plaster over every vestige of her beauty, and then say to yourself, in pride of heart, 'I have made a city, a place for commerce and traffic, and pleasure and sorrow;' and yet, turn your back for an instant, lo! a little blade of grass comes up between the stones of the causeway and laughs in your very face. We may build our houses up story upon story, with the dingy attic at the top, for women's hearts to break in, and the squalid court beneath in which little children may get their first taint of sin; but a gleam of sunshine will day after day work its way down to the very centre of the filth and squalidness, and a rose will bud and bloom in some poor man's window, blushing back with pleasure into the face of its kindly keeper.

Then think how charitable she is, how slow to return an insult, how cheerfully she bears an affront. I often think—though, of course, it is but the vagary of an old dreamer—that those who build up masses of brick and mortar would be well repaid if nature left a sterile belt round their work, a belt gray and cold as their own walls. But no! She takes no such revenge as this. Long before the city-smoke has mingled with the clouds, or the hum of city-life died away, we come on patches of green, smiling us a welcome; on trees, too, sprouting forth in beauty, or draped with leaves and

flowers, nodding to us in a grave and stately way, as if to show that they at least bear no grudge, and are prepared to be friendly in spite of all rebuffs. Ruminating thus, many a lesson have I learned on charity and forgiveness.

Nor are my rambles unromantic, though the scenes are no longer strange. Every house and farm has become familiar to me. I have seen a generation or two of cowboys develop into ploughmen, wed themselves to rosy dairymaids, and go their ways. I have beguiled idle hours in weaving webs of fancy round their married lives, listening for the merry laughter of children in their cottages, and watching for the glad light of love on many a mother's face. And as with men and women, so with things. The old castle with its turreted walls and secret passages has furnished me much food for thought. I have recalled in fancy the noble men and fair women who used to tread its halls, their courtly, gallant ways, their feasts and tournaments; and, as I stand in the chambers, girt with gray stone and canopied by heaven, I can see the coats of mail still on the walls, and hear through the mist of years the voice of some gay warrior recounting his triumphs in the field. And many a story, too, have I heard from the rustic people about the old gray house which stands in the hollow among the trees. You see, I am old enough to pat the comely maidens on the shoulder without exciting the ire of their brawny lovers, and to chat, too, with impunity to the buxom matrons in the cottages while their husbands sit smoking by the fireside. And thus it was I heard the story of the Old House in the Hollow. I had often wondered if it did contain a secret, so silent was it, so forbidding in aspect, with its old porch black with age, and its windows stained and weather-beaten. It looked so grim, that I used to think it, too, must have witnessed deeds of blood, and taken the best way to avoid detection by standing for evermore in gloomy silence. It stood among thick foliage, so thick, that even on a summer day but a stray sunbeam or two rested on its blackened walls, wavering and timorous, as if scared at their bravery in venturing so far. The carriage-road from the gate to the door had faded out of sight, and there was nothing around but grass, heavy and dark-coloured, with the weeds that grew among it. The woman in the cottage not far off was glad enough to give me the key of the rusty iron gate which admitted to the grounds, and there I used to wander, more from curiosity than pleasure. But I always felt morbid under the old trees; and the grass, too, was so thick and rank, that it was like walking over deserted graves.

In that old garden, said the villagers, a lady in a white mantle used to walk among the trees, and look with yearning glance towards the windows of the old house. There I have waited for her, but she never came; for, through habit, I have fallen into believing the stories I hear. Perhaps the sunshine frightened her away; perhaps, from long living in the shades, her eyes had grown too weak to bear the light; perhaps she cared not that strangers should share her grief, and wished to mourn there alone, with the darkness for her friend, and the winds sighing comfort to her among the trees. Whatever the reason was, I never met her face to face in that gloomy hollow. Yet, although she was so fair and young, the older villagers could not tell her tale without a shudder; and though the lads and lasses laughed aloud, yet it was a wavering, uncertain laugh, which died on their lips, and left a silence all the more profound.

Forty years had passed since the oaken door creaked on its hinges to admit the master and his fair young bride; and a year later, it had closed on her as they bore her away to sleep in the churchyard, to the grave that had proved too small for her wandering, restless spirit. On that day, cold, and with a drizzling, chilling rain, the small cortège passed through the gate, a man walking behind, with head bent and eyes cast on the ground, his face calm, but chill and gray as the sky. And if the curious one had turned his eyes on the house, he would have seen, at an upper window, a woman's figure, clad in mourning, with head bent, intently watching the pallbearers as they wound along the muddy road. Had the curious one cared to look closer, he might have seen the gleam of triumph in her eyes—dark, flashing, coal-black eyes—as she watched the tall bent figure walk behind with such a weary, listless step. But soon a turn in the road hid the company from view, and the window was empty again.

One year had sufficed to darken the brightness of that fair young life. Did it ever strike you, reader, that some men and women seem to have had a sunlight bath before entering this world, so destined are they to make everything around them pure and good; while others, wafted from the regions of gloom, cast all around them the shadow of death? Into this baleful darkness had the young bride fallen, and in it her spirit had been quenched. She loved her husband truly, that tall, bronzed man, who had come from the Indies to woo her in the sunny lanes of her own England. Right glad, too, had she been to become mistress of his old home. For months, no spot had come on their home-picture. He was happy in his treasure; she, too, in her simple life in the village, where, from her kindness, she already was receiving the homage due to a queen. But one day, when the snow was on the ground and the flowers were dead, a woman came to the Old House in the Hollow. She was dark, and radiantly beautiful, with the beauty that blossoms under western skies. She neither asked nor received leave to stay as a member of the family circle in the old house, but there was no one to oppose her action. The master was her cousin, she said; and even as she spoke, the gleam in her eyes gave her words the lie. Yet he said nothing, for suddenly he had grown silent and cold, avoiding even the wistful, questioning glances of his wife.

The shadow spread slowly over the house, up the staircases, into the nooks and corners of the rooms, laying its black hand now on this and now on that, but nowhere so strongly as on the heart of the young mistress. Her rippling laughter changed to sighs, her bright smiles were replaced by downcast looks; she passed from summer to winter with no mellowing autumn days to make the change less sad. It was not that the woman, who had come so

strangely, sought the love of her husband, or in any other way attempted to dispel the sunshine of her life; she simply dwelt with them, nay, was friendly enough at times; but the dark dress which she wore, and the masses of dark hair which at times she would let fall about her shoulders, seemed indicative of the moral cloud which was slowly gathering over their lives. The lily drooped day by day for want of sunlight. She became morbid, nervous, full of strange and wayward fancies. She thought the love of her husband was dead; and she took to dressing herself in her wedding garb, to try if by that strange way she might make it live again. Clad in the soft, lustrous satins—in which as a happy bride she had blushed and smiled in the little English church but a few months before—she would pace her room for hours, and stand, too, longingly before the glass, peering wistfully to see if aught of her charm were gone. In this garb, too, she would walk among the old trees, and deck her bosom with the snowdrops of spring; but they seemed to wither away at her touch and hang listless and dead. Thus it was, one day she was found sitting among the trees on the fresh spring grass, some faded snowdrops in her lifeless hand, her golden hair surmounting a face darkened with some mysterious presence. A pale gleam of spring sunlight had crept down and settled on her brow; but it was out of place, and timid as the sunbeams which I have seen playing on the old house itself.

Thus quietly as the gliding of a river did her spirit depart, or rather was effaced, as a cloud can hide the silver moon from us for a time. And so, they tell me, she can be seen at times in the old garden, just as, when the clouds grow faint, the welcome shafts of light come down to assure us that their mother orb still lives.

QUARANTINE.

BY AN EXAMINING OFFICER.

At a time when every one has been anxiously perusing the daily accounts of the increase or abatement of cholera in European towns, and when there exists a lurking fear lest the dreaded scourge should obtain a footing on our shores, a brief description of the precautions taken against such a visitation may possibly prove interesting to your readers. The majority of people have, of course, a hazy idea that vessels from Southern France are not allowed to slip in and out of the United Kingdom without strict examination as to the possibility of cholera or other disease existing on board. They know that there is some action taken bearing the old-fashioned title of 'Quarantine,' and that it relates to the isolation of vessels on board which disease may exist; but with this knowledge, in a majority of instances their information ends. This very haziness thus induces unfounded fear—and fear supplies one of the chief ingredients on which cholera may be most bountifully fed. If I can in any way lessen this apprehension by detailing, as briefly as possible, the close supervision to which vessels from foreign ports—just now from the south of France especially—are subjected, the purpose of this article will be fully realised.

'Quarantine,' according to the lexicographers, 'is the term during which a ship arriving in port, and suspected of being infected with a malignant, contagious disease, is obliged to forbear all intercourse with the shore.' Thus a ship arriving in the United Kingdom at the present time, and having on board, or suspected of having on board, a case of cholera, would be at once cut off from all intercourse with the shore or with any neighbouring vessel. This 'cutting-off' process was in olden times much more cumbrously managed than at present. Then, the quarantine stations round the shores of Great Britain were not only numerous, but were themselves a source of danger to all concerned. Now, the only one of the old quarantine stations of the United Kingdom is that of the Mother-bank, in the Isle of Wight, where are located three unemployed men-of-war, having on board a staff of officers and men with all appliances necessary for dealing with vessels placed in quarantine. These vessels, I understand, have only been called into requisition on twelve occasions during the last twenty years. The place for the performance of quarantine at any port is now generally decided by the Local Authority of that port in conjunction with the officers of Customs who may be stationed there. Her Majesty's Privy Council are, of course, primarily responsible for the due carrying out of the quarantine regulations; but on the officers of Customs depends the detention of any vessel, pending the decision of the higher authorities regarding such detention. To enable the officer of Customs to act with authority in the matter, he is provided with a 'Quarantine Commission,' on the faith of which he can detain any vessel arriving from abroad on board of which he may suspect the existence of cholera or other infectious disease.

I will suppose, now, a vessel arriving in the Mersey, the Thames, the Tyne, or other busy shipping centre. The vessel, with her national ensign flying aft, to denote that she is from a foreign port—let us suppose a port infected with cholera—sails or steams up to a position some distance from the shore, termed the 'boarding station.' Here the master must 'bring to' under a penalty of one hundred pounds. The Customs officers come alongside in their boat; and before any one goes on board, the following questions are put to the master: 'What is the name of the vessel and of the master? From what port have you come? Was there any sickness at the port while you were lying there or at the time you left it? Have you any Bill of Health?—if so, produce it. What number of officers, crew, and passengers have you on board? Have any of them suffered from any kind of illness during the voyage?—if so, state it, however trifling it may have been. Is every person on board in good health at this moment?' Should the master refuse to answer any of these questions, or give a false answer to any of them, the refusal or falsehood subjects him to a penalty of one hundred pounds; and if the questions have been put upon oath and he returns a false answer, he is liable to punishment for wilful and corrupt perjury.

Should the answers of the master be deemed unsatisfactory, and should the officer of Customs suspect the existence of cholera on board, he at once detains the vessel and apprises the Local Authority, in order that its medical officer may inspect the vessel, and decide whether or not the suspicions of the officer of Customs are well founded. If, however, the Local Authority *fails to have such inspection carried out within twelve hours*—and local Sanitary Boards would do well to bear this fact in mind—the officer of Customs *does not possess the power to detain the vessel longer*, but must, on the expiration of the said twelve hours, release the vessel from detention. Thus it becomes of the utmost importance that, for the safety of the community, local sanitary authorities should see that the medical inspection is carried out with all despatch.

The inspection being completed, and cholera, we will suppose, being found to exist, the vessel is obliged to proceed at once to the quarantine station selected. Every person on board must remain there until the vessel is released. Should any one choose to disobey the law and endeavour to escape, he or she incurs a heavy money penalty, with the alternative of six months' imprisonment. This is mild punishment, indeed, to that inflicted in the days of our forefathers, when disobedience to quarantine laws subjected the offender 'to suffer death without benefit of clergy.' Still, it is heavy enough to discourage any attempt at disobedience, when such disobedience would bring upon the transgressor the full rigour of the law. Compared with quarantine punishments in other countries, our penalty is, nevertheless, in my opinion, far too lenient. I have known of sailors in the Mediterranean who had left their vessel after she had been placed in quarantine, narrowly escaping being shot dead on the spot. This 'speedy despatch' would not, of course, be altogether in accord with our British system of punishment; yet I can conceive no greater crime than that of risking the propagation of disease in a locality which till then had been free from it. Nothing short of a lengthened period of imprisonment is adequate punishment for a crime so heinous.

To leave the particular case of cholera-infected vessels, it may be advisable to have a last word on foreign arrivals generally. In the questions noted above which are put to the master of a vessel on arrival in the United Kingdom, there occurs the query, 'Have you any Bill of Health?' Most people will probably be inclined to inquire what a Bill of Health consists of. Bills of Health are of two classes—namely, clean bills of health and foul bills of health. The former is a document signed by a British consul abroad testifying that there was no disease on board the vessel, or at the port at which the vessel loaded her cargo for the homeward voyage. The latter is a similar document testifying that there has been disease on board, or at the port of lading, or at any of the ports at which the vessel may have touched on her way home. A clean Bill of Health, issued at Gibraltar a fortnight ago, lies before me as I write, and thereon it is certified in unmistakable English that 'good health is enjoyed in the city and garrison of Gibraltar, and that there does not exist therein plague, Asiatic cholera, or yellow fever; as witness the seal of the said city and garrison hereupon engraved.' A vessel possessing a testimony similar to this is, generally speaking, free from the trouble and annoyance of quarantine; but were the Bill of Health a foul one, the case would be widely different. With the latter on board, the display of the dreaded yellow flag with the black ball in the centre at the main topmast head makes quarantine almost a foregone conclusion.

To narrate the numerous other duties of shipmasters, of pilots, and of passengers in connection with vessels liable to quarantine, is scarcely possible within the limits of the present paper. Their duties, indeed, would be understood only by the initiated; and an attempt at a popular translation of very dry and wordy regulations would be utterly frustrated by the introduction of uninteresting technicalities. In conclusion, let me ask readers to reflect that not a single vessel comes near our shores that is not thoroughly investigated with regard to the existence of infectious disease, and, by such reflection, to banish those unwholesome fears which do more than anything else to foster cholera or any similar scourge.

ON THE COAST.

A LONELY strip of coast where golden sands
  Stretch dreamily into the far-off blue;
A drowsy wind, the breath of southern lands,
  And seas of opal hue.

A glorious, wide expanse of heaven o'erhead,
  Whose tender blue is flecked with clouds of light;
A fleet of boats, with dusky sails outspread,
  Fast dropping out of sight.

Tall, beetling cliffs that purple shadows throw
  Athwart still pools where ocean treasures hide;
Low undertones—which ever clearer grow—
  From the in-coming tide.

A perfect peace! Here never comes the strife
  That ever waits upon the race for gold;
Here in still grooves goes on the march of life,
  With simple joys untold.

Here sweet desire would have me always stay—
  Far from the city's toil, its passions strong—
And in contentment live through life's brief day,
  Unto its evensong.

But Duty, ever jealous, cries 'Not yet!
  Thy place is still upon the busy mart;
Thou must go forth, and earn with labour's sweat,
  The wishes of thy heart.'

And so, at Duty's call, do I depart,
  And leave these joys regretfully behind;
But as a vision bright, within my heart,
  Their beauty is enshrined.

CHARLES H. BARSTOW.

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A RIVER HOLIDAY.

What the yacht-races at Cowes and a score of other places are to that section of the upper ten-thousand who delight in everything that pertains to the sea, and to whom the smell of salt water is as the breath of life—what Henley regatta is to those who find their exercise or pastime among the sunny reaches of the Upper Thames—such is the annual sailing-barge match from Erith to the Nore and back, to the vast river-side population below-bridge who have more or less to do, or are in some way connected, with the dock, canal, or up-river shipping traffic of the port of London. To these worthy people, as well as to some thousands of others from all parts of the metropolis, many of whom, in all probability, rarely adventure so far on the Thames at any other time, it is the race *par excellence* of the year; and it has much about it to render this widespread popularity deserved.

It is a bright midsummer morning, and the clock is on the stroke of nine when we find ourselves on Blackwall pier, with its vast shut-up hotel staring blankly across the river, once on a time famed far and wide for its capital fish-dinners; but now, alas, given over to desolation and decay. Even as far away as Dalston Junction, at which place we have to change trains, unmistakable signs of holiday-making are apparent; and at each station as we come along we pick up a numerous contingent, all of whom, to judge from appearances, like John Gilpin's wife, are evidently on pleasure bent.

We find the pier gay with summer costumes and smiling faces; friend greets friend after the hearty, robust English fashion which has not yet died out 'east of Temple Bar;' the river gleams with a thousand silver ripples in the morning sun; the heat is tempered by an exhilarating breeze; everybody prophesies that we shall have a glorious day. The majority of those on the pier are waiting the arrival of the excursion steamers from London Bridge. We, more fortunate than many, are the recipients of an invitation to a private party which numbers, all told, some five-and-thirty souls. Presently, from among a cloud of others we single out the particular bit of bunting we have been told to look for; and there, at her temporary moorings at the upper end of the pier, we find the smart little *Cygnet*, our home that is to be for the next dozen hours. Old acquaintances welcome us with a cordial grip as we step on board, and new acquaintanceships are made, which in their turn will, we hope, grow riper by-and-by. And now we have time to look about us.

The *Cygnet* is gay with bunting from stem to stern. Aft, a large awning is stretched, which will serve as a protection from either sun or rain, as the case may be. Camp-stools in abundance are provided, so that we can shift our quarters as we may list; and some neighbouring hotel has supplied us with several oblong mahogany tables, for which an excellent use will be found later on. Hampers crammed with good things solid and liquid are being brought on board one after another; and some one below deck is taking Time by the forelock already, in the way of putting a preliminary edge on the carving-knife. We are evidently going to have what our American cousins call 'a high old time' of it.

In confidence we may whisper that our little *Cygnet* is neither more nor less than a Channel steam-tug—one of that numerous fleet which scour the English Channel from the Lizard to the Languard, from the Mouse Light to Dunkirk, on the lookout for homeward-bound ships which, anxious to save a tide or two, and reach their moorings in dock as quickly as may be, are willing to pay for the help that will enable them to do so. A rough life, my masters, and not without its dangers when the stormy winds do blow. Often in wild mid-winter weather, or when the equinoctials seem as if they were tearing heaven and earth asunder, these little craft will remain out for days and nights together, afraid to risk making for any harbour, and preferring to keep in the open

while waiting for the gale to blow itself out. Only a few winters ago, as the *Napoleon* steam-tug was towing a huge liner up the Channel in the teeth of a tremendous storm of wind and sleet, her hawser parted, and when, some two minutes later, the crew of the big ship had time to look for the tug, she was nowhere to be seen. At the moment her hawser broke she had been struck by a heavy sea, and had plunged down head foremost, she and all her crew. As a rule, however, these sturdy little craft, which are built as strongly as iron and timber can make them, will safely ride out a gale such as might well cause many a big merchantman to quake with fear.

But to-day all thoughts of storm and disaster are far from us as we sway gently at our moorings in the morning sunshine and watch the ever-changing panorama before us. The twin domes of Greenwich Hospital show white and ghostlike through the faint haze which veils everything in the distance. Presently round a point of land where the river curves sharply away to the left comes gliding in stately fashion the big saloon steamer *Alexandra*, followed by the *Albert Edward* and several smaller boats, all with numerous flags flying fore and aft, and all, or nearly all, with bands of music, military or otherwise, on board. A few minutes later, the Committee Boat, the old and well-known *Eagle*, puts in an appearance. Suspended by knots of blue ribbon from the captain's bridge are the silver cups which will be competed for a little later on. More passengers crowd aboard the big steamers; one of the bands plays lustily, an irrepressible drummer being well to the fore; flags flutter in the breeze; our moorings are cast off; the *Cygnet* gives one last screech of triumph, or, it may be, of farewell to those left behind, and at length we are fairly off on our way to Erith. In front of us, behind us, and on either side of us are steamers and tugs of all kinds and sizes; but the river is wide; there is room enough for all, and we steam along in pleasant company. Now is the time to make sure of a little luncheon, so that we may not miss the start of the race later on.

Erith is reached a little before eleven; and here we find the competing barges arranged in order, waiting for the signal, while the pleasant little town itself is *en fête*, and thousands of eyes are looking on from the shore. We voyagers who have come to watch the race keep well in the background, so as not to impede the start; the Committee Boat takes up its position; a gun is fired; and before you know what has happened, anchors are tripped, sails are loosened to the breeze, and the barges, topsail and spritsail, spring forward on their course like a flight of dark-hued seabirds newly set free.

The topsail barges—so the official programme informs us—are not to exceed fifty-five tons register. The first prize is a silver cup of the value of twenty pounds, and ten guineas for the crew; the second prize is a silver cup of the value of fifteen pounds, and five guineas for the crew; then follow other prizes of lesser value. The spritsail barges are not to exceed fifty tons register. The prizes follow in the same ratio as those for the topsails, but are not quite equal to them in value. In addition to their money prizes, a champion flag is presented to each of the winners, which will flaunt proudly in the breeze on their voyages up and down the river for many a day to come.

There are fourteen competitors in the race this year, namely, eight topsails and six sprits. The topsails, merely because they are topsails and spread more canvas to the breeze than the others, gradually forge ahead; but that is only what everybody knows will happen. Having seen them fairly under way, we steam gently along, pass through the midst of the little fleet, and then get well ahead of them, but not so far as to be altogether quit of their company, except when some sharp bend in the river hides them for a little while from view. Now is the time to get up a friendly sweepstake on board, a task which two of the company undertake, and carry out satisfactorily. Some enthusiasts have discovered a pack of cards, and are already deeply immersed in the intellectual game of Nap. By-and-by, the old historical fort of Tilbury is reached and passed; and before long, Gravesend comes into view with its famed hotels and its Gardens, at which we have been so frequently reminded we may 'spend a happy day.' Here we come to a stand for a little while, in order that we may watch the procession pass, as do many of the other gaily-decked tugs, together with some of the big steamers. It is a pretty sight to watch the brown and chocolate coloured sails come stealing round the reaches of the river, and to see how cleverly the little craft are handled as they tack here and there to catch an extra capful of the capricious westerly breeze, or to steal for a few moments the wind out of some rival's sails. To-day, in honour of the occasion, the crews are rigged out in new blue jerseys and knitted scarlet caps; while the boats themselves are as spick-and-span as paint and gilding can make them. Each barge carries at its fore its official number on the programme; and as they glide one by one into view, innumerable are the glasses levelled at them in the effort to make out either their name or number. But position in the race at this point is held to be of small account by those who are supposed to be knowing in such matters: Tattenham Corner—otherwise the lightship at the Nore—is still a long way ahead.

Again we steam along in the wake of the barges, again pass through the midst of them, and again leave them astern. For a while we have left behind us the excitement of the race. There is a pleasant sound of the drawing of corks. It is the time for a cigar, a chat, and a bottle of Bass. As we go gently down, we pass several heavily-laden barges making their way up river, some of which are pointed out to us as winners in matches of years gone by; but their racing-days are over for ever, and they have evidently settled down to the sober, steady work of middle age. They hail chiefly from the Medway district, we are told, and are laden with cement, lime, bricks, stone, hay or straw, some of them voyaging as far inland, by way of the Regent's Canal, as Camden Town and Paddington.

And so after a time Southend comes into view, with its terrace-crowned cliff looking far out

across the river, and its mile-and-a-quarter-long pier, which seems as if it were stretching out a friendly hand to greet its neighbour, Sheerness, over the way. Half an hour longer brings us to the Nore.

The lightship at the Nore is the point round which each barge has to make its way before starting on its return journey up river—the distance in all, so we are informed, being about seventy miles: not a bad day's work for a class of craft which many people are in the habit of decrying as the tortoises of the river. Occasionally it happens that there is not enough wind to enable them to complete the regulation course, in which case the Committee on board the *Eagle* have power to fix the point at which the return journey shall begin.

We have been taking matters easy for the last hour or so, and we find several steamers and tugs lying on and off round the lightship when we reach it. We follow their example, keeping up just enough steam to prevent us from drifting with the tide, and here we are presently joined by other steamers and pleasure-craft of various kinds. Among the rest comes the indispensable Committee Boat, which is moored alongside the light. Not long have we to wait before the cinnamon-coloured sails of the little fleet steal into sight one by one. Glasses come into requisition again, and all are agog to make out the number of the leading topsail. 'No. 3—*Frances*,' calls out some one keener-sighted than the rest. And so it proves to be. Gallantly she comes sweeping down, every man at his post, every eye on the alert. Suddenly the helm is put about; we see the crew hauling at the ropes like red-nightcapped demons, and then we hear the swish of the water as the *Frances*, answering to the call upon her, sweeps round the lightship in a short but graceful curve, and catching the breeze next moment on the opposite tack, is speeding away on her return journey, followed by a ringing cheer from a thousand throats.

The next to round the Nore light is the *Whimbrel*, and after her comes the *Bras-de-Fer*; while the leader of the spritsails, or 'stumpies' as they are familiarly called, is the *Bessie*. We do not wait till the whole of the laggards have rounded the light, but steam gently away till we come to a certain quiet, sunny reach, where we lie by while sundry hampers are opened and a large measure of justice is meted out to their welcome contents. After this pleasant interlude, onward again at full speed till we once more catch up the barges. Now does the excitement grow apace among such of us as have drawn fortunate numbers in the sweepstake, to ascertain which are the leading craft, for as their positions are by this time, such in all probability will they be at the finish.

Still we go pulsing along at a great pace, showing our heels to many a steamer as big again as ourselves, till at length we find ourselves once more at Erith. Here we secure a position close to the Committee Boat, and not far from the winning-post—a small buoy with a flag atop of it anchored out some distance in the river. Gradually more steamers and tugs take up positions no great distance away. On every side of us are music, dancing, feasting, and high-jinks generally; but not one angry word, not one coarse expression is anywhere to be heard. Nowhere could there be a better-tempered holiday crowd.

At length a buzz, a murmur, a general movement, and each one says to his neighbour, 'Here comes the first topsail,' while everybody seems to ask at once, 'What's her number?' A gun is fired, a band plays *See the conquering Hero comes*, a great shout is set up, and we all know that the *Whimbrel* has won the first prize.

'Never prophesy till you know,' seems to be a maxim of wide application. Who would have thought that the saucy *Frances*, which headed all the others round the Nore, would only come in fifth at the finish? But so it was; while the *R. A. Gibbons*, which was fourth round the light, came in for the second prize. So among the spritsails—the first round the light came in second, and the second first.

We do not wait to see the prizes given away, for the evening is growing chilly, and many of us have a long way to go. We chase the dying sunset as we steam swiftly up stream, but fail to overtake it. Little by little its splendours soften, fade, and vanish. Some time between nine and ten, and while there is still a dusky shimmer on the river, we find ourselves once more at Blackwall pier; and there we part, hoping to meet next year when time shall have again brought round the pleasant River Holiday.

BY MEAD AND STREAM.

CHAPTER XLIV.—AN APPLE OF DISCORD.

It did not occur to either of these young people that there was anything at all remarkable or irregular in the circumstance of a lady visiting the chambers of her betrothed alone. But as this was her first visit, Madge felt a little awkward, and would have been much more at ease if Wrentham had not been present.

That gentleman, however, as soon as he perceived who the visitor was, took up his glossy hat, made his salutations to Miss Heathcote, and informed Philip that he was obliged to hurry along to the office before it closed, but would probably return later.

When he had departed, Madge glanced with curiosity round the apartment, and her first comment was:

'You ought to have curtains over that doorway, Philip' (she alluded to the uncovered entrance to a small recess which was a storeroom); 'and I must come in soon and dust the place thoroughly. I wonder you have not been choked. See here; it is positively disgraceful.'

She ran her finger over the ledge of a bookcase, making a line in the dust. And with half-timid but wholly curious interest, she continued to scrutinise the place, making mental notes of what she would have to do to insure his comfort.

He was astounded. She had been with Mr Shield. She must have been made acquainted with the terrible nature of his position; and yet she could placidly criticise the furniture of his room and interest herself in a question of dusting! He had often admired her cool firmness in moments of accident, illness, or difficulty;

but he could find nothing to admire in this absolute indifference to the crisis in his affairs. In his bitterness he was unjust, and his reflections were to this effect: 'How blessed are those who can be callously calm in the presence of suffering—of the suffering even of those they are supposed to love! How many pangs they must be spared; how easy it must be for them to pass comfortably through the world, where every step we take leads us by some scene of misery. Ay, they are the happy ones who can pass with eyes closed, and therefore, nerves unshaken.'

But even whilst these uneasy thoughts were flashing through his brain, he felt ashamed of himself for allowing them to be suggested by Madge, whose calmness he knew was not due to want of feeling, but to a delicate shrinking from the display of it.

She appeared to become suddenly aware of his singular silence, and looked quickly towards him. His face was in shadow, and she could not see the ravages which anxiety and sleepless nights had made upon it; and he did not observe that under her apparent composure there was suppressed much agitation. The tender eyes looked at him wistfully, as if afraid that she had done something to offend him, and that he was about to chide her.

'Why do you not speak, Philip?'

'I was wondering if it can be possible that you have not heard how things stand with me. I was at Willowmere this forenoon, seeking you, and was told that you had gone to see Mr Shield, intending also to call on me. Has he said nothing to you about the letter I sent to him last night? I was obliged to write, because he persists in refusing to listen to any explanations from me in person. Has he said nothing about it?'

Madge hesitated. She was in a most unpleasant position. She had hoped to be able to come gleefully to him with the good news that the reconciliation between his father and uncle had been effected, and she was disappointed. Her proofs of Mr Hadleigh's innocence of all complicity in Austin Shield's misfortunes had not been accepted in the way she had expected. As regarded Philip, she had been assured that he was safe so long as she kept her promise to Mr Beecham. So she could neither give him the good news she had been so confident of bringing to him, nor sympathise fully with his anticipations of absolute ruin. That was what rendered her manner peculiar, and in his present vision, ungracious.

'I have been told that you are harassed by the way things have been going, and that there have been mistakes somewhere. But I heard nothing about your letter.'

'And yet you have been with him and Mr Beecham all day!'

She did change colour at the mention of Beecham's name, the blood flushing her cheeks, and then as suddenly fading from them. His over-wrought nerves rendered him sensitive to the slightest change of voice, look, or manner.

'Yes,' she replied at length steadily; 'I have been with them a long time to-day, and they spoke a great deal about you, for they are both your friends.'

'No doubt, no doubt. Beecham has no reason to be otherwise; and Mr Shield has acted as my friend until now, when he leaves me in this horrible suspense.'

'But it must be because he is considering what is best to be done for you.'

'Did he tell you that?'

'He did not say it exactly in those words; but I understood it from what he did say and from his whole manner in speaking of you.'

'I suppose I ought to find satisfaction in that. . . . But how was it you came to visit Mr Shield? You have not met him before.' (This abruptly.)

Her eyelids drooped, and her head was bowed a little.

'He wrote to me. I have met him before.'

'And you never told me! Where did you become acquainted with him?'

'At Willowmere.'

'Why, when was he there? Aunt Hessy does not know of it, or *she* would have told me. You did not, although you should have known how pleasant it would have been to me to find that he had seen you and liked you.'

That she had not previously told him of her acquaintance with Mr Shield, was a disagreeable sign of want of confidence; but his surprise was greater than his displeasure. He had never been able to obtain more than ten or fifteen minutes' audience of him; and yet here was Madge, without giving the slightest hint that she had ever seen him, accepted by him as a friend, and allowed to spend hours with him. If this was not deception on her part, it bore such a strong resemblance to conduct of that kind as to make him feel cold. A new pain entered his distracted mind. If she were capable of deceiving him in one way, how was he to trust her in other ways? She knew how he hated all mysteries and underhand work. She knew how he insisted on the simple rule, that as it was so much more easy and comfortable to be plain and above-board in everything, than to adopt subterfuge, only fools chose the crooked course. Yet here he found that, for some unknown reason, she had been concealing most interesting facts from him.

To Madge the conversation was becoming more and more awkward and even distressing. She could feel the suspicions which were hovering around him, and she made an effort to dispel them by assuming a hopeful and, as far as possible, a cheerful tone.

'Well, Philip, he asked me to hold my tongue because he wanted to give you a surprise; and I do not see any harm in it. Will you not let me have a little freedom of action, when I think I am doing what is to your advantage?'

'There never can be any advantage gained for me by your hiding things from me.'

'But you must not look upon it so seriously, Philip,' she said with a mingling of earnestness and playfulness. 'Come now; let us talk about what is of most importance to us both. Tell me how it is your affairs have come to such a crisis so soon, and how you mean to proceed.'

'I shall do so; but first I must ask you how long Beecham has known Mr Shield?'

'A long time,' she replied, averting her eyes.

'And has the secret he confided to you anything to do with me or my business?'

She would have liked to answer at once, and she was obliged to hesitate. She saw that he was vexed, and her natural impulse was to remove every source of vexation between them by telling him all she knew. The impulse was restrained on his account.

'It has to do with you; but I wish you would not press me on the subject—at least not for a little while.'

'So be it. I have always respected your wishes,' he rejoined coldly, and there was even a distant note of bitterness in the tone. 'I can now easily give you the information you require about myself. Should my uncle decline to assist me, I shall to-morrow resign everything I possess to my creditors, and seek some employment by which I may be able in course of time to make up to them whatever deficit there may be in my accounts.'

'But Mr Shield will assist you—he will not allow you to give up everything!'

'As you will not permit me to know the grounds of your confidence in the continuance of his generosity, and as I have bitter reason to know that he would be justified in refusing to give further help to a fool who has in such a short time made away with the capital he placed at my disposal, I cannot share your expectations or hope.'

'I am sure he will carry you safely over this difficulty.'

'In any case, I am his debtor, and the necessity to repay him'——

'But he does not expect you to repay him,' she interrupted, watching him with rapidly increasing anxiety, and now observing how haggard he looked.

'I *will* repay him,' was the answer, emphasised by passion that was suppressed with difficulty. 'I know it will take a long time—maybe all my life. Knowing that, I am compelled to regard as inevitable and just the view which Mr Crawshay will take of our position. He will insist on the same arrangement which he insisted on when I intended to go abroad.'

Wonder was in her eyes, strange pain in her breast. She could scarcely remember the time when, except in the presence of strangers, Philip had spoken of Uncle Dick as Mr Crawshay. This simple change affected her more than his words or his manner, for he maintained a degree of the bitter calmness of despair. There must be some evil at hand greater than she could imagine, since it forced him to refer to his friend at Willowmere in that way.

'What arrangement are you speaking about, Philip?'

'I agreed to it then with a light heart; I agree to it now with a hopeless one. Then it was a jest—now, it is earnest. But it was wise, and it is wiser now. He required me to consider our engagement at an end, and to leave you free to choose'——

'Oh, Philip, Philip!'

The cry came in such piteous accents, that despite his frenzy he stopped. For a moment he was conscious of the cruelty he was perpetrating in making such an announcement so abruptly. The golden visions of the future they had so often conjured up together flashed through his mind, and he was dazed with pain like her own.

For Madge, she had covered her face with trembling hands, as if in that way she could shut out the thoughts his words suggested. 'Free to choose some one else,' was what he had been going to say, she knew. Free! Could love be ever freed when once given? He might die before her; then she would live on his memory. He might go away from her and never return; what difference could that make? Men change; women change; but the being once realised in the idealism of love never changes to the lover. Else how could love survive, when the mortal form becomes plain and ugly, old and petulant?

Her thoughts did not run precisely in this form, but they were to the same purport. She could never care for any man but Philip; and to suggest the possibility of it would have been hard to bear if made by any one, but hardest of all when made by Philip. Then a little spring of mingled indignation and pride started, and the hands dropped from her face.

'And can you think that any one at Willowmere would turn from you at a time of trouble?'

'No, no; I do not mean that,' he answered, and his voice had become feeble, whilst his body swayed slightly, as if he were struggling with diverse emotions. 'But if it was fair that you should not be bound down to a man who was only going away for a year, it cannot be fair to bind you to one who may have to contend with poverty all his life.'

'Mr Shield—your father will see that it is not so.'

These names roused him, and his thoughts became collected again. He spoke almost calmly.

'My father has distributed his fortune amongst his other children. Mr Shield has given me a fortune which I, by my careless folly, have squandered or allowed myself to be cheated out of, as a fool in a betting-ring might have done. I must pay the penalty of my folly alone. Therefore I say, you are free.'

She took the lamp and held it up so that the full light fell on his face. There was a wildness in his eyes, but his lips were compressed, as if he had come to an unalterable resolution.

'Do you *wish* me to think myself free?'—the voice steady, although the lips trembled.

'I wish it!'

A pause; and presently through the silence came the low sad words:

'Then we must say Good-bye.'

'Good-bye' was the husky response, and that was all.

(*To be continued.*)

HOME-NURSING.

BY A LADY.

SECOND ARTICLE.

BEFORE commencing our subject proper, the sick-room, it may be well to consider two points very frequently neglected in home-nursing. First, as to a nurse's dress. Unless the case be infectious, nothing is better than some soft woollen material that will not rustle or creak, after the fashion of silk or print, but that will bear washing should the necessity arise. If the patient's taste

is known and can be consulted, all the better; but if a favourite dress is too valuable to be devoted to sick-room wear and tear, a ribbon bow of some soft bright colour, and spotless collar and cuffs, will help to give that air of quiet cheerfulness which is soothing to senses so often rendered painfully acute by illness. Should there be more than one patient to attend to, or should the one be quite helpless, there will be a considerable amount of injury to clothing by rubbing against the beds, &c., which probably accounts for the style of dress affected by the professional nurse, which consists usually of a costume of either black flannel or stiff print. The former is so unsuitable, that it may be regarded as amongst the last relics of barbarism; and the latter, though economical and clean-looking, has the great drawback of creaking to an unlimited extent, and, moreover, would give the home-nurse an unnatural appearance—a thing to be studiously avoided.

As regards economy, a good substitute for a costume bristling with starch will be found in a large apron with a full bib, and loose sleeves to draw up and tie over the elbows. Even these should be made of a pretty and soft material; for, in our experience, colour and cheerful surroundings seldom fail to exert a beneficial influence. As an instance of the decided effect of colour, take the case of a baby, who at six months had taken no notice whatever of his surroundings; his parents were beginning to fear the possibility of blindness, when a friend coming in one day wearing a bright necktie, the sober little face relaxed, and a smile brought expression to the hitherto vacant features. The fact was little Hugh had never seen anything but black on his nurses, and the sight of a bit of bright colour woke up new ideas of pleasure. I have said that illness often brings back much of the sensitiveness of childhood, and for this reason, in dealing with the sick, even small details are worthy of careful consideration. As to what a nurse should wear on her feet, there are few people who would not be horrified at the idea of creaky shoes; but I am by no means sure that the popular notion of list slippers for sick-room use is not a worse evil. Any one who has experienced the sensation of being wakened by a sudden presence at his bedside, can see how injurious must be the same experience to the invalid, who is in a state far more susceptible to shock, and who, once frightened, will not easily lose the dread of a repetition. So, on these grounds, wear only ordinary house-slippers without heels; and in walking across a patient's room, be careful to tread quietly, but at the same time in a firm, even way, and never on tiptoe, nor in that elaborately slow, hesitating manner which keeps an invalid on tenter-hooks of anxious watching.

Our second point—the care of a nurse's own health—is one on which it is impossible to strike too serious a note of warning, for important as it is, there are very few who give it practical consideration. Yet, over-zeal is sure to defeat itself, and nature, the sternest balancer of accounts, only allows a certain amount of work to be done, and rigidly exacts the penalty from those who forget or ignore her wise limitations.

All institutions sending out nurses have fixed rules as to a certain number of hours for sleep and exercise, without which, experience teaches, no one can safely carry on the laborious duties of a sick-room; yet the inexperienced imagine they can do what the trained nurse wisely refuses to undertake, and make attempts at such work as nursing both by night and day. Such attempts generally retard the patient's recovery, and always cause more or less injury to the nurse whose zeal has been without knowledge. In all cases where the patient is ill enough to need night-watching, two nurses are absolutely needful; but one may with advantage take the lead, and never leave the patient without arranging that he shall be properly cared for in her absence. The strongest, physically, had better be chief; and it will be well if she can undertake the whole of the night-work.

It is this question of night-work that is the *bête noire* of inexperience; but properly managed, and given an average amount of health, there is no reason why there should be any great fatigue, even with prolonged night-watching. The one essential thing is, to understand and remember that there *must* be a good allowance of sleep, and at least two hours devoted to brisk, open-air exercise. It is one of the rarest things to find the latter point remembered in amateur nursing, and I have known cases where the whole female portion of a family has remained indoors for weeks, simply for want of understanding the vital importance of fresh air and exercise to counterbalance the unaccustomed strain of nursing. No wonder that in such cases, depressed spirits and shaken nerves become associated with night-nursing, when, as a matter of fact, it is only ill-regulated zeal that is to blame.

Still, at first, night-nursing does seem formidable, especially when, as often happens, it is made to follow upon an anxious day. The only wise method of beginning is to lie down in the afternoon, after a warm bath if possible, and try to read yourself to sleep. If you fail, the rest itself will be some preparation; and if you succeed, you will be surprised to find how easy your work will be. Take a good meal, and wash your hands before going into the sick-room; but do not commence work before eleven o'clock at the earliest. Beginning night-work too early is a mistake, especially where there is a natural tendency to fall asleep under the influence of warmth and quiet; but by making it as late as eleven or half-past, you will have a much better chance of keeping awake without a struggle. Ordinarily, too, a nurse not going on duty early will be able to take the lead in washing the patient in the morning and in making his room tidy. When this is done, she should give directions for the day, and, if possible, not enter the sick-room again till it is her turn to mount guard. The only drawback to this plan is that there may be difficulty in arranging to meet the doctor; but a little management will generally smooth the way, especially if helpers are reliable.

On leaving the sick-room, the night-nurse should at once go for a brisk walk, if possible with a pleasant companion, and the walk ought to occupy a couple of hours; but if exercise has not been a habit of life, it will be well

to begin with less and gradually increase. It must be remembered that a dawdling lounge is useless, and that the walk must be brisk to be of any real service. On returning, the nurse should at once go to bed and have her sleep out. But if she feel particularly wide awake, a warm bath will supplement the effects of exercise. On waking, she should take a cold or tepid bath according to habit. A nurse should be careful to change her under-linen as often as convenient.

One other thing must be borne in mind in regard to night-work, and that is, the necessity for taking food during the hours of watching. A nurse who takes proper time for sleep, misses at least one meal in the day, whilst needing more than the ordinary allowance of food; so that it is her duty to take nourishment during the night. A meal between two and three will help her through the hardest part of the twenty-four hours; and as soon as she feels hungry or weary, a glass of milk with an egg in it, a cup of cocoa, or some light soup, will give the needed support, and will also make a great difference to the ease of keeping awake and on the alert.

If these rules are carefully followed out, we venture to say there will be very little cause to dread even the most trying part of nursing—night-work.

And now as to the sick-room itself. If a choice is possible, let the room selected be of good size, cheerful, and quiet. It needs to be fairly large, because air is consumed by nurse as well as patient; for this reason, a dressing-room adjoining is of great service. Except in acute and dangerous illness, it is better if the nurse can sleep away from the patient, always provided there is ready means of communication. Helpless patients, as a rule, have a natural dread of being left alone; but few will object to a nurse's going to bed in an adjoining room, as long as they have the means of calling her at a moment's notice. If she be a light sleeper, a piece of tape tied to her wrist, the free end being left within easy reach of the patient, will be enough; or instead of tying the tape to her wrist, she may fasten a small bell, letting it rest over the head of her bed. Where the patient is very weak, an excellent contrivance is a piece of india-rubber tubing with a whistle at one end, and a compressible air-ball at the other. The latter should be placed on the patient's pillow, and by the slightest possible effort, he will be able to make the whistle sound. Of course, a nurse who adopts such methods must have dressing-gown and slippers at hand, that she may obey the summons instantly, for nothing is more likely to irritate a patient than being kept waiting at night.

The sick-room should, if possible, face south or south-west, so as to get the benefit of the sun. Should the light be too strong, it is easily regulated by drawing down the blinds, or by hanging up a piece of some dark material; and in convalescence, the cheerful light of the sun plays an important part. In a sunny room, however, it is necessary to exclude the early morning light. The rising sun begins—in summer—to shine just at a time when, if the patient sleeps at all, he will be most likely to doze off; and it need hardly be said that to allow him to be awakened then is to deprive him of one of his best chances of improving.

But whilst cheerfulness is an essential of a sick-room, it is hardly less important that it should be free from liability to sudden noises. It should, therefore, never face a thoroughfare; nor, in a large family, be so situated as to necessitate much in the way of footsteps overhead. In cases where there is a nursery, it is well to take that for the invalid, at whatever risk of injury to other rooms; for nothing can be more distressing to a patient's nerves than the constant pitter-patter of small feet, added to the tumbles and screams inseparable from nursery-life. At the same time, a room at the top of the house has the serious disadvantage of causing much extra up-and-down-stair work, so that in small, grown-up families, it is well to choose a room as low down as possible. In houses where there are bedrooms behind the sitting-rooms, it is convenient to take one of such, especially where there is the comfort of a slab outside, of the use of which we shall have more to say later on.

A sick-room should not have French-windows, those opening at the top and bottom being much better for ventilation; and if possible, there should be either venetian or sun blinds, for the easier regulation of light. Before beginning to nurse a case, it should be ascertained that bolts and sashes of windows, cords and pulleys of blinds, hinges of doors, and ventilators, are all working easily and quietly. It would seem hardly necessary to add that a fireplace with a good grate, and a chimney that does not smoke, are also essential.

Before removing a patient to the room that has been selected, it should be well cleaned, the doors and windows left open, and a fire lighted. By the time the latter has burned up brightly, the air of the room will be perfectly fresh, and one of the nurse's first considerations will be how to keep it so. Her aim should be so to arrange ventilation that at no time should an incomer perceive any closeness or smell; in other words, the air of the sick-room ought to be as pure and fresh as the outside air; but in our climate this is not always easy, and will never be accomplished without constant thought and attention.

To understand how important is the question of ventilation, it is well to consider what it is that causes air to become impure, and consequently unwholesome. The air we breathe consists, roughly speaking, of two gases, oxygen and nitrogen. The former is absolutely necessary for the maintenance of animal life; it is drawn into the lungs, to be mixed with the blood, and used in various operations of the body; consequently, the pure gas of oxygen becomes used up, and the air we breathe out has changed its character, and is charged with the poisonous gas, carbonic acid. If the same air continues to be breathed over and over, carbonic acid increases its proportions with each inspiration, and fatal results follow. From this it will be seen that even in health there is positive necessity for providing a supply of fresh air, as well as for the removal of that which has become vitiated. But in sickness, the

need is even greater, as the air given off from the lungs of the invalid will contain a larger proportion of poisonous matter. Impure air has always a tendency to ascend, and the secret of successful ventilation consists in getting rid of the warm, vitiated air floating at the top of a room. Once get this out, and nature, abhorring a vacuum, will pour in a fresh supply of pure air. You may sometimes be able to do this by opening the window wide for a few minutes, your patient being meanwhile covered up with an extra blanket, and a light handkerchief over his face. But in cold weather, this would lower the temperature of the room too much, and in any case it is hardly a method for the unprofessional nurse, unless with the doctor's special permission. And even if this is allowed, it will not be enough, as the air consumed by you and your patient requires constant as well as thorough changing.

A fire is an excellent ventilator, as by it warm air is constantly being drawn up the chimney, whilst its place is taken by fresh; but a fire alone will not be sufficient, though it will enable you, often, to keep the window open an inch or two. This will in ordinary cases be quite sufficient; but it often happens that a patient unused to fresh air complains of the draught of an open window, and asks to have the door open instead. Never, if possible, yield to this. It is one of the commonest mistakes in home-nursing. As I said before, impure air ascends; and so, if your room be above the ground-floor, the heated, vitiated air from all the rooms below will come pouring through the open door of the sick-room. Yet, I have known cases of long-standing illness where there has been no attempt at ventilation other than through the door, and where the window has not been opened for months. In such cases, it not seldom happens that nurses complain of feeling heavy on waking—they and the patient have been using up the same air all night—and yet obstinately refuse to put the window down or use a ventilator, or even to see that the staircase window near the sick-room is kept open. The last-named expedient is the only one by which door-ventilation can be of any use; but it is far better to adopt one of the following plans, nearly always available and safe, even for the most delicate. The first is a very simple contrivance, which deserves a place in every bedroom where the window is not kept open at night. Get a piece of wood the exact width of the window and have it nailed to the lower sash; you will then have a space between the two sashes, through which cold fresh air will enter; the current will drive it up towards the top of the room, whence it will gradually sink through the lighter, warmer air; and this, with fire-ventilation, will keep an ordinary room fresh and sweet, at least in winter-time.

Another method is to have the window open at the bottom, and to place, a couple of inches away from the opening, a screen somewhat higher than the bottom of the lower sash. A third way is to open the window from the top, and across the opening nail a piece of muslin or perforated zinc. Both these methods give an additional current of air; but the screen in the one case and the perforation in the other prevent such a rush as to cause the patient to complain of cold. If he objects to one plan, try another; but never be satisfied with anything short of complete ventilation, at the same time being very careful to avoid all draughts.

To keep a sick-room at the proper temperature is another serious matter. From sixty to sixty-five is the ordinary temperature; but various diseases require modifications, and it is always well to ask the doctor what he wishes in this respect. The nurse should never trust to her own sensation, but get a thermometer, and hang it up near the patient's bed. The temperature of a room will often vary by several degrees in different parts, and the nurse's concern is that her patient shall be breathing the right degree of warmth, so the thermometer should be hung as near the bed as possible. Special care is needed at night, as the outside air will be considerably colder than by day, and the nurse will have to keep the fire proportionately larger. This and keeping the fire clear demand no little attention, especially when the patient does not sleep well and wakes at the slightest sound. When this is the case, it is well to start the night with a supply of coal done up in separate bits of paper. These may be dropped on one by one with hardly a sound. If the fire requires to be poked, use a piece of stick with a quick decided movement, which is better than worrying the patient by stealthy efforts to move first one piece of coal and then another. Here, a properly fixed gas radiating stove would be serviceable.

If sleep is a necessity for the patient, and he sleeps on till the fire gets very low, one of the forms of patent fire-lighters will cause less noise than the ordinary wood. Ashes should never be allowed to accumulate, and a wooden shovel for removing them is quite a comfort in a sick-room.

In very warm weather, of course the fire must be dispensed with; and there are days even in this country when to keep the temperature cool is no slight difficulty. The window should be open both at top and bottom, to give as much current as possible, and the register of the chimney must not be closed. Agitating the air with a large fan and sprinkling the window-sill with water are cooling; but best of all is a large block of ice placed in the middle of the room on a strainer, with a vessel below to receive the drippings.

VERMUDYN'S FATE.

A TALE OF HALLOWEEN.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER II.

'Of the troop of figures who came flocking into that strange and mysterious house, I observed that some of those behind held more lights, though the room was bright enough already, while the foremost carried dishes. But I had no eyes for the meat and drink they brought, or for anything but a girl in their midst; and it was just the same with Vermudyn, I saw in an instant; only, whilst I was full of horror and a dread I couldn't shake off or overcome, Vermudyn felt no fear, no surprise; only an intense delight flushed his face with joy, and

his eyes glittered, as he came forward eagerly to meet the girl, who, it seemed to me, was pale as death, with eyes that glowed like flame.

'I think I never saw so colourless a creature to live and move—if indeed she did live. And her hair—redder, and yet more golden than the chain Vermudyn held—was coiled round her beautiful head in the same snaky folds. She never looked at me for an instant, but went straight to Vermudyn, and putting both her hands in his, said some words in a strange language that sounded like spoken music. It was the sweetest voice I ever heard, and the softest. He answered in the same tongue, laughing and clasping the hands she put in his. From that minute, he fell under her spell, and had no eyes or ears for anything save that strange white woman.

'She poured out wine for him, and he drank it with feverish haste, still looking at her and holding her hand. I noticed, though, that he shuddered when she first touched him, as if her hands were icy-cold; but he felt that no longer; he was just mad-like and stupid, as a bird is with a snake. He could only watch her with wild eyes that never left her face.

'The men and women who came in with this awful, beautiful creature were dark mostly, and reminded me of the gipsies I used to see when I was a boy at home in England. One of the girls, dressed in outlandish clothes, embroidered in scarlet and gold, came up and offered me some wine—even held it to my lips—and the scent of it made me mad to taste. The girl's arm was close round my neck, and her wicked eyes, dry and bright as a toad's, were looking into mine with a mocking smile, as she sang a soft, strange song, like laughing and crying all in one. But I shut my teeth hard, and turning away my head, closed my eyes, determined to resist her with all the strength of my will so long as I was conscious. Even in that dreamy, bewildered state, I felt afraid of entirely losing my senses, and something seemed to tell me I was lost if I yielded for an instant. My tempter laughed then, a loud hideous laugh, and flung down the silver cup she had offered me. The wine was spilt, and I fancied it turned to liquid flame as it touched the floor.

'Still I had no power to speak or move from my place, but I watched Vermudyn more eagerly than ever. The supper-table was pushed on one side; and the room was now filled with dancers, dancing fiercely and madly to a wild tune, like the song of the gipsy when she leant over me with the poisoned wine. The tune rose louder and higher, and the dancers moved faster to keep time with the unearthly music—unearthly and wild, but so beautiful that I could have listened for ever, I thought. At times it sounded like the wind sighing through the aspens at night; then it rose to a roar like waves breaking on the beach in a storm. Yet, with all the changing sound, the roar of a storm, and the wailing of the wind—tears and laughter and pain—the music still kept time and tune, and the mad dance went on without a pause.

'Foremost amongst them all was Vermudyn, and the woman in white with the glittering eyes and hair. He was holding her fast in his arms as they flew round; her head lay on his shoulder, and his face was bent down over hers. But I could see, as I watched him, that he had grown almost as white as the girl he held; and now her great eyes blazed with such awful light, I shuddered to look at them; while, as she danced and clasped Vermudyn, I fancied a tinge of colour came into her white lips, and her cheeks were a shade less deathly.

'Still they danced, and still she grew brighter and warmer, but not like a living woman yet. And Vermudyn, like a mere straw drifting round and round in a whirlpool, became weaker and fainter every minute, and his face now was something ghastly to see; but his eyes were still fixed on the girl, and he could see nothing and feel nothing beside. Her shining hair had got loosened in the dance, and seemed to be flying round them like thin golden flames as they moved.

'It was she, now, who held Vermudyn up and forced him still to dance. His arms were round her yet; but her strength alone sustained the fainting man. She flew round as easily as ever; her feet scarcely touching the ground. The noise grew furious and deafening—music and laughter, shouts and screams that made my blood run cold, with snatches of old songs between, were all mingled together in one hideous mighty roar.

'The faces of the men, or the demons who took their shape, got more fiendish as they danced; when suddenly the dancers swept out of the room in a wild crowd, just as they had entered it, and in their midst Vermudyn, lying dead, or senseless, on the floor. I tried to move—to reach him somehow at that desperate pass; but I couldn't stir a finger. I struggled to shout aloud—to call his name. I might have been dead, for all the help I could give him. I had no power to speak or move.

'Directly that demoniacal crew left the room, the lights seemed to fade and the fire grow dim. Thick darkness fell over everything, and I could not see a ray of light from where I now lay like a helpless log.

'I remembered nothing more until I opened my eyes in broad daylight, stiff, and shivering with cold. I was lying at the entrance of a little cave among the rocks, wrapped in my blanket, and close to the embers of a dying fire. My horse, I saw, was picketed not far from me.

'I was still in the Devil's Panniken, sure enough. I saw the road by which we had come last night; but the place was strange to me; these were not the rocks I had seen before, which surrounded the place where we had spent the night.

'*We?* I was quite alone now, and broad awake! The house and all else had vanished. As the recollections of the past night came crowding back, I sprang up and looked around in wonder. The house—the very room—in which I'd been was so distinctly before my mind's eye, that I stood staring in amazement to

find myself alone. No vestige of the house I've described to you, and no Vermudyn either! I told myself that I was clean mad. I searched for him in a sort of frantic hurry, and shouted his name, but heard only the echoes answer me.

'I tried to get farther into the cave at the mouth of which I'd been lying; but I soon found the way closed by a big chunk of rock. There was no other outlet to the cave, and there was nothing to explain the mystery. There was no sign of Vermudyn or his horse; *that*, no doubt, had strayed during the night. But where was *he*, and where, above all, had we two spent the night? I was fairly stunned. I felt for my knife, my revolver. These, with my belt, were safe enough. I had lost nothing. I was simply cold, hungry, and quite alone—save for my nag; and how glad I was of that companion, I can't tell you! He would be the means of getting me away from that awful place faster than my legs could carry me.

'I found a hunch of bread and some meat in my wallet; but I was too excited and wretched over Vermudyn's disappearance, to light a fire and boil some tea. As soon as I'd swallowed down my breakfast, I mounted my horse, and rode backwards and forwards for a good two hours, searching for the body, for I was clear in my own mind that my poor old mate was dead.

'Dead or alive, I hated to think of riding away and leaving him there in the Devil's Panniken. But it was no good. I hunted every hole and corner within a mile of the place—as near as I could judge—where we had spent the night. At last I gave up the hopeless search—no signs of Vermudyn anywhere; and before noon, I had turned my horse's head away from the wretched place, and for the first mile or so I rode so hard and fast that I began to blame my own folly in running away in broad daylight. From what, too?

'Ay, there was the rub! What was I riding away from? and how had I escaped, while Vermudyn was lost? I was almost mad when I went over the past twenty-four hours. I couldn't believe my senses. All I'd seen and heard too; and the only other witness was gone, vanished as completely as if he had been a spectre or part of some nightmare dream!

'I felt my brain reel as I passed mile after mile along the lonely road, till at last I began to wonder if the Vermudyn I thought I knew was ever a living man, or if he made part of a long hideous dream, which I thought I should never forget or get over.

'But I couldn't cheat myself so; the man had written his name inside my pocket-book, "C. Vermudyn," and had given me a ring he told me he once bought in an eastern bazaar. I've worn the ring ever since, in memory of him and that awful Halloween night.

'Sure enough, Vermudyn was no dream; but from that day to this his name has never crossed my lips; and nothing would induce me ever again to ride through the Devil's Panniken either by day or night.

'In my own mind, boys, it's as clear as daylight that the body found in that cave Gentleman Jack was telling you of a while since was neither more nor less than the skeleton of my poor old mate Vermudyn. I never thought to hear of his bones being found after all these years, poor old chap; or of telling you to-night what happened to us that Halloween in the Devil's Panniken. I only hope he wasn't alive in that awful place!—alive, and shouting for help, shut up there alone, and hopeless in the dark, whilst I was riding away in sunshine and clear air!—Phaw!' muttered the old man; 'it's no good to think of that now; and talking's dry work.—Another go of whisky, Pat!'

The murmurs of admiration, astonishment, and feeble doubt over this wondrous story of Old Grizzly's were arrested almost ere they began, and each man stopped short, as a low, long laugh sounded through the room, and they then perceived what, being absorbed in the 'tale of mystery,' they had been too preoccupied to notice before—namely, that a stranger had entered the room some time during the progress of the narrative, and it was he who had dared to laugh! All eyes were turned significantly and inquiringly upon this presumptuous stranger; and one gentleman had gone so far as to deliver himself of the original remark, that 'he calculated to call that mighty cool,' when the new-comer advanced into the light of the flaring kerosene lamp, and Old Grizzly sprang to his feet, speechless and aghast.

'Well, old boy, don't you know me now?' asked the stranger. 'Am I so little like the Vermudyn you chummed with in Cherokee Dick's claim?'

'It's Halloween *again*,' muttered the other hoarsely, still delaying to take the proffered hand.

'And an unlucky night for me to turn up, after the scurvy trick I played you,' laughed the stranger. 'But look here, mate—if you kept my ring, I've kept yours; and I'm flesh and blood safe enough—no spirit or demon, as you seem to fancy.'

Old Grizzly grasped both his hands, looking long and earnestly in his face meanwhile. 'It *is* Vermudyn!' he at last exclaimed. 'Though how they found your bones yonder in the Devil's Panniken, and yet you're alive and hearty here to-night, is more than Pat Murphy or any other Irishman could explain!'

'I had better say at once that there's no mystery about this—this—gentleman's arrival to-night, at least,' interposed Gentleman Jack. 'He is a chance companion and fellow-traveller of mine, and like myself, he hails from 'Frisco last.'

'As you seem to be in the humour for telling stories to-night, mates,' observed the newcomer, 'perhaps it wouldn't be amiss if I explained to my friend here, in your presence, the truth of his strange Halloween experiences on the night he parted company with me—or I with him—whichever you prefer.

'I told you once,' said he, addressing himself to Old Grizzly, 'I had travelled a good deal and spent some years in the East; but I never told how much I had learned of the manner and customs of the people I lived with; or that, amongst other diverting knowledge, I acquired the art of smoking and eating that extract of hemp known in eastern countries as "hashish;" and no one save those who have been under its marvellous influence can ever

understand the wonderful reality of the illusions it produces—stronger and more powerful than any opium in its effect, and less harmful to use. Years ago, the drug was almost unknown; to-day, there are "hashish" eaters and smokers in most of the big cities of the States.

'At the time I'm speaking of, it was little known, and its effects scarcely understood. I had taken it often enough myself; but some idle whim prompted me to try the result of a dose on my friend here, that special and memorable night of which he has just told you something. Well, I administered a biggish dose in a pill I gave him for an aguish turn he'd had; and after that, as we rode along I let him have some tobacco, as his own was smoked out, and this tobacco of mine consisted almost entirely of the dried hemp, the true "hashish." We had not ridden a great way into the Devil's Panniken, talking, as we rode, of the bad reputation of the place and the various legends concerning it, when the drug began to take effect on my old friend here, and he would have fallen from his horse, if I had not kept close beside him and supported him with my arm. As matters were then, I decided to dismount and camp for the night. For myself, I'd never been afraid of man or demon, and I knew my companion could go no farther; so I easily persuaded him to stop, though several times he muttered something about riding on.

'Well, I wrapped him in his blanket like a babby, lighted him another pipe, just to compose him, and set to work to make a rousing fire, for the night was cold, and a keen frosty wind came sweeping down the ravine. He behaved strangely enough for some time, muttering and talking, while I watched by him; then by turns singing and laughing, while he stared at me or the fire. Once or twice he struggled hard to get up; but by-and-by the hashish overpowered him, and he slept soundly. I remained by him the whole night, and then tried in the early dawn to awaken him, as we wanted to push on. But he slept so heavily, that the idea occurred to me to ride off and leave him to wake alone, thoroughly mystified between his hashish visions and the loss of me!

'It was a bad, mad sort of practical joke, but I was full of such follies in those early days. After I'd left him, I made tracks for the town we'd determined on visiting together, and waited for him some days; but he never turned up; and then an uneasy fear that some harm had befallen my friend through my own folly, got hold of me; and taking a sudden distaste for a digger's life, I made my way to the nearest port, and went on board a ship just starting for Europe, and which, luckily for me, stood in need of an extra hand.

'Since then, I've led a roving life on sea and shore, till fate landed me here to-night in time to listen to the account of my mysterious end, as it appeared to my worthy friend. I am sorry to spoil a good story, mates; but the pleasure two old chums experience in finding each other alive and hearty after so strange a parting—twenty years ago—will, I hope, in some degree compensate for your disappointment in discovering that the White Witch of the Devil's Panniken had no hand in my fate after all!'

'But,' interrupted Gentleman Jack, 'a skeleton with a ring on its finger was found recently in the cave.'

'Quite possible,' returned the new-comer; 'but I am happy to say it is not that of Cornelius Vermudyn.'

QUEEN MARGARET COLLEGE.

CORRESPONDENCE CLASSES.

In *Chambers's Journal* for October 25, 1879, we gave an account of a method of *Education by Post*, which has been the means of drawing considerable attention to the scheme. The scheme itself seems to be now in a flourishing condition, and bids fair to place the education of women on a sounder basis than heretofore. Some information regarding the progress and prospects of the Glasgow Association for the Higher Education of Women may not, therefore, be unacceptable.

The Association is now no longer known by its old cumbrous designation. It has risen to a higher level, is incorporated under the more euphonious name of Queen Margaret College, and looks forward to more extended operations than were possible in the first years of its existence. The munificent gift of a building in every way suited to the purpose to which it is to be devoted, has given a great impetus to the efforts to promote every branch of the work which was already undertaken. Queen Margaret College—the gift of a lady who from the first manifested a cordial interest in the higher education of her sex—stands within its own grounds, in a pretty, half-secluded spot not far from the University, and near enough to one of the great thoroughfares of Glasgow to be easily accessible to students from all parts of the city. Some progress has been already made towards the endowment of lectureships, and no doubt the liberality of the donor of the building will encourage the friends of education to make an effort worthily to complete what has been so generously begun. Meantime, lectures will be delivered by professors and others, tutorial classes will be held, and new schemes will be organised for the benefit of girls who have some respect for mental culture, and some aspirations towards the development of the faculties with which they have been endowed. As in the days of the 'Association,' so now the Correspondence Classes will take their place as a branch of the work of Queen Margaret College. There will be no change except in name.

A few years ago, comparatively little was known about Correspondence Classes, that is, of education conducted between teacher and taught through the medium of the post-office. The system was on its trial. There were grave doubts and solemn shakings of the head when the scheme was suggested as a substitute for oral teaching. It was pronounced impossible that questions and answers sent to and fro between the

teacher and the taught could produce any satisfactory result, though it was admitted by some objectors that this interchange might be of some use where other instruction was not to be had; it was better than nothing. Another class of objectors spoke deprecatingly of 'cram' with its train of evils, and among these were some who would have judged otherwise, had they only for a moment thought of what they were familiar with, university examination papers. One of the special advantages of Correspondence is that the pupils are obliged to study for themselves as thoroughly as they can any subject they take up. They receive a plan of the course so divided that they know exactly how much is expected for the lesson of each fortnight; they know where to look for information; books of study are prescribed; books of reference are suggested. Patient, careful, diligent study is the only true preparation for this kind of work, and the faculties of the pupil are fully exercised before the tutor steps in with corrections, comments, and criticism.

Preparation for university examinations was the primary object of the Correspondence Classes. To girls who had no opportunity of attending lectures or other classes, a way was opened by which they might compete for university certificates and prizes; and the high place taken by Correspondence pupils on the lists of successful candidates is sufficient proof of the efficiency of the system. But of incalculably greater, because wider, benefit are these classes to the ever-increasing number of young men and women who are not content with the small stock of knowledge acquired, under more or less favourable circumstances, at a period when the brain itself was still immature. There are many who thirst for knowledge, but know not how to direct their steps in the line of self-education. There is much misguided effort, leading only to disappointment and discouragement; sincere desire for improvement languishes, and finally passes away, just for want of guidance and stimulus. It is no wonder, then, that the system of Correspondence is rapidly growing in favour, and is carried on not only by Associations in connection with universities, but by private teachers, working either singly or in combination with others, under self-imposed regulations which are probably more elastic than those formed under the shadow of a university.

The scheme of Queen Margaret College combines the advantages of both, inasmuch as it offers instruction not only in the subjects prescribed for all the Glasgow University examinations which are open to women, but also in a number of subjects outside the University programme. In order to exhibit more clearly the nature and scope of the scheme, a brief review of the branches of study will be useful. They are classified in five grades. There are first, the preliminary or common subjects—English, history, geography, arithmetic, Scripture, and Latin. Next to these are what are termed the junior subjects—Composition, literature, history and geography, Scripture history, Latin, Greek, French, German, Italian, mathematics, astronomy, chemistry, botany, zoology, physiology, and physiography. The senior course includes, besides the subjects of the junior grade carried further, classes in political economy and logic. In the higher course the subjects are divided into five departments: (1) English, including the history of the language and literature; (2) foreign languages, with reference in each case to the history of the literature; (3) mathematical sciences; (4) logic, metaphysics, moral philosophy, political economy, and history; (5) chemistry, botany, geology, zoology, and physiology. The fifth course is intended to prepare candidates for the examinations in degree subjects. These subjects include all that are required for the M.A. and B.Sc. degrees.

In this large and comprehensive scheme there is provision made for a great variety of students, and it need scarcely be said that it attracts pupils at home and abroad, differing in age, capacity, and attainment. By means of the elementary classes, children are educated at home; and girls in the novitiate of their intelligence, who have come to the end of their school-days, find in them the means of culture. The literature of England, France, and Germany is open to them; studies in history and language, in science and philosophy, invite to further progress in what will enrich their minds, and save them from the vacuity that too often ensues when the routine of school-life is ended. Young men in business, ladies engaged in teaching, and ladies, too, with plenty of leisure for the pursuit of a favourite study, are among the most eager students; and not the least interesting are foreigners, whose papers call forth the hearty commendation of their tutors, not only for great painstaking and vigorous thinking, but also for a style of English which reflects great credit upon their powers of acquisition. These and many others find in the Correspondence Classes an aid and stimulus to study, and a medium of intercourse with men abreast of the age, taking a fresh and living interest in the subjects which they teach, and sparing no pains to direct and encourage their students to honest, thorough, diligent, and therefore productive study.

It is scarcely possible to touch on a subject like this without endeavouring to enlist the active co-operation of the young people of the present day. Within the last few years many educational forces have been set in motion. By degrees the charge of flimsiness will be withdrawn from the education of girls; but it must always be kept in mind that anything worthy of the name of education is not to be got save at the cost of thorough systematic effort on the part of the student. Work begets the love of work, and what at first may be regarded as a drudgery, begins to be estimated at its true value, not only as a means to an end, but as in itself a pleasure. Subjects which educate thought and reflection are suggested to the pupil; the prospect widens; higher attainments are seen to be within reach; and an end is put to that easy contentment which is satisfied with a few showy accomplishments and a too slender knowledge of what is best worth knowing.

Detailed information relating to the Correspondence Classes may be had from the Honorary Secretary, Miss Jane S. Macarthur, 4 Buckingham Street, Hillhead, Glasgow.

THE MONTH:

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

The late terrible railway accident at Penistone—caused primarily by the breaking of the locomotive crank axle—has called attention to the fact that such breakage is by no means a rare occurrence, although it is seldom accompanied by fatal results. Some slight flaw in the metal, quite invisible on the outer surface, grows by constant vibration into a crack, and this crack eventually is the place of fracture. Although the accident has brought forth an unusual amount of comment by skilled engineers and others, we have seen no reference to a method of detecting flaws in metal which was discovered some years ago by Mr Saxton. He pointed out that a magnetic needle passed along such a bar would be deflected upon coming to a flaw. The method was experimented upon at the royal dockyards, and was found to give most certain results so far as bars of iron were concerned. Whether the system is applicable or not to railway axles, we do not know; but we call attention to the matter, as a possibly useful contribution to the subject under discussion. It is the opinion of many competent men that the above accident would not have been so disastrous if the train had been fitted with an automatic brake. It had what is called a continuous vacuum brake, which is effective enough so long as the coaches do not become separated. When such separation occurs, the wheels are no longer held in check. With the automatic brake, on the other hand, which is adopted by many of the leading railway Companies, the wheels are immediately acted upon, if by any means the coupling between the carriages should be broken. In the accident referred to, the train would with such a brake have been brought to a stand-still before it reached the point where it ran over the embankment.

An influential Committee has been formed with the endeavour to found a fund for the conservation of London antiquities. It seems that during recent building operations in the City, the discovery was made of some massive foundations evidently belonging to an important building of the Roman period. Several of the stones used were fragments of sculpture. These have now been preserved; but they ran a narrow escape of being again buried where they were found. Similar discoveries in the metropolis are by no means rare, and the preservation of such relics should be provided for. The treasurer for the fund is Sir John Lubbock, M.P.

There is a certain region in the United States, reaching from the oil-wells of Pennsylvania to West Virginia, which has become known as the 'Gas Belt;' for wherever a well is sunk to a certain depth, the borer is rewarded for his pains by a liberal supply of natural gas, which can be utilised in heating, lighting, and other purposes. It seems that it is only of late years that the commercial importance of this phenomenon has been recognised. The Penn Fuel Company has been formed to bring the consumption of this gas into wider employment. There seems to be but two drawbacks to its use, one being unsteadiness of pressure, and the other a fear as to permanence of supply. The first difficulty might surely be obviated by mechanical means; and the second is hardly worth consideration, seeing that the yield of gas has been constant for many years, and as yet shows no sign of diminution.

A curious experiment dealing with another natural product has lately been made at Acqui by the proprietor of some baths there. This gentleman has at his disposal an inexhaustible supply of hot water from a natural spring, the temperature being a hundred and sixty-seven degrees Fahrenheit. The surplus not required for the baths has been diverted so as to flow through pipes to a garden on the outskirts of the town. Here the warm liquid flows beneath a number of forcing-frames containing melons, tomatoes, asparagus, and other garden produce. The result is that a supply of these delicacies is ready for market at a very early period of the year, and when, therefore, they fetch high prices. Surely this system could be extended with profitable results. Even in this country, far away from active volcanoes, we have hot springs where the experiment could be tried.

It is no new thing to get benefit from volcanic products; indeed, some of these products are of great commercial value. At Vulcano, one of the Lipari Islands on the north coast of Sicily, there is a small factory which was started some years ago by a Scotch firm, where a number of men are engaged in collecting materials deposited continually round the various vents. These products consist chiefly of sulphur, ammonia, and boracic acid.

The introduction of real Chinese birds'-nest soup to Londoners, to which we adverted last month, may raise the question as to what material such nests can be made of. An English naturalist living at Yokohama has lately published a very interesting account of a visit which he paid to Gormanton Caves, which are situated amid the tropical forests of North Borneo. From these caves come the bulk of the nests of which the soup is made, and they are the only place in the world where they can be obtained in any quantity. The caves are of immense extent, and are several hundred feet in height. They are covered with nests, which are built by swallows and bats; the material being a soft fungoid growth, which incrusts the limestone in which the caves are formed. The yearly value of the nests taken is between five and six thousand pounds on the spot. The value when they reach China is of course very much more. It is perhaps as well, considering the expensive nature of the luxury and its scarcity, that the consumption is not likely to increase from its introduction into Britain. To our barbarian palates it is decidedly insipid.

For three centuries, Britain has been able to boast that her adventurous sons have penetrated farther towards the frozen north than the sailors of any other nation. She must now yield the palm to America. The interesting story of the rescue of the six survivors of the Greely Expedition—who at the moment of their

discovery were listening to prayers for the dying read by one of their number—is only second in interest to the story of Sir John Franklin, whose fate was for so long hidden in mystery. It seems to be a general feeling that no more expeditions to the frozen regions should be attempted. The barren honour of having arrived at a place so inaccessible that nobody has been there before you, is hardly worth the risk of being slowly starved to death. The Greely Expedition originally numbered twenty-five persons, so that nineteen have perished. This is a heavy price to pay for geographical knowledge however valuable; but of the scientific value of the expedition few details are as yet published.

Lieutenant Brown of the United States' navy has compiled a long official Report for his government on the progress of the Panama Canal, which is not quite so hopeful as the subscribers would desire. He considers that a great portion of the work accomplished is theoretical rather than practical, and that what has been done has been too costly. He thinks it evident that the scheme cannot be accomplished within the estimated cost nor within the stipulated time. Two leading problems are likely to baffle the engineers—one is, how to dispose of the sixty million cubic mètres of earth which must be cut from the hilly part of the isthmus; and the other is the difficulty of dealing with the river Chagres, which was to form part of the channel. In the dry season, this river is a sluggish stream; but after the rains, it is a foaming torrent carrying everything before it. There is also a probability of an epidemic of yellow fever, which is generally of a fatal type in the district.

In the course of two lectures lately delivered at the Health Exhibition by Dr Cobbold upon the subject of Parasites in Food, some very interesting facts came to light. With regard to parasites, he tells us that the dreaded trichinæ, about which so much alarm was created some years ago in connection with the consumption of foreign pork, cannot live after being subjected to a heat of one hundred and twenty-two degrees Fahrenheit, which temperature is of course far below that to which meat is subjected in ordinary cooking. Referring to the late mackerel scare, the lecturer said that the entozoa of this fish were perfectly innocuous to mankind whether they were swallowed alive or dead. There are altogether no fewer than fourteen different kinds of parasites which find their home in the mackerel. Speaking of vegetarianism, he said that it was a mistake to suppose that those who eschewed flesh-foods had any consequent immunity from diseases provoked by parasites; on the contrary, the most common parasite known in this country was a vegetable feeder which could easily be received into the system by carelessly washed salads, &c.

A Java correspondent of our contemporary, *Nature*, relates a curious instance of cannibalism among snakes which came under his notice. He had killed close to his house a snake of very deadly character. Upon examining it some time later he found, protruding from its mouth, the tail of another snake, which eventually turned out to be of the same species and only a few inches shorter than its host. The natives of the place gave it as their opinion that the two creatures had been fighting, and that the victor had swallowed the vanquished. Another correspondent of the same journal tells of a similar case which he saw in India.

It deserves to be placed on record that the University of London have for the first time conferred the high degree of D.Sc. upon a lady. Mrs Sophia Bryant, by whom this honour has been achieved, is the daughter of the Rev. Dr Willock, late rector of Cleenish, Enniskillen, and Fellow of Trinity College, Dublin. Mrs Bryant has for some time held the position of mathematical mistress at the North London Collegiate School for Girls.

An interesting article upon a very curious subject is contributed by M. C. E. Brown-Sequard to the French journal *La Nature*. This article takes for its title 'Attitudes after Death,' and deals with the numerous instances, on the field of battle and in other situations, where dead bodies have been found—sitting on horseback in one instance, raising a cup to the lips in another, transfixed in the position last assumed when sudden death came upon them. One case is very remarkable. A brakesman on an American railway was shot by a guerrilla, who lay in ambush in a forest through which the train passed. As he was shot, the unfortunate man was in the act of putting on the brake. His body remained fixed, his arms and hands stiff on the brake-wheel, whilst the pipe he was smoking remained between his teeth. It was extremely difficult to make the corpse let go its hold. The writer of the paper points out that this fixture of the body is quite different from the ordinary rigidity of death; and he believes that it depends upon the production of a persistent muscular action, like the fixed spasm often seen in hysterical or paralytic subjects. It is an act of life, but the last one.

For a long time, and more particularly since telephones have come into common use, it has been seen that our telegraphic methods are open to very great improvement. At present, each letter of every word transmitted requires one or more distinct signals, either by right or left deflections of a needle, or, as in the Morse method, by dots and dashes. In Signor Michela's steno-telegraph, which bids fair to come into very extended use, this difficulty is obviated. It works on the phonetic system; that is to say, the various sounds which go to make up speech—be the language that common to any European country—are grouped into series and represented by certain signs, each word being, as it were, dissected into sound-values. The system is, in fact, that of a telegraphic shorthand. The transmitting instrument consists of two keyboards, each having ten keys, each key communicating with a style on the receiving instrument, which prints a sign representing a particular sound. With such an apparatus, a skilled operator can telegraph words as they fall from the lips of a speaker as readily as a shorthand reporter can write them down. The system has for some time been in use in the Italian Senate, and is now on an experimental trial in Paris. Whether it prove to be the telegraph of the future or not, it most certainly is constructed on a correct basis. We propose shortly to notice it more fully.

An invention which is said to be largely used

in America has lately formed the subject of some interesting and successful experiments in London. Introduced by Messrs G. H. Gardner & Co., Southwark Bridge Road, London, it is known as the Harden Hand Grenade Fire-extinguisher, and consists of a glass flask containing a chemical liquid, which, when the flask is broken, emits a copious supply of that enemy to combustion, carbonic acid gas. The experiments were of the usual type—miniature conflagrations being put out readily when a grenade was thrown upon them. The extreme simplicity of the system is one of its chief recommendations; for the flasks, ornamental in appearance, can be disposed throughout a house, and are then ready for immediate use, in case an incipient fire should break out. They therefore take the place of the cumbrous fire-bucket, which is too often, when wanted, found to be empty.

So much has been published relative to smoke abatement in our large towns, and so little has been actually accomplished towards the solution of the problem, that many are beginning to despair, and to believe that the evil must be allowed to continue. Factories, which are the chief offenders, have been to some extent dealt with by law, and are now supposed to consume their own smoke; but the private householder, who contributes no small share of the carbon sent into the atmosphere, has, even if he had the will, been almost powerless in the matter. A stove has just been invented which, it may be hoped, will put a different complexion on the subject. At the back of the grate is a receptacle for the coals, which, by the action of a loose vertical iron plate, are forced forward to be consumed, so that the fuel is partly coked before it reaches the front of the fire. By an ingenious arrangement, the products of combustion are not carried direct to the chimney, but are delivered beneath the grate. This perfect combustion stove is the invention of Mr H. Thompson, of 29 Marquess Road, Canonbury, London.

Most people will be glad to hear that the guardians of our national picture-galleries have at last consented to allow their art treasures to be copied by photography. Why this permission has been delayed so long is strange, for nearly every continental gallery has long ago distributed fac-similes of its contents to willing purchasers. There is one advantage gained in the delay, for by modern processes every touch of the artist's brush may be faithfully portrayed in the copy, and, moreover, that copy is of a permanent nature. In front of the National Gallery, London, a temporary structure has been erected into which the pictures can be carried to be operated upon in a good light. By this means, a far more satisfactory result can be obtained than by carrying the camera to the pictures as they hang upon the walls.

We some months ago recorded the fact that a prize of five hundred pounds had been offered by Mr Ellis Lever for a new Safety-lamp, which must fulfil certain stringent conditions. The adjudicators—all well-known scientific men—have just reported upon the one hundred and eight lamps which were sent in for competition. Of these, four were electric lamps, no one of which approached fulfilment of the conditions of the award; the rest being oil-lamps. All those which fulfilled the preliminary requirements were experimented upon; and very few indeed remained when the more extreme tests were reached. But none of the lamps really embraced the whole of the conditions enumerated, so the adjudicators felt themselves unable to make the award to any. At the same time, they highly commend two which nearly fulfilled those conditions. One of them is called the Marsaut Lamp; and the other is the contrivance of Mr William Morgan of Pontypridd, which they say presents several good features of marked originality.

The success of the Royal Tapestry Works at Windsor, where so much excellent work is turned out every year, has stimulated others to endeavour to produce a material similar in appearance, without all the costly processes which makes the woven fabric so expensive. In London recently, an Exhibition has been opened of the works of English artists upon a material known as Gobelins tissue. The work is executed with the brush like an ordinary picture on canvas, but with an intention to imitate the work of the loom.

A rare phenomenon in these latitudes, a waterspout, was recently witnessed at Southwold. The wind at the time was changeable, and attention was directed to the strange manner in which certain dark clouds seemed to be driven first in one direction and then in another. At length these clouds united, and their mass formed a clearly defined edge some distance above the horizon. From this edge there suddenly shot down a narrow tongue of cloud, which seemed to strike the sea above five miles from the shore. Swayed from side to side by the wind at first, it gradually grew into an enormous column of water, estimated to be nearly one hundred and fifty yards in diameter, the mass of foam at its base indicating the enormous velocity with which water was being poured from it into the sea. The waterspout remained for twenty minutes, when it disappeared as quickly as it came. It was fortunate that there were at the time no ships in the neighbourhood.

An exhibition of what is called 'sanitary and insanitary houses' has been opened at the Health Exhibition. The idea seems to be to arrange two houses, the one as it ought to be, and the other as it ought not to be, and thus to exhibit the two in strong contrast the one to the other, by which an opportunity will be given to visitors, and those who choose to take the trouble to exercise their wits, of gaining instruction upon a point which has never before been brought forward in this manner. The houses are so placed that visitors enter by the ground-floor of the insanitary house, and pass through its various rooms, where all its defects are carefully and plainly set forth; then, on reaching the top-floor, the visitor crosses over to the sanitary house and descends through it.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

THE FRENCH CROWN JEWELS.

ACCORDING to a contemporary, we learn that the French crown jewels when valued just after the Revolution of 1789 were estimated at eight hundred and forty thousand pounds, and they consisted of seven thousand four hundred and eighty-

two diamonds, five hundred and six pearls, two hundred and thirty rubies, one hundred and fifty emeralds, one hundred and thirty-four sapphires, seventy-one topazes, eight garnets, and three amethysts. They were stolen from the Treasury, in which they had been deposited, and only a very small portion recovered; but the purchases made by Napoleon and the Bourbon kings brought the total of the crown jewels up to nine hundred thousand pounds when they were valued in 1832. When a fresh inventory was taken in 1875, it was found that the crown jewels consisted of seventy-seven thousand four hundred and eighty-six stones, weighing over nineteen thousand carats, and a part of these will shortly be sold. It is a mistake, however, to suppose that at the impending sale all the objects of historical interest will be reserved, for many of the jewels which belonged to the Duchess Anne of Brittany, and became an appanage of the French Crown when she married Charles VIII., are to be disposed of, as also several articles bequeathed by Cardinal Richelieu.

TREATMENT OF DIARRHŒA AND CHOLERA.

The following instructions, issued to local authorities in Scotland by the Board of Supervision, and certified by Dr Littlejohn, Medical Officer of the city of Edinburgh, may be useful in the event of cholera occurring in this country:

Local authorities, where there are either no medical men, or only a few scattered over the country, should provide themselves with a supply of suitable remedies. Among these may be mentioned—(1) elixir of vitriol; (2) the lead and opium pill; (3) the aromatic powder of chalk and opium; (4) ordinary mustard.

It is, however, not only of importance that an attack of cholera should be properly treated before medical assistance is procured, but also that the diarrhœa which may be present for days before the serious symptoms present themselves, should be checked at once. This may generally be effectually accomplished by causing persons so affected, and who are usually very thirsty, to drink freely of cold water to which elixir of vitriol has been added in the proportion of half a teaspoonful of elixir to the tumbler of water. Should the diarrhœa, in spite of the above treatment, continue for, say, two hours, a lead and opium pill should be given, and the dose should be repeated every time after the patient has been affected by the diarrhœa. If the patient, from weakness, be unable to follow his usual employment, he should be put to bed—care being taken that the limbs are kept warm, and that the bed is kept dry by means of a sheet of oilcloth, gutta-percha, or mackintosh between the sheet and the mattress. Should the discharge present the appearance of rice-water, and should there be urgent vomiting, cramps of the limbs, together with general sinking or collapse, the case should be regarded as most serious; and in the absence of a medical man, mustard poultices should be applied to the stomach and chest for half an hour at a time, and should be followed either by fomentations with warm water, or by bran or porridge poultices on the same parts of the body. These mustard and soft poultices should be alternated from time to time. Meanwhile the limbs should be well rubbed with warm cloths, and the lead and opium pills regularly administered, as directed above.

This treatment may be advantageously employed for all persons above fifteen years of age. From ten to fifteen years, the only change recommended in the treatment is that half a lead and opium pill, instead of an entire pill, should be given as a dose. Below ten years of age, the aromatic powder of chalk and opium should be substituted for the pill, and may be administered in doses of one grain for each year of life. Thus, an infant of one year should have one grain for a dose; and under one year, half a grain; while a child of six years should have six grains. The treatment otherwise is the same—care, however, being taken in the case of children not to allow the mustard to remain *beyond ten minutes* in contact with the skin.

Should there be no hospital at the disposal of the local authority, and should the house of the patient consist of one or two apartments, the other members of the household should be at once removed. The room in which the sick person is lying should as far as possible be cleared of furniture; and the other apartment, if any, should be devoted to the preparation of articles of food and to the residence of the attendants, limited in number to a day and a night nurse.

GRANTON MARINE STATION.—We have to acknowledge receipt of the following sum in behalf of the Granton Marine Station:

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Aug. 4.	A Friend, ...	1	0	0

EN PASSANT.

A SIDELONG glance like April sunlight shining
Through drifting clouds, a moment rent apart—
A glance which reads with swift, occult divining
Fond thoughts deep hidden in the inmost heart.

A sudden flash of love-born radiance gleaming
From two dark melting orbs of liquid light,
Whose haunting beauty sets the fond soul dreaming
Of far-off, unattainable delight.

A passing word of greeting, sweetly spoken
By two sweet lips whose lightest word is dear;
A moment more, and lo! the spell is broken
While yet its charm is ling'ring on the ear.

. . . . . .

Ten years ago, I watched a sunbeam falling
Athwart the shadows of a sombre way;
Now, 'mid the after-glooms its charm recalling,
I bless the spot whereon its brightness lay.

G. C. J.

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'GRAND DAY.'

To the majority of people, the surroundings of the legal profession, to say nothing of the law itself, are subjects fraught with no inconsiderable amount of the mysterious. For instance, what a variety of conceptions have been formed by the uninitiated with respect to one ceremony alone connected with the 'upper branch' of the legal profession; we mean that known as 'Call to the Bar.' The very expression itself has often proved a puzzle to the lay outsider, and perhaps not unnaturally, because there can be no doubt that it is one of those out-of-the-way phrases the signification of which sets anything like mere conjecture on that point at defiance. There is a hazy notion abroad that 'Call to the Bar' involves proceedings of a somewhat imposing character, especially as there is just a smack of the grandiloquent about the term. Accordingly, it may be disappointing to many persons to learn that, in the first place, there is no 'calling' at all connected with the ceremony, except the calling over the names of the gentlemen who present themselves for admission to the profession known as the Bar. And in the next place, it may be a little surprising to learn that there is no semblance even of a 'bar' of any description employed in the performance of the ceremony alluded to.

Again, people appear to have a somewhat indistinct notion about legal festivities, the traditional fun of a circuit mess, the precise share which 'eating dinners' has in qualifying a student for the Bar, and so forth. Often, too, they wonder how it is that men addicted to such grave pursuits as those followed by the working members of the Bar, are so much given to mirth and jollity and costly festivity. The answer to this is that, just in proportion to the mental tension superinduced by the demands of their calling, is the recoil of their minds in an exactly opposite direction after that tension.

Well, then, assuming that barristers are not only a learned and laborious but also at suitable times a convivial body of men, we will endeavour to describe the proceedings in the Hall of an Inn of Court on the evening of a day when barristerial conviviality is supposed to reach its culminating point—namely, on what is termed 'Grand Day.'

We may observe that during each of the four legal terms or sittings there is one Grand Day, but the Grand Day of Trinity Term is the grandest of them all, and is accordingly styled 'Great Grand Day.' Also, that these days are observed in each of the four Inns of Court—namely, the Inner and Middle Temple, Lincoln's Inn, and Gray's Inn. For present purposes, however, we shall suppose our Grand Day to be in Trinity Term, and at an Inn which we shall for certain proper reasons call Mansfield's Inn.

It is a glorious summer evening, and as we approach our noble old Hall, we soon perceive that something 'out of the common' is going on. There is the crimson cloth laid down for the noble and distinguished guests who are always invited on these occasions; and near the entrance there is a little knot of spectators of all kinds, from the elderly respectable gentleman down to the shoeless 'arab' from the streets. The carriages are beginning to arrive; and the sooner we are inside the Hall the better. But there is something to be done before we get thither. We must first enter one of the anterooms. Here there is a great crush owing to the invariable preliminary to every dinner in Hall—the 'robing,' as it is called; for benchers, barristers, and students all dine in gowns. There are two men now busily engaged at this work of robing, selecting from a great black mountain of gown-stuff the attire suited to each member. On they go, asking all the time the question, 'Barrister or student, sir?' of those with whom they are unacquainted, until the last man is served. But who is that portly looking personage, wearing a gorgeous scarlet gown, who ever and anon appears on the scene and gives directions? Nonsense! Did you say the head-porter? Certainly; and

he is so called, after the *lucus a non lucendo* fashion, because he is never employed to carry anything except perhaps letters and messages. In like manner the women called 'laundresses' who attend to the chambers in the Inns of Court, are so termed because they never wash anything at all, which in some instances is but too painfully true. But the 'head-porter' *is* carrying something this evening, in the shape of an enormous baton with a silver knob big enough to produce five pounds-worth of shillings. Then there is another important-looking gentleman, of graver and more anxious demeanour, wearing a black gown, who seems to be the life and soul of the preparations generally, and who moves about with such alacrity as to suggest an approach to the ubiquitous. This individual is the head-butler, and of course his position is one of serious responsibility, especially on the present occasion.

Being now robed, we enter the Hall. What a babel of tongues is here also! 'Have you got a mess?' is the question asked by friend of friend. (An Inn of Court mess consists of four persons, the first of whom is called the 'Captain.') 'Come and join our mess,' says another. 'I have a capital place up here,' shouts a joyous young student. 'Oh, but you'll be turned down,' replies his friend, with a slightly consequential air; and we see that the latter, by his sleeved and otherwise more flowing robe, is a barrister, although as juvenile as his hopeful friend; hence the tone of importance.

'We sit by seniority on Grand Day,' our learned young friend goes on to state, and languidly falls into a seat.

'When were you called, sir?' says a voice to the languid but consequential one. The voice proceeds from a form which might easily be that of the other's father, if not grandfather; but the question is put *pro formâ*.

'Hilary '78' is the answer.

'Then I fear I must trouble you to move, for I was called in Hilary '58, ha, ha, ha!' in which the students previously corrected heartily join.

'Oh, all right,' with a slight *soupçon* of deference; and away go the youngsters; while the man called to the Bar in 1858 will very likely have to make way for another called in '48, and so on, until the whole are duly and severally located.

There is an unquestionable aspect of distinction about the place this evening. The old Hall itself, in the centre of which is displayed the costly plate of Mansfield's Inn, seems to smile in the sunshine of the summer evening. Yet, as the light softly steals in through the stained glass forming the armorial bearings of distinguished members of the Inn long since passed away, we seem to feel a sort of melancholy, in spite of all the gaiety around, from the consideration—which *will* force itself upon the mind—that the paths of law, like glory, 'lead but to the grave.'

Then, again, the timeworn and grim-looking escutcheons of the old 'readers,' which crowd the wainscoted walls, seem to be less grim than usual. At the same time, it is impossible not to heave one little sigh, as we look up and see in front of us the name and arms, say, of Gulielmus Jones, Armiger, Cons. Domi. Regis, Lector Auct. 1745 (William Jones, Esquire, Counsel of our Lord the King, Autumn Reader, &c.), and wonder how much that learned gentleman enjoyed his Grand Days in the period of comparative antiquity mentioned on his escutcheon.

Our business, however, is strictly with the present; and as one of the features of Grand Day dinner is that the *mauvais quart d'heure* is a very long *quart* indeed, we shall be able to look round before dinner and see what is going on.

It requires no very great expenditure of speculative power to comprehend the nature of the present assembly, numerous though it is. Each member of it will readily and with tolerable accuracy tell us who and what he is, as mathematicians say, by mere inspection on our part. The fact is, we are really face to face with a world as veritable and as varied as that outside, only compressed into a smaller compass.

Here are to be seen old, worn, sombre-looking men, some of them bending under the weight of years, and actually wearing the identical gowns—now musty and faded, like themselves—which had adorned their persons when first assumed in the heyday of early manhood, health, high spirits, and bright hopes. Among these old faces there are some that are genial and easy-looking; yet, beyond a doubt, we are in close proximity to many of those individuals who help to constitute that numerous and inevitable host with which society abounds—the disappointed in life. We see clearly that upon many of these patriarchal personages, the fickle goddess has persistently frowned from their youth up, and that they have borne those frowns with a bad grace and a rebellious spirit.

Hither, also, have come those who began their career under the benign and auspicious influences of wealth and powerful friends; yet many of these are now a long way behind in the race—have, in fact, been outrun by those who never possessed a tithe of their advantages. Such men form a very melancholy group; and we gladly pass from them to another class of visitors. These are they whose lives have been a steady, manful conflict with hard times and hard lines, but who, uninspired by that devouring ambition already alluded to, have not experienced the disheartening and chilling disappointment which has preyed upon some of the others. These men, however, have seen many of their early hopes and aspirations crushed; but they have borne the grievance with patience and cheerfulness. They may have had a better right to expect success than some of those who had been more sanguine; but they have not sneered at

small successes because they could not achieve grander ones, and have not been ashamed to settle down as plodders. They are most of them gentlemen in all senses of the word; men of whom universities had once been proud, and who had also honoured universities; men who, if unknown to the world at large, have yet enlightened it; men whose bright intellects have perhaps elucidated for the benefit of the world the mysteries of science, thrown light upon its art, literature, and laws; and who, without having headed subscription lists or contributed to so-called charities, have yet been genuine benefactors to their species. But with all this, they are nevertheless men who, destitute of the practical art of 'getting on in the world,' have not made money. They have never condescended to 'boo' or toady, in order to do so, and thus they must be content to shuffle along the byroads of life as best they can, after their own fashion.

Intermingled with such members of the Inn as we have just mentioned are their opposites—those who are regarded as having been successful in the race of life. How portly and well got-up they are; how bland are the smiles which light up their jolly, comfortable-looking countenances, whereon exist none of those lines so painfully conspicuous elsewhere. There is no lack of geniality here; and you are certain that these gentlemen possess happy, if not indeed hilarious temperaments, the buoyancy of which is never endangered by the intrusion of any such 'pale cast of thought' as wears away the existence of those others whom we have referred to.

This species of 'successful' barristers, fortunate though they may be, and risen men, too, in one sense, must yet not be confounded with that other set of men who make up the real *bonâ fide* rising and risen ones. These latter are grand fellows, and constitute the most interesting group of the evening. In some respects they are like those others we have spoken of, who have had to fight; but unlike them, they have possessed and exercised the gifts of energy, tact, perseverance, a wider acquaintance with human nature; and they have also possessed the inestimable gifts of good physique and the capacity for unmitigated labour. Like the other successful ones, they have risen; but unlike them, they have achieved honours which appertain more closely to their profession. They are the men from whose ranks our judicial strength is recruited; men who in time may become statesmen too, and leave distinguished names behind them. They are, in short, gifted honourable men, whose promotion is a delight to their friends and a benefit to the community, because the promotion of such is always well deserved.

Observable also in the present assembly are several of what may be termed the purely ornamental limbs of the law, who are to be found in the Inns of Court, and elsewhere. This class comprises country squires, gentlemen at large generally, and so forth, who, although entitled to the designation of 'barrister-at-law,' make no pretensions—at anyrate, here—to any depth of legal learning. Yet, likely enough, many of them are administrators of the law as county magistrates. However, great lawyers are not always the best hands at discharging the often rough-and-ready duties of 'justices out of sessions;' and whatever may be the ability of our friends now in Hall, one thing concerning them is clear, that they are to-night amongst the jolliest of the jolly. Look at them greeting old friends, dodging about the Hall, replenishing here and there their stock of legal *on dits* and anecdotes for retailing to admiring audiences elsewhere, discussing the affairs of the Inn and of the nation generally!

Lastly, there are the youngsters, ranging from the shy students only recently 'of' the Inn, to the youthful barristers who have just assumed the wig and gown. Some of the latter are engaged in detailing to eager and ambitious listeners the glories surrounding the first brief, while all are brimful of mirth and hopefulness. To such, the business of Grand Day appears tame in comparison with the high and substantial honours which they all firmly believe to be in store for them in the future. Ah! the future; that alluring period, so surpassingly enchanting to us all in the days of youth!

Such is the assembly before us at Mansfield's Inn on Grand Day of this Trinity Term.

'Dinner!' shouts the head-porter, who stands at the door with his great silver-headed baton in hand. We now see the use of this badge of office; for immediately after enunciating the above welcome word, he brings his baton heavily on to the floor three times. Then slowly advancing up the Hall, we see that he is a sort of vanguard, or rather *avant-courier*, of a host which is gradually following him, gentlemen who walk two and two in procession, almost with funereal precision and solemnity. As they proceed, the previous loud hum of conversation is considerably *lulled*, and everybody is standing at his place. These are the Benchers of the Inn and their guests. The proper designation of the former is 'Masters of the Bench' of the Inn to which they belong. Each is called 'Master' So-and-so; and the chief of their body is the Treasurer of the Inn, who holds office for one year. The guests are invariably persons of well-known position in the Army and Navy, the Church, Politics, Law, Science, Literature, and Art. Sometimes royal personages honour the Inns with their company on Grand Day; and it is well known that several members of the royal family are *members* of certain Inns. The Prince of Wales is a Bencher of the Middle Temple, and dined there on Grand Day of Trinity Term 1874, when an unusually brilliant gathering appeared. The Prince on that occasion delivered a humorous and genial speech, in which he reminded his learned friends of the circumstance of Chancellor Sir Christopher Hatton opening a ball in that very place with Queen Elizabeth. On the recent occasion of the Prince again dining there, no speeches were delivered in Hall.

The procession moves on; and as many of the various guests are recognised, the hum of conversation recommences. The Benchers wear silk gowns; and now we are actually brushed by a K.G., whose blue ribbon is unquestionably a *distingué* addition to evening dress; or by a G.C.B., whose red ribbon is so extremely

becoming as to set some of the youngsters speculating which they would rather be, a Knight of the Garter or a Grand Cross of the Bath. Here we are, then, with peers, right honourables, generals, judges, orators, poets, painters, humorists, and so forth, around us; but, alas, in the midst of so much grandeur, we are troubled by a prosaic monitor whose demands are becoming imperative. In other words, we are getting hungry. Well, we have not much longer to wait. 'Rap, rap, rap!' goes the head-porter—this time with an auctioneer's hammer on one of the tables. Immediately dead silence ensues, and then 'grace' is read by the Preacher of the Inn.

Now we fall to. There is soup, fish, joint, poultry, pastry, beer, champagne, and one bottle of any other wine for each mess; and all for half-a-crown! However, we know the Inn is rolling in wealth, and we feel no compunction as to assisting in the heartiest way to carry on the work of consumption going on in all directions.

Presently comes the rapping of Mr Head-porter again, who now proclaims 'Silence!' and having secured this, there comes another request to the assembly: 'Gentlemen, charge your glasses, and drink to the health of Her Majesty the Queen.' The Treasurer then rises and says: 'Gentlemen, "The Queen;"' whereupon a great and enthusiastic shout of 'The Queen!' bursts forth. There is no more conservative body of men than the Bar of England, nor has the Crown more staunch or more devoted supporters than the gentlemen of the Long Robe. At the same time, no body of men in this country has ever more firmly withstood any attempt to extend the royal prerogative to the injury of the subject. The toast, 'The health of the Queen,' is always drunk at these Bar gatherings with an amount of fervour which betokens strong attachment to the constitution; and on this particular occasion, the intensity and unanimity of the response forcibly reminds one of the discharge of a sixty-eight-pounder!

As a rule, there is no speechifying in Hall, and there is none this evening. The practice is for the Benchers to take dessert in one of their reception-rooms, called 'The Parliament Chamber.' There, all the speeches are made, and the speakers are refreshed by the choicest products of the vineyard which money and good judgment can procure. Who would not be a Bencher?

And now, so far as the ordinary portion of the assembly is concerned, dinner is over. Grace again is said; and the Benchers, with their guests, retire in the order in which they entered. But now there is not altogether that grave air of solemnity about the procession which distinguished it at its entrance; indeed, everybody looks and feels all the better for the good things which have been partaken of. Neither the distinguished guests nor those of the Benchers who are popular with the Inn are allowed to depart without a friendly cheer; and if some personage happens to be very popular indeed, his name is shouted out in a fashion often bordering on the obstreperous.

The last two members of the retiring procession have now passed through the door of the Hall, and away go also the majority of those who have been dining. A few of the 'Ancients' or senior barristers are left behind, to finish their wine and their chat; but by twelve o'clock the Hall itself and its purlieus are once more deserted and silent.

BY MEAD AND STREAM.

BY CHARLES GIBBON.

CHAPTER XLV.—HIGH PRESSURE.

MADGE reached home in the darkness, and opened the outer door so quietly that she got up to her own room without being observed by any of the inmates. Hat and cloak were off in a minute, and flung carelessly anywhere—thus marking how completely her mind was distracted from ordinary affairs; for, as a rule, she was careful in putting things away.

Then!—she did not fling herself on the bed, and give way to an overwhelming sense of despair, in the manner of heroines of romance. She sat down; clasped hands lying on her lap, and stared into the darkness of the room, which was luminous to her hot, dry eyes, and wondered what it was all about.

Her engagement with Philip was broken off, and *he* wished it to be so! Now, how could that be? Was it not all some disagreeable fantastic dream, from which she would presently awaken, and find him by her side? They would laugh at the folly of it all, and be sorry that such ideas could occur to them even in dreams. And that horrible, silent drive to the station; the silent clasp of hands as the train started; no word spoken by either since, in her pain and confusion, she had said 'Good-bye,' and he had echoed it—all that was a nightmare. She would shake it off, rouse up, and see the bright day dawning.

But she could not shake it off so easily. He had said that she was to consider herself free from all bond to him. He wished it—there was the sting—and they had parted. It was a different kind of parting from the one she had prepared herself to pass through with composure. Was it a distorted shadow of her mother's fate that had fallen upon her?

At this she started, and bravely struggled with the nightmare which had weighed upon her from the moment the fatal word 'Good-bye' had escaped her lips. They were not parted—absurd to think that possible. She took blame to herself; she had been hasty, and had not made sufficient allowance for his worried state. Perhaps she had been quickened to anger by his apparent want of faith because she would not reveal what she had promised to be silent about for his sake. She, too, felt distracted at the moment; and want of faith in those we love is the cruelest blow to the distracted mind.

Ay, she should have been more forbearing—much more forbearing, considering how worried he was. And she could see that haggard face now with the great dazed eyes of a man who is looking straight at Ruin, feeling its fingers round his throat choking him. . . . Poor Philip. She had been unkind to him; but it should be all put right in the morning. She would tell Aunt Hessy and Uncle Dick, and they would force him away from that dreadful work which was killing him, and——

And here what threatened to be a violent fit of hysteria ended in a brief interval of unconsciousness.

The door opened, light streamed into the room, and Aunt Hessy, lamp in hand, entered. Madge had slipped down to the floor, and long, sobbing sighs were relieving the overpent emotions of her heart.

'Thou art here, child, and in such a plight!'

The good dame did not waste more words in useless exclamations of amazement and sorrow, but raised her niece to the chair and, without calling for any assistance, applied those simple restoratives which a careful country housewife has always at command for emergencies. The effect of these was greatly aided by the sturdy efforts made by the patient herself to control the weakness to which she had for a space succumbed.

'I'll be better in a minute or two, aunt,' were the first words she managed to say; 'don't fret about me.'

'I shall fret much, child, if thou dost not continue to fret less thyself.'

'I'll try. . . . But there is such sore news. Philip says he is ruined, and that he must—he must . . . because it is Uncle Dick's wish . . . he must'——

She was unable to finish the sentence.

'Say nothing more until I give thee leave to speak,' said Aunt Hessy with gentle firmness; but the tone was one which Madge knew was never heard save when the dame was most determined to be obeyed. 'We have heard much since thou hast been away; and we have been in fright about thee, as it grew late. But though thou wert with friends, I knew that home was dear to thee, whether thou wast glad or sad. So I came up here, and found thee.'

'But the ruin is not what I mind: it is his saying that we are to part.'

To her surprise, Aunt Hessy did not immediately lift her voice in comforting assurance of the impossibility of such a calamity. She only raised her hand, as if to remind her that silence had been enjoined. Seeing that this was not enough, or moved by compassion for the distress which shone through Madge's amazement, she said:

'We shall see about that, by-and-by.'

But Madge could not be so easily satisfied; for something in her aunt's manner suggested that there might be truth in Philip's assertion of the view her guardians would take of the position. He had said they would hold it as contrary to common-sense that a man who had been disinherited by his father and ruined by speculation should keep a girl bound to wait for him till he had retrieved his fortune, or to marry him and share—or rather increase his poverty. That was a cruel kind of practical reason which she could neither understand nor appreciate. If they really intended to insist upon such a monstrous interpretation of the engagement she had entered into with Philip, then she must try to explain how differently she regarded it. The moment of misfortune was the moment in which she ought to step forward and say: 'Philip, I am ready to help you with all my strength—with all my love.'

Only Philip had the right to say: 'No; you shall not do this.'

And there the poor heart sank again, for he had in effect said this: he had told her that he *wished* the bond to be cancelled. That was a very bitter memory, even when she made allowance for his conviction that her guardians expected him in honour bound to make such a declaration. Now, however, she recognised self-sacrifice in his act; and feeling sure that it was love for her which prompted it, took comfort.

Her first idea, then, was to find out what her guardians were to do, and she was about to rise, with the intention of asking her aunt to go with her to the oak parlour, when she was interrupted.

There was first a banging of doors below; next there was a deep voice from the middle of the staircase:

'I say, missus, art up there?'

Before any answer could be given, Uncle Dick presented himself with as near an approach to a frown as his broad honest face was capable of forming.

'So you are here, Madge. Thought as much. I told the missus you could take care of yourself; but a rare fuss you have been making among us, running about here, there, and anyhow, when you know the day for Smithfield is nigh, and ever so many things to do that you ought to do for me. I say that ain't like you, and I'm not pleased.'

While Crawshay was venting this bit of ill-humour, he stood in the doorway, and as Madge had risen, the lamp was below the level of her face, so that he could not see how ill she looked.

'I hope I have not forgotten anything,' she said hastily; 'you remember the first papers were filled up by—by Philip.'

'They're right enough; but here's a letter from the secretary you didn't even open.'

'It must have come after I went away.'

'Like enough, like enough,' he went on irritably, although the dame had now grasped his arm, and was endeavouring to stop him. 'Away early and back late—that's the shortest cut into a mess I know of.—Where have you been?'

It was evident that the unopened letter of the Smithfield secretary had less to do with his ill-humour than he was trying to make believe. The question with which he closed his grumble suggested the real cause of vexation.

'Quiet thyself, Dick,' his wife interposed. 'Madge is not well to-night, and it makes her worse to find thee angry.'

'Could a man help being angry?' he said, becoming more angry because of his attention being called to the fact that he was so, as is the wont of quick tempers. 'Have you told her about them blessed letters?'

'I have told her that we received them: to-morrow, we can tell her what they are about.'

'I would rather know at once, aunt,' said Madge calmly, as she advanced to Crawshay, and only a slight tremor of the voice betrayed her agitation. 'They concern Philip; and I should not be able to sleep if anything was kept back from me. He is in cruel trouble, Uncle Dick, and he says you want me to break

off from him, and that has upset me a little, although I know that you would not ask me to do such a thing, when he is in misfortune.'

'Dick Crawshay never left a friend in a ditch yet, and he had no business to say that of me,' blurted out the yeoman indignantly. Then, checking himself, he added: 'But there's sense in it too. Maybe he wants to break off himself; and I shouldn't wonder, either, if he has heard what that fellow Wrentham says about your goings-on with Beecham.'

'Goings-on with Mr Beecham!'

'Ay, that's it. . . . Come now, lass, tell truth and shame the devil—was it Beecham you went off in such haste to see to-day?'

'I went to see Mr Shield, and saw Mr Beecham at the same time.'

'Then it is true, mother—you see she owns to it,' said Uncle Dick, his passion again rising. 'And you've been writing to Beecham and meeting him underhand.'

'Not underhand, uncle,' she exclaimed, drawing back in surprise and pain. The word 'underhand' assumed the significance of a revelation to her; but even now she did not see clearly the extent of the misconceptions to which her conduct was liable, if criticised by unfriendly eyes.

'You say it ain't underhand! I say it's mortal like it. You never said a word about Beecham this morning, though you must have known that you were going to see him. . . . Come now, did you not?'

He added the question in a softer tone, as if hoping for a negative answer. But Madge evaded a direct reply.

'What is in the letters to make you so vexed with me?' she asked.

'What's in them?—Why, Shield says that Philip has been a fool, allowing himself to be cheated on all sides, and that there's nothing for him but the Bankrupt Court. That's a fine thing for a man to come to with such a fortune in such a short time. But I might have known it would end in this way—it's the same thing always with them that set up for improving on the ways of Providence.'

Uncle Dick was in his excitement oblivious of the fact, that whilst he had cast some doubt on the success of Philip's project, he had approved the spirit of it. Madge did not observe the inconsistency; she was so much astonished by what appeared to be the harsh language of Mr Shield, notwithstanding the assurances he had given to her. But she was presently set at rest on this point by Aunt Hessy.

'Thou art forgetting, Dick, that Shield says he'll see what can be done to put Philip right again.'

Madge was relieved; for in spite of its improbability, the thought had flashed upon her, that Austin Shield might have been deceiving her as to his ultimate purpose regarding Philip.

'That may be,' continued Uncle Dick in a tone of general discontent; 'like enough, he'll spend more money on the lad, if so be as that Beecham hasn't got something against it; and blame me if ever I trust a man more, if Beecham be a knave.—Now you can settle all that, Madge. Seems you know more about him than any of us. Tell us what you know.'

There was no way of evading this request, or rather command; and yet she could not comply with it immediately. She had been told that Philip would be safe if she kept her promise.

'What, will you not speak?' thundered Uncle Dick, after he had waited a few seconds. 'You know that Beecham has to do with Shield, and will say nought!'

'There is nothing wrong about him,' she pleaded.

'Does Philip know you are in league with this stranger, and maybe helping to ruin him?'

'I have not told Philip, but'——

'I don't want your buts—honest folk don't need them. That scamp Wrentham is right; and it's a bad business for Philip, and for you, and for all of us. Think on it, and when you do, you'll be sorry for yourself.'

He wheeled about, and went downstairs with loud angry steps.

There was a long silence in the room; and then Madge turned with pleading eyes to the dame.

'He is very angry with me, aunt,' she faltered.

'I am sorry that I cannot say he is wrong, child,' was the gentle, but reproachful answer.

THE COMMERCIAL PRODUCTS OF THE WHALE.

WHALES are more numerous than is usually supposed—that is to say, there is a greater variety of these giants of the deep than the two or three which are known to commerce; such animals being abundant in all seas, so far as they have been explored. It is not, however, our intention to enter into the natural history of these cetaceans farther than may be necessary to understand their commercial value. Nor do we intend to dwell on the dangers which are incidental to the pursuit of the whale, of which it would not be difficult to compile a melancholy catalogue. Terrible shipwrecks, vessels 'crunched' by the power of the ice without a moment's warning, others run into and destroyed by the animal itself; pitiful boat-voyages, so prolonged as to cause deaths from hunger and thirst; ships ingulfed amid the roar of the tempest, and crews never heard of since the day they sailed—these are among the incidents which have from its beginning marked the progress of the whale-fishery; the mortality connected with which has often attracted attention, not only in the icy regions of the arctic seas, but also in those of the Pacific Ocean, in which, all the year round, men pursue the sperm-whale with unceasing activity, at a risk to life and limb only faintly realised by landsmen.

It is 'for gold the merchant ploughs the main;' and there are persons who say that the risks encountered by whale-ships are not greater than those common to most branches of the mercantile marine. 'And if it pays,' say the advocates of whaling, 'why not carry on the enterprise?' But no matter what defence may be offered,

whale-fishing has always been much of a lottery, in which the few have drawn prizes, whilst the many have had to be content with the blanks.

The fortunes of 'whaling' are exceedingly varied: one ship may capture ten or twelve fish;* some vessels occasionally come home 'clean;' while others may each secure from two to half a dozen. We have before us several records of the financial results of whale-fishing, in which the profits and losses among Pacific whalers exhibit some striking differences. One ship, for instance, places at her credit during her voyage one hundred and thirty-two thousand dollars; but to the owners of the fleet of whalers fishing from New Bedford, United States, in 1858, there accrued a loss of more than a million dollars. Again, a Scottish whale-ship from Peterhead, in Aberdeenshire, was one season fortunate enough to capture forty-four whales, the largest number ever 'fished' by one vessel. The value of the cargo in oil and bone considerably exceeded ten thousand pounds sterling. One of the largest cargoes ever landed was brought home by the steamer *Arctic* of Dundee, commanded by Captain Adams, one of the ablest arctic navigators. It consisted of the produce of thirty-seven whales, which, besides oil, included almost eighteen tons of whalebone.

The only whales of commerce were at one time the great sperm-whale of southern latitudes, and 'the right' or Greenland whale, both of which are animals of gigantic size and great power, the latter being undoubtedly the larger. No British vessels take part in the sperm-fishery, their operations being confined to the arctic regions. Dundee is now the chief whaling port, sending out annually sixteen ships to Greenland. The Greenland whale, which our British whalemen endure such dangers to procure, seldom exceeds sixty feet in length, and is about half that number in circumference. An average-sized specimen will weigh some seventy tons or more, and forms a mass of matter equal to about two hundred fat oxen. One individual caught by a Scotch whaler was seventy-two feet in length, with a girth of forty-five feet, the total weight being reckoned at upwards of one hundred tons. The chief product of the sperm and 'the right' whale—their oil—is of course common to both animals, and is obtained by boiling their fat, or 'blubber' as the substance is technically called.

It is somewhat curious that in both of these whales the head is the portion, size being considered, which is the most valuable. In the sperm-whale, 'the case,' situated in the head, is filled with a substance which is known as spermaceti, and brings a high price. One of these giants of the deep will sometimes yield a ton of this valuable substance, which is found, when the whale is killed, as an oily fluid, that when prepared, gradually concretes into a granulated mass. In the Greenland whale the great prize is 'the bone' with which its head is furnished, and which at the present time is quoted as being of the enormous value of two thousand two hundred and fifty pounds per ton! The price in America is even higher, the last sales in that country bringing two thousand five hundred pounds. It is only the Greenland fish which yield this valuable commodity. The whale of the Pacific is furnished with teeth; but 'the right' whale has in lieu thereof a series of plates, or laminæ, on the upper jaw, which are in reality the whalebone of commerce. The uses to which 'bone' is applied vary according to the demands of fashion, so that within the last hundred years the price has fluctuated exceedingly, and has been quoted from almost a nominal price per ton up to the sum mentioned. At one period, we are told in an American account of the fishery, the rates for whalebone were so low that few whalemen would bring any of it home, their space being of much greater value when packed with oil. Threepence a pound-weight was at one time all that could be obtained for it; now the price of bone is twenty shillings per pound-weight. It may be explained that the yield of bone is as eight or ten pounds to each barrel of oil. A vessel which brings home one hundred tuns of oil will, in all probability, have on board six tons of whalebone.

There is a special product of the sperm-whale which is of greater value than either spermaceti or whalebone; it is known as ambergris. For a series of years there raged a hot controversy as to what this valuable substance really was, the most extraordinary opinions being offered regarding its origin, composition, and uses. One statement, dated so far back as 1762, says that ambergris issues from a tree, which manages to shoot its roots into the water, seeking the warmth therefrom in order to deposit therein the fat gum of which it is the source. 'When that fat gum is shot into the sea, it is so tough that it is not easily broken from the root unless by the strength of its own weight. If you plant such trees where the stream sets to the shore, then the stream will cast it up to great advantage.' Another authority, Dr Thomas Brown, in a work published in 1686, shows that an idea then entertained was, that ambergris was only found in such whales as had come upon the substance floating in the sea and swallowed it. In course of time it was found that this precious commodity was generated in the whale itself. An American doctor residing in Boston made it public in 1724, that some Nantucket whalemen, in cutting up a spermaceti whale, had found about twenty pounds of the valuable substance, which, they said, was contained in a cyst or bag without either outlet or inlet. As a matter of fact, ambergris, which is an important drug, is a morbid secretion in the intestines of the sperm-whale. Captain Coffin, in a statement he made at the bar of the House of Commons, said that he had lately brought home three hundred and sixty-two ounces of that costly substance, which he had found in a sperm-whale captured off the coast of New Guinea. At the time of Coffin's examination, ambergris was of the value of twenty-five shillings an ounce. The Pacific whalers search keenly for this commodity, and large finds of it sometimes bring them a rich reward.

* The whale suckles her young, and is therefore a mammal, and not, strictly speaking, a fish. It is, however, so called by all sailors.

Formerly, it was the oil which rendered the whaling voyages remunerative, and made or marred the fortune of the venture, but the case is now altered, owing to the enormous prices realised for bone. The head of the sperm-whale is equal to about a third of its whole size, and 'the case' yields spermaceti, which commands a high price; but in the case of the Greenland whale, as we have shown, only a comparatively small weight of whalebone is contained in the mouths of each of them; but small as it is, the quantity tends to swell the account and increase the dividends. Whaling ventures are usually made by Companies, and nearly everybody engaged in the hazardous work has a share in the venture—the men being partially paid by a share of the oil-money. Whalers earn their wages hardly. The work—not to speak of the dangers incurred—is always carried on at a high-pressure rate, and is anything but agreeable. The pursuit and capture of a whale are usually very exciting, some of these animals being difficult to kill, even when the boats, after a long chase, come within such a distance of them as admits of striking with the harpoon. Many are the adventures which take place on the occasions of whale-killing; though most of the animals attacked finally succumb. Then begins the labour of securing the prize, and converting the products which it yields into matter bearing a commercial value. The dead whale must be brought either close to the ship, or the ship must be brought close to the whale, which, in the icy waters of the high arctic latitudes, involves a great deal of fatigue, the animal being sometimes killed at a considerable distance from the ship. On some occasions a day will elapse before it can be known that the whale will without doubt become the prey of those who have found it, and several boats may require to take part in the process of killing. As many as four boats may at one time be 'fast,' as it is called, to the same animal—in other words, they have all succeeded in planting their harpoons in the whale. But the harpoon, even when shot from a gun into the fish, does not kill it; the putting of the animal to death is accomplished by means of what are called 'lances,' instruments which are used after the animal has been harpooned. After that process has been successfully achieved, the labour of capture, which may have taken from two to ten hours to accomplish, is over. Instances are known where boats have been 'fast' for upwards of fifty hours before the whale was finally despatched.

The whale is usually dragged to the ship by the boats engaged in its capture. Holes are cut in its tail, and ropes being then attached, the laborious process of towing the gigantic carcass commences. Once alongside of the ship, the work of flensing, or cutting-up of the whale, is speedily in operation, all engaged being in a state of ferment, and eager for further work of the same sort. The crew may be likened to those animals which, having tasted blood, long for more. The operation of removing the bone from the head of the whale is first entered upon; this is superintended by an officer known as the 'spectioneer,' and who is responsible for this part of the process. After the bone has been carefully dealt with, the blubber is cut off the body in long strips, which are hauled on board by means of a block-and-tackle. It is first cut into large squares, in which condition it is allowed to remain till the salt water drains out of it, a few hours, or even a day or two, being allowed, according to the work on hand. The skin is then peeled off, and the mass of fatty matter is further dealt with by being chopped into little pieces, which are stowed away in barrels or tanks, to be brought home to the boileries, in order to be, as we may say, distilled into a commercial product. When the fish has yielded up its valuable products, the flensed carcass is cut adrift. Sometimes the ponderous jawbones are preserved; when that is the case, they are cut out of the head and lifted on board. The strips of blubber vary in thickness from ten to sixteen inches, or even more, according to the size and fatness of the fish. In general, it averages twelve inches all over the body, the thickest portion being at the neck, where twenty-two inches of blubber are sometimes found. The yield of oil is of course in proportion to the size and condition of the animal, and will run from five to twenty tuns. A whale caught many years ago by the crew of the *Princess Charlotte* of Dundee yielded thirty-two tuns of oil. An examination of some old records of the fishery shows fifteen hundred tuns of oil to the one hundred and thirty-five fish of the Aberdeen fleet of eleven vessels; twelve hundred and forty-three tuns to the Peterhead fleet of eleven ships (three vessels had been lost), which captured eighty-eight whales and three thousand seals.

In sperm-whale fishing, the process of flensing and disposing of the carcass is much the same as in the Davis Straits' fishery. When the body has been stripped of the blubber, it is thrown loose, and is permitted to float away, to become the prey of sharks and sea-birds which are usually in attendance. In the process of dissecting the great whale of the southern seas, the head is usually the last portion dealt with. It is cut off and kept afloat till required, being carefully secured to the vessel. The valuable contents of 'the case' are brought on board by means of buckets, and are very carefully preserved, being known as 'head-matter.' A large whale of the Pacific seas will yield from seventy to ninety, or even on occasion a hundred barrels of oil. Sperm oil is more valuable than train oil, the produce of the Greenland fish. In a trade circular, we find as we write, 'crude sperm' quoted at sixty-four pounds ten shillings per tun, the other sort being set down as ranging from twenty-seven to thirty-two pounds. But the prices are ever varying according to supply and demand. Spermaceti is offered at about a shilling per pound-weight.

The ships which go whale-fishing from Scotland to the arctic regions make an annual voyage, which lasts from five to nine months; but sperm-whalers often remain at sea for a period of three years. They boil out their oil as they cruise about in search of their prey; or when blubber has so accumulated as to warrant the action, the ship will put in at some convenient island, where the process of melting the fat can be conveniently carried on.

We have no statistics of the number of vessels or men at present engaged in the southern fishery; but the exciting nature of the work being attractive to many persons, crews are never wanting when ships are being fitted out to hunt the sperm-whale. At one period in Great Britain, 'whaling' was an enterprise of great moment, and was encouraged by government, which awarded bounty-money to ships engaged in that particular enterprise. In the earlier years of the present century over one hundred and fifty British ships were engaged in the industry of whale-fishing; by 1828, the number had, however, fallen to eighty-nine vessels, forty-nine of these being fitted out at Scottish ports. In that season, eleven hundred and ninety-seven fish were killed, the produce being thirteen thousand nine hundred and sixty-six tuns of oil, and eight hundred and two tons of whalebone. Dundee, as already mentioned, and Peterhead are the principal centres of the British whaling industry, the number of vessels employed by the two ports being between twenty and thirty; but for many years past, some of these ships also make a voyage in the way of seal-fishing, which sometimes proves a profitable venture. The total value of the seal and whale fisheries so far as the Dundee fleet was concerned amounted last year to £108,563; in 1882 it was £110,200; while in 1881 it reached £130,900.

No recent statistics of an authentic kind of the seal-fishery have been issued other than those contained in the newspapers; but from figures before us relating to a period from 1849 to 1859, we find that over one million seals were killed within that time by Scottish sealers alone; and the success of individual crews in the killing of these animals, it may be said, comes occasionally within the realms of the marvellous. The oil obtained from the seals is as valuable as that got from the arctic whales, whilst their skins are also of some commercial importance. It was a happy circumstance that just as whale-fishing began to fall off, gas as an illuminant became common; and although train and sperm oils are still used in various manufactories, and especially in jute-mills, the mineral oils which have been found in such quantity have doubtless served many of the purposes for which whale-oil was at one time in constant demand.

MR PUDSTER'S RETURN.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER I.

Mr Solomon Pudster and Mr Gideon Maggleby were bosom friends; nor could they well be otherwise. They were both born on the 29th of May 1815, in Gower Street, Bloomsbury; Solomon entering upon the world's stage at an early hour in the morning at No. 69, and Gideon first seeing the light about mid-day at No. 96. At the age of ten, the boys were sent to Westminster School; at the age of seventeen, they became fellow-clerks in the great West India warehouse of Ruggleton, Matta, & Co.; and at the age of four-and-twenty they went into partnership as sugar-merchants in Mincing Lane. At that period they were bachelors; and being already sincerely attached one to the other, they decided to live together in a pleasant little house in the then fashionable neighbourhood of Fitzroy Square. For years they were almost inseparable. Day after day they breakfasted and dined together at home, and worked and lunched together in the City; and but for the fact that the firm purchased a large sugar estate in Demerara, Solomon Pudster and Gideon Maggleby would probably have never been parted for more than a few hours at a time until death decreed a dissolution of their partnership. The sugar estate, unfortunately, required a great deal of looking after; and at regular intervals of two years, one of the partners was obliged to cross the Atlantic and to remain absent from his friend for five or six months. Solomon and Gideon alternately undertook these troublesome expeditions, and braved the heat and mosquitoes of the tropics; and meantime the firm of Pudster and Maggleby prospered exceedingly; and no shadow of a cloud came between the devoted friends—the former of whom, on account of his being a few hours the older, was declared senior partner in the firm.

But in the year 1865 an important event happened. Mr Pudster and Mr Maggleby ran down by train one evening to see the fireworks at the Crystal Palace; and on their return journey they found themselves in a compartment the only other occupant of which was a remarkably buxom and cheery-looking widow of about forty years of age. The two gentlemen, with their accustomed gallantry, entered into conversation with her. They discovered that she and they had several friends in common, and that she was, in fact, a certain Mrs Bunter, whose many domestic virtues and abounding good-nature had often been spoken of in their hearing. They were charmed with her; they begged, as if with one accord, to be permitted to call upon her at her house in Chelsea; and when, after putting her into a cab at Victoria Station, they started off to walk home, they simultaneously exclaimed with enthusiasm: 'What a splendid woman!'

'Ah, Gideon!' ejaculated Mr Pudster sentimentally, a few moments later.

'Ah, Solomon!' responded Mr Maggleby with equal passion.

'If only we had such an angel at home to welcome us!' continued the senior partner.

'Just what I was thinking,' assented Mr Maggleby, who thereupon looked up at the moon and sighed profoundly.

'No other woman ever affected us in this way, Gideon,' said Mr Pudster; 'and here we are at fifty'——

'Fifty last May, Solomon.'

'Well, we ought to know better!' exclaimed Mr Pudster with honest warmth.

'So we ought, Solomon.'

'But upon my word and honour, Gideon, Mrs Bunter's a magnificent specimen of her sex.'

'She is, Solomon; and I don't think we

can conscientiously deny that we are in love with her.'

'We are,' said Mr Pudster with much humility.

Having thus ingenuously confessed their passion, the two gentlemen walked on in silence; and it was not until they were near home that they again spoke.

'I suppose that it will be necessary as a matter of formal business,' suggested Mr Pudster diffidently, 'for us to call upon Mrs Bunter and apprise her of the state of our feelings. We mean, of course, to follow the matter up?'

'Certainly, certainly,' agreed Mr Maggleby; 'we mean to follow the matter up.'

'Perhaps the firm had better write to her and prepare her mind,' proposed the senior partner, with kindly forethought.

'The firm had better write to-morrow, Solomon; but, Solomon, it occurs to me that the firm cannot marry Mrs Bunter. You or I must be the happy man; and then, Solomon, we shall have to separate.'

'Never!' ejaculated Mr Pudster, who stopped and seized his friend by the hand—'never! You shall marry Mrs Bunter, and we will all live together.'

'Solomon, this magnanimity!' murmured Mr Maggleby, who had tears in his eyes. 'No; I will not accept such a sacrifice. You, as the senior partner, shall marry Mrs Bunter; and, with her permission, I will stay with you. The firm shall write to prepare her mind. Business is business. The firm shall write to-night; and I myself will take the letter to the post.'

Half an hour later, Mr Maggleby handed to Mr Pudster a letter, of which the following is a copy:

14 Mincing Lane, City,
August 4, 1865.

To Mrs Ferdinand Bunter,
Matador Villa, Chelsea.

Madam—Our Mr Pudster will do himself the honour of calling upon you to-morrow between twelve and one, in order to lay before you a project which is very intimately connected with the comfort and well-being of the undersigned. We beg you, therefore, to regard any proposition that may be made to you by our Mr P., as made to you on behalf of the firm and with its full authority.—We remain, madam, most devotedly yours, Pudster and Maggleby.

'How will that do?' asked Mr Maggleby with conscious pride.

'Excellently well, Gideon,' said Mr Pudster. 'But don't you think that "most devotedly yours" sounds rather too distant? What do you say to "yours admiringly," or "yours to distraction?"'

'"Yours to distraction" sounds best, I think,' replied Mr Maggleby after considerable reflection. 'I will put that in, and re-copy the letter, Solomon.'

'We are about to take an important step in life,' said Mr Pudster seriously. 'Are you sure, Gideon, that we are not acting too hastily?'

'Mr Pudster!' exclaimed Mr Maggleby warmly, 'we may trust these sacred promptings of our finer feelings. We have lived too long alone. The firm needs the chaste and softening influence of woman. And who in this wide world is more fitted to grace our board than Mrs Bunter?'

'So be it, then,' assented the senior partner.

Mr Maggleby re-copied the letter, signed it with the firm's usual signature, and carried it to the nearest letter-box. When he returned, he found his friend waiting to go to bed, and trying to keep himself awake by studying the marriage service.

On the following forenoon, Mr Pudster, with the scrupulous punctuality that is characteristic of City men, called at Matador Villa, Chelsea, and was at once shown into the presence of Mrs Bunter, who was waiting to receive him. 'I am quite at a loss to understand why you have done me the honour of coming to see me to-day,' said the widow. 'From your letter, I judge that you have some business proposal to make to me. Unfortunately, Mr Pudster, I am not prepared to speculate in sugar. I am not well off. But, perhaps, I am under a misapprehension. The letter contains an expression which I do not understand.'

'It is true,' replied the senior partner, 'that we *have* some hope of persuading you to speculate a little in sugar; and there is no reason why your want of capital should prevent your joining us.'

'I quite fail to grasp your meaning,' said Mrs Bunter.

'Well, I am not very good at explanations,' said Mr Pudster; 'but I will explain the situation as well as I can. You see, Mrs Bunter, Mr Maggleby my partner, and myself, are bachelors and live together. We find it dull. We long for the civilising influences of woman's society. We are, in fact, tired of single-blessedness. The firm is at present worth a clear five thousand a year. It will support a third partner, we think; and so we propose, Mrs Bunter, that you should join it, and come and take care of us in a friendly way.'

Mrs Bunter looked rather uncomfortable, and was silent for a few moments. 'You are very good,' she said at last; 'but although I am not well off, I had not thought of going out as a housekeeper. The late Mr Bunter left me enough for my little needs.'

'I hope so indeed, madam. But we don't ask you to come to us as a housekeeper simply. Marriage is what we offer you, Mrs Bunter. In the name of Pudster and Maggleby, I have the honour of proposing for your hand.'

'Mercy!' exclaimed Mrs Bunter in some agitation. 'Surely you would not have me marry the firm?'

'I put it in that way,' said Mr Pudster, 'because Maggleby and I are practically one and the same. But I will be accurate. The proposition is, Mrs Bunter, that you should become the wife of—ahem!—the senior partner; and that Gideon Maggleby should live with us in his old sociable way. Excuse my blunt way of expressing myself, Mrs Bunter.'

'Then you, Mr Pudster, are the senior partner!' said Mrs Bunter, with a very agreeable smile. 'I am very much flattered, I assure you; but your proposal requires consideration.'

'No doubt,' assented Mr Pudster. 'The firm is willing to wait for your reply. In matters of business we are never in a hurry.—When may we look for your answer?'

'Well, you shall have a note by to-morrow morning's post,' replied Mrs Bunter. 'I may say,' she added, 'that I have heard a great deal of your firm, Mr Pudster; and that I am conscious that it does me great honour by thus offering me a partnership in it.'

'Indeed, madam, the honour is ours!' said Mr Pudster, bowing as he retired.

No sooner had he departed than the widow burst into a long and merry fit of laughter. Her first impulse was to write and refuse the ridiculous offer; but as the day wore on, she thought better of the affair; and in the evening, after dinner, she sat down quite seriously, and wrote a letter as follows:

MATADOR VILLA, CHELSEA,
August 5, 1865.

To MESSRS PUDSTER and MAGGLEBY,
14 *Mincing Lane, City.*

GENTLEMEN—I have decided to accept the very flattering offer which was laid before me to-day on your behalf by your Mr Pudster. If he will call, I shall have much pleasure in arranging preliminaries with him.—I remain, gentlemen, very faithfully yours, MARIA BUNTER.

'I must fall in with their humour, I suppose,' she reflected. 'And really, Mr Pudster is a very nice man, and almost handsome; and I'm sure that I shall do no harm by marrying him. Besides, it is quite true that they must want some one to look after them. If they go on living by themselves, they will grow crusty and bearish.' And Mrs Bunter sent her maid out to post the letter.

Three weeks later, the widow became Mrs Pudster; Mr Maggleby, of course, officiating as best-man at the wedding, and being the first to salute the bride in the vestry after the ceremony. Thenceforward, for a whole year, the three members of the firm lived together in complete harmony; and the pleasant history of their existence was only interrupted by Mr Pudster's enforced departure for Demerara in September 1866. Mr Maggleby, it is true, offered to go instead of him; but Mr Pudster would not hear of it; and Mr Maggleby was obliged to confess that business was business, and that it was certainly Mr Pudster's turn to brave the mosquitoes. And so, after confiding his wife to the care of his friend, Mr Pudster departed. During his absence, all went well; and in March 1867 he returned to England. But this time the heat had been too much for poor Mr Pudster. His wife noticed that he was looking unwell. Maggleby, with sorrow, perceived the same. Pudster laughed. Nevertheless, he soon took to his bed; and after a long and painful illness, died.

The grief of Mrs Pudster and Mr Maggleby was terrible to witness. Mrs Pudster talked of retiring from the world; and Gideon Maggleby disconsolately declared that he had no longer anything left to live for. No one, therefore, will be much surprised to hear that towards the end of March 1868, Mr Gideon Maggleby led Mrs Solomon Pudster to the altar.

'Solomon will bless our union,' Mr Maggleby had said, when he proposed.

'Ah, dear sainted Solomon!' Mrs Pudster had exclaimed as she fell weeping upon Mr Maggleby's breast.

SUDDEN RUIN.

IN a former paper (April 19, 1884), instances were cited of fortunes suddenly made, not by inheritance or industry, but by what people are pleased to call luck. Cases of sudden ruin are less frequent, for, generally speaking, the wreck of a man's fortune is like that of a ship: some rock is touched; water flows in; frantic attempts are made to lighten the vessel or to steer it into port; and finally, the foundering is slow. The striking upon a rock, however, is commonly with fortunes, as with ships, a sudden accident. It may be the result of careless or incapable steering; or it may be caused by a combination of adverse tides and winds, which no human skill can stem, and which hurry on the ship helplessly to destruction, inevitable, though it is not always foreseen. The rock, in whatever way it may be reached, is the determining cause of ruin; and when we speak of a man having been suddenly ruined, we mean that the calamity which brought him to poverty by degrees more or less rapid, occurred at a time and in a manner which took himself and his friends by surprise.

We are happily exempt in this country from those overwhelming disasters occasioned by political convulsions. Those who witnessed the flight of French ladies and gentlemen from their country upon the downfall of the Second Empire heard tales of misfortune not easily to be forgotten. Senators and prefects who, in July 1870, were living in luxury and power, drawing large salaries, and secure of the future, were towards the middle of September huddling in *lodging*-houses of towns on the English south coast; and along with them were bankers who had been obliged to suspend payment, and manufacturers and landowners of the eastern provinces who had fled from the tide of invasion, after seeing their factories or fields burnt, ravaged, and overrun by the enemy.

In most of these cases, ruin had been sudden and irremediable, so much so, as to appal sympathising British minds. And yet vicissitudes quite as pitiable had been witnessed in London a few years before—that is, on the Black Friday of May 1866, when, within a single day, hundreds of fortunes were wrecked in the City. For the most part, the people who were ruined on this awful Friday had had no warning of the fate impending over them; and this must needs be so whenever banks or financial companies fail. The credit of these establishments is like a piece of glass, which must remain undamaged, or there is an end to its value. For self-preservation, banks and companies feel bound to conceal their difficulties till these are past mending; and thus it generally happens that whenever a House suspends payment, almost all its customers are utterly unprepared. What this means, we all know, if not from personal experience, at least from misfortunes which have fallen upon persons of our acquaintance. Our country neighbour who lived in such grand style, returns from

town one evening with a haggard face. A few days later it is announced that his house is to let; there is a sale; a notice among the bankruptcies in the *Gazette;* the family quietly leave their home; and from that time, only intimate friends know for certain what has become of them. Perhaps, years afterwards, somebody who knew the neighbour in great wealth, finds him eking out a penurious existence in the suburbs of some large city. Among the hundreds of acres of cheap houses which form the outskirts of London, the people 'who have seen better days' are an unnumbered multitude. Every suburban clergyman and doctor knows some, and generally too many of them; every bachelor in quest of furnished lodgings is pretty sure to stumble upon several people in this plight. Auctioneers and brokers, however, know them best of all, for it is they who play the chief part in the closing act of the drama of Ruin, when the last waifs of former wealth—the pieces of good old furniture, the pictures, china, books, and other such long-treasured valuables, have to be sold off to buy necessaries.

One of the most frequent and deplorable agents of sudden ruin is the dishonest partner. No business can be managed without mutual confidence between those who conduct it; and though, when we hear that a commercial man has brought himself within reach of the law, we are inclined to doubt if his partner can have been unaware of his malpractices, yet it must be obvious that the dishonesty of one partner too often arises from the unsuspicious simplicity of the other. There are even instances in which no amount of sagacity will save a man from the enterprises of a roguish partner. The following is a very common case: A and B being partners, A dies, and his son succeeds to his share of the business. So long as A was alive, the speculative tendencies of B were kept in check; but young A has not the same experience as his father; he has learned to respect B; he looks to him for guidance; and if B has made up his mind to extend the business of the firm by new methods, now that he is head-partner, the junior partner will generally be a mere tool in his hands. If young A be more fond of pleasure than business, he will of course be even less than a tool—a mere cipher; and B will be left to manage matters as he pleases, until he succeeds in his schemes, and proposes to buy A out of the business; or fails, and brings A to poverty and disgrace. It is a cruel thing that if B has absconded, A will have to bear the entire brunt of creditors' wrath, and perhaps be criminally punished for his innocence. But partners have learned this lesson so often, that it is almost a wonder how any sane man can assume responsibilities without ascertaining the nature and extent of them. It is certainly not for the public interest that the sudden ruin of an honest partner should be pleaded in extenuation for his ignorance or carelessness.

Let us take some other causes of sudden ruin. We may set aside the destruction of property by fire or flood, as offering examples too many and obvious; nor does the sudden ruin of spendthrifts by cards or betting call for notice. But the ruin which comes to a man through sudden loss of character in his trade or profession is always most lamentable, especially when the offence perpetrated was unintentional, and did not appear to call for so heavy a punishment. The chemist who asked to be discharged from serving on the jury in 'Bardell *v.* Pickwick' on the ground that his assistant would be selling arsenic to the customers, expressed an alarm in which there was nothing jocular at all. We know of a chemist whose assistant committed this very mistake of supplying arsenic for some other drug, and three children were poisoned in consequence. The chemist was totally ruined. A coroner's jury having brought in a verdict of manslaughter against him, he took his trial at the assizes, and was acquitted. But doctors ceased to recommend him; the public avoided his shop; his appointment as local postmaster was taken from him, and in a short time he became bankrupt. Poisoning by inadvertence has been the ruin of many a chemist, and of not a few country doctors who supply their own medicines.

But we remember an instance of a young doctor destroying his career by means just the contrary of this—that is, by suspecting that poison had been administered, when such was not the case. One of his patients, a lady, who seemed to have nothing worse than a cold, died very suddenly. The doctor had reason to believe that this lady and her husband had been living on bad terms, so he not only refused to certify as to the causes of death, but openly hinted his suspicions that there had been foul-play. At the inquest, however, it was proved that the lady had died from heart-disease; and the reports about her having been on bad terms with her husband were shown to have proceeded from the malicious tattle of a busybody. As a result of this affair, the doctor lost almost all his patients. It was thought that he had not behaved with discretion; and his ruin was consummated by an action for slander brought against him by the widower, whom he had too hastily accused of poisoning.

This action for slander reminds us of another case of ruin which had some comical features, and was in fact related to us in a very humorous way by a French journalist. The gentleman in question had accepted the editorship of a small daily newspaper published in a Belgian city. His salary was to be twenty pounds a month, with free board and lodging in the house of his employer, a notary, who owned the newspaper. Our friend discharged his duties to everybody's satisfaction for about five years, when a bustling young journalist of the locality became intimate with the notary, and pointed out to him that he—the bustling one—could edit the paper quite as well as our friend, and for half the money. Our friend had just applied for an increase of salary; so the notary, with unreflecting parsimony, resolved to dispense with his services, and installed the bustling young man in his chair. But not more than a fortnight afterwards, the Bustling One, either from negligence, or because he had some private grudge to pay off, inserted a libellous paragraph against a banker in the town. An action was instituted. The proprietor of the paper was sentenced to pay a large sum by way of damages, with all the costs of the trial, and

the advertisement of the judgment—filling about two columns of small print—in twenty newspapers of France and Belgium. This heavy fine, the numberless worries attendant upon the action for libel, and the loss of professional status which accrued to the lawyer from the whole thing, proved the death of the newspaper. As our friend remarked: 'I think the notary would have found it cheaper to raise my salary.'

It may happen, however, that to make inopportune demands for an increase of salary will ruin not him who refuses, but him who asks. A case starts to our recollection of a man who had an excellent appointment in the City. He was drawing one thousand pounds a year for work which required some talent, but was pretty easy and pleasant; moreover, he was on the fair way to better things. But he was too impatient. His employers bore with him for a while, and in fact raised his salary four times within three years, for they fully appreciated his services. A day came, however, when they had to tell him plainly that his demands were unreasonable; upon which he stood on his dignity and resigned. He quite expected that he would instantly find in the City another situation as good as that which he had left; but he was not able to get an appointment at so much as half of his former salary. Everywhere his presumption in asking for twelve hundred pounds a year was laughed at; and he soon had to acknowledge to himself that in the former situation which he had so foolishly thrown up he had been most generously overpaid. Deeply mortified, too proud to return to his old employers, who would have been willing to take him back, the misguided man became a City loafer; he tried to set up in business for himself without sufficient capital, and, after a series of luckless speculations, took to drinking, and was no more heard of. This story points a moral, which ambitious young men do not always sufficiently lay to heart—namely, that to resign a good berth before making sure of a better is to run the risk of being left out in the cold. It is by no means a recommendation to a man out of place to have formerly received a high salary and to have served under first-rate employers. All the persons to whom he applies will naturally conclude that he must have left his good appointment for unavowable reasons; and even the best certificates of character from his old masters will not serve to dispel this notion. We knew an unwise young man, who, leaving a good place out of pure caprice, was earnestly advised by his employer to think twice of what he was doing. 'You will find it a positive disadvantage to have served in our House,' said his employer; 'for we are known to be just masters, and nobody will believe that you left us of your own accord.' The young man would not heed the warning; and the upshot was that he had to emigrate, having failed in all his endeavours to get another situation.

The ruin which is produced by business competition does not come within the scope of this paper. Everybody must sympathise with the snug old-fashioned inn which is suddenly brought to nought by the big Railway Hotel, and with the petty tradesmen who are impoverished by the establishment in their midst of some colossal 'universal provider;' but these are unavoidable incidents in the battle of life. An interesting class of sufferers remains to be specified in persons who own house-property, and find the value of their houses suddenly depreciated by causes beyond their control. Let a sensational murder be committed in a respectable street, and the rents of the houses in that street will probably fall twenty-five per cent.; while the house in which the deed was done will in all likelihood remain untenanted for years. A murder, the perpetrator of which escaped detection, naturally marks a house with almost indelible disrepute; people do not like to inhabit such a place; and the landlord is often reduced to giving up the house at a mere nominal rent to be the abode of some charity. An epidemic, again, will play havoc with the value of houses, by getting a whole locality noted as unhealthy; and this it may be said is the fault of the landlords; but it is not always so. We were acquainted with a gentleman who became possessed by inheritance of a row of houses, as to the antecedents of which he knew nothing. Soon after he had got this property, typhoid fever broke out in one of the houses and spread down the row. The drains were examined, and found in good order; but under one of the houses was discovered a vast cesspool, caused by the drains of two large houses which had formerly stood near the site. The emptying of this pool, the building of new foundations to several of the houses, the laying down of new water-pipes, &c., proved a very costly piece of work, and brought little profit when it was finished; for the row of houses had got a bad name, and years elapsed before the landlord could find good tenants for them even at much reduced rents. This was really a hard case; and the harder because the landlord, being a high-principled man, felt bound to pay substantial indemnities to those who had suffered through the bad condition of his property.

BACK FROM 'ELDORADO.'

It was a scorching afternoon in October, when, with much clatter and racket, cracking of long whips, and a volley of eccentric profanity from the Dutch conductor and his sable satellites, the mule-train of that eminent Cape patriot Adrian de Vos scrambled headlong, as it were, out of the market-place of Kimberley in 'the land of diamonds,' jolted and swung through the 'city of iron dust-bins,' finally disappearing in a cloud of dust adown the Dutoitspan Road.

I may state that I was awaiting the arrival of the 'veldt express' at the little oasis in the desert, dear to all acquainted with the 'Eldorado' of the Cape Colony, by the name of Alexandersfontein. Distant only a few miles from the hot fever-stricken 'camp,' it is blessed with a spacious hotel and—luxury of luxuries—a veritable open-air swimming-bath, together with a meandering brook, which gladdens the eye of the parched, home-sick, and, most likely, disappointed searcher after diamondiferous wealth. I had spent the most part of the day with an Irish surgeon stationed there, who had been

doing his best to persuade me to travel to Cape Town in the orthodox manner, by stage-coach, and not by the 'heavy goods,' as it is termed; but during the last year or so I had roughed it too much to care for a little additional hardship, and I wanted to complete the tale of my experiences in South Africa by personal contact with those unfortunates who from time to time abandoning their last dream of success, cast down and forsaken, broken in health, wealth, and estate, set forth gloomily on the journey back from Eldorado.

We were not altogether without amusement at Alexandersfontein, for, in addition to the attractions of the swimming-bath, there was the mild excitement of vaccinating 'niggers,' brought in at intervals by an Africander scout, the smallpox scare being at the time at its height, and *my* friend a government officer. Nevertheless, I confess I was glad when a pillar of dust, rising up from the arid road far away to the deep-blue sky overhead, announced that the mule-train was fairly *en route* for us. I am glad now that it was dark when they arrived, because, if I had seen the accommodation provided by that philanthropic conveyer of broken hearts and shattered fortunes to the coast, I think it very likely that I might have declined to obey the order shouted at me through the still, sub-tropical night, to 'get aboard.' As it was, clutching my rifle with one hand, and grasping a leathern portmanteau, destined for a pillow, in the other, I struggled upward over the disselboom, thrust my head underneath a flapping canvas covering stretched over the whole length and breadth of the wagon, and receiving a friendly but rather violent impetus from my friend the surgeon, shot forward into the midst of a conglomeration of human forms, tin cases, deal boxes, ropes, and sacking. I was welcomed with anathemas, apparently proceeding from the internal economy of a 'mealy' bag in the corner. I could hear my Irish friend shouting a last adieu, which mingled strangely with the vociferations of the half-caste driver to his mules; and then, as the whole machine lurched heavily but rapidly forward, I collapsed against the corner of a huge tin case, slid thence into a hollow caused by the merchandise, and thus cramped up in a hole about two feet in width, prepared to pass the night. A dismal lantern, swinging and jolting overhead, threw a sickly gleam around; the keen wind of the karroo whistled past as we pushed onward in the darkness, and forward into the wilderness, leaving behind us the land of untold riches, the wonderful camp with its mines assessed at millions, its busy streets, its citizens with but one aim, the greed of gold—and its quiet burial-place, where hundreds of brave young Englishmen lie, wrapped in that deep sleep to which no dreams of avarice may come.

Our route lay over wide-stretching plains of fine sand, studded with stunted thorn; flanked on either side by lone mountain ranges, whose lofty heads assume fantastic shape of cone, table-land, or pyramid; here and there a miserable watercourse threading its way to the babbling Modder or stately Orange River. A solitary, silent land, where the glad song of birds is unheard, but the ever-watchful vulture circles overhead; where the sweet scent of flowers is unknown, but the gaunt mimosa stretches out its bare branches, and seems to plead with the brazen skies for a cloud of moisture. Far distant from each other are the white, flat-roofed Boer farmhouses; while midway to the railway centre of Beaufort West lies the quaint Dutch village of Hopetown with its 'nightmare' church; and farther on, Victoria, nestling at the foot of a great brown hill.

Monotonous? Well, truly I tired of the all-pervading sand, of the glare of the fierce sun, of the jolting and bumping of the springless wagon; but there was the abiding excitement of the commissariat question, the occasional sight of a flock of wild ostriches, the rough incidents of the nightly outspan, and, as the cumbrous machine rolled onward over the starlit plain, the exchange of confidences, or the singing of songs to the accompaniment of a wheezy accordion, which one of the party—a miserable little Israelite from Houndsditch—had provided.

I think the most remarkable amongst the 'voyagers' was a tall gaunt man, whose snow-white beard and sunken cheeks bore evidence to the fact that time had not dealt gently with him. He reminded me irresistibly of King Lear; and when camping for the night, he crouched over his solitary pannikin with his hands stretched out, to prevent any disaster to the blazing structure of sticks and 'peat,' his white locks blowing in the wind, and his keen, hard, glittering eye eagerly watching for the right moment at which to insert his pinch of hoarded tea, he presented a mournful embodiment of hopeless failure. He was a lonely, morose man; defeat and disaster had occurred to him so often, that he sought for no sympathy, and expressed no hopes for the future. When the lighter spirits in this storm-beaten company were essaying to laugh at dull care, and even making jests at the bitterness of the divers fates which had overtaken them, he would sit apart with folded arms, now and again muttering to himself, and once surprising me with an apt quotation from a Latin author in the original. I am afraid we were all inclined to laugh at him for his queer ways and solitary habits; but I never did so after one night, when I found him, some distance from our camp, kneeling on the bare sands, his arms tossed aloft to the stars, that shone like lamps in the dark-blue dome of the midnight sky, and his lips babbling incoherently of the wife and children, home and kindred, he had left long, long ago, never to see again in this world, in his thirst for the gold which had lured him from continent to continent.

We had another victim of the gold-mania with us in the person of a bald-headed Irish bookbinder. Of all the gentle enthusiasts I have ever met, he was the most extraordinary. He had just returned from a particularly disastrous prospecting trip to the newly discovered gold-field euphoniously termed 'the Demon's Kantoor;' and previous to that, he had made equally unsatisfactory migrations into Swazieland, the Delagoa Bay, and other regions, returning from each of them ragged, penniless, but happy, to recruit his finances with a spell of work at his

trade in the towns, whilst devising some fresh scheme of martyrdom for the cause of the glittering metal that had bewitched him. He was a devout Protestant, and would gravely rebuke any who gave way to the very common colonial vice of hard swearing; and during our halts by the wayside, generally stole away to any available shade, and taking forth from the bosom of his ragged red shirt a book of devotion, would read therein, heedless of the shouts and laughter of the drivers and the screams of the mules; though, to be sure, I have reason to believe that the precious volume contained a good deal about 'the gold of Ophir' and 'the land of Midian.' He admitted, with a genial smile, that he had dug a grave for the fruits of six months' self-denying labour amid the hillocks and boulders of the Demon's Kantoor; but he hoped by about a year's industry in Cape Town to realise sufficient to enable him to penetrate into the Kalahari Desert, where, if he escaped the poisoned arrow of the Bushman, or the slow death from starvation or thirst, he was perfectly certain of finding nuggets of wondrous size, and 'rotten reef' worth fabulous amounts. Indeed, so happy was he at the prospect of his good fortune, that in the fullness of his heart, he sought to raise the spirits of a dark, melancholy young man, by offering to share it with him. But the latter only shook his head and buried his face in his hands, being engaged just then in a retrospect of his fallen fortunes, from which nothing but an occasional fit of assumed reckless levity could rouse him. Poor fellow! He was leaving every farthing he had in the world—the remnant of a noble patrimony—in a worthless diamond mine in the vicinity of Kimberley; and he was haunted with the memory of a golden-haired wife and two blue-eyed children on whom the 'camp-fever' had laid its deadly hand.

As for the light-hearted actor, who, by some strange mischance, had found himself left on 'the Fields' with the theatre closed and the company gone, and had just raised enough by the sale of his wardrobe to 'catch a storm,' as he expressed it, to waft him to Cape Town—he could not understand what despair or earnestness meant. His delight was to astonish the Kaffirs and half-breeds, as they crouched around the fires at night, with extravagant selections from the transpontine drama. He would make their eyes roll and their teeth chatter by holding converse, in sepulchral tones, with the incorporeal air, and then set them all grinning with glee at some fanciful imitation of domestic animals. He was never tired of telling stories of his wanderings, and joined heartily in the laughter at some ludicrous blunder which had for the nonce involved him in ruin. I am afraid he was not very particular as to his method of getting out of scrapes, for he related with great glee how, being deserted by a manager in Japan, he and a brother *artist* got up an acrobatic performance for the benefit of the natives. As neither of them knew anything about the business, the grumbling was excessive; and the climax was reached when, having attained to some 'spread-eagle' position on the framework they had erected on the stage, and being quite unable to get down gracefully, he let go, and fell with a crash. 'We then,' he said, 'announced an interval of ten minutes, secured the receipts from the innocent heathen at the "Pay-here" box, and—fled the city!' He had gone to the Diamond Fields, because he had been told he could make 'kegs of dollars' there; and he trusted in chance or good fortune to convey him to Australia.

Despite the coarse food and its coarser preparation, the nights spent upon the ground beneath the wagons, the awful shaking over the mountain tracks, the dust, the thirst, the intolerable heat, there are many pleasant recollections of that memorable excursion. But when I see the young, the hearty, the strong, setting off, in the pride of their manhood, in search of that prize which flattering Hope assures them waits in distant lands for enterprise and courage to secure, I wonder how many will escape the dangers of 'flood and field,' to undertake, broken in spirit, bankrupt in health and wealth, the journey back from Eldorado.

STEEL.

STEEL, we are frequently and emphatically reminded, is the material of the future. Passing from assertions respecting the time to come, let us concern ourselves with the present and the past of the material, and inquire why and wherefore steel should be held up so prominently as destined to make its mark in the future. Every age has stamped for its own not only a certain style of architecture or a peculiar class of construction, but it has also impressed into its service different materials, by means of which it has carried out those designs to which it has given birth. As formerly wood gave place to iron, so now, slowly yet surely, is the use of iron waning before the enhanced advantages accruing from steel in large constructive works. As ductile as iron, and possessed in a superior degree of tenacity, more uniform and compact, it is not a matter of surprise that steel should have largely usurped the position formerly occupied by iron in the engineering and constructive world, or that engineers and architects should gladly avail themselves of such a material in their designs, more especially when they desire to combine the maximum of strength and security with the minimum of weight and mass. So slight is the difference in appearance between rolled iron and rolled steel, that the casual observer will be unable to distinguish between the two substances. A certain amount of experience and skill is requisite before the eye becomes sufficiently educated to appreciate the appearance presented by each material. Nor should we omit to notice a method both simple and expeditious by which all doubts may be set at rest. A drop of diluted nitric acid placed on a piece of steel will at once separate the carbon in the steel, producing a black stain on its surface. On iron, no such effect will result.

The extensive works for manufacturing steel in England, Wales, Scotland, and on the continent, amply testify to the growth and vigour of the industry; and if further proof is wanted, it is supplied by the fact of the conversion of their plant by existing ironworks, to enable them to turn out steel. Such steps—though frequently

producing financial distress, happy if only temporary—show the direction in which the commerce of the present day is moving.

That steel should so speedily overcome the initial difficulties incident to the introduction of every new material, adduces important evidence in its favour. In shipbuilding, for example, the inconvenience and delay occasioned by employing steel side by side with iron presented a formidable barrier to its use, the alternate demand for iron and steel built vessels causing no small confusion in the yards. The gradual and, before long, probable abandonment of iron in this class of constructions, is rapidly enabling shipbuilders to lay themselves out for steel, and steel only. We should not omit to notice the employment of steel plates, one-sixteenth of an inch in thickness, for the 'skin' of torpedo launches, a use to which the lightness and tenacity of such plates eminently adapt them.

The effective and systematic manner in which it is now customary in large works to test all steel previous to its despatch, has aided in no small degree to remove the feeling of doubt and uncertainty which was attached to the material on its introduction. There hung around steel an insecurity and a novelty, which, until dissipated, caused a feeling of distrust that might have proved fatal to its extended use, had not precautions been taken by its manufacturers to demonstrate the consistency and reliability of the article they sought to bring into the market. For the purpose of making these tests, a special machine is provided, usually driven by steam. A strip from the plate to be tested is placed in 'jaws' at each end; the machine is then set in motion, the strain on the test-piece being gradually increased until its ultimate tensile strength is reached, and it breaks—a travelling pointer indicating the pressure exerted by the machine on the steel test-piece at the moment of fracture. Thus the ultimate tensile strength per square inch and also the elasticity of the plate under manipulation are ascertained.

In order to check these and similar tests, one or more inspectors are stationed at the manufacturers' works by the government, the company, or the engineer in whose designs the steel is to be employed. The Admiralty employ a number of men to watch the tests of all the steel destined for the royal dockyards; a similar class of inspectors perform a like task, under Lloyd's rules, for the private yards and the vessels of our merchant service; whilst every engineer under whose directions steel is being made places his assistants—their number varying with the importance and extent of the work—to see that these tests are faithfully carried out, that they duly fulfil the conditions he has laid down, and to report to him the quality, quantity, and progress of the material under their charge.

Accurate records are made of every test to which the steel has been subjected, and the results of the behaviour of the material are carefully noted. Hence, should any event occur to call special attention to any particular bar, its history can be traced from the very first to the moment it took up its position in the finished structure for which it was destined.

So rigid and well checked a system of testing cannot fail to command the favour of all engaged in the design of vessels, roofs, or bridges, and to inspire the general public with confidence in and reliance on this comparatively young member of the material world, daily increasingly impressed into its service, and tending to promote the general well-being and comfort of the civilised world.

THE STRAY BLOSSOM.

Under a ruined abbey wall,
Whose fallen stones, with moss o'ergrown,
About the smooth fresh turf were strown,
And piled around the roots—and tall,
Green-ivied trunks, and branching arms
Of beeches, sheltering from the storms,
Within its empty, roofless hall—
There, in a broken sill, I spied
A little blossom, purple-eyed.

I took it thence, and carried far
The plant into a greenhouse, where
I tended it, with blossoms rare,
Until it brightened, like a star
Delivered from a passing cloud,
That hides it 'neath a silver shroud,
Yet fails its loveliness to mar;
Until it ceased to be a wild
And common thing—and then I smiled.

It grew, and thrived; new buds put forth,
And more, and more, and still became
More fruitful, till, no more the same
Meek, lowly child of the far north,
It reared its lordly stem on high,
Climbing towards the distant sky,
As though it deemed its greater worth
Deserved a higher place, and kept
Still reaching onwards—then I wept.

I wept, because I thought the weed
Showed strange ingratitude to me,
And had forgot how lovingly
I nourished it when in its need.
And then the flower bent down its head,
Touched me caressingly, and said:
'Think not that I forget thy deed,
The tender care and constant thought
That in my life this change have wrought.

'Now to the far-off skies I climb,
Because I fain would show thee, there
Is something higher than the care
Of a mere plant, to fill the time
God giveth thee. How, then, my love
For thee more truly can I prove
Than by thus pointing to a clime
Where Hope's fulfilment thou shalt find,
And earthly love to heaven's, bind?'

. . . . . .

So, from a tiny seedling, grows
Sweet Friendship's root from year to year,
Nourished alike by smile and tear,
By sun and storm, and winter snows
Of jealousy and blind mistrust;
Through which the deathless plant shall thrust
Its growing flower, until it blows
At last, within that land on high
Where virtues bloom eternally. F. E. S.

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JOINT-STOCK COMPANIES AND 'LIMITED LIABILITY.'

Readers of newspapers must have frequently observed in the advertising columns of most of the daily journals lengthy prospectuses setting forth in roseate terms the why and the wherefore of various public Companies. These prospectuses are published with the view of inducing investors, or those having capital at command, to embark money in the projected undertakings, the majority of which are new ventures, formed, perhaps, to work a tin or silver mine; to manufacture some patented article; to advance money on land and house property; to conduct banking or insurance business; to construct tramways; to rear and sell cattle on some prairie of the Far West; or some other of the hundred-and-one openings that present themselves for commercial dealings. Indeed, there is no end to the variety of objects that may be selected as fitting media for joint-stock enterprise. The titles of the Companies bear the word 'Limited' tacked on to them. It is the purpose of this article to explain the meaning of the term, and at the same time give a slight general exposition of the law affecting such joint-stock Companies.

A Company of the nature indicated above is simply an association or partnership entered into by a number of individuals—not fewer than seven—who take shares, not necessarily in equal proportions, in the joint-stock of the concern, the main object being the proportionate division of possible profits. When the joint agreement complies with the obligations laid down by statute, and is registered according to law, the subscribers become a corporation, and their Company has a common seal and 'perpetual succession,' to use a legal expression. It is only recently, comparatively speaking, that joint-stock Companies have existed in large numbers. Formerly, the formation of a Company was a difficult and costly operation, as a Royal Charter had to be specially obtained, or an Act of Parliament passed for the purpose. In the year 1844, however, an Act came into force which enabled joint-stock Companies to become incorporated by registering in a particular way, after certain preliminaries had been gone through. Still the manner of proceeding was inconvenient, and something simpler was urgently required. Business men and investors wanted greater facilities for launching joint-stock enterprises, and for the risking of a certain sum of money, and no more, in such concerns, thereby setting a limit to their liability. According to the old law of partnership, each and every member of a corporation or Company was liable to the utmost extent of his means for the liabilities that might have been contracted on behalf of the undertaking. A recent and peculiarly disastrous instance of this occurred in the ruinous downfall of the City of Glasgow Bank, which with its collapse brought beggary to families innumerable, the various shareholders being liable to their last farthing for the enormous load of debt due by the bank at the time of the crash.

What is now known as 'limited liability' was first introduced in 1855, parliament having slowly moved in the matter, and passed an Act formulating the principle. It was, however, in the year following that 'limited liability' was placed on a firm footing, the previous Act being repealed, and a new one passed, which likewise embodied procedure for what is called the 'winding-up' or dissolution of Companies. Various laws affecting the constitution and proceedings of joint-stock corporations had been passed previously and in addition to those mentioned above; but there being much confusion, through the many separate statutes, a successful attempt was made in 1862 to consolidate the various laws, and 'The Companies' Act' was then passed. This statute is now the recognised code applicable to the joint-stock Companies of the United Kingdom; and new Companies, with few exceptions, are incorporated under its provisions. This general Act also enabled Companies then existent to

register themselves under the new order of things. It may not be generally known that this statute prohibits the formation of partnerships exceeding a given number of partners, unless such associations are incorporated under the provisions of the Act, or by a special Act of Parliament, or by letters-patent—modes so unusual that they may be almost laid out of consideration. It would thus appear that partnerships of individuals in excess of the number set down by law and not incorporated, are illegal. As already stated, a Company must have not fewer than seven shareholders; and not more than twenty people can enter into a business with the object of gaining money, unless legally incorporated, though exceptions are made if the business be mining within the jurisdiction of the Court of Stannaries. The term 'stannaries' refers to the tin mines and works of Devon and Cornwall. If the business be that of banking, the number of persons is restricted to ten. One essential feature of joint-stock investment is that the shares therein may be transferred by any member holding them without the consent of the other shareholders, unless, of course, the rules of the particular Company provide otherwise. Now, in ordinary partnerships, a partner must obtain the consent of his fellow-partners before disposing of his interest in the concern.

All joint-stock Companies, even at the present time, are not incorporated under the Act of 1862. When the object of a proposed undertaking is a great public work, such as the construction of a line of railway, canal or water works, and when compulsory powers are required to purchase land, it is usual to obtain a special Act of Parliament in order to establish the Company and regulate its proceedings. As of old, such an endeavour is difficult and, as a rule, costly to carry through successfully. Difficult from the fact that most schemes of supposed public utility are sure to have a host of opponents, who fight the matter inch by inch. Costly, too, because, if a private bill is opposed in its passage through the Committees of the Houses of Parliament, counsel—who require enormous fees—have to be engaged to defend the interests of the promoters; witnesses to give evidence as to the necessity for the line of railway, water-works, or whatever it may happen to be, have to be sent to London and kept there at much expense; and the solicitors who distribute the expenses retain always a considerable share for themselves. It must not be forgotten, too, that newspapers share to a certain extent in the spoil, as the long parliamentary notices of private bills which appear generally during the month of November in each year have to be paid for at a goodly rate.

After the Act of 1862 became law, a great number of Companies were originated, and each year sees them increasing, though the financial panic of 1866 was a great check to the promoters of such concerns, and a caution to enthusiastic believers in them. As may be supposed, Great Britain is foremost in this mode of investment; though several continental countries, notably France and the Netherlands, possess many commercial associations based on the plan of limited liability. In the United States, also, the method of limited responsibility has been long adopted. The evil experiences of the 'black year' of 1866 resulted in the passing of a short Act of Parliament in 1867, amending in some degree that of 1862, and affording a certain amount of protection to intending shareholders. These have been supplemented by other Acts, the latest of which passed in 1880. It is far from creditable to our commercial morality that many Companies started of late years have proved to be worthless bubbles, profitable only to their promoters and wire-pullers, and ruinous to the luckless investors. The legislature protects the pockets of the public to some extent; but it remains for intending shareholders in joint-stock Companies to aid themselves, by first inquiring thoroughly into the merits of the undertaking into which they propose embarking capital, and believing nothing that is not put before them in clear, definite, unambiguous language.

Limited liability may be attained in two ways. The shareholders of a Company can limit their liability either to the amount not paid up on their shares—if there be any so unpaid—or to such sum as each may agree to contribute to the assets of the Company, if it should require to be wound up. In other words, the liability may be limited by shares or limited by guarantee. Most Companies are limited by shares. By this it is meant that a shareholder is liable to be called upon to pay, if required, a sum of money regulated by the shares he holds. Once the amount is paid, his liability is at an end, and he need not pay a farthing more, however great the liabilities of the concern may be. To put the matter on a plainer footing. If A B, a supposititious shareholder, take a hundred shares in a limited Company, which has, say, a capital of fifty thousand pounds in ten thousand shares of five pounds each, he of course risks five hundred pounds in the concern, and no more. The whole amount may not be paid up at once; but he is required to make good the sum, should it be wanted. The usual plan in applying for shares in a new Company with a share capital as indicated above is to pay a portion—say ten shillings per share—on application, other ten shillings on allotment, and the remainder of the five pounds by calls of perhaps one pound each at intervals of probably three months. However, the division of the payments depends greatly on the nature of the undertaking; some Companies can be worked at first with a comparatively small portion of the stated capital. If A B has only paid two pounds per share, and the Company in which he is a part-proprietor should unfortunately require to be wound up, he is liable to be called upon by the liquidator in charge of the winding-up to pay the remaining amount, so as to make his shares fully paid up. When the liability is by guarantee, each member of the Company undertakes, in the event of the

concern being dissolved, to contribute a fixed sum towards the assets and the winding-up expenses. This sum being fixed at the formation of the Company, each member knows the utmost sum he will have to contribute, should it prove a failure and liquidation be resorted to. Some financiers think the latter plan of limited liability the better of the two. In Companies constituted in the ordinary manner, it is common to find that all the capital has been called-up, so that if the evil day does arrive, and creditors, growing clamorous, institute proceedings for winding-up, they may find the original capital dissipated and nothing left to satisfy their demands, save, possibly, a worked-out mine and a quantity of old-fashioned or worthless machinery. Now, under the guarantee system there is always a fund, more or less great, available for the payment of liabilities; and this fund cannot be handled by directors or officials, but must remain intact, to be used for its destined purpose. From the creditors' point of view, this is highly satisfactory; but the guarantee system is not likely to recommend itself to shareholders where capital is required to carry on the business.

When a Company is to be started, the first step is the drawing-up of a Memorandum of Association. This document details the name of the Company, its registered office, the objects of the undertaking, whatever they may be, the manner of liability, the amount of capital, and how it is to be divided into shares. Then the persons—not fewer than seven—who are desirous of forming themselves into a Company subscribe their names, stating the number of shares they agree to take. All the law requires them to take is one share each, so that a Company with a very large nominal capital of one-pound shares might begin and perhaps carry on operations with a real capital of seven pounds only, represented by the seven shares issued to the original septet forming the Company. The fixing of a title is comparatively easy, though, of course, it must not clash with that of any existing corporation. Once named, it is seldom that a Company changes its cognomen; still, if desirous of doing so, there are provisions in the Act for enabling this to be done. The registered office of the Company demands some explanation. A registered office of a joint-stock Company may be termed its house or domicile, where legal documents may be served, where the books required by Act of Parliament are kept, and where the association is to be found 'in the body,' so to speak. The place of business or works of the Company may be elsewhere—Timbuctoo, Colorado, or anywhere else, if the Company's sphere of operations be foreign; but the registered office must be in Great Britain, that is, if the corporation is one of British origin. It may be noted that once the office is fixed in any one part of the United Kingdom—England, for example—it cannot be shifted to Scotland or Ireland, though it may be removed to any other place in England. The same rule applies to Scotland and Ireland. Thus, if the office of a Scotch Company be registered as being at Dundee, it could not legally be changed to Carlisle; though it could be removed, should occasion require, to Wick or Edinburgh, or to any other city or town in Scotland.

When the Memorandum of Association is properly settled, it is necessary to consider whether the Company should be registered with Articles of Association or without them. These Articles are the rules and regulations for the management of the Company, the issuing of shares, the holding of meetings, the auditing of books and accounts, and such-like necessary business. Unlimited Companies, and also those limited by guarantee, cannot be registered without special Articles of Association; but for the ordinary class of Companies—that is, those limited by shares—the Act gives a form of Articles which may be adopted by promoters in whole or in part or not at all, and with or without special articles in addition. If these are not adopted, it is necessary to have special Articles for the guidance of the business. After the Memorandum and Articles have been duly signed and witnessed, they are next stamped and taken to the Registrar of Joint-stock Companies. If the registered office is in England and Wales, the Registrar at Somerset House, *London*, is the proper official to apply to; if in Scotland or Ireland, then the respective Registrars at Edinburgh and Dublin take the matter in hand. Should everything be in due legal form, a certificate of registration is issued, and the Company becomes a corporation.

A Company may begin business as soon as it is registered; but this is not usual, as it is seldom that a sufficient number of shares have been subscribed to afford the requisite capital. To procure this, either before or after registration, the promoters issue a prospectus, stating the objects and prospects of the undertaking, and inviting investors to become shareholders in the Company. It may be taken for granted that the objects and intentions of the Company are set forth in very captivating style, and that the best face is put on the matter, so that those having capital at command and on the outlook for media for investment may be induced to subscribe. The great vehicle for giving publicity to these prospectuses is the daily and weekly press, though thousands of them, printed in quarto or folio, are sent through the post to the private addresses of well-to-do persons throughout the country. If the advertising has had due effect, and a sufficient subscription has been obtained, the directors hold a meeting and proceed to allot shares. Of course, it is not always the case that the shares are subscribed by the public; in fact it is a matter of chance whether they are 'taken up' or not. In the case of a failure of this kind, it is said then that the Company has failed to 'float,' and the heavy preliminary expenses thus fall upon the originators. In allotting shares to subscribers, the directors may accept or reject applications, or allot a smaller number of shares than that applied for; and they are not compelled to allot in proportion to the applicants. Thus A B may get the hundred shares he wanted; while X Y, who likewise desired one hundred shares, only has fifty put down to his name. All these preliminary matters being fairly and squarely gone through, the Company can then proceed to business, though there are various forms to be complied with, the description of which scarcely comes within the scope of the present article.

The beginning of the 'last scene of all, that ends, or may end, this strange eventful history,' is the winding-up proceedings. A joint-stock Company once formed, can only be dissolved by means of 'winding-up.' The general grounds for winding-up may be stated as follows: whenever the Company passes a special resolution to that effect—whenever business is not commenced within a year from the incorporation of the Company, or when business is suspended for one year—whenever the members are reduced below the legal number of seven—whenever the Company is unable to pay its lawful debts—and lastly, whenever the Court deems it just and equitable that the Company should be wound-up. The liquidating or winding-up is generally a tedious process; but it will not be necessary to detail here the varied forms of procedure which come under that head. What has been here set down is simply the A B C of the subject, the varied ramifications of which cover a deal of ground, and occasionally run into many dark thickets, some of them dangerous to creditors, some to directors, but nearly all to shareholders. These last ought always to walk warily, and never, if possible, without full knowledge and the best procurable advice of stockbrokers, bankers, lawyers, and others versed in the mysteries and risks of speculation, whether 'limited' or otherwise.

BY MEAD AND STREAM.

CHAPTER XLVI.—DOWNHILL.

After that dumb leave-taking of Madge at the station, Philip returned to his chambers, passing through the human torrent of Cheapside without any sense of sound, touch, or feeling. The room in which she had so lately stood looked desolate somehow; and yet her visit was like an ill-remembered dream. Only the plaintive voice with the faint 'Good-bye' haunted his ears. The sound was still in them, move where he would.

He tried to shake off the stupor which had fastened upon him as the natural result of narcotics, overstrained nerves, and want of sleep. One clear idea remained to him: so far as Madge was concerned, he had acted as a man ought to act in his circumstances. Dick Crawshay would speedily satisfy her on that score. There was a tinge of bitterness in this reflection; and the bitterness brought a gleam of light, although not sufficient yet to dispel the confused shadows of his brain. It sufficed, however, to make him aware that it was Wrentham's vague whisperings about Beecham, and Madge's strange association with that person, which had urged him to act so harshly. For after all, there was no reason why he should not work his way out of the mess and win sufficient means to make Madge content, however far the position might be below that in which he would like to place her. But the haunting voice echoed its 'Good-bye,' and it seemed as if he had put away the love which might have sustained him in this time of trial. 'What a fool, what a fool!' And he paced the floor restlessly, repeating that melancholy confession.

He wished Wrentham would come back, so that he might discuss the state of affairs again, and obtain explanations of certain items in the accounts he had gone over during the night. There he was at last, and something particular must have happened to make him knock so violently.

He threw open the door, and Mr Shield entered in his hurried blustering way, bringing with him a mixed aroma of brandy and gin. His bushy beard and whiskers were tangled, and his somewhat bloodshot eyes stared fiercely into space.

'Pretty mess—horrible mess,' he muttered in his jerky manner, as he forced his way into the room and flung his huge form on the couch; 'and I can't get you out of it. I'm in a mess too.'

The surprise at the appearance of Shield, his rough manner, and the announcement he made, roused Philip most effectually from his own morbid broodings.

'You in a mess, sir—I do not understand.' In his bewilderment, he omitted the welcome which he would have given at any other time, and did not even express surprise that Shield should have answered his letter in person.

'You'll get it into your head quick enough.—Give me a drink first—brandy, if you have it. Take a cigar. They're first-rate. Drink, smoke, and I'll tell you.'

He threw a huge cigar on the table, and lit one himself in a furious way. But, in spite of his rough reckless manner, he was watching Philip narrowly from under his heavy eyebrows. Philip having mechanically placed a bottle and glass on the table, stood waiting explanations.

'Light up.' (The command was obeyed slowly.) 'Give us soda. . . . Ah, that's better. Take some—you'll want it to keep your courage up.'

'Not at present, thank you. I should be glad if you would tell me at once the meaning of your strange statement that you too are in difficulties. That fact makes my loss of your money so much the worse.'

'It's bad—bad. Easily told. Think of me doing it! Got into a bogus thing—lost every available penny I had. That's why there is no help for you.'

Mr Shield did not look like a person who had fallen from the height of fortune to the depth of poverty. He drank and smoked as one indifferent to the severest buffets of fate.

'Gracious powers—you cannot be serious!' ejaculated Philip.

'Fact, all the same. Not ruin exactly; but not a brass farthing to come to me for a year or more.'

Philip paced the floor in agitation, unable to realise immediately the horrible calamity which had befallen his uncle. But the severity of the shock had the effect of rousing him to new life and vigour. All his misfortunes dwindled to pettiness beside those of his benefactor. He stopped before him, calm, and with an expression of firmness to which the lines made by recent calamities added strength. There

was no more wildness in the eyes; he had suddenly grown old.

'I understand, Mr Shield, that your present position is no better than my own?' he said slowly.

'Not much—maybe worse.'

'It shall not be worse, for whatever I can gain by any labour or skill is yours.'

'So?' grunted Shield as he drank and stared at the man through clouds of smoke.

'Yes, my course is plain,' Philip went on deliberately; 'we must sell the works and material for what they will fetch; they ought to fetch more than enough to clear off the debts.'

'Well?'

'I believed—and still believe—that if you had been able to make the necessary advances, we could have carried the scheme to a successful issue, notwithstanding my blunders. My first mistake was in beginning on too big a scale. That cannot be helped. Now we have to look the ruin straight in the face, and whatever work can do to make you feel your losses less, it shall be done.'

'Don't see how it's to be done,' muttered Shield, as if finding a difficulty somewhere.

'We'll try our best at anyrate; and you will believe, Mr Shield, that I should never have touched the money, if there had ever occurred to me a suspicion that you might some day feel the loss of it. You will remember that I always understood your wealth to be almost unlimited.'

'*My* wealth never was, and isn't likely to be. Been a mighty fall in diamonds lately.'

'Well, I understood so.' (The emphasis on the 'my' was not observed by Philip.) 'However, I hope you agree to accept the only return I can make for all your kindness to me.'

'Don't see how it's to be done,' growled Shield, again finding a difficulty somewhere.

'We must find that out, sir,' said Philip with quiet resolution.

'Got to find your way out of this mess first. The works won't bring half enough to clear off your debts. You've been cheated all round—paying the highest price for rubbish'——

'Impossible!' interrupted Philip. 'Wrentham may have made mistakes; but he is too much a man of business to have done that.'

'Fact it was done, all the same. Then there's no time to turn round. That bill you drew on me falls due in a week or so.'

Philip had been about to say, 'Wrentham must account to us, if the materials have not been according to sample and order;' but Wrentham was driven from his mind by the last sentence, which Shield jerked out before any interruption was possible.

'Bill!—What bill?'

'The one for six thousand—your brother Coutts discounted it, and' . . . Here Shield made a long pause, looking steadily at Philip . . . 'but it was not signed by Austin Shield.'

The huge fist came down on the table with a thump that made the glasses rattle and the lamp shake. Philip stared for an instant, thunder-stricken by this new revelation. He recovered quickly, and gave a prompt answer.

'If there is such a bill—I did not sign it either.'

Then they glared at each other through the smoke. Shield's face with its shaggy hair always looked like that of a Scotch terrier, in which only the eyes give a hint of expression. Suddenly his hand was thrust out and grasped Philip's with hearty satisfaction.

'Right! Was sure of it without a word from you; but your brother is not sure that your signature is not genuine.'

'Did he say so?' (How the pale cheeks flushed with indignation at the thought that Coutts should admit the one signature to be a forgery, and doubt whether his was or not.)

'Didn't say it—looked it,' answered Shield with jerky emphasis.

'When did you see him?'

'Yesterday.'

'Why did he not come to me then, as soon as he had seen you?'

'Don't know'—but there was a low guttural sound, as if Shield were inwardly chuckling with self-congratulation that he understood very well why Coutts had chosen to go to him and not to his brother.

Philip was annoyed and puzzled by this curious transaction. He had always regarded his brother as such a keen trader, that it was difficult to understand how a mistake of this magnitude could be made by him.

'Did he say how he came to deal with a bill for so large an amount without mentioning it to me?'

'Says he took it in the ordinary way of business from your manager Wrentham. Had no reason to doubt its genuineness till afterwards when he came to compare signatures. Then he called on me.'

'Wrentham!' Philip started to his feet. 'Can the man have been cheating me all along?'

'Looks like it.'

'He ought to be here now. I'll send for him'——

'Stop! There's more in the affair and more to be got out of it than we see at this minute. We have more than a week to work in. Let's work.'

'Willingly; but in this matter we have nothing more to do than repudiate the forgery, and leave Coutts and the police to settle with the forger.'

He felt bitter enough towards Coutts to have little regret for the loss which was about to fall on him. He would have felt still more bitter if he had known how eagerly Coutts had made use of this forged bill to endeavour to ingratiate himself into the place which Philip held in their uncle's estimation.

Wrentham had assured Coutts, and given him what appeared to be conclusive evidence, that Shield had realised fabulous sums out of the diamond fields, and had it in his power to realise as much more if he chose to work the ground. The greedy eyes of Coutts Hadleigh had gleamed with wild fancies suggested by these disclosures of the man who had been for a time one of Shield's London agents; and who must therefore be able to speak with certainty of his affairs; and the greedy brain had been for months busy devising schemes by which he might win the rich man's esteem and confidence, with the prospect of a share, at least, of his possessions. This

forged bill afforded him the opportunity he desired, and he made the most of it without committing himself to any definite charge against his brother.

The cleverest men are apt to judge others in some degree by reflection of their own natures, and so go wide of the mark. Coutts tried to reach the good-will of Mr Shield through his pocket; and he went wide of his mark. He was, however, at present happy in the idea that he had scored a bull's-eye.

'That all you see to do?' queried Shield after a pause, during which he watched Philip.

'So far as the forgery is concerned, that is all.'

'Ah. . . . I see more. Maybe we can get back a little of the waste. No saying. Worth trying. Anyhow, we can have a grin at the beggars who thought us bigger fools than we looked. That's what we've got to work for.'

'I don't quite see what advantage we are to obtain in that way.'

'Clear enough, though. We recover a part of what is lost—maybe the greater part. Don't give Wrentham or your brother a hint till you see me again. Go on with your arrangements as if you had heard nothing.'

'Very well, since it is your wish. Meanwhile, I shall get another bed fitted up here, so that you can occupy it as soon as you are obliged to leave the hotel. We'll manage to keep on the chambers somehow.'

'All right,' said Shield, nodding his head heavily. 'But you don't know what you are bringing on yourself. I'm fond of *that*.'

He pointed with his cigar to the brandy bottle. Philip gave his shoulders an impatient jerk; he had no need for this confession.

'I hope not too fond, sir; although it is easy to understand how a man leading such a solitary life as yours has been may contract the habit of looking for comfort from that false friend. But if it be so, then it is better you should be with me than with strangers.'

'Kind—very kind. I thank you. And now that I've given you all this bad news, here's a bit of good news. Found an old friend of mine—takes interest in everything. Says he'll make an offer for the works if on investigation he finds anything practicable in your scheme. More; if he finds that your failure is not due to negligence, he'll make you an offer for your services as manager of some sort.'

This was indeed good news, and Philip's eyes brightened with pleasure; but his first thought was for others.

'Then we shall not starve, uncle,' thank heaven; and if your friend has capital enough, I may see my project carried out under my own direction yet.'

'Maybe. Don't be too jolly over it. Beecham's a crotchety cur, and may change the whole thing.'

'Beecham!—Is he the friend you mean?'

'Yes. Says he knows you, and rather likes you.'

'He is very kind,' said Philip coldly; 'but there is a possibility of our not agreeing if brought into frequent contact.'

'No fear of that, no fear of that.—I'm off. Good-night.'

But before going off, he helped himself from the brandy bottle again; then, without the slightest indication of unsteadiness, strode out of the room and got into the hansom which was waiting for him.

PENCIL-MAKING.

At the head of the beautiful valley of Borrowdale lies the little hamlet of Seathwaite. Near a clump of historic yews, six or eight whitewashed cottages nestle, a favourite haunt of artists, and the one solitary place in England where plumbago is to be found in absolute purity. Here the mountains converge on either side, until Glaramara at last fills the gap and closes in the vale. Travellers who wish to proceed farther, must go, either on horseback or on foot, over Sty Head Pass, and so into Wastdale, or past Scafell, into Langdale. Secluded little spot in Cumberland as this is, its hidden treasure was well known to our ancestors at least two hundred years ago; nor did any sentimental ideas of spoiling the lovely scenery deter them from mining into the mountain-side in search of that peculiar form of carbon commonly known as blacklead, plumbago, or graphite. The first and by far the most generally used of these names is a decided misnomer, for although there are many lead-mines in Cumberland, plumbago contains no trace of lead, but is one of the two crystallised forms in which carbon exists; the other being the diamond. Plumbago as found here lies in nests or pockets—or *sops*, as they are locally named. These sops are cavernous holes, varying in size from a few cubic inches to several cubic feet, and occur in the solid rock, resembling on a large scale what are known as air-holes in iron castings. The miners follow certain veins of granite as a guide to the sops, and come upon them suddenly in the heart of the mountain. It is in these that the plumbago—or *wad*, as the workmen call it—is found, in the form of black lumps, just like eggs in a nest. Some pieces are as small as peas, and others as large as big melons. How that plumbago came there, is a great puzzle to geologists. Odd pieces have been occasionally turned up by husbandmen whilst delving the ground; but it is probable that these were originally imbedded in the rocks, masses of which, having become detached by frost and rain, fell into the valley, and in their descent were broken up, and so laid bare the plumbago that was inside.

Owing to its power of standing great heat, our forefathers used plumbago for crucibles, a large portion being sent to the Mint for operations connected with coining. Pencils were also made of it; and people who have been accustomed to hear of Cumberland lead-pencils, may imagine that they are yet; but it is a mistake. A drawing-pencil made of this virgin graphite cannot be manufactured to cost less than a shilling; and who, except for some exceptional work, would give such a price? The scientific

chemist has stepped in and supplied a cheaper article. Conté, a Frenchman, about the end of last century, was the first to suggest a substitute, or rather a partial one; and since then, his idea has been step by step worked out and perfected, until to-day we are able to produce a commercial pencil at the wholesale price of less than one farthing. Even crucibles are now rarely made from it; so that, what with one thing and another, the Borrowdale mine has been closed for the last five years. Many of the visitors suppose that the stoppage of the works is caused by the mine having been exhausted. This, however, is a mistake, as there is every reason to believe that there are yet very large quantities of plumbago in the rock; but the cost of production, and the discovery of cheaper substitutes, render further mining impracticable as a commercial undertaking.

To give an idea of the difference in value of plumbago—the last lot from this mine sold in London brought thirty shillings per pound; and it has been known to sell for one hundred and sixty shillings; whilst the price at present for best foreign is about forty shillings per hundredweight, or, say, fourpence per pound. Inferior qualities, such as are used for blackleading grates, &c., can be bought much cheaper. Foreign plumbago is chiefly imported from Ceylon and Bohemia, where it is found in veins in large quantities; but as this kind cannot be used for pencils in its crude state, it has to be 'manufactured.' This is done largely at Keswick; so that, after all, when a purchaser buys a 'best Cumberland pencil,' he is not altogether deceived; for although the blacklead does come from Ceylon and the cedar from Florida, were they not first introduced to each other by the Keswick workman, toiling at his bench in the water-turned mills on the banks of the Greta? The Borrowdale graphite varies much in degree of hardness; consequently, in the old days when it was made into pencils, each lump was tested and sorted according to the depth of colour it produced on a piece of paper. The classification was from H.H.H. or very hard, to B.B.B.B. or very soft and black. The graphite was then sawn by hand into strips, which were inserted into a slot or groove in the wood, and the whole glued together and turned in a lathe into a pencil. The method of to-day is quite different, and there being great competition in this trade, speed combined with good work is the principal end to be attained to bring the cost as low as possible.

The three mills at Keswick employ about a hundred workpeople, males and females. The men earn on an average about twenty-five shillings per week, and the women about twelve. The blacklead—we are now speaking of imported plumbago—is first crushed and then mixed with what is technically called a *binding*, the composition of which is a trade secret and varies at each mill. Its purpose is, as the term denotes, to give a glutinous consistency to the powdered plumbago and also to add to the blackness of its marking qualities. Lampblack, sulphuric acid, gum-arabic, resin, and several other substances are used in this binding. The whole is worked into a pulp between revolving stones. It is then partially dried and again crushed. Whilst in this half-dry state, it is forced through a mould under considerable pressure. These moulds are of various sizes, from a very big one a quarter-inch square, used for fancy walking-sticks—a mere catchpenny, and purchased only by tourists as mementoes—to the little round ones used for putting into pencil-cases and which are called 'lead-points.' The intermediate sizes are known as Carpenters, Drawing, Pocket-book, and Programme. A workman receives the thin strip of blacklead as it is slowly forced through the mould, and at intervals breaks it off, carefully placing it on a board between pieces of wood. By this means a large quantity can be kept without fear of damage. When sufficient is moulded to compose a baking, the oven is heated; and these long slips, which are exactly the size of the lead in a pencil, are cut into lengths of about four inches, and packed with care in cast-iron crucibles. These are then put into the oven, and allowed to remain at a red heat for two hours. When gently cooled, the leads are ready for pencils.

In another part of the manufactory, a different kind of work is going on—that of preparing, or rather working the wood, for it undergoes no change but that of shape. Cedar is universally used, except in very low qualities and carpenters' pencils. Most of this wood comes from America; and Florida is one of the largest exporting States. The chief reasons for using cedar are—that it is easily worked, is soft, straight-grained, free from knots, and is sweet-scented. An eminent firm of toilet-soap makers have taken note of this last quality, and purchase all the cedar sawdust that is made in these pencil-mills. A minimum of waste is one of the sure signs of an advanced civilisation. Many and various circular saws reduce the cedar logs into strips of two sizes—one, about thirty inches long, an inch and a quarter wide, and three-eighths of an inch thick; the other, of the same dimensions, but only half the thickness. These are examined; and any having defects, such as knots, cracks, &c., are laid aside, to be used in shorter lengths, the bad places having been cut out. The thicker or three-eighth-inch strips are then passed through the grooving-machine, which cuts out three perfect and clean grooves up the whole length. These are now ready to receive the strips of lead, which are first dipped in glue and placed by girls into the grooves, which they exactly fill. The wood has now the appearance of having three black lines running parallel along the whole length. This surface is then brushed over with hot glue and the thinner strip placed firmly on it. If any pencil is looked at closely, the joining of these two pieces will be easily noticed. The whole is placed, with many similar ones, in a frame, where they are pressed firmly together until the glue has quite set.

It will be understood that now each piece is composed of two strips of wood, firmly glued together, inside which, three grooves, filled with plumbago composition, run from one end to the other—about thirty inches, or sufficient to make

four pencils to each groove—that is, twelve pencils in all. The length of a finished pencil is seven inches. These pieces are then taken to a very curious machine and passed twice through. The first time, the top surface is ploughed from end to end into what resembles three distinct semicircular ridges; the piece is then turned, and the other side treated in a similar manner. The result of this second ploughing is that three perfectly circular and entirely separate lengths are seen to emerge from the machine. On examining any one of these, it will be found to be a pencil thirty inches long, having the vein of blacklead exactly in the centre. This is an American invention, and has done much to reduce the cost of the modern pencil.

The pencils, however, have to pass through many hands before they can claim to be finished. Women rub them with fine sand-paper, other women varnish and polish them, and then they are cut by a circular saw into seven-inch lengths. For the first time, they could now be recognised by a child as pencils. A thin shaving is taken off each end, which gives them a finished appearance and causes the lead to shine, as the saw does not cut clean enough for a fastidious public. Lastly, the pencil is stamped, not necessarily always with the maker's name, for nowadays he occasionally sinks his individuality for the purpose of selling his wares; and for an order of a gross, some makers will stamp any village stationer's name on each pencil.

MR PUDSTER'S RETURN.

CHAPTER II.

Mr Gideon Maggleby had been married rather less than two-and-twenty hours, when at about nine o'clock on the morning of March 23, 1868, he walked into the room in which he had so often breakfasted and dined with his late friend and partner, Solomon Pudster. Mr Maggleby, who was pre-eminently a man of business, had not seen fit to go to the Isle of Wight or to Paris to spend his honeymoon; and Mrs Maggleby, who was nothing if not a woman of sound sense, had loyally accepted the decision of her third lord and master. They had agreed to stay in town, and not to allow their new happiness to interfere with their material interests in Mincing Lane. Mr Maggleby had determined, however, to make a holiday of the day after his wedding; to stay at home in the morning with his wife, to escort her to Madame Tussaud's in the afternoon, and to take her to the play in the evening.

With this comfortable programme in his mind's eye, Mr Maggleby came down to breakfast in his flowered dressing-gown. Mrs Maggleby, he knew, would not be many minutes behind him, and he therefore rang the bell for the coffee, and turned lazily towards the table, upon which lay two piles of letters. The smaller heap chiefly consisted of missives addressed to Mrs Pudster, for the marriage of the previous day had not as yet been noised abroad in the country, and Mrs Maggleby had several female correspondents who communicated with her much more often than she communicated with them. The larger bundle was made up of letters addressed either to Mr Maggleby or to Messrs Pudster and Maggleby, the letters to the firm having been already brought down from Mincing Lane by a confidential clerk.

It was a chilly morning; and Mr Maggleby, with the letters in his hand, sank into an easy-chair by the fireside, and then began to polish his spectacles. But ere he had time to complete that operation, one envelope attracted the attention of his not very dim-sighted eyes. It bore the post-mark 'Plymouth,' and was addressed in a familiar hand-writing. Without waiting to put on his spectacles, Mr Maggleby seized this envelope and tore it open. For an instant he stared at the letter which it contained; then he turned white, and fell back with a groan. But Mr Maggleby was a man of considerable self-command, and he soon partly recovered himself.

'Maria must not see me in this agitated state,' he murmured, as he rose. 'I shall go back to my dressing-room, and decide upon some plan of action before I face her.' And with unsteady steps, he quitted the dining-room, taking with him the letter that was the cause of his emotion.

Almost immediately afterwards, a servant entered with the coffee and some covered dishes, which she set upon the table; and no sooner had she withdrawn than Mrs Maggleby appeared. Mrs Maggleby looked blooming, and was evidently in capital spirits. She caught up her letters, sat down smiling in the very easy-chair from which her husband had risen a few minutes earlier, and began to read. The first letters to be opened were, of course, those which were addressed to her in her new name. They contained congratulations upon her marriage. Then she attacked the envelopes that were addressed to Mrs Pudster. One contained a bill; another contained a request for Mrs Pudster's vote and interest on behalf of Miss Tabitha Gabbles, a maiden lady who was seeking admission into the Home for the Daughters of Decayed Trinity Pilots; and a third brought a lithographed letter from the Marquis of Palmyra, imploring the recipient to make some small subscription to the funds of the Association for the Encouragement of Asparagus Culture in the Scilly Islands. There were also letters from Miss Martha Tigstake and Mrs Benjamin Bowery, dealing with nothing in particular and with everything in general; and finally there was a letter bearing the post-mark 'Plymouth.' Mrs Maggleby opened it carelessly; but a single glance at its contents caused her to start up, grasp convulsively at the mantelpiece, utter an exclamation, and tremble like a leaf.

'Poor Gideon!' she said. 'What a fearful blow! He mustn't see me in this agitated state. I shall go up-stairs again, and decide upon some plan of action before I face him.' And Mrs Maggleby, letter in hand and pale as death, quitted the room, leaving the coffee and the eggs and bacon and the crumpets to get cold.

Three-quarters of an hour later, Mr Maggleby ventured down-stairs again. He was dressed as if to go to the City, and in his hand he held a letter which bore the simple address, 'Maria.'

This letter he laid upon his wife's plate. It was worded as follows:

MY DEAREST LIFE—I am suddenly and unexpectedly summoned to Mincing Lane on business of the greatest importance. I do not know exactly when I shall return, but you must not be anxious.—Yours devotedly, GIDEON.

Mr Maggleby hastily seized a tepid crumpet, and without the formality of seating himself at the table, devoured the clammy dainty. Then, hearing his wife upon the stairs, he rushed like a madman from the room, and an instant afterwards, left the house and quietly closed the front-door behind him.

Mrs Maggleby, whose face bore traces of recent weeping, entered the dining-room as if she expected to find the place tenanted by a ghost. Discovering, however, that it was empty, she resumed her seat by the fire, and, with an hysterical outburst, buried her head in her hands.

'Poor dear Gideon!' she sobbed. 'What will become of him and me? We shall be imprisoned for life; I know we shall. The house will have to be shut up; the business will go to ruin; the servants will have to know all. Oh, it is too terrible! But I must compose myself. Gideon will be coming down, and I must be prepared to break the news to him;' and with great self-command, Mrs Maggleby wiped her eyes and seated herself at the table. As she did so, she caught sight of her husband's note, which she eagerly opened.

'He has gone!' she exclaimed despairingly, when she had read it. 'I am left alone to bear the trial!—Ah, Gideon, you little know how cruel you are. But I must follow you. We must concert measures at once.'

Once more she went up-stairs. She put on her bonnet and cloak; she covered her flushed face with a thick veil; and without saying a word to any of her servants, she left the house, and made the best of her way to the nearest cabstand.

Meantime, Mr Maggleby had been driven to his place of business in Mincing Lane. He entered his office, and sat down as if dazed, in his private room. Hearing of his principal's unexpected arrival, the head-clerk, Mr John Doddard, almost immediately appeared. He too was scared and breathless.

'Read, sir, read!' he gasped as he thrust an open letter into Mr Maggleby's hand.

Mr Maggleby mechanically took the letter, and read aloud as follows:

On board S.S. Camel, off Plymouth, Tuesday.

DEAR MR DODDARD—As you are probably not expecting me, I send a line ashore to let you know that I hope to return in time to be at business at the usual hour on Thursday. Please take care that there is a good fire in my private room, as a visit to Demerara always, as you know, renders me particularly sensitive to cold and damp. I am writing to Mr Maggleby. We have had a capital voyage so far, but the weather in the Channel threatens to be rather dirty. I shall land at Gravesend; and if you can find out when the *Camel* is likely to be there, you may send down some one to meet me.—Yours faithfully, SOLOMON PUDSTER.

'I knew it!' ejaculated Mr Maggleby. 'I have just received the letter that he speaks of.'

'What does it all mean?' asked Mr Doddard. 'I seem to be dreaming, sir. We buried poor Mr Pudster eight months ago, didn't we?'

'So I thought,' murmured Mr Maggleby vaguely. 'But this letter is certainly in his handwriting. And look at the post-mark. There it is, as plain as possible: "Plymouth, Mar. 22, 1868." That was yesterday; and to-day is Wednesday, March 23d.—Just read my letter, Mr Doddard!' and he pulled from his pocket a missive, which he handed to his clerk.

Mr Doddard read as follows:

On board S.S. Camel, off Plymouth, Tuesday.

MY DEAR GIDEON—Here I am almost at home again. I fancy that you didn't expect to see me just at present; for I wasn't able to write to you before we left Demerara; so, as we are now sending ashore here, I post you a few lines to prepare you for the surprise. It is, as you know, quite unusual for vessels of this line to call at Plymouth, and therefore I haven't time to send you a long letter; though, if we also call at Southampton, I will write again from there. I have told Doddard to send some one to meet me at Gravesend; let him take down any letters that you may want me to see at once.—Yours affectionately, SOLOMON.

'Well, I never did!' cried Mr Doddard. 'Yet I could swear to Mr Pudster's handwriting anywhere. It is a terrible thing for a man who ought to be lying quietly in his coffin to come back like this, and upset every one's calculations.'

'You are certain about the handwriting?' asked Mr Maggleby anxiously.

'Quite certain!' replied Mr Doddard. 'What a frightful thing for poor Mrs Pudster!'

'Mrs Maggleby, you mean!' said Mr Maggleby. 'Yes. I don't know how to break it to her. It's a case of bigamy; isn't it?'

'Let us hope for the best, sir. Mr Pudster won't prosecute, I fancy, considering the peculiar character of the circumstances. It's his fault. That's my opinion. I could swear, even now, that we buried him. He must have revived in his coffin, and been dug up again by the grave-diggers; and must then have gone over to Demerara, in order to avoid shocking his poor wife.'

'I wonder our Demerara agents didn't say something about it when they wrote by the last mail,' said Mr Maggleby.

'Oh, of course he kept them quiet, sir. But it's a cruel case—that's all I have to say. And though I have known Mr Pudster these thirty years, and liked him too, I don't hesitate to say that he's not behaving straightforwardly in this piece of business.'

'Hush! Wait until you know of his motives,' said Mr Maggleby.

'He can't excuse himself, sir, I tell you,' rejoined Mr Doddard warmly. 'If he comes back, I go. So there! And I say it with all respect to you, sir. When a man's once dead, he's got no right to come back again. It isn't natural; and what's more, it isn't business-like.'

The bitterness of Mr Doddard's remarks in this connection may be partly accounted for by consideration of the fact that Mr Maggleby had a few days previously announced his intention of taking the head-clerk into partnership at an early date. Mr Pudster's return would of course knock this project on the head.

'Well, Doddard,' said Mr Maggleby, 'we can't mend matters by talking. We can only wait; and perhaps, when we see Mr Pudster, we shall find that'——

But Mr Maggleby's philosophical remarks were suddenly cut short by the unexpected arrival of Mrs Maggleby upon the scene. She rushed into the private room, stretched forth a letter, and fell sobbing upon her husband's neck.

Mr Maggleby placed his wife in a chair, opened a cupboard, gave her a glass of wine, took the letter, and read it. Like the others, it was dated from on board the *Camel*, off Plymouth. 'My own dearest Wife,' it ran—'In a few hours from this I shall, I hope, be with you once more, never again to leave you. I ought to have already apprised you of the probable date of my return; but at the last moment before starting, I had no opportunity of writing. How glad I shall be to see you! My long absence has been a great trial to me, and I feel sure that it has also tried you; but it is now almost at an end. I will, if possible, write again from Southampton, and tell you exactly when to expect me. The sea in the Channel is so rough that at present it is difficult to say when we shall get into the river.—Your ever loving husband, Solomon.'

'It is most painful!' gasped Mrs Maggleby. 'What can we do, Gideon? You must manage to meet Solomon at Gravesend. Look in the newspaper, and see whether the *Camel* has been signalled yet. He must hear first of what has happened either from my lips or from yours; and I am really not well enough to go myself. I thought that he was lying cold in his coffin. Oh, that I should have committed bigamy! I ought to have remained faithful to his memory. This is my punishment. But he must—he shall forgive me.'

Mr Doddard had gone into the outer office, and had sent a clerk for a copy of the *Times*. With this he now returned; and the paper was opened on Mr Maggleby's table, and eagerly scanned for news of the *Camel*.

'Here we have it!' said Mr Doddard at last. '"Steamship *Camel*, from Demerara to London, with cargo and passengers, was signalled off Dover at one o'clock this morning."—Then Mr Pudster will be at Gravesend in an hour or two, sir.'

'Go, Gideon, go!' exclaimed Mrs Maggleby. 'Lose no time. Take a special train if necessary. Tell him all, and implore his forgiveness.'

'Yes, I think I had better go, Maria,' said Mr Maggleby. 'I will send a clerk home with you, and will telegraph to you as soon as I see your—your late husband. In the meantime, try to be calm. Please tell them to call a cab, Doddard.'

Mr Doddard returned to the outer office, and despatched a messenger for two cabs. Mr Maggleby handed Mrs Maggleby into one of them, and a clerk followed her. Then the unfortunate man went back for a moment to his private room to study Bradshaw on the best and speediest route from London to Gravesend. There was a train at a quarter past eleven. It was then a quarter to eleven.

'And when will he be at Gravesend?' asked Mr Maggleby.

Mr Doddard turned again to the *Times*. But instead of at once lighting upon the shipping news, his eye fell upon a paragraph that occupied a not very conspicuous position at the foot of the page. Suddenly he uttered a cry.

'What's the matter, Doddard?' demanded Mr Maggleby, who was rapidly growing impatient.

Mr Doddard replied by bursting into a paroxysm of laughter. 'By Jove!' he exclaimed, 'this is too ridiculous! I never heard of such a thing in my life! It is like a play! Ha, ha, ha!'

'Your merriment is rather ill-timed,' cried Mr Maggleby reproachfully. 'Tell me when Mr Pudster will arrive at Gravesend; and be quick, or I shall lose that train.'

'A *pump*, too!' continued the head-clerk hilariously.

'You're mad, I think,' said Mr Maggleby. 'What do you mean?'

'Well, read this, sir,' answered Mr Doddard, and he handed the *Times* to his principal and pointed to the paragraph.

Mr Maggleby testily took the paper, adjusted his spectacles, and read:

'Extraordinary Discovery at Plymouth.—The corporation of Plymouth recently decided to remove an old and disused pump which for many years has stood handleless and dry on the Hoe. Yesterday morning, some workmen proceeded to remove it, and in its interior they were astonished to discover a number of letters, which had, it is supposed, been put into the hole into which the handle formerly fitted, under the delusion that the pump was a post-office pillar letter-box. The letters were at once taken to the Plymouth post-office, and were without delay forwarded to their destinations.'

'Can it be true?' ejaculated Mr Maggleby, with a great sigh of relief. 'Then the fact of the *Camel* having been signalled last night off Dover is merely a coincidence?'

'Most certainly,' said Mr Doddard.

'Thank Heaven!' cried Mr Maggleby fervently. 'Send the cab away, Doddard. But no! I'll go home again at once, and set my poor wife at ease. Ha, ha! I do remember now, that when poor Mr Pudster came home from his last voyage, he discovered that some letters which he had posted at Plymouth had not been delivered. We didn't miss them, because, as you recollect, Doddard, he wrote again from Southampton.'

'Of course he did, sir,' said Mr Doddard. 'Well, let us congratulate ourselves. It would have been a fearful business for Mrs Maggleby to have to go through.'

'And it would have been bad for you, Doddard, for it would have spoilt your chance of a partnership for some time to come. Now, I'm off.'

Mr Maggleby put the *Times* in his pocket, and departed; and when he reached his home and showed the paper to his wife, the couple sat together for at least half an hour, talking over the extraordinary nature of the adventure.

'Well, we shall be able to go to Madame Tussaud's and the theatre after all, Maria,' said Mr Maggleby at luncheon.

And go they did; and what is more, Mr Doddard became a partner a fortnight later, the firm thenceforward being known as Maggleby and Doddard.

THE FORESIGHT OF INSECTS FOR THEIR YOUNG.

In no manner is the mysterious influence of instinct over the insect world more remarkably manifested than by the care taken by parent insects for the future welfare of offspring which they are destined never to behold. As the human parent upon his deathbed makes the best provision he can for the sustenance and prosperity of his infant children, whom death has decreed that he may not in person watch over, so those insects which nature has decreed shall be always the parents of orphan children, led by an unerring influence within, do their best to provide for the wants of the coming generation.

The butterfly, after flitting through her short life, seeks out a spot whereon to deposit her numerous eggs, not—as one might expect of a creature devoid of mind—upon any chance plant, or even upon the plant or flower from which she herself has been wont to draw her sustenance, but upon the particular plant which forms the invariable food of the larvæ of her species. The various kinds of clothes-moths penetrate into our cupboards, drawers, and everywhere where furs, woollen garments, &c., are stored, that they may there lay their eggs, to hatch into the burrowing grubs which are the terror of our housekeepers. The ichneumon tribe, one of nature's greatest counterpoises to keep down the too rapid increase of the insect world, lay their eggs in the larvæ of other insects, which eggs when hatched develop into a devouring brood, which ungratefully turn upon and devour the helpless creature that sheltered them as a nest. The female ichneumon having discovered a caterpillar or grub which her instinct informs her has not been previously attacked, at once proceeds to thrust her ovipositor into the writhing body of her victim, depositing one or more eggs, according to the size of the living food-supply. When hatched, the larvæ devour and live upon their foster-parent, avoiding in a marvellous way the vital parts of their victim, whose life is most accurately timed to last until its young tormentors are full grown, and not beyond. At one time, we were led to believe in occasional instances of the instinct of female ichneumons being at fault, by observing them apparently ovipositing upon the dry shells of pupæ from which the butterflies had escaped. This, however, we subsequently found to be an erroneous idea, the fact of the matter being, that the caterpillar upon which the parent ichneumon had laid her fatal egg, had had time, before the full development of the young ichneumon grub, to turn to the pupal stage. What, then, we saw was the young ichneumon fly just emerged from the dry pupal case, the contents of which it had first devoured in its own larval stage, then, itself turning to a pupa, it had lain, thus doubly incased, until, having broken forth a perfect fly, it rested upon its late prison, awaiting sufficient strength to come to its wings. What a wooden horse of Troy such a chrysalis would prove, if introduced into the breeding establishment of a collector!

Other members of the ichneumon tribe do not actually insert their eggs into the destined food-supply of their young; but, as it were, going deeper into calculation of future events, content themselves with laying them in close proximity to the eggs of some member of the tribe upon which it is their mission to prey.

There is an old saying—

> Big fleas have little fleas
> Upon their backs to bite 'em;
> Little fleas have smaller fleas,
> So on *ad infinitum;*

which is very true, inasmuch as from the great humble-bee down to the tiniest corn-thrips—a mere speck of dust to the naked eye—all insects have their parasites, and generally their own special species of ichneumon, to prevent their over-increase and to preserve the due balance of nature. There is a species of longicorn beetle, found in Pennsylvania, which feeds upon the tender bark of young hickory shoots. When laying-time arrives, the female, having deposited her eggs in cavities perforated in the bark, carefully cuts a groove, about one-tenth of an inch wide and deep, round the shoot just below where her treasures lie. The object, or rather we suppose we ought to say the consequence, of this act is the withering and decay of the shoot, a provision for the sustenance of her young, which, when in their larval state, live upon dead wood! This remarkable insect is called the hickory girder from the above-mentioned habit, which, we think, is one of the most extraordinary instances of foresight, through a mere blind instinct, that have ever come under observation.

The gadfly (*Œustrus equi*), whose larvæ are the bots which inhabit the intestines of the horse, gains for her progeny that comfortable position by entrapping the animal itself into introducing her eggs within its stomach. For this purpose, she lays her eggs upon such portions of the horse's body as he is in the habit of frequently licking, such as the knees, shoulders, &c. The unerring nature of her instinct is shown by the fact that she never chooses as a nidus any portion of the body which the horse is unable to reach with its tongue. Having thus been introduced into their natural feeding-grounds, the bots there pass their larval existence, until, it becoming time for them to assume the pupal form, they go forth with the animal's dung to reach the earth, burrow into it, and therein pass the insects' purgatory.

Again, one of the grain-moths (*Gelechia cerealella*) shows remarkable instinct in adapting itself to circumstances according to the time of year when it has to deposit its eggs. The first generation of these moths, emerging in May from pupæ which have lain in the granaries through the winter, lay their countless eggs upon the as yet ungathered corn, upon which their young play havoc until, having passed through the necessary stages, they come out in the autumn as the second generation amidst the now stored-up grain. Now, however, their instinct prompts them, not, like the first generation, to go forth to the fields to seek the

proper nest and future nourishment of their young, but bids them deposit their eggs upon the store of wheat ready at hand. Thus, two following generations of the same insect are led by their instincts to different habits to suit the altered and, in the last case, unnatural position of their infants' destined food-supply.

The interesting mason-wasp, having with great care and skill bored out a cylindrical hole in some sunny sandbank, deposits at the bottom of this refuge her eggs. Next, provident mother as she is, she seeks out about a dozen small caterpillars, always of the same species, and immures them alive in the pit, as food for her cruel children. In making her selection of grubs to be thus buried alive, she rejects any that may not have reached maturity; not, we imagine, upon the score of their not being so full-flavoured, but because, when not full grown, they require food to keep them alive; whereas, when of mature age, they will live a long time without nourishment, ready to turn to chrysalides when opportunity occurs.

These are but a few of the instances which might be adduced in illustration of this foresight in insects, which compensates for their not being allowed in person to superintend the welfare of their offspring. In many cases, it would be better for human progeny were their parents thus endowed with an unerring instinct, rather than with an uncertain will.

A BREAK-NECK VENTURE.

It is more than thirty years since my medico-military lines were cast in the little picturesque station of Badulla, the capital of Oovah, in the interior of Ceylon. This district was the centre of very considerable European enterprise in coffee-growing, and, both socially and commercially, was an important unit of the Kandian provinces; hence government, in addition to a small garrison of troops, had established in it a staff of its Civil servants, for the administration of fiscal and judicial affairs, and it is concerning one of these officials—the assistant district judge, as he was called—that my story is now to be told.

The judge was a young gentleman of good parts and attractive manners. He was a dead-shot, an excellent angler, a perfect rider, a very Dr Grace or Spofforth of a cricketer, and an intelligent, chatty, pleasant companion to boot. He had also a sure foot and a steady head. He could walk along the verge of a rocky precipice with a sheer descent of hundreds of feet as unconcernedly as many a man trudges over a turnpike road. Chaffingly, we were wont to tell him that he had entirely mistaken his vocation in life, and that instead of being 'an upright judge,' trying 'niggers,' he ought to have been another Blondin, trundling wheel-barrows on a rope stretched across Adam's Bridge from Manaar to Ramisseram, and cooking a prawn curry in a stove when in the very middle of the Straits. However, even in the capacity of the aforesaid judge, this proclivity of being able to walk safely upon next to nothing once stood him in good need, as I myself witnessed.

One afternoon he came into my quarters holding in his hand a letter, which the post had just brought him. I ought perhaps to mention that thirty odd years ago there were neither railroads nor electric telegraphs in Ceylon, and that travelling was comparatively slow, and to some extent uncertain. In the case of our station, however, we had little to complain of. The postal authorities at Colombo forwarded our mail-bags to Kandy—the first seventy-two miles of the way—by a daily two-horsed coach; and from that city to their destination, 'runners' carried the letters. But these 'runners' now and again met with accidents of various sorts, such as being killed by elephants or tigers; and it so happened that something of the sort—I forget what—having occurred to detain my friend's letter, it was older by more than twenty-four hours than it should have been, when he got it.

'I must be off sharp to Colombo,' said he, addressing me as he entered my room. 'I have had awfully bad news: it is a question of life or death with a very dear friend there. I can't lose a moment over my departure. But get leave from the Commandant, and keep me company as far as Attempyttia—it is only a dozen miles away—and we will talk over things as we go along.'

'All right,' I said; 'I'm your man.'

In a very few minutes the required permission was obtained; after which my pony was saddled and we were off. After leaving me at the travellers' bungalow at Attempyttia, my companion would have to proceed to Kandy, to catch the downward coach, leaving at daylight next morning for Colombo. To accomplish this—some eighty odd miles—he would be forced to ride all night, assisted stage by stage with fresh mounts, which the kind-hearted coffee-planters, whether known or unknown to him, would willingly place at his disposal.

'Let's see,' said the judge. 'I've a good fourteen or fifteen hours before me to find that highly respectable rattle-trap of a royal mail-coach drawn up at the post-office at gun-fire to-morrow morning. Fourteen hours, six miles an hour, including stoppages—eighty-four miles! A snail's pace; but I won't calculate upon more speed. Bar accidents, I'm safe to do it, and do it I must.'

So on we galloped, little heeding the romantic scenery through which we were hurrying, and the faster too, as the sun was becoming obscured by thick, heavy, black rain-clouds, which were gathering over it and all around.

'We are in for a drenching,' I remarked.

'If a drenching were all,' was the reply, 'it would not much matter; but'——

'Well! But what?'

'The Badulla Oya, the river which runs through the deep gorge between the spurs of the hills you see yonder—I know that river well. In dry weather, it is little more than a shallow streamlet, over the stones of which an inch or two of water trickles. But when these sudden monsoon downpours come on, it has the unpleasant knack of swelling, swelling, until it becomes a large, wide, deep mountain torrent, tearing like mad to empty itself somewhere. And you have no idea of the rapidity with which this metamorphosis is accomplished. Let's push on, for

the river crosses the highway; and by Jove, here is the rain and no mistake!'

A vivid flash of lightning, a loud clap of thunder right overhead, and before its reverberations were half ended among the echoing mountains, a deluge of rain was upon us. We were soaked to the skin in a few seconds.

'How far is the river?' I asked.

'Good five miles; and five miles with these flood-gates of the skies opened, mean touch and go. Twenty to one, the Badulla Oya will be swollen and impassable.'

'Is there no canoe or bridge?'

'Canoe! What on earth, in your Ceylon griffinage, are you dreaming about? As for a bridge, well, metaphorically speaking, there is a thing which the natives call a bridge; but practically, not what you and I and the department of Public Works would class as one. However, it will not be long before you see what sort of a concern the bridge is like.'

We now hastened as fast as the animals we rode could lay hoofs to ground; but before the five miles were traversed and the banks of the river reached, we distinctly heard it roaring.

'It is down already,' said my companion.

Down it was with a vengeance, as we presently realised. Over a bed of rocky boulders it foamed and boiled and tumbled, a dark, deep, angry chocolate-coloured torrent, sixty feet wide at least.

Squatting under a large tree on the bank opposite to us, accepting the situation with that stolid indifference for which the Asiatic is so very remarkable, and chewing betel, that panacea for all the ills which Singhalese flesh is heir to, was a Kandian villager, well advanced in years. The judge hailed him in his own language. 'Hi! father! Did you swim the river?'

'Am I a fish, think you, my son?' the man responded.

'Did you cross it by the bridge, then?'

'Does the English *mahatmeya* [gentleman] take me for a Wanderoo monkey, or for a jungle-cat, to walk upon broken twigs high up in the air?' he answered evasively.

'How, then, did you manage to get over?'

'I have not got over at all. I have come from my village on this side, and I wait here until the flood subsides.'

'How long will that be, think you?'

'If the rain ceases, the river will be again fordable in three or four hours. If the rain continues—who can tell? Buddha only knows!'

'Three or four hours!' muttered my companion despondingly. 'Too long, much too long for me.' Then again speaking to the Kandian: 'Is there any possibility of crossing the bridge?' he asked.

'None, none, my master. Alas! it has been shattered for some time past, and has not yet been repaired.'

'Let's go,' said my friend to me, 'and reconnoitre.'

We dismounted, gave our ponies to the horse-keepers, who had closely followed us, and walked a short distance along the bank. Suspended in the air, resting upon the forked branches of two forest trees, which grew nearly opposite each other on either side of the stream, were the relics of one of those primitive bridges which the Singhalese villagers build to enable them to pass ravines and mountain torrents. Bamboo and the withes of a ground creeper called waywel are the usual materials they employ; but if they can get slabs of timber, they use them as well. This was the case here: the rough-hewn trunk of a tall but slender cocoa-nut palm spanned the river, its ends being firmly fastened to the two trees which served to support it. Originally, a sort of hand-rail of the waywel had been tied to uprights nailed along the stem; and thus hemmed in, the bridge was safe enough to traverse by any one not subject to dizziness on 'giddy heights;' but as time and mischief had partly removed this protection, leaving long gaps with nothing to hold on by, a more precarious, break-neck, risky crossing, save for the monkeys, no one could possibly imagine. Picture to yourself this tapering pole strung at a height over a deep rushing whirlpool of a current, and you will comprehend what we saw and what I fairly shuddered at.

Not so, my companion. He sprang up the tree, and stood for a moment or two upon the end of the mutilated bridge. Then he said quite determinedly: 'I've made up my mind; I'm going over.'

'Are you mad?' I exclaimed; 'going over that narrow, frail, up-in-the-clouds thing? Why, it's certain death if you fall.'

'Even so, old man; but I have walked with sure steps narrower planks than this.'

'Perhaps so; but not with a torrent rolling under you.—Don't attempt it!' I exclaimed; 'wait until the waters go down.'

'Wait! for four hours or more. Impossible! As I told you when we started, my errand is a vital one. I must be in Colombo on Sunday at the latest; and as to-day is Friday, to do that I must hit off to-morrow's coach in Kandy. Well, you and the other fellows have often joked me about my Blondin-like propensities; I am going to try now how nearly I can tread upon the heels of that worthy acrobat. Never fear; I will get across safely enough. It is a pity, however, that the nigger architects have not been a little more liberal in their breadth of timber; but your Singhalese native is invariably a skinflint.'

Again I attempted to combat the foolhardiness of my friend; but he threw me off, said half jocosely, half in earnest:

> 'I have set my life upon a cast,
> And I will stand the hazard of the die;'

and with the words in his mouth, began the crossing.

I am not, generally speaking, a nervous man, and I have had to witness some trying things in my time; but now I confess that fear and trembling came over me, and that I could not look upon my friend in his perilous transit. I half crouched and cowered behind a tree, my heart in my mouth, and every nerve strung to its utmost degree of tension. I expected every instant to hear a shriek, a splash, and then to see my friend buffeting with and carried away by the boiling torrent. Now and again, the voices of the old Singhalese and the Malabar

horsekeepers, who had crept up to the neighbourhood of the bridge, broke upon my ears, first as if in tones of entreaty and warning, then in those of astonishment, and lastly in shouts of admiration and joy. At the jubilant sounds I roused myself, looked up, and hurrahed, too, at the very top of my voice, for on the opposite bank the adventurous judge stood safe and sound!

A weight such as I had never borne before was removed from my breast. 'Thank goodness you're all right!' I called out.

'Yes, as a trivet,' he replied.—'Now, screw *your* courage to the sticking-place and run over.'

'Am I a jungle-cat, or a Wanderoo monkey, or even a district judge in the Ceylon Civil Service, to walk upon a hair? No; my good sir. If I took two steps upon that infinitesimally narrow palm's trunk, my doctoring occupation would be gone.—Thank you; no! I'll return to Badulla, and resume my physicking there.'

'Good-bye, then. I'll write to you from Kandy, if I can.'

He was gone. And it will no doubt satisfy the reader's curiosity to learn that, thanks to the mounts provided by friendly coffee-planters, he caught the coach, went on to Colombo, and found the person for whom he had risked his life out of danger and in a fair way of recovery.

CURIOUS ANTIPATHIES IN ANIMALS.

DOGS.

All sincere lovers of the animal creation are pleased to listen to the recitation of anecdotes illustrating the love and affection of animals for their lord and master, man. Many of these stories are deeply interesting, as showing the wondrous intelligence and reasoning powers so often exhibited; and others are deeply affecting, as proving an amount of genuine, unasked, unselfish love, that we fear is not always too abundant amongst educated bipeds. It is not unlikely that numbers of such acts are never heard of; as many men—well-meaning enough in other ways—are in the habit of looking on the dog or the cat as a mere animal and nothing more; and therefore, whatever it might do, or whatever sagacity it might display, the creature would be treated with indifference and passed by without notice. Byron, who loved animals as well as most folks, was quite aware of this when he wrote, with so much truth:

> But the poor dog—in life the firmest friend,
> The first to welcome, foremost to defend—
> Unhonoured falls—unnoticed all his worth,
> Denied in heaven the soul he held on earth.

Strongly deprecating this indifference, it has always been the writer's delight to record every well-authenticated instance of remarkable sagacity in animals, in whatever way they have been brought under his notice. The cases referred to have come under the immediate notice either of the writer, or of friends on whose word he can rely.

Some years ago, a lady, who was a friend of our family, possessed a beautiful black-and-tan 'King Charles' called Prinney. A most engaging and affectionate creature, he never showed the smallest symptom of temper, or anything disagreeable save in one thing, and that was, a fixed aversion to a particular melody. Music generally, either vocal or instrumental, he never took the smallest notice of, or exhibited the slightest dislike to; but if any one played, sang, whistled, or even hummed the well-known and popular duet from the opera of *Norma* known by the name of 'Si, fin' al ora,' no matter where he was or what he was doing, he would start up and commence the most dismal howling, with his nose elevated in the air. If the music did not cease on this melancholy and earnest appeal, he would make frantic efforts to get out of the room, rearing on his hind-legs, scratching violently at the door, and continuing his howling until some one opened the door and let him out. We took great pains to investigate this curious antipathy, but could never arrive at anything like a satisfactory conclusion. As before stated, the dog never objected to music generally, as many dogs have been known to do, nor even to single airs closely resembling the *Norma* melody; but so soon as we commenced that one—even though we purposely jumbled it up with some other—he would instantly detect it, and take his part of the 'howling obligato' with an energy and determination which nothing could stop.

It had been suggested that the dog had on some particular occasion been severely beaten, or ill-treated, when this melody was either played or sung, and thus it was painfully impressed on the dog's mind and memory. But this could not have been the case, for my friend had received him as a puppy, and certainly never ill-treated him, or even whipped him. What, therefore, could have been the peculiar connection in the dog's mind between this one particular melody, and some fear of ill-usage or pain—for nothing but such a recollection could have caused his piteous howling, which always indicated intense fear or dread—is a mystery, and one which it seems impossible to solve, or even explain on any reasonable grounds.

The following anecdote somewhat resembles the last, inasmuch as the peculiar antipathy shown is also in connection with music, although not to any particular melody, as in Prinney's case. A little white terrier belonging to my grandfather had a peculiar antipathy to the pianoforte, for as soon as any one began to play, Rose would walk into the middle of the room, and then, quietly seating herself, facing the instrument, elevate her nose, and commence a long series of howlings, but without any display of anger or temper, or any attempt to run away. It might have been her own original way of expressing applause, or approbation of pianoforte-playing in general, for it should be specially noted that no other music, vocal or instrumental, ever affected the dog. Musical friends, one with his flute, another with his fiddle, often came in, but Rose never took notice of either of these until the pianoforte began; then at once began her demonstration. Now, what could have caused this curious antipathy—if it was an actual

antipathy—to the sound of one particular musical instrument? The dog was born and bred at a farmhouse in Surrey, and farmhouses in those primitive days never possessed such an unheard-of luxury as a pianoforte; and therefore, until she came into my grandfather's keeping—and she came direct from Surrey—she could never have heard the sound of such an instrument. How, then, are we to explain her singular procedure? I fear it is only another 'dog mystery,' and must ever remain so.

A third, and certainly most remarkable, case of musical antipathy is all the more singular because it was not exhibited towards any special melody or instrument, but towards one particular person only—a lady. The dog—a beautiful and very amiable Clumber spaniel—belonged to an uncle of ours who always brought Wag with him whenever he paid us a visit, for the dog was a universal favourite; but, unluckily, he had always to be put out of the room when one of the ladies of our family was going to sing, because he seemed to have a violent antipathy, not to music or singing generally, but only to the voice of this lady; and, what is perhaps still more odd, he always seemed, personally, to be very fond of her; but the moment she began to sing, he would start up and commence whining, growling, and at last barking, gradually increasing in force, until he got to a grand *fortissimo*. He would run up in front of the lady, and get so angry, that any one would have supposed he was going to fly at her. But this he never attempted, and as the Scotch say, 'His bark was waur than his bite.' This lady possessed a brilliant soprano voice; and it has been suggested that the clear, ringing, penetrating tones must have produced a peculiar vibration or sensation, perhaps causing sharp pain, in the dog's ears, which might have occasioned his extraordinary action, for it must be remembered that this lady's voice, and hers alone, produced the effect described.

The next case of unreasoning antipathy was that of a very handsome half-bred bull-terrier, called Charley. He belonged to a friend of ours, the vicar of a beautiful parish in Kent, and was an affectionate, good-tempered dog, never known to bite, snarl, growl, or do anything disagreeable to his friends. He would romp and play with the children on the vicarage lawn by the hour together, and never lose his temper, though often sorely tried by the thoughtless teasing of his little playmates. Yet he, too, had his peculiarity, which was, that if any one—master, friend, or stranger—approached him rubbing the palms of his hands slowly together, and at the same time repeating his name very deliberately, 'Char-ley, Char-ley,' the dog would instantly get into a state of wild fury. He would bark violently, until the bark ended in that peculiar sort of scream often noticed in small dogs when greatly excited or angered. He would make a rush at the offending person, and then suddenly retreat backwards, throwing out his fore-paws with sudden jerks at each bark; and although the person might cease the action, yet it would be some time before Charley recovered his usual equanimity, going about the room uttering little short barks, and a sort of odd sound between the end of a growl and the beginning of a whine!

When this curious antipathy was first noticed, it so much surprised and interested the vicar—who was a devoted lover of animals—that he took a great amount of trouble to try to find out what could have been the original cause. He thought the dog might have been taught this merely as a clever trick; but he could never procure any evidence to show that such had been the case on the part of any one in the vicarage or village. What could have caused these extraordinary bursts of passion and anger at so simple an act as merely rubbing the palms of the hands together? There was nothing in the act itself calculated to irritate or frighten any animal, and therefore the greater the mystery at the strange effect produced. As the vicar could discover nothing through his investigations, he had to 'accept the inevitable,' and come to the conclusion that it was unaccountable.

CURIOUS NEWSPAPERS.

That great engine that never sleeps, as Thackeray once described the press, not unfrequently displays its energy and enterprise in the performance of feats both novel and interesting. All are more or less familiar with the daring and intrepidity of its 'specials,' who in their eagerness to supply those at home with full and graphic descriptions of stirring scenes, expose themselves to the risk of being shot; while the public spirit and enterprise of the different journals are shown by the lavish way in which they spend their money in the laying of special cables or in the hiring of special steamers or trains. These are matters of every-day occurrence, on which plenty has been, and will continue to be written; but at the present moment we wish to confine the attention of our readers to the history of a few novel and curious broadsheets which have appeared at different times.

In 1828 a paper was published called the *Cherokee Phœnix*, which is interesting on more accounts than one. It was published in English and Cherokee, the latter portion being printed with characters invented after years of patient labour and thought by one of the Indians, whose curiosity had been excited by the 'speaking leaf,' as he called a newspaper which he one day heard a white man read with surprising readiness and facility. After producing his alphabet, he taught it to the other members of his tribe, and eventually, with the assistance of government, was enabled to start the *Phœnix*. Very similar was the *Sandwich Islands Gazette*, first started in 1835, and boasting of wood-cuts, for which the publisher received a license from the king, worded as follows: '*To* Stephen D. Mackintosh.—I assent to the letter which you have sent me. It affords me pleasure to see the works of other lands and things that are new. If I was there, I should very much like to see. I have said to Kivan, "Make printing-presses." My thought is ended.—Love to you and Reynolds.—*By* King Kainkeaguoli.' This paper was of eight octavo pages, and was published in English. The present ruler of the Sandwich Islands shares the liberal views expressed in the above letter of his predecessor. Since that time, the practice of publishing papers in the native tongues has spread rapidly; and in India alone at the present moment no fewer than three

hundred and thirty newspapers, with a total circulation of more than one hundred and ten thousand, are printed in the languages spoken in the different provinces.

A most curious paper is the official Chinese paper, called *King-Pan*, which claims to have been started as early as 911, and to have appeared at irregular intervals till 1351, when it came out regularly every week. At the commencement of the present century, it became a 'daily,' at the price of two *kehs*—about a halfpenny. By a decree of the emperor, a short time back, it was ordered that three editions were to be printed every day—the first or morning edition, on yellow paper, is devoted to commercial intelligence; the second or afternoon edition contains official and general news; and the third, on red paper, is a summary of the two earlier editions, with the addition of political and social articles. The editorial duties are performed by six members of the Scientific Academy, who are appointed by government. The circulation is about fourteen thousand daily.

On board the *Hecla*, one of the ships belonging to Captain Edward Parry's expedition in search of the north-west passage, a paper was printed called the *North Georgia Gazette and Winter Chronicle*. The first number was dated the 1st November 1819, and its twenty-first and last the 20th March 1820. The *Great Britain* steamer, which started for Australia on the 21st of August 1852, may claim to have inaugurated the practice of publishing a newspaper on board ship, as a paper, entitled the *Great Britain Times*, was published every week during the voyage, and distributed amongst the passengers. At the present time, these sea-born broadsheets are a source of considerable amusement, and go a long way to relieve the monotony of the passage, as the passengers not only read but supply the articles. Burlesque telegrams, jokes made by the passengers, and all the news, whether social, nautical, or personal, of the voyage, are published in their columns. One well-known American journal has even purchased a steamer and fitted it up as a regular floating newspaper office. The editors, sub-editors, and journalists all live on board; and by this means, news which has been picked up during the voyage can be set up without loss of time; whilst the details of any incident can be fully authenticated by the steamer calling at the scene of action. This steamer plies between Memphis and New Orleans, distributing the papers on its journeys, and collecting every item of news current along the banks of the Mississippi.

Before the 67th Regiment left England for British Burmah, the officers spent a sum of money in purchasing a printing-press and types, with which they published a paper called *Our Chronicle*, soon after they landed at Rangoon. The editorial staff and compositors were all connected with the regiment, and the journal was regarded as a phenomenon in the annals of the press. Another military journal deserving mention is, or was, the *Cuartal Real*, the official organ of the Carlists, published during the war on the almost inaccessible summit of the Pena de la Plata.

Though America is the land of big things, in newspaper matters it can boast of possessing the smallest paper in the world. This diminutive journal is the *Madoc Star*, which very properly has for its motto, 'Twinkle, twinkle, little star.' It is published weekly. Its dimensions are three inches and a half by three inches; and it consists of four pages, the first being devoted to foreign news, the second to mining notes, the last two to local news. If we may believe the Paris *Rappel*, America has recently issued two startling novelties combining utility with entertainment. The first is a newspaper printed on cotton cloth, and is called the *Pocket-handkerchief*, which at once explains the purpose to which it is to be put when intellectual demands have been satisfied. The other is called the *Necktie*, being printed with gold letters upon silk, and is said to be highly ornamental and of great elegance. This is practical literature with a vengeance.

THE DAWN OF PEACE.

Sweet dawn of peace, how lovely is thy breaking!
With summer blossoms round thy smiling brow,
From troubled dreams of dead and dying, waking,
Gladly we hasten forth to greet thee now.
Heaven's brightest gems are gleaming in thy tresses;
Thy voice of melody bids discord cease;
And 'neath the magic of thy fond caresses,
All earth grows beautiful, fair dawn of peace.

Earth's feathered minstrels plume their wings with gladness,
And hail thy coming with a burst of song;
While weary Age, bowed down with care and sadness,
Passes contented through life's busy throng.
What though the summer of our lives be over,
Our steps may falter, but our hearts rejoice,
When, o'er fair fields of fragrant crimson clover,
Steals the dear music of thy heavenly voice.

The nation kneels in humble adoration,
For angels follow in thy glittering train,
Singing sweet hymns of praise; while all creation
Mingles its voice in the triumphant strain.
No bloodstains mar thy robe of snowy whiteness,
Though thou hast paused o'er many a gory bed,
Shedding a halo of celestial brightness
Round the still forms of the unburied dead.

To the lone mother by her childless ingle,
Bright as a star thy radiant face appears;
And golden hopes, like morning sunbeams, mingle
With the pure fountain of her joyous tears.
Fades the dark memory of long nights of sorrow;
Her worn cheek glows; her heart's wild doubtings cease.
To Love and Home, her boy shall come to-morrow,
Borne in thy pitying arms, blest dawn of peace.

Delighted childhood flings white chains of daisies,
As Youth's best offering, at thy gracious feet;
The dome of heaven seems echoing forth thy praises;
Where muffled drums made mourning, glad hearts beat;
And while the merry lark is proudly soaring
In joyous rapture from the emerald sod,
Pæans of praise our grateful souls are pouring,
For thou art welcome as a smile from God!

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VACCINATION.

On the western side of Trafalgar Square, beneath the shadow of the great sea-lion Admiral Lord Nelson, might have been seen, until recently, the statue of a pensive-looking almost beardless man seated in a chair. But a new location in Kensington Gardens has been selected for this statue, which is that of Dr Jenner, the discoverer of vaccination.

Edward Jenner was born at Berkeley, in Gloucestershire, in 1749, his father being vicar of that place. He was apprenticed to a doctor at Sudbury, and afterwards came to London, where for a time he served under John Hunter. After taking his diploma, he returned to his native place, and it was here that he practised his profession, and also made that great discovery which has proved such an inestimable benefit to mankind. When he had become famous, and universal appreciation bespoke him a great man, he received many tempting offers and solicitations to take up his abode in the metropolis; but nothing succeeded in enticing him from the rural scenes amidst which his medical triumphs had been conceived. His life sped tranquilly on amidst the rustics he loved so well until the year 1823, when death somewhat suddenly terminated his earthly career.

As the village and neighbourhood in which Jenner served his apprenticeship was mostly a grazing country, he was thrown much amongst farmers and their servants. At a time when smallpox was raging among them, his attention was attracted by hearing a milkmaid say that she had once caught cowpox from the cows, and therefore smallpox wouldn't hurt her. He was much struck with this remark; and on making inquiries, he found it was a common belief about there, that whoever caught this disease from the cows was not liable to take smallpox. It is rather curious that just about the time that Jenner was making these inquiries, the same fact had been noted in Sweden, and some inquiries were also set on foot there to investigate the matter.

With that talent for close observation and investigation which distinguished him, he pondered much over this remark of the milkmaid's, and made many inquiries of the medical men of the district. From them he obtained but little encouragement; they had often heard the tale, but had not much faith in it. The subject seems to have impressed itself greatly on his mind; for we find him, some three years later, when he was in London with John Hunter, mentioning it to him; and that distinguished man appears to have been struck with Jenner's earnestness in the matter, and gave him good advice: 'Don't think, but try; be patient; be accurate.' This advice he perseveringly followed on his return to his native place; and by careful experiments elaborated the great life-saving truth, that cowpox might be disseminated from one human being to another to the almost total extinction of smallpox.

The eastern practice of inoculation was first made known in this country by Lady Wortley Montagu, who was the wife of our ambassador at Constantinople, where she had seen it tried with good effect. Inoculation consisted in transferring the matter of the *smallpox* pustule from the body of one suffering from the disease to that of one not as yet affected by the disease. It is a fact that the form of smallpox thus communicated through the skin was less severe, and consequently less fatal, than when taken naturally, as was abundantly proved in this country. But, unfortunately, inoculated smallpox was as *infectious* as the natural smallpox—this fact forming the great distinction between inoculation and vaccination. The inoculated person became a centre of infection, and communicated it to many others. It was found after the introduction of inoculation that the mortality from smallpox increased from seventy-four to ninety-five in one thousand; and many of those that recovered, lost the sight of one or both eyes, or were otherwise disfigured. It is not to be

wondered at, with such a state of things as this existing, and the whole medical profession at their wits' end for a remedy, that Jenner should be looked upon, as soon as vaccination became established, as a saviour of his race.

It was while the ravages of smallpox were being felt and deplored over the whole country, that Jenner was quietly investigating and experimenting in his native village; and gradually little facts and incidents relating to cowpox were collected, until in his own mind an opinion was firmly rooted that this disease communicated by the cow was a safeguard against smallpox. About the time when he had formed this opinion, an accidental case of cowpox occurred in his neighbourhood, and he caused drawings of the pustules to be made, and took them with him to London. He showed them to some of the most eminent surgeons and physicians of the day, and explained his views; but from none of them did he receive any encouragement, and from some, nothing but ridicule. Fortunately, however, he was not a man to be easily turned aside from a purpose, or disabused of an opinion that he saw good cause for entertaining. On returning home, he was still as full of the idea as ever, and determined to persevere in his efforts; although he saw he must have proofs before he could get his professional brethren to listen to his theories.

It was on the 14th May 1796—a day which is still commemorated in Berlin as a festival—that a boy was vaccinated with matter taken from the hands of a milkmaid. The disease was thus communicated to the boy, and he passed through it satisfactorily. But now came the anxious and critical trial for Jenner. The same boy on the 1st of July following was inoculated with the smallpox virus, but he did not take the disease. In 1798 Jenner published his first pamphlet *On the Causes and Effects of Variola Vaccine;* and later, in the first year of the present century, he wrote that it was 'too manifest to admit of controversy, that the annihilation of the smallpox, the most dreadful scourge of the human species, must be the final result of this practice.' Soon after this, a parliamentary Committee investigated and reported on the new discovery in terms of the most emphatic approbation; and a declaration was signed by seventy of the chief physicians and surgeons in London expressing their confidence in it. The Royal Jennerian Society was formed, with Jenner as President; and thirteen stations for the vaccination of the public were opened in London, in the hope of exterminating smallpox.

Jenner's essay which explained his discovery had in the meantime been translated into several foreign languages, and had also found its way to America, where President Jefferson vaccinated, by the help of his sons-in-law, about two hundred of his friends and neighbours. From this time forward, vaccination may be said to have taken a firm hold of the civilised world.

That vaccination has not done all that was claimed that it would do by Jenner, is true, as the occasionally recurring epidemics of the disease only too fatally testify. But the gain from the time when cities were depopulated and a large percentage of the whole human race was scarred and disfigured by it, to a time when no such suffering is now experienced, is a gain indeed, although it be but an imperfect one. It is, however, almost beyond a doubt that had more attention been primarily paid to vaccination, and had it not been performed in the perfunctory manner in which it often was by medical men, we should now be in a better position with regard to smallpox than we are at the present moment. For it is a melancholy fact that although the first to give vaccination to the world, England has not made such good use of it as most other nations. Feeling secure in the relief which it gave to the vast amount of mortality, we have in a measure let pretty well alone, while other nations have meanwhile enormously profited by the discovery.

It was Mr Simon, the late medical officer of the Privy Council, who published three admirable Reports on the subject, and probably brought together more practical truths on vaccination than had ever before been collected, that gave an impetus some few years ago to further inquiry. It was stated at that time, and with every appearance of truth, that the vaccine lymph becomes enfeebled in its protective power by a long course of transmissions from arm to arm. It was therefore proposed that means should be taken for establishing a well-devised system of renewal, which would be likely to give greater certainty of results and afford more permanent protection. Various attempts and suggestions were made in this country to introduce vaccine matter from its original source, the cow, or, better still, from the calf; and Mr Ceeley, a medical gentleman, who, like Jenner, worked hard at the subject amidst the worries and anxieties of a private practice, made many experiments, and did much to popularise the idea.

Early in 1882, the local government Board set up a small establishment in London for the purpose of affording facilities for vaccination directly from the animal. Some time previously, a case of spontaneous cowpox was accidentally discovered at Bordeaux, and from this case our government procured the virus which they are now imparting to a regular succession of healthy calves, each of which, before undergoing the ordeal, is carefully examined by a Privy-council veterinary officer, to insure its being in perfect health. The animal is then weighed, and led away for a few days to a comfortable stall, and fed on sweet hay, new milk, and oil-cake. An animal taken in on Monday would on Thursday be led into the vaccinating-room, and securely strapped to the top of a table which is ingeniously constructed to tip down into a vertical position. The top of the table is then thrown over and secured horizontally, the calf lying upon its side, and presenting the under surface of its body conveniently for the surgical part of the proceeding. The hair is first shaved off, and then some slight incisions about an inch long are made in the skin, and the virus introduced. This operation is performed in one part of a large room divided by a wooden partition. To the other part of the room, parents will in a few days bring their children, and have them vaccinated directly from the animal thus prepared, and may thus escape whatever evils,

real or imaginary, pertain to the practice of arm-to-arm vaccination. The calf having done its involuntary service to humanity, is, before dismissal, again weighed, and is usually found to have increased considerably—not, it may be presumed, in consequence of vaccination, but from the good feeding it has received.

The practical results of vaccination from the animal direct, are in some respects somewhat dubious. Belgium and Holland have long been familiar with it; but still there appears to be a lack of trustworthy records as to the efficacy of the process as compared with the arm-to-arm system. Whether the animal lymph is as potent a protector from smallpox as that which has been passed through the human system, cannot as yet be determined, though there would seem to be no ground for any reasonable doubt upon the subject. That the humanising process does in some way, at present quite inscrutable, affect it, seems evident from the fact that the vaccine from the calf loses its efficacy somewhat sooner than that from the human subject. It cannot be stored for so long a time as the humanised lymph, and this renders its distribution somewhat difficult. The best authorities, however, are now inclined to the opinion that the difference in this respect is not after all so great as was at first supposed. The two scientific men in charge of this station are, however, enthusiasts in this department of medical investigation, and it may be hoped that with the enlarged sphere of operations which government is understood to be contemplating, and aided by a well-appointed laboratory in connection with this establishment, an important advance may soon be made in their knowledge of the subject.

Compulsory vaccination has done much in other countries to free them for long periods from this loathsome disease. Sweden and Denmark enjoyed absolute immunity for twenty years; and in Austria, where very stringent measures of compulsion are resorted to, they succeeded in extirpating smallpox for long periods.

It was in 1853 that compulsion was first established in this country, and as at first nearly every one obeyed the law, it was attended with very beneficial results. At the registration of a birth, the registrar has to give notice of the necessity of having the child vaccinated within four months, and the penalty for neglect. From the registrar's return, it is seen at the local government Board if a medical certificate attesting the vaccination as duly performed, has been returned. Assuming that every child is registered, this system no doubt would answer well; but there is much reason to fear that many children in London escape being registered, and these do not come within the cognisance of the local government Board. It is a question whether some return should not be required from medical men of every child born alive, with the address of its parents.

Absolute care in vaccination and its universal adoption, combined with a compulsory re-vaccination on arriving at the age of puberty, would without doubt have by this time fulfilled Jenner's most sanguine expectations, and smallpox would have become extinct. At the same time, if the government make vaccination compulsory, they have a most important duty to the public to perform. In the first place, they should undoubtedly ascertain that every known precaution is taken by all public vaccinators to protect from harm, or disease likely to arise from vaccination, those whom they compel to undergo the operation. Secondly, none but properly certified practitioners should be appointed to the stations. It is not alone sufficient that they be skilful vaccinators, they should also be able to take lymph skilfully from the vesicles without the admixture of the minutest particle of blood. An ignorant or careless vaccinator may do more harm than it is possible to trace. Thirdly, no lymph whatever should be used but that which is microscopically examined by one who thoroughly understands his work, and the public should be permitted to have a choice of either the humanised lymph or lymph direct from the calf. If these precautions were conscientiously carried out, we should soon have less objection to compulsion, and we should be in a fair way to seeing smallpox stamped out.

In America, according to the *Asclepiad*, the subject has received careful attention. The Report of Dr Joseph Jones, President of the Board of Health, of the State of Louisiana, extends to four hundred pages, and embraces everything connected with smallpox, vaccination, and spurious vaccination; while drawings are freely interspersed to illustrate, from point to point, the author's histories, views, or conclusions. Amongst the general conclusions which the author draws at the close of his treatise, the following are some of the most important: (*a*) Vaccination, when carefully performed on Jenner's method, is as complete a protection from smallpox now as it was in the early part of the century; (*b*) Without vaccination, the application of steam and navigation and land travel would have, during the past fifty years, scattered smallpox in every part of the habitable globe; (*c*) Vaccination has not impaired the strength and vigour of the human race, but has added vastly to the sum of human life, happiness, and health; (*d*) Inoculation for smallpox, which preceded vaccination, induced a comparatively mild and protective disease, but multiplied the foci of contagion, kept smallpox perpetually alive, and increased its fatal ravages among mankind.

BY MEAD AND STREAM.

CHAPTER XLVII.—UNDER-CURRENTS.

SHIELD had not been so perfectly frank with Philip as the latter believed him to be. For instance, he had not mentioned that when Coutts came to him with affected concern on account of the position in which his brother might be placed by the forged bill, he had not admitted to him that the signature was a forgery.

What he said to Coutts was: 'Looks queer—but don't know. Accustomed to sign things that come through regular channel without *looking* close into them. Will see what Hawkins and Jackson have to say about it and let you know.'

Then Coutts took from his pocket a note which had been written to his brother by Austin

Shield and placed the two signatures side by side.

'I do not think that any one looking at these would hesitate to say that they were not written by the same hand.'

'Don't know. My hand shakes at times. Don't always sign in exactly the same way. Not always sure of my own signature—when it comes back to me. Will inquire and let you know.'

'I am positive that the writing is not yours, Mr Shield; and I should never have touched the paper if there had been any signature of yours beside me at the time. Although the amount may not be of much consequence to you, it will be a heavy loss to me. But I could have no suspicion of there being anything wrong, when I saw Philip's name to the bill.'

'All right. Will inquire.—Good-day.'

When Coutts left the room, this big bearish man growled fiercely and the growl ended in this note—'Skunk.' He immediately telegraphed for his friend Mr Beecham; and that was why Beecham had so suddenly quitted Kingshope.

On the day on which Madge made her memorable visit to London, Mr Beecham's conjuring friend, Bob Tuppit, called at Wrentham's cottage and asked for Mrs Wrentham. She could not be seen for half an hour; but Tuppit was ready to wait an hour or more, if Mrs Wrentham's convenience should require it. He was accordingly shown into the dining-room—the place where Wrentham spent the greater part of his evenings at home, smoking and concocting schemes for the realisation of that grand vision of his life—a comfortable income and a home somewhere in the sunny south.

Tuppit was a quick-eyed little man, or he could not have earned his living as a conjurer; and when he had turned himself round about twice, he had the character and position of every bit of furniture photographed on his mind's eye. He looked longest at a heavy mahogany desk which was bound with unusually massive brass clasps.

'What a duffer!' he said under his breath. 'He has got something in there that will do for him; and he puts on those big clasps like labels, every one saying as plain as plain can be: "Look here, if you want to find out my little game." Well, having gone in for this sort of thing, he might have taken the trouble to learn the ABC of his business.'

Tuppit's nimble fingers went round the desk and tried its fastenings.

'Spring lock, too. So much the worse for him. Dier will pitch on it at once.'

The door burst open, and little Ada Wrentham bounced in, her pretty cheeks healthfully flushed, the hoop in her hand indicating how she had been engaged.

'O dear!' she exclaimed, drawing back when she saw that there was a stranger in the room.

'Don't go away—I'm a friend of yours,' said Tuppit quickly.—'Don't you remember me? I saw you watching me when I was performing on the green in the summer-time, and you were with your nurse, and you sent me a penny.'

The child stopped, stared, then advanced a few paces timidly till she came to a sunbeam which crossed the room, dividing it in two. Then she put out her pretty hands, moving them to and fro as if laving them in the sunshine, whilst her eyes were full of wonder.

'Was it you did all those funny things with the cards and the pigeons and the pennies, and the orange and the glass of water?'

'That was me, Ada—you see I know your name—and if you like, I will show you some more funny things just now whilst I am waiting for your mamma.'

'I'll go and bring mamma. She would like to see them too.'

'No, no; don't go for her. She will be here as soon as she is ready. Besides, this is a trick I want to show you all to yourself. You are not afraid of the magician—are you?'

Little Ada peered at him through the sunbeam. He was such a little man; and although his cheeks were somewhat hollow and his complexion rather sallow, there was an expression of frank gentleness in his eyes which at once inspired confidence. A child might trust him, and a child is quick to detect untrustworthy persons.

'I'm not afraid—why should I?' said Ada laughing.

'Because you do not know me—at least you do not know me enough to be quite sure that I am not the wicked magician who tried so hard to kill Aladdin because he got hold of the wonderful lamp.'

'But that was a long time ago,' she said with an air of thoughtfulness; 'and papa says there are no magicians—no real magicians—and no ghosts now, and that anybody who pretends to tell fortunes or to do magic things is'——

The child instinctively paused and turned her face away.

'Is an impostor, and ought to be taken up by the policeman,' said Tuppit, cheerfully completing the sentence for her; 'and he is quite right so far. All the same, Ada, there are great magicians always close by us. There is the Good Magician, Love, who makes you fond of your father and mother and ready to do kindly things for other people. Then there are the wicked magicians Anger and Envy, who make you hate everybody and everybody hate you. But you know I don't pretend to be like them; I only make-believe—that is, I perform tricks and tell you how they are done.'

'Is that all?' she said, disappointed, allowing her hands to drop, and passing through the sunbeam, which had hitherto formed a golden bar between them.

'That is all; but you have to work a great deal before you can do so much.—Now, here is this big desk—your papa opens it by magic; but do you know how it is done?'

'O yes; he takes out a nail and pushes something in—but that's telling. Could you do it? I have seen papa do it often, and he did not mind me; but he doesn't like anybody else to see him, for he was angry one day when nurse Susan came in without knocking just as he was going to open it.'

Tuppit was already busy examining the brass screws. He found one the notch of which indicated that it was more frequently used than the

others. A penknife served his purpose; he took out the screw, thrust a thin pencil into the hole; pressed it, and the desk opened.

'Oh, how clever!—That was just the way papa used to do it, only he had a brass thing for sticking into the hole,' said the child admiringly. 'I've tried to do it.'

There was nothing in the desk; and Tuppit, with a long-drawn breath of relief, closed it, replacing the screw as before. But he had kept on chattering to the child all the time, and muttering parenthetically observations to himself.

'You must show your papa that you know how it is done, Ada. . . . Nothing in it may tell for or against him. . . . And he will think it so funny that we should find it out. . . . It's a sign that he knows the game is up and is making ready to bolt. . . . But you must tell him that it was only a little bit of Tuppit's conjuring, and that he was glad to find nothing.'

Ada drew back towards the door, a little frightened by the change in his manner, which betrayed excitement in spite of his self-control.

'I think—I am beginning to be afraid of you now. You are not like the good magician any more.'

'That's true, Ada,' he said humbly, as he wiped his brow with that wonderful silk handkerchief which was of so much use to him in his professional exploits. Cold as the weather was, he seemed to be perspiring. 'But you know the change is only one of my tricks. Now, I will come back. Hey, Presto, change. . . . There, am I not smiling the same as before?'

'No; you are not. You are looking ugly.'

'Ah, let me hide my head.'

He bent down with a would-be comical manner of astonishment and chagrin. The child laughed in a hesitating way, as if not quite reassured that it was all fun. As he stooped, his eye fell on a waste-paper basket under the table. He snatched it out, and found in it a ball of blotting-paper which had been crumpled into that shape by an impatient hand. This he smoothed out on the table and then held up so that the sunbeam fell full upon it.

'This is the thing. Thank heaven, it is in my hands.' He carefully folded the paper and put it in his pocket. Then with real heartiness he turned to the wondering child. 'Now, Ada, I can laugh again; and if there was time enough, I would show you some beautiful things. Look here, for instance. Open your hand; I place that penny in it.—Close your hand. You are sure you have the penny?'

'Quite sure.'

'Presto, change. The penny is gone.'

'No, it isn't!' cried the child, laughing, and opening her hand, displayed the penny lying on the palm.

'Keep it, keep it, my child; you deserve it; and take this shilling to keep it company,' said poor Bob Tuppit, who in his agitation had failed in one of the simplest tricks of the prestidigitator, as his brethren in the craft delight to call themselves. At another time, the failure would have been humiliating to the last degree; but at present the conjurer was too much occupied with matters of grave importance to feel his discomfiture.

Mrs Wrentham entered.

'I understand you bring a message from my husband, sir,' she said in her timid way.

'Not exactly, ma'am; but I want to speak to you about him. I am a friend of his, or I should not be here.'

He glanced towards Ada as he spoke, suggesting by the look that the child should be sent out of the room. But Mrs Wrentham was too simple to understand the hint, and Tuppit was obliged to take the matter into his own hand.

'I'll tell you what, Ada; you might be a good magician now, if you like. You could run out to the garden and pluck me a sprig of holly for my little girl. She is very fond of shrubs and flowers; will you send her some?'

'O yes. There is such a nice sprig of holly up at the summer-house that I was keeping for Christmas; but your little girl shall have it.—Is she as old as me?'

'Just about the same age; and now I look at you, she is rather like you.'

Ada flew out at the door; and Tuppit turned eagerly to Mrs Wrentham, his little form seeming to enlarge with the earnestness of his speech.

'You are astonished, ma'am, at the liberty I am taking; but the fact is your husband has got into . . . . well, got into a scrape.—Please, don't alarm yourself. I hope we shall pull him through all right. I only came to warn you, knowing that he might have forgotten it.'

'Warn me about what?' exclaimed the lady, trembling without knowing why.

'That a gentleman will call here to-day and make inquiries about your husband. Answer him frankly, and, if you can manage it, do not look as if you were afraid of him. He is a good-natured chap, and will not press you very hard. But you must try to be quite calm and say nothing about my visit.'

The poor lady became pale immediately; and the first dreadful thought which occurred to her was that Wrentham had met with a serious accident of some sort—she had never approved of his horse-racing and horse-dealing proclivities. This good-natured friend was no doubt trying to break the horrible truth to her as gently as possible.

'Oh, please tell me the worst at once. Is he much hurt—is he killed?'

Bob Tuppit stared; but quickly comprehended the mistake which the wife had made.

'He is neither hurt nor killed, and is likely to live for a good many years to come,' he said reassuringly. 'He has got into a bother about some money matters. That is all.'

Tuppit felt ashamed of himself as he uttered the last words. What would a broken leg or arm, or even a broken neck, have been compared with the risk and disgrace of penal servitude? But Mrs Wrentham had no suspicion of such a danger, and was relieved as soon as she heard that her husband was physically unharmed. As for a difficulty about money, she was confident that he would easily arrange that; so she promised that she would answer any questions the gentleman who was coming might have to ask; for she knew nothing about her husband's money affairs, and therefore had nothing to tell.

Bob Tuppit looked at her wistfully, as if inclined to tell her more of the real position; but just then Ada came bounding in with the

holly and ivy—looking so happy and glad, that the man was unable to reveal the worst.

'They'll know soon enough,' he said to himself, as he thankfully took the bundle of shrubs and went his way.

OLD PROVINCIAL FAIRS.

As a survival of one of the earliest institutions of this country, the provincial fair is of special interest. Although it no longer retains the functions for which it was originally founded, yet its existence amongst us points back to a distant period in our history, when it not only served as an important rendezvous for the furtherance of trade, but was a centre whence the legislative enactments of the country were proclaimed. Originally, it would seem the fair was generally held during the period of a saint's feast within the precincts of the church or abbey, when worshippers and pilgrims assembled from all parts. As the sacred building, too, was frequently in the open country, or near some village too small to provide adequate accommodation for the vast throng assembled on this annual festival, tents were pitched and stalls for provisions set up in the churchyard, to supply the wants of the visitors. This practice soon induced country pedlars and traders to come and offer their wares; and hence in course of time it led to the establishment of the commercial trade-marts known as 'fairs.' It was not long, however, before abuses crept up, unseemly diversions and excessive drinking causing no small offence. For instance, in the fourteenth year of Henry III.'s reign, the archdeacon within the diocese of Lincoln made inquiries into the custom of holding fairs in churchyards; the result being that they were shortly afterwards discontinued in this diocese. In the thirteenth year of Edward II.'s reign, a statute was passed prohibiting the keeping of a fair in any churchyard. But this law was in a great measure inoperative, for markets seem to have been held in several Yorkshire churchyards in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries; and two hundred years later, the same customs occurred in Germany.

Whatever the exact origin of our provincial fairs may be, they are undoubtedly of great antiquity, although, singular to say, their charters are comparatively of modern date; the first recorded grant in this country apparently being that of William the Conqueror to the Bishop of Winchester for leave to hold an annual 'free fair at St Giles's Hill.' Respecting this old fair, we are told how, on St Giles's eve, the mayor, bailiffs, and citizens of Winchester gave up to the bishop's officers the keys of the four city gates; and that, while it lasted, the church appointed its own mayor, bailiff, and coroner. The rules, too, for its regulation seem to have been very stringent; officers being stationed on roads and bridges to take toll upon all merchandise travelling in the direction of Winchester. A tent of justice known as the Pavilion was held in the centre of the fair, in which offences of various kinds were tried by the bishop's officers. Every precaution, too, was taken that all packages of goods entering the city gates paid toll to the bishop, who likewise received the forfeit of any wares that might be sold out of the fair within a radius of seven miles. 'Foreign merchants,' says Mr Morley, 'came to this fair and paid its tolls. Monasteries had also shops or houses in its drapery, pottery, or spicery streets, used only at fair-time, and held often by lease from the bishop.' This fair, therefore, apart from its historical value, is interesting in so far as it was in many respects the model upon which succeeding ones in other places were instituted.

Fairs were occasionally granted to towns as a means for enabling them to recover from the effects of war and other disasters; and also as a mark of favour from the Crown. Thus, Edward III. founded a fair in the town of Burnley in Lancashire. An amusing origin is given of 'Fools' Fair,' kept in the Broad Gate at Lincoln on the 14th of September, for the sale of cattle. It is recorded how King William and his queen 'having visited Lincoln, made the citizens an offer to serve them in any way they liked best. They asked for a fair, though it was harvest, when few people could attend it, and though the town had no trade nor any manufacture.' Stourbridge fair, once perhaps the largest in the world, was specially granted by King John for the maintenance of a hospital for lepers. Among other origins assigned to fairs, may be mentioned 'Pack-Monday fair,' which was in days gone by celebrated at Sherborne, on the first Monday after the 10th October. It was ushered in by the ringing of the great bell at a very early hour, and by the young people perambulating the streets with cows' horns. Tradition asserts that this fair originated at the completion of the building of the church—at the completion of which the workmen held a fair in the churchyard, blowing cows' horns in their rejoicings. There can be no doubt, however, that in many cases where the true origin of many of our old fairs has in the course of years been forgotten, another has been invented in its place, and handed down with every mark apparently of plausibility.

Perhaps one of the most curious features of our provincial fairs is to be found in the odd customs associated with them, these possessing an additional interest, as they help to illustrate the social life of our forefathers. Thus, from time immemorial, it has been customary at several of our large fairs—such as those kept up at Portsmouth, Southampton, Chester, and Macclesfield—to announce their opening by hoisting a glove of unusual size in some conspicuous place. This, it has been suggested, is the earliest form of royal charter, denoting the king's glove—the custom being thus explained in the *Speculum Saxonicum*: 'No one is allowed to set up a market or a mint without the consent of the ordinary and judge of that place; the king ought also to send a glove, as a sign of his consent to the same.' The charter for Lammas fair at Exeter was formerly perpetuated by a huge glove, stuffed and carried through the city on a long pole, which was eventually placed on the top of the Guildhall, where, so long as it remained, it indicated that the fair was still open. A variation of this usage prevailed at Liverpool, where, ten days before and after each fair-day, a hand was exhibited in front of the town-hall—a sign which denoted that 'no person coming to or going from the town on

business connected with the fair can be arrested for debt within its liberty.' Englefield, in his *Walk through Southampton* (1805), describing the fair held on Trinity Monday at Southampton, says it was dissolved by the glove being taken down, 'which was at one time performed by the young men of the town, who fired at it till it was destroyed, or they were tired of the sport.' Without enumerating further instances of this practice, there can be no doubt that, as Mr Leadam has shown in the *Antiquary* (1880), the glove is the original 'sign-manual.'

One of the quaint features of Charlton fair, formerly held on St Luke's Day, was the elaborate display of horns; the booths not only being decorated with them, but most of the articles offered for sale having representations of this emblem. For a long time, antiquaries were much divided as to what connection there could be between horns and Charlton fair, and many conjectures were started without any satisfactory result. At last, however, light was thrown on this much-disputed question by an antiquary, who pointed out that a horned ox is the old medieval symbol of St Luke, the patron of the fair. In support of this explanation, it was further added, that although most of the painted glass in Charlton church was destroyed in the troublous times of the reign of Charles I., yet fragments remained of St Luke's ox 'with wings on his back, and goodly horns on his head.' As an additional illustration on this point, we may quote the following extract from Aubrey's *Remains of Gentilisme and Judaisme*: 'At Stoke-Verdon, in the parish of Broad Chalke, Wilts, was a chapel dedicated to St Luke, who is the patron saint of the horn-beasts and those that have to do with them; wherefore the keepers and foresters of the New Forest come hither at St Luke's tide with their offerings to St Luke, that they might be fortunate in their game, the deer, and other cattle.' Many of those, also, who visited Charlton fair wore a pair of horns on their heads, and the men were attired in women's clothes; a mode of masquerading thus described by a writer of the last century: 'I remember being there upon Horn fair-day; I was dressed in my landlady's best gown, and other women's attire.' Referring to St Luke's Day, Drake tells us in his *Eboracum* that a fair was annually kept up at York for all sorts of small-wares, and was popularly known as 'Dish-fair,' from the large quantity of wooden dishes exposed for sale. It was also characterised by an old custom of 'bearing a wooden ladle in a sling on two stangs about it, carried by four sturdy labourers; this being, no doubt, in ridicule of the meanness of the wares brought to the fair.' At Paignton fair, Exeter, it was customary, says a correspondent of *Notes and Queries*, to draw through the town a plum-pudding of immense size, and afterwards to distribute it to the crowd. The ingredients which on one occasion composed this pudding were as follows: four hundred pounds of flour, one hundred and seventy pounds of beef-suet, one hundred and forty pounds of raisins, and two hundred and forty eggs. It was kept constantly boiling in a brewer's copper from the Saturday morning to the Tuesday following, when it was placed on a car profusely decorated and drawn along the streets by eight oxen.

Again, among the numerous other customs which were attached to many of our fairs may be mentioned that popularly designated as 'Walking the Fair.' Thus, at Wolverhampton, on the eve of the great fair which took place on the 9th of July, a procession of men in antique armour paraded the town, preceded by the local authorities. According to tradition, this ceremony took its rise when Wolverhampton was a great emporium for wool and resorted to by merchants from all parts of England. These processions, however, were in all probability the remains of the Corpus Christi pageantry, which was frequently celebrated at the yearly fairs. At Avingham fair, held about twelve miles from Newcastle, an amusing ceremony was celebrated called 'Riding the Fair.' Early in the morning a procession moved from the principal alehouse in the village, headed by two pipers, known as the 'Duke of Northumberland's pipers,' who, fancifully dressed up for the occasion, were mounted on horses gaily caparisoned, and specially borrowed for the day. These pipers, followed by the Duke of Northumberland's agent, bailiff, and a numerous escort, rode through the fair; and after proclaiming it opened, they 'walked the boundary of all that was, or had been, common or waste land.' Riding the boundaries is still annually practised in many provincial parishes.

We must not omit to mention the 'Procession of Lady Godiva'—one of the grandest of these shows, and which has been the distinguishing feature of Coventry Show Fair, for many years one of the chief marts in the kingdom. This celebrated fair has generally commenced upon Friday in Trinity-week, the charter for it having been granted, it is said, by Henry III. in the year 1218, at the instigation of Randle, Earl of Chester. It is noteworthy, however, that the tradition of Lady Godiva is not confined to Coventry fair, a similar one having been handed down in the neighbourhood of St Briavel's, Gloucestershire. Thus Rudder, in his History of this county (1779), tells us how, formerly, after divine service on Whitsunday, pieces of bread and cheese were distributed to the congregation at church. To defray the expenses, every householder in the parish paid a penny to the churchwardens, and this was said to be for the liberty of cutting and taking wood in Hudnalls. Tradition affirms that 'this privilege was obtained of some Earl of Hereford, then lord of the Forest of Dean, at the instance of his lady, upon the same hard terms that Lady Godiva obtained the privileges for the citizens of Coventry.'

Again, at the Whitsuntide fair held at Hinckley in Leicestershire, one of the principal attractions was the procession of the millers, who, having assembled from all the neighbouring villages, marched in grand array with the 'king of the millers' at their head. From the various accounts recorded of this ceremony, it appears that the dresses were generally most elaborate; and one writer, in 1787, describing these shows, says: 'The framework knitters, wool-combers, butchers, carpenters, &c., had each their plays, and rode in companies bearing allusions to their different trades.' Then there was the well-known practice of 'Crying the Fair.' Thus, in connection

with Stourbridge fair we read how in the year 1548 a proclamation was issued by the university of Cambridge in 'crying the fair,' in which it was directed, among other clauses, that 'no brewer sell into the fayer a barrell of ale above two shillings; no longe ale, no red ale, no ropye ale, but good and holsome for man's body, under the penaltie of forfeyture.'

Ravenglass fair, celebrated annually at Muncaster in Cumberland, was the scene of a peculiar ceremony, which is thus described in Lyson's *Magna Britannia:* 'The lord's steward was attended by the sergeant of the borough of Egremont with the insignia called the bow of Egremont, the foresters with their bows and horns, and all the tenantry of the forest of Copeland, whose special service was to attend to the lord and his representatives at Ravenglass fair, and remain there during its continuance.' In order, also, to attract visitors, various modes of diversion were contrived; these generally succeeding in bringing together large concourses of people from outlying districts. Thus, occasionally, a mock-mayor was appointed, whose duty it was to try any unfortunate person who on some trumped-up charge might be brought before him. It has been suggested that these mock-trials may have originated in the courts which were granted at fairs 'to take notice of all manner of causes and disorders committed upon the place, called pie-powder, because justice was done to any injured person before the dust of the fair was off his feet.' A notable instance of this custom was kept up at Bodmin Riding in Cornwall, on St Thomas à Becket's Day. A mock-court having been summoned, presided over by a Lord of Misrule, any unpopular individual so unlucky as to be captured was dragged to answer a charge of felony; the imputed crime being such as his appearance might suggest—a negligence in his attire or a breach of manners. With ludicrous gravity, we are told in the *Parochial History of Cornwall*, 'a mock-trial was then commenced, and judgment was gravely pronounced, when the culprit was hurried off to receive his punishment. In this, his apparel was generally a greater sufferer than his person, as it commonly terminated in his being thrown into the water or the mire'—'Take him before the Mayor of Halgaver;' 'Present him in Halgaver Court,' being old Cornish proverbs.

A similar institution has existed from time immemorial at the little town of Penryn in Cornwall, at the annual festival of Nutting, when the 'Mayor of Mylor' is chosen. According to popular opinion, says Mr Hunt, in his *Romances of the West of England*, 'there is a clause in the borough charter compelling the legitimate mayor to surrender his power to the "Mayor of Mylor" on the day in question, and to lend the town-sergeant's paraphernalia to the gentlemen of the shears.' At the yearly fair, too, held in the village of Tarleton, a mock-mayor was until a very few years ago elected, this ceremony forming part of the after-dinner proceedings. 'Three persons,' says a correspondent of *Notes and Queries*, 'were nominated, and it was the rule that each candidate on receiving a vote should drink a glass of wine—a "bumper" to the health of the voter—so that the one elected was not very steady on his feet when all the company had polled and the newly elected mayor had to be installed.'

Lastly, referring to the days on which fairs were formerly held, it appears from *The Book of Fairs* that they were kept up on Good-Friday at St Austell, Cornwall; Droitwich, Worcestershire; Grinton, Yorkshire; High-Budleigh, Devonshire; and at Wimborne, Dorsetshire. A correspondent of *Notes and Queries* says that he saw a 'brisk fair going on in the little village of Perran's Porth, Cornwall, not far from the curious oratory of St Piran, on Good-Friday in 1878.' In some places, too, Sunday seems to have been selected; for in Benson's *Vindication of the Methodists* we find the following paragraph, with special reference to Lincolnshire: 'Wakes, feasts, and dancing begin in many parishes on the Lord's Day, on which also some fairs and annual markets are held.'

THE LAST OF THE STUARTS.

A MODERN ROMANCE.

I.—THE DISINHERITED PRINCE.

It was the proud boast of the late Mr Charles James Stuart, of Balquhalloch, N.B., that he was the direct representative and lawful heir of the unfortunate royal family of Scotland. I do not quite know how he derived his descent, or from whom; but I feel sure that, had he lived at the beginning of the eighteenth instead of the nineteenth century, he would, with considerable confidence, have contested the right of Queen Anne and the earlier Georges to reign over the northern, if not also the southern portion of Great Britain. He was not born, however, until 1796; and at that time there were in the Highlands but few people who still chafed under Hanoverian rule. When, therefore, as a young man, he first went to London, instead of plotting rebellion against the authority of King George III., he fell in love with an English girl named Eleanor Tudor, who also claimed, and, I think, not without justice, to be lineally descended from royal ancestors. A portrait of this lady was until quite recently in the possession of her daughter, Miss Stuart. She was not beautiful; and I strongly suspect that Mr Stuart would not have wooed her, had she borne any other name than Tudor; but the prospect of once more uniting the old kingly stocks of England and Scotland proved too seductive to be resisted; and in the summer of 1817, the laird married Miss Tudor at St James's, Piccadilly, and at once carried her off to his northern home. In the following year, Mrs Stuart gave birth to the above-mentioned daughter, who in due course received the name of Henrietta Maria; and when in 1820 a son was also born at Balquhalloch, he was, with equal fittingness, baptised Charles Augustus.

The old laird died in 1861; but in the meantime his son had grown up and married a pretty but penniless governess; and in 1857 a son, who was named Charles Edward, had been

born to him. Mr Charles Augustus Stuart, who, I regret to say, had more respect for whisky than for his magnificent ancestry, was seized with apoplexy in 1878, shortly afterwards departing this life; and in 1880, when the events which I am about to narrate began, the only living representatives of the old laird were his daughter Henrietta Maria, an eccentric lady of sixty-two; and his grandson Charles Edward, a lively and, I may add, rather unscrupulous fellow of three-and-twenty.

Miss Stuart was a tall and very dignified person. Twenty years ago, the thirsty cravings of Charles Augustus had dragged him into pecuniary difficulties, from which he only extricated himself by selling Balquhalloch and all its contents to his sister; and from that time, Miss Stuart was mistress of the fine old house, and maintained herself there in a style almost worthy of the descendant of a hundred kings. She was rich, her mother's relations having at different times bequeathed to her sums amounting in the aggregate to nearly three-quarters of a million; and she was generous, as all the poor of her neighbourhood would gladly testify; but, as I have already said, she was eccentric. She regarded herself as a British princess; she insisted upon her servants treating her as such; she lived in considerable state, and had a large household; and whenever she had occasion to sign her name, she signed it magnificently, 'Henrietta Maria, P.'

Young Charles Edward, on the other hand, inherited no fortune worth speaking of. His father had squandered his means in dissipation; and dying, left a paltry five thousand pounds, upon the interest of which the son, until 1880, lived in chambers in the Inner Temple. Up to that time he had no direct communication with his magnificent aunt, who, after purchasing Balquhalloch, had quarrelled with his father. In the spring of the year, however, Charles Edward happened to be breakfasting with his friend Tom Checkstone, who called his attention to the following advertisement in the *Morning Post:*

'A Personage of rank requires the services of a private secretary. Applicant must be energetic, well educated, of good address, and willing to spend the greater part of his time in the country.—Send full particulars to the Steward of the Household, Balquhalloch, N.B.'

'Balquhalloch is your aunt's place; is it not? I wonder who has taken it?' asked Tom.

'No one has taken it. My aunt always lives there; and, what is more, she is the Personage of rank.'

'Your aunt! Have they been making her a peeress, then?' demanded Tom incredulously.

'She's a little weak in her head, you know, on the subject of our supposed royal descent,' returned Charles Edward; 'and she insists upon regarding herself as a princess.'

'And if she is a princess, what are you, Charlie?'

'Oh, I don't know. I haven't troubled myself to go deeply into the matter; but I suppose that in her estimation I am the legitimate king of England, or rather, of Great Britain. My grandfather claimed to be the representative of the House of Stuart; so, of course, as the only son of his only son, I inherit that great but somewhat barren honour.'

'Well, I have made up my mind to write to your eccentric aunt's Steward of the Household,' said Tom. 'I have little to do, and, what is far more serious, little to live upon; and if the Princess will give me five hundred a year, Her Royal Highness shall have my services.—Is she rich?'

'O yes. I believe that she has a good twenty thousand a year, if not more.'

'And yet she lets you live here on two hundred and fifty! I can't say much for her princely liberality.—Do you know any one who will recommend me? And who is this Steward of hers?'

'He is a Scotchman, named M'Dum—Donald M'Dum. He used to be merely a kind of farm-bailiff; but he falls in with all my aunt's whims, and I rather fancy he is making a good thing out of his place.'

'Not what you would call a very upright man?' hazarded Tom.

'By no means. From what I have heard, I should take him to be a regular money-grubber. George Fegan, of Figblossom Buildings, who was in Scotland last autumn, met him several times, and told me all about him.'

'Ah, I shall go and see Fegan. Don't you mention the matter. But remember one thing: if I get the appointment, I'll guarantee that the old lady shall take you into immediate favour. I have an idea, a grand one. At present, never mind what it is. If this M'Dum is as mercenary as you make out, we must raise money to bribe him to use his influence on my behalf; and the question is, how can we raise it? All my modest expectations are centred upon the death of my uncle Blighter, who, as you know, is already bedridden. When he dies, I shall come into a few thousands.—Will you lend me a thousand, if I want it?'

Checkstone and Stuart were old school-chums, and although not altogether prompt in satisfying the demands of their tailors, trusted one another completely.

'I could realise my small investments,' said Charlie; 'but by doing so I should reduce my income by fifty pounds a year; so I hope that the favours from my aunt won't be long in coming.'

'Then you shall realise; and I'll give you my promissory-note for the amount. But first I must see Fegan and make inquiries. I won't do anything risky; trust me for that. While I benefit myself, I shall doubly benefit you. When I have called on Fegan, I shall at once, if necessary, go down to Balquhalloch and see the great M'Dum. When I wire to you, you can realise; and I can draw upon you for any sum up to a thousand, eh?'

'So be it,' assented Charlie. 'And I hope you will get the appointment and help me out of my difficulties. Why, if only my aunt would do the proper thing, I could marry. She might easily spare, say, a thousand a year; and with that addition to my income, Kate and I could do very well.'

'That marrying craze of yours is like a millstone tied to your neck. You ought to look out for a girl with money. Kate Smith is an orphan,

and has no expectations; and in any case, you might—if you will forgive my saying so—do better than marry a governess.'

'My father married a governess!' exclaimed Charlie warmly.

'So much the worse. The race will be ruined! However, we won't talk about that now. While you are a bachelor, there is still hope; and you shall have your thousand a year very soon, unless I am vastly mistaken.—Now I am off to see Fegan; so good-bye. If I go to Scotland to-night, you shall hear from me to-morrow. All depends upon Fegan's report of the great M'Dum.'

II.—THE ENVOY EXTRAORDINARY.

Fegan's report must have been at least to some extent favourable, if not actually encouraging, for that evening Tom Checkstone left town by the limited mail for Scotland. For reasons that will presently appear, he took with him half-a-dozen boxes of very fine cigars and a considerable quantity of personal luggage; and, contrary to his usual habit, he travelled first-class.

Early on the morning of the next day but one, after having spent a portion of the previous night at the *Bagpipes Inn*, Aberdumble, he hired the best conveyance in the town, and was driven over to Balquhalloch.

Balquhalloch Castle, as all Scotchmen and most Englishmen are no doubt aware, is a straggling building that dates back to the beginning of the fifteenth century. It occupies an isolated position, and consists of a grim gray keep, surrounded by a circle of stables, store-rooms, and servants' quarters.

It was to this ancient abode that Mr Tom Checkstone was driven. The carriage passed through the frowning gateway of the castle into a large courtyard, in which several servants in livery stood ready to receive it. Tom alighted, and, acting upon instructions which he had obtained from George Fegan, asked to see Mr M'Dum. His card was carried to that functionary, who at once professed his readiness to see his visitor in his private room. Thither, therefore, Tom was conducted; and scarcely had he taken a seat ere the Steward of the Household entered.

Mr M'Dum was a short, stout, red-faced man of about fifty years of age. He was negligently dressed in a brown velvet shooting-suit, and he was smoking a very large cigar.

'What can I do for you?' he asked bluntly.

'I have come down,' said Tom, 'with an introduction from Mr George Fegan of Figblossom Buildings, London.'

'Yes; I know him,' ejaculated M'Dum abruptly.

'And I wish,' continued Tom, 'to apply for a secretaryship which, as I see by an advertisement in the *Morning Post*, is vacant.'

'Well, sit down,' said M'Dum, as he threw himself into the most comfortable chair in the room; 'and we will talk the matter over.' And he proceeded to help himself to a stiff glass of whisky from a decanter that stood upon a table at his side.

'I think that I possess all the necessary qualifications,' began Tom; 'but of that you must be the judge. Perhaps this letter from Mr Fegan will give you as much information as I can,' and he handed a sealed missive to the Steward.

M'Dum took it, and having opened it, read aloud:

'My dear Mr M'Dum—My friend Mr Checkstone has seen in the paper that a secretary is wanted at Balquhalloch. He is a young man of means, family, good education, and address; he is, moreover, a sociable companion; and you may in all matters rely upon his discretion. I therefore highly recommend him to you. I take advantage of his journey to Scotland to send to you half-a-dozen boxes of very prime cigars; and remain yours very faithfully,

George Fegan.'

'And here are the cigars,' added Tom, pointing to a package which he had brought in with him.

Cigars were Mr M'Dum's second weakness. His first was good whisky. In a moment his demeanour, which up to that point had been by no means friendly, altered.

'Good!' he exclaimed. 'The letter, so far as it goes, is perfectly satisfactory, Mr Checkstone.—Now, let us look at the matter as men of business. The fact is that Miss Stuart—the Princess Henrietta Maria as we call her here—wants a well-educated amanuensis. I manage her estates and her household, but—and I needn't attempt to disguise it—my education has been neglected. I am not good at letter-writing. Still, I have worked my way gradually up into my present position, and I am not disposed to imperil it. The man who comes here must be my ally. He will be paid four hundred a year, and will keep his place as long as he likes, provided that he gets on well with me. The Princess is not exacting, although she is eccentric. I do not suppose, indeed, that the work will be hard; and as there is plenty of good shooting and fishing down here, the life is very pleasant. I may tell you that Mr Fegan has already telegraphed to me announcing your visit, and that I am upon the whole prepared to engage you.'

'You are very good,' returned Tom, who, however, did not add that he knew the telegram in question had been sent, and that he was perfectly aware of its contents. The words were: 'I send down Checkstone for secretary. Easy to manage. Perfectly innocent and harmless.' Nor did Tom explain that he, and not Fegan, was the real donor of the cigars.

'Oh, it is merely a matter of business,' rejoined M'Dum. 'I fancy that we should get on together. But, since if you obtain the post you will obtain it through my good offices, and since I naturally desire to have some guarantee that the Princess's confidence in you will not be misplaced, you must excuse my asking whether you are prepared to—well—to make some small—what shall we say—some small deposit, some trifling payment as a security, you know?'

'Nothing could be more reasonable, Mr M'Dum,' said Tom.

'I imagine,' continued the Steward, who was much encouraged by Tom's words, 'that a premium, say, of two years' salary would not, under the circumstances, be excessive; for the post would practically be a permanency. Two years' salary would be eight hundred pounds.'

'Yes; I think that eight hundred pounds would not be excessive,' said Tom. 'I am ready to agree to pay that sum.'

'That's good! Then I will introduce you to the Princess.' And placing his unfinished cigar in an ash-tray upon the table, Mr M'Dum arose, and led the way through some long and cheerless stone passages into a more pretentious and better furnished part of the huge building. Leaving Tom in a panelled anteroom, he went forward to announce him; and returning, conducted the new secretary into the presence.

In a large armchair in a long low drawing-room sat the Princess Henrietta Maria. Tom bowed low as soon as he saw her, and then—acting upon directions which had been supplied to him by Mr Fegan—advanced and respectfully kissed the tips of her outstretched fingers.

'Mr M'Dum tells me,' said the Princess, 'that you are in all respects competent to act as our private secretary. We particularly need the services of an amanuensis just now, because we are drawing up some memoirs of our family. The documents are here in the castle; but our health does not permit of sufficient progress with the work. Are you prepared to undertake the duties?'

'I am, your Royal Highness,' assented Tom meekly, as he stood before the majestic old lady.

'That is well. And when can you begin those duties, Mr Checkstone?'

'I am at any moment at your Royal Highness's disposal,' said Tom. 'I can even take up my residence here to-day, should your Royal Highness wish it.'

'Let it be so, then, Mr Checkstone. Mr M'Dum shall conduct you to your apartments; and I myself will take an early opportunity of visiting them and of satisfying myself that you will be comfortable.'

The Princess signified that the audience was over; and Tom and the Steward backed out of the room, bowing low as they went.

'You should not have said that you would come in to-day,' said M'Dum, as soon as the door was shut. 'And besides, how can you do so? Where is your luggage?'

'It is at the inn at Aberdumble,' answered Tom. 'I thought, under any circumstances, of staying in Scotland for a few weeks; and so I came prepared.'

'Humph!' ejaculated M'Dum, who was somewhat annoyed at his protégé's precipitancy.—'Now, if you don't mind, we will go back to my little office and complete our business arrangements.'

Ten minutes later, Mr M'Dum was the richer by a promissory-note for eight hundred pounds, and Tom was formally installed as private secretary to the Princess Henrietta Maria. At the earliest possible moment he sent back the conveyance to Aberdumble, instructing the coachman to forward his luggage to the castle, and intrusting the man with two telegrams, worded in French, one being addressed to George Fegan, and the other to Charles Edward Stuart.

Later in the day, the Princess requested him to attend her in the library; and there, without many preliminaries, he began, under her supervision, to transcribe the contents of numerous musty documents in English, and to translate those of others that were written in French and Latin. He worked for only a couple of hours; and then the Princess, bidding him lay aside his pen, sat and talked to him about London, about politics, and about books. In the evening he played chess and smoked with Mr M'Dum; and after the toddy had been done full justice to, he retired, well satisfied, to his own snug rooms on the second floor of the ancient keep.

Thus did he spend his time for a week and more, until one afternoon the Princess fell to talking about the sad fate of her family.

'The principle of divine right,' she said, 'cannot be altered by popular clamour. It is a reality. She who at present sits upon the throne of these kingdoms is no more the Queen than you are. Excellent woman though she is, she is but the representative of usurpers. True kings cannot be made by vulgar acclamation, neither can wrong become right by lapse of time. But the blood of our race has been tainted. Our royal brother of sacred memory—though, to be sure, he never recognised his exalted position—married a commoner; and how can I expect that the child of that union should be worthy of his splendid ancestry? Ah, that child! What possibilities are his, if only he had the energy to seize them! But he cares nothing. He is content to live obscure. He will not accept his destiny.'

'Nay!' suggested Tom; 'perhaps he lives obscure because he is poor. Perhaps he is too proud to let it be known that he who exists upon a miserable two hundred and fifty pounds a year is the king of Great Britain. Your Royal Highness must not be unjust.'

'Would that what you say were true!' ejaculated the Princess. 'But if he only made some sign of his desire to win his own, heaven knows that I would aid him with my fortune, and even, if need were, with my life.'

'Your Royal Highness's sentiments are worthy of her great lineage,' said Tom courteously. 'I happen to know that the facts are as I have hinted; for, although I have not yet mentioned it, I have the honour of your Royal Highness's august nephew's acquaintance. Indeed, I may say the king deigns to honour me with his friendship.'

'The king!' exclaimed the Princess, with beaming eyes—'the king! You have heard His Majesty speak, have seen His Majesty walk, and you have not told me! Oh, Mr Checkstone, I cannot tell you how it rejoices me to have one of the king's friends in my service!—What is His Majesty's will? What are His Majesty's plans? You may trust me. I am devoted wholly and entirely to his interests. How I have longed to learn of his intention to take his rightful position!'

Thus encouraged, Tom Checkstone related to the Princess a very plausible and interesting story, the main points of which he did not forget to communicate by letter to his friend in London. He assured the Princess that poverty alone prevented the king from taking action; that His Majesty chafed grievously in his enforced seclusion; and that the legitimate sovereign of Great Britain, in spite of the plebeian origin of his mother, was in all respects a worthy descendant of the Jameses.

'Then His Majesty must come hither,' said the Princess. 'But I am greatly in doubt whether

I can place implicit confidence in Mr M'Dum. He is an excellent servant, but I fear he is not too loyal; and we must risk nothing.'

'Mr M'Dum,' said Tom, 'has very well taken care of himself hitherto. Your Royal Highness is perhaps not aware that he accepted a bribe from me when I applied for my present position in your Royal Highness's household. I have his receipt for eight hundred pounds.'

'Then, we shall certainly dismiss him,' remarked the Princess with signs of rising anger. 'But, as I say, he is withal an excellent servant, and it would not become us to act towards him in anger. I will pension him; and when he has left the castle, we may receive the king without any risk; for all my other servants have from their childhood been devoted to the royal cause.'

The result of this conversation—all the details of which were faithfully reported to Charlie Stuart—was that Mr M'Dum, after a somewhat stormy scene with the Princess, quitted Balquhalloch, with an eye to an eligible public-house in Glasgow; and on the day of his departure, the Princess wrote a loyal and affectionate letter to her nephew, and despatched it to him by the hands of her chaplain, the Rev. Octavius M'Fillan, a priest who, although he possessed no remarkable degree of intelligence, was of unimpeachable devotion to the Princess, and of great simplicity and kindness of heart. 'Our castle,' the letter concluded, 'is held at your Majesty's disposal; and all within it is at your Royal service.'

Father M'Fillan, with much ceremony, delivered the missive to Charlie at his chambers in the Inner Temple; and 'the king' was pleased to say in reply that he would at his earliest convenience visit his well-beloved aunt in the north.

Two or three days afterwards, the second column of the *Times* contained an announcement to the effect that Catharine Smith, daughter of the late John Smith of Manchester, intended thenceforth to assume the surname of Plantagenet, and upon all future occasions to style herself, and be known as, Catharine Plantagenet. Fortunately, the *Times* was not studied at Balquhalloch, the Princess reading only the *Edinburgh Courant*, because it was a thorough-going Tory journal, and the London *Morning Post*, because it was of eminently aristocratic tone.

A week later, Charlie, who had meantime received some long letters from Tom, went down to Scotland.

INDIAN JUGGLERS.

BY AN ANGLO-INDIAN.

THE exhibition of feats of legerdemain is at all times entertaining; and those who have had the pleasure of witnessing the performances of such accomplished professors of the art of magic as the late Wizard of the North, or Messrs Maskelyne and Cooke of the Egyptian Hall, London, are not likely soon to forget the same. In Britain, however, it is only now and again that a magician of the first class, who is likewise a native of the British Isles, appears. Eminent British jugglers are few and far between. But in the ancient East, magic is, and has from time immemorial been, much more generally cultivated. India, as every one who has resided in our great tropical dependency knows, counts its jugglers by thousands. Indeed, magic is there a recognised calling or business; it descends from father to son; and an Indian juggler, be he Mussulman or Hindu, would not dream of teaching his son any other business than his own—that of magic. And so it comes about that the supply of Indian jugglers is both large and continuous. The Indian juggler is a very humble individual; he does not appear before his audience in the glory of evening dress; his only costume is a cloth bound round his loins. And thus, if coat-sleeves or pockets at all assist in magic, the Indian juggler is at a decided disadvantage, for both his arms and legs are bare. He is a thin, an unnaturally thin, wiry-looking individual—the Indian juggler. I do not know why he should be thin, but I do not recollect ever having seen a fat Indian juggler. Fat natives of India there are in plenty, as those who have travelled on Indian railways know to the detriment of their olfactory nerves; but I cannot recall a single fat Indian magician. Again, the Indian juggler does not appear before his audience with the swagger of the man who knows his power to command the applause of crowded houses. On the contrary, he appears meekly before you at the foot of your veranda steps, obsequiously salaaming, quite prepared to be turned away with rough words, but hoping to be invited up the steps to perform; for he knows that if he once reaches the top of the veranda steps, he will, an hour thereafter, be one rupee, perhaps two rupees, richer, and he will thus have earned his living for a week. Not a very liberal remuneration this, you may think; and yet it is a fact that a juggler whose receipts amounted to ten rupees—say eighteen shillings in one month—would consider himself a fortunate man.

His performance is a remarkable one, though, perhaps, not more remarkable than a first-class exhibition of magic in Britain. But between the British and the Indian juggler there is one great and important difference. The former has all the usual elaborate paraphernalia of home magical entertainments—a prepared stage, back curtains, tables, chairs, boxes, &c.; the latter has nothing of the sort: all his appliances are contained in a cotton bag which he carries about with him; he is nearly naked; and his stage is the ground or the stone floor of a veranda. Very often two or three jugglers combine and pay visits to the bungalows, thus giving variety to the performance—for each juggler has his own tricks. Recently, I had a visit from an amalgamated troupe consisting of seven members—five men, one woman, and a boy. Probably the seven had conjoined their entertainments for that particular day only, and next day they might be performing separately again. If I give a description of what this party of seven did, you will have a fair idea of a juggling entertainment in India.

Two of the seven—one man and the woman—performed a single trick only, namely, the famous basket trick. The man took an oblong basket about two feet long, one foot broad, and, say, a foot and a half high. The woman was bound hand and foot with ropes, and put into a net made

of rope, which was securely tied, so that she was practically in a sack of network. She was then lifted and placed into the basket on her knees. But a two-year-old child would have filled the basket, and the result was that the whole of the woman's person, from the loins upwards, was above the basket. The woman bent her head; the juggler placed the lid of the basket on her shoulders, and then threw a sheet over the whole —hiding both woman and basket from view. In about a minute he pulled away the sheet, folding it up in his hands, and behold, the lid was in its proper place, and the woman was gone! The juggler now took a sword about five feet long, and with it he pierced the basket through and through in all directions, horizontally, diagonally, upwards, and downwards; but there was no sign of any one inside. He even removed the lid, jumped into the basket with his feet, and danced in it, until one came to the conclusion that, wherever the woman had gone to, she was not inside. The juggler again took the sheet, and after we had examined it, he spread it over the basket, holding it tent-shaped, the apex where his hand was being about three feet from the ground. In a minute he withdrew the sheet once more, and behold the woman was back in her old position on her knees in the basket; but the ropes and net had disappeared, and she was now unbound. This trick has a few variations, one of which is that after the woman disappears, the basket is handed round to show its emptiness, and some other trick is exhibited, in the middle of which the female performer reappears before the audience ere any one can notice where she comes from.

A third juggler now made his salaam, and began by performing the beautiful mango-tree trick. He took an earthenware pot, filled it with earth moistened with a little water, and placed among the earth a mango-seed which we had examined beforehand. This done, he threw a sheet over the pot, and almost immediately removed it again, when we beheld, to our astonishment, that the seed had in the space of, say, half a minute become a young mango-tree. Again the sheet was thrown over the pot, and on being a second time removed, the mango-tree had doubled in size. The same process was repeated a third time, and now the tree was covered with small unripe mangoes. This time the juggler plucked the tree up out of the earth, displaying the roots and the remains of the original mango-stone from which the tree was supposed to have sprung.

The snake trick, which was the next item in the entertainment, is one which has a peculiar fascination for native onlookers, for the fatal ravages of poisonous serpents in India for centuries have produced a horror of such reptiles among natives. Our juggler showed us a parched skin which had once belonged to a large cobra. We examined it carefully, and were quite sure it was a serpent's skin and nothing more. He placed this skin in a circular straw basket about six inches deep. The basket was likewise examined, and we found no double bottom or any other peculiarity about it. When he put the lid upon the basket, it contained nothing but the empty skin—that we were equally well assured of. The wonderful sheet before mentioned was again brought into requisition, and was spread over the basket containing the dry skin. After the performance of some mystic manœuvres in the air with a little wooden doll, the sheet was withdrawn, the lid removed, and out of the basket arose a huge hissing cobra, his hood spread in anger, and his forked tongue darting in and out of his mouth. Some native servants who were looking on fled precipitately in all directions; but the juggler quickly took out an Indian musical instrument—not unlike a miniature set of bagpipes—and began to play. A change came over the spirit of the cobra's spleen; his anger died away; he stood up with half of his body in a perpendicular attitude, and presently began to sway to and fro in a sort of serpent dance to the music. In a word, he was charmed—for snake-charming is a reality, and not a fiction, strange as it may seem to the people of Britain.

The government of India offers a money reward for every poisonous snake killed in the country; and the result is that there exists in India at the present day a class of men, called snake-charmers, who earn their living by going about in search of serpents. They play on the peculiar instrument before mentioned, and if any serpent is within hearing distance, it is irresistibly attracted to the musician. Serpents will leave the roots of hedges, holes in walls, come down trees, or forsake paddy-fields, if they hear this strange music. They erect themselves vertically before the player, who at once seizes them by the throat, and puts them in a large basket or bag he carries with him for the reception of unwise serpents.* What became of the dry snake skin, we could not tell; we never saw it again.

The next performer was an elderly patriarchal-looking man, who exhibited two trained tropical birds, the names of which I forget. These birds did some really astonishing things, and their master the patriarch must be a man of infinite patience. For instance, one actually loaded a small brass cannon set on a miniature gun-carriage, pushed the charge home with a small ramrod, and fired the piece off by applying a lighted match, held in its beak, to the touchhole, displaying not the slightest fear at the noise caused by the firing. The other bird would, if its master threw any small object into the air, seize the object in mid-air and bring it to the bird-trainer.

Numbers five and six—man and boy—of the troupe were circus-wallahs, and gave a native gymnastic entertainment, which, as it did not materially differ from a British performance in the same line, need not be detailed.

Number seven was a juggler of divers accomplishments. He swallowed swords, and put an iron hook into his nostril, bringing it out of his

* With regard to the theory of snake-charming, opinions differ. It is an undoubted fact that snakes will frequently emerge from hiding-places at the sound of the 'charmer's' pipe; but shrewd observers have reason to suspect that a single snake can be made to do duty for many, having been taught to obey the summons of its master's music (!) Thus, the wily Hindu will unobserved place his scaly pupil in some hole or crevice in the neighbourhood of a bungalow, or in the bungalow itself, whence he will lure it on a fitting occasion before an unsuspecting audience, who, deeming themselves well rid of an obnoxious intruder, applaud, and remunerate the charmer for having secured and carried away his own property!—Ed.

mouth. Neither of these feats, however, though undoubtedly genuine, is pleasant to look at. He blew fire and flames out of his mouth without revealing the origin or cause of the fire, and apparently without burning himself. He took about half-a-dozen stones of the size of, say, a hen's egg out of his mouth; how they got there, or how his mouth contained them after they got there, was a mystery. He was talking just before he began; but on being asked a question in the middle of this stone performance, he could not speak. After discharging the big stones, he wound up by disgorging about a handful of old nails and miscellaneous rubbish!

A much more pleasant trick to look at was the one which followed. He took a cocoa-nut shell with one end cut off, and filled it with water. In the water he placed a little piece of cork, having a bent pin on one side, and two straight pins on the other side, so that the cork as it floated roughly resembled a lilliputian duck. The cork lay dead in the water, and it was difficult to think what magic could possibly be got out of it. Presently the juggler, sitting about two yards off, took out a musical instrument and began to play a lively tune. Instantly the imitation duck commenced to dance violently in the water, suiting its motions to the music. The dancing continued till the tune was ended; then the juggler ordered the duck to salaam; and he was at once obeyed. He even requested the buoyant cork to dive to the bottom of the water; and his request was immediately complied with. While the performance was going on, the cocoa-nut shell was standing almost at our feet, and the performer was not only sitting beyond reach, but both his hands were employed in playing the instrument.

One more trick will finish my list. Our juggler told a native servant, whom he did not know, to stretch out his arm palm upwards. Into the outstretched palm he placed a silver two-anna piece, and—holding out his own bony hand to show us that it was empty—he lifted the coin from the servant's hand, shut his own fist, re-opened it in the twinkling of an eye, and an enormous black scorpion dropped into the servant's palm. The latter fled shrieking with terror, for, next to the serpent, the particular aversion of the Hindu is the scorpion.

This finished the performance. In the foregoing, I have given as fair a description as I can of an Indian juggling entertainment; and probably you will agree with me in thinking that the feats of the poor Indian juggler are quite as wonderful as those of a first-class British magician, while the former suffers from numerous disadvantages which the latter is entirely free from.

A WORD ON WOMAN'S WORK.

BY A LADY.

WHILE education is doing much to relieve the question of the employment of women of some of the difficulties by which it has been surrounded, there is still great need of further effort ere the three million of women who are compelled to earn their daily bread shall be enabled to do so with anything approaching ease and comfort. Among the newer occupations for the 'many'—few being as yet able to attain to the height of the professions—are china and card painting; but this market has become overstocked; and it is almost unnecessary to add that only those who are artists in every sense of the word can hope for success, originality of design being as necessary as correct drawing and good finish. Many women are now employed as clerks in insurance and other offices, and the movement has met with a large amount of success. It is to be hoped that this will stimulate others to follow the good example of finding employment for those who earnestly seek it, and such employment as they have proved themselves to be most fitted for. Numbers are employed in the Post-office; but competition is very severe in this branch of industry, and it may be asked: 'What will become of the already overcrowded ranks of male clerks, if a fresh contingent be admitted?' The reply, I think, should be: 'The man has many fields open to him; the woman, few.'

Shorthand writing may yet give employment to many women; the sewing-machine and the knitting-machine are also media for occupations more or less lucrative, but the main object of this article is to draw attention to an invention lately brought to our notice in various ways, 'the Scientific Dress-cutting'—of American origin—which is being so eagerly taken up by our countrywomen, hundreds flocking to the offices in London to learn the 'system'—some for the use of themselves and families; others, as a matter of business, intending as they do to become certificated teachers and agents. If any one is anxious or even desirous of seeing earnest workers, let him go to the rooms of the Association and he will be gratified indeed. Perhaps a few words from one who has just spent some days there may not be unwelcome, as many are inquiring about Scientific Dress-cutting.

Arrived at 272 Regent Circus, we are directed up-stairs; and at the top of the first flight we are directed to ascend a little higher, and then we are shown into a small room, where sits a gentleman, who answers questions, receives fees, writes receipts, and finally, courteously conducts us into classroom No. 1. There order reigns supreme. On the walls are the 'drafts' to be copied by the pupils, each and all correctly drawn by mathematical square measurement, the calculations being made upon a 'chart.' We take a seat, and are soon lost in the mysteries of arriving at the due proportions of a lady's figure. One pupil looks up with a smile and says, 'Is it not a fascinating employment?' another remarks in an under-tone, 'Well, this *is* a study;' while another declares it to be 'simplicity itself;' and so the work goes on. The teacher—whose patience is sorely tried sometimes—always seems ready and willing to render the needful assistance, and is kind and considerate alike to all. To our query, 'How long does it take to learn this system?' the reply is, 'Some learn in a few lessons, and some take longer.' One lady had attended the classes 'on and off' for a month, and attributed her prolonged study to the lack of consecutive lessons. But this is not always practicable when ladies live at a distance and have home duties which keep them away for days together.

Before leaving, we are introduced to the secretary, who, like the rest of the inmates of the establishment, until now has been a stranger to us; and as we are introduced, and she raises her bright, cheerful, honest English face, we feel that with her we shall meet with a friend able and willing to advise. When we leave the first classroom, we ascend more stairs, and are ushered into a room where skirts are to be discoursed upon—the 'short' to the 'trained' skirt being included in the lesson. Here we recognise faces we have seen in the room below; and, as in the other room, we find here also all classes represented—from the young girl who is learning to save the tedium of apprenticeship, to the first-rate dressmaker; and among the ladies, those of small means, who hope by the aid of the system to be better able to make both ends meet at the close of another year; to the lady of ample means, who has come partly out of curiosity, and partly to ascertain whether it is worth while to send her maid to take lessons, that her home-made dresses may in future be sure to fit well. Neither is she the only lady nor the representative of the only class who make at least *some* dresses at home, for there is scarcely a household where this is not necessary now.

In this room we are measured; and a curious and amusing performance it is, quite different in some respects from the way we should imagine it to be best accomplished; and here we may say that this feat is one of the most important in the whole process. Next to it perhaps stands the treatment of the shoulder. Instruction as to this is given in the 'Hints on Dressmaking,' with other valuable advice, as also on the 'chart,' which is part of the machinery sent by post with printed rules for the sum of twenty-two shillings, including the delicately made 'tracing-wheel.' But to attend a class for instruction is an advantage scarcely to be estimated by those who have not first tried to master the difficulties by themselves, and then placed themselves in the hands of a competent teacher; and the extra pound charged for the course of lessons is well laid out. There is no hurry; you can stay as long as you please, and will be kindly received; and you will pass on from stage to stage of the study until you are perfectly acquainted with the whole, each 'draft' being made separately and in its proper place in the course of lessons. Cutting and fitting are certainly women's work, and those who have taken up this new branch of industry benefit not only themselves but others.

The advantages of this system over the old plan may be summed up in one word—economy; for it saves time, trouble, labour, and material—time, by its exactitude; trouble, by not requiring fitting or 'trying-on;' labour, in the same way, and by having the turnings cut and the stitching-line marked, which serves for a guide for tacking and stitching; and of material, by its method of dividing and cutting. In this way the study soon repays any one for her trouble and outlay; added to which, it is an interesting employment; and many who have not yet left the darkness of the old guesswork method will be surprised that they held aloof so long, when they see how great an advantage it is to work scientifically instead of by 'rule of thumb.'

There are so many to whom economy is of vital importance, that we can conceive of none to whom this new system does not come as a boon indeed. Even those whose circumstances remove them from the necessity of exercising it themselves, cannot tell what is in the future for their daughters, especially should they leave the old country and go to sojourn in distant lands. Many a father pays what he considers an exorbitant sum per annum in dressmaking. One lady told us it was the case with her, and that was her reason for 'going in for the new method,' as she had six daughters; and hers is not an isolated case.

As agents are being appointed in the towns and cities in England and other countries, ladies will in future be saved the journey to London, as they will be able to attend classes in their own neighbourhood, as they do their cookery class. As an agency, the Society has found employment for numbers of women, who, as far as we are aware, are satisfied with the results.

THE STENO-TELEGRAPH.

A NEW instrument, as we announced last month, has recently been devised by Signor Michela, which, if successful, is likely to supersede altogether the present system of telegraphy. By its aid, the inventor states that it is possible to transmit from one hundred and seventy to two hundred words a minute—or about the rate at which the majority of speeches are delivered—in any language with which the operator is familiar. This is certainly a great and valuable achievement; and the instrument has this advantage over the more easily worked telephone, that it leaves a record of the message behind.

The following brief description will assist the reader in comprehending the method by which the instrument is worked. It is simply a printing-machine with two rows of ten keys each—six white and four black; the keys press on twenty studs, which by means of levers are connected with twenty styles carrying the signs or characters used for printing. The printed characters represent twenty phonetic sounds, which the inventor, by combining the signs and skilfully grouping the sounds in series, claims to be sufficient to represent all the phonetic sounds in any language. The system of stenography which he employs has for three years been practically tested in the Italian Senate; and it is now for the first time employed for the electrical transmission of words. The person who transmits the message listens to the words as they drop from the lips of the speaker; he subjects them to a process of mental analysis, arranges every syllable phonetically, touches the corresponding key on his instrument, and there appears on narrow slips of paper, as if by magic, a phonetic representation of the speech to which he is listening—not only on the materials before him, but on corresponding materials at the distant station with which his instrument is connected. He keeps his slips of paper as a record; while the slips at the receiving station are handed to persons, initiated in the mysteries of this system of shorthand,

for translation. Nor are its mysteries of an extraordinary character, for it is said that any intelligent person can translate this telegraphic shorthand after fifteen days. To transmit messages with facility, a study and practice of six months are necessary; and it is said that an expert hand can transmit as many as two hundred words in a minute.

The aim of the inventor is to telegraph by means of a keyboard instrument any speech, no matter in what European language, as fast as it is spoken. His invention may also be used for the ordinary purposes of telegraphy, with a great saving of time and labour. The instrument has been tried in the Italian Senate; and it may be seen at work every day at certain hours at No. 1 Rue Rossini, Paris.

The inventor claims that his instrument will be of especial value in the transmission of parliamentary speeches in the exact words in which they are delivered, to the different newspaper offices throughout the city and country. It is not, however, the practice in this country—with perhaps very rare exceptions—to reproduce verbatim reports of parliamentary speeches; but it is possible that those who are expert in the use of the instrument may be able to condense the reports and at the same time transmit them to the distant station. For country newspapers it would be absolutely necessary to send condensed reports; and this practice would be accompanied with disadvantages—trivial in some cases, important in others. No record would be kept in such cases of the exact words used by the speaker, and such records are occasionally of great moment. Where speeches are transmitted in their entirety to be afterwards translated, or if necessary condensed, the system would possess many advantages. Several persons could be employed in translating from the printed slips, and the copy handed direct to the compositors. It would, however, be attended with these disadvantages, that the transcription would not be made by the person who hears the speech, and consequently, any errors in manipulation would probably pass uncorrected to the press; while in condensing, the telling points of a speech may not receive, at the hands of any one who has not had the advantage of listening to the speaker, that prominence which they were intended to occupy.

The telephone has been used by the London press for a like purpose; but although in London the distances are short, it has not been found successful in practice, owing perhaps to the fact that it leaves no record behind, and that if it were used, it would be necessary to employ shorthand writers at the offices instead of in the House, as at present. The telephone is used, however, to communicate to the writers of leading articles what is passing in the House, so as to enable them to compose their work in the newspaper office.

There can be no doubt, whatever the future of Michela's instrument may be, that it is an improvement on the present system of telegraphy, in which each letter of a word is represented by a series of dots and dashes; and on this account, and because it points out the direction in which improvements in our system may be effected, we should give the invention our encouragement and support.

MAN AND NATURE.

The American Naturalist draws attention to the well-known fact, that the larger game of the Far West has been long diminishing in numbers. This, it goes on to say, is especially true of the bison, an animal which is unable to escape from its pursuers, and which can hardly be called a game animal. The once huge southern herd has been reduced to a few individuals in North-western Texas. The Dakota herd numbers only some seventy-five thousand head, a number which will soon be reduced to zero if the present rate of extermination continues. The Montana herd is now the object of relentless slaughter, and will soon follow the course of the other two herds. When scattered individuals represent these herds, a few hunters will one day pick them off, and the species will be extinct.

Let the government place a small herd in each of the national parks, and let the number be maintained at a definite figure. Let the excess escape into the surrounding country, so as to preserve the species for the hunters. Let herds of moose, elk, bighorn, black and white-tailed deer, and antelope, be maintained in the same way. Let the Carnivora roam at will; and in a word, protect nature from the destructive outlawry of men whose prehistoric instincts are not yet dead. Let the newer instinct of admiration for nature's wonders have scope. Let the desire for knowledge of nature's greatest mystery—life—have some opportunity. Let there be kept a source of supply for zoological societies and museums, so that science may ever have material for its investigations. By securing the preservation of these noblest of nature's works, Congress will be but extending the work it has so grandly sustained in the past, in the support of scientific research and the education of the people.

MICHAELMAS.

The brief September days are waning fast,
And a soft mellow fragrance fills the air
With Autumn's sweetest incense; now the leaves
Begin to colour, and the varied hues
Of scarlet, amber, russet, crimson, dun,
Hang over wood and forest.
The bright stars
Of the chrysanthemums dot everywhere
The cottage gardens; the sweet mignonette
Still sheds her perfume 'neath the fuchsia-bells;
Scarlet geraniums and lobelias
Are in their fullest glory; here and there
A rose late-lingering shows her crimson cup,
Though gone her beauteous fellows; and aloft
The dahlia holds high her queenly head,
The sovereign absolute of all the band.

The swallows, gathering for departure, twit
Their shrill farewell; the dormouse and the bat
Go into winter-quarters; short the days,
And chill the lengthening nights:
For comes apace
Mellow October, last of the three months
That own the Autumn's reign; then fogs and wet,
And snow and ice and wind-storms close the scene.

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HOME-NURSING.

BY A LADY.

THIRD ARTICLE.

In our last paper we spoke of the choice of a sick-room; we shall now proceed to discuss its management. In commencing to nurse a case that promises to be anything like lengthy, it is well to consider how to save unnecessary dust and unnecessary labour, whilst keeping the room in its proper state of cleanliness. With this end in view, heavy woollen draperies, retaining dust and bad smells, should be avoided; and if curtains are used at all, they should be of lace, or some light, washing material. The best chairs are those with simple wooden frames and cane seats and backs. Should a sofa be necessary, and a regular invalid couch not procurable, nothing is better than a chair-bed—provided it does not creak—fitted with washing-covers to its cushions. Much has been said for and against the use of carpets in a sick-room; and taking all into consideration, we see no reason for changing our opinion that, in ordinary cases, it is better to let them remain; they make a room pleasanter and more natural, and do away with the noise of scrubbing, incidental to a boarded floor.

If there are cupboards, they should be cleaned out before beginning to nurse, and in no case must they be used as receptacles for food or for anything that has become soiled in using. A chest of drawers is a comfort if used with discretion; but in home-nursing, it often proves the reverse of useful, and serves as a treasury for all sorts of things which have no business in a sick-room.

Pictures have a brightening effect, but they must hang straight, or your patient may worry himself with endless efforts to make them fit in with the pattern of the paper; though, if possible, the paper should be without those decided markings which so often add to the distress of unduly sensitive nerves.

Growing-plants have a cheerful look, and are not deleterious, as many suppose; cut flowers may also be indulged in, with the exception of those which have a heavy, sickly smell; but it is better to remove them at night. In summer, it is necessary to take precaution against the patient's being disturbed by the buzz of insects; a fly-catcher at the open window will generally be sufficient; but such things in the room itself are worse than useless.

Small washable ornaments may be allowed to remain, but not to a greater extent than suffices to give the room its customary appearance, for it must be remembered that all useless articles increase the number of dust-receptacles and make the process of tidying-up more lengthy. I have seen mantel-boards and brackets covered with cloth, and literally crowded with ornaments, which have not been properly dusted for weeks because it made the patient sneeze! Such instances point the moral in regard to cloth-coverings as well as superfluous ornaments.

A folding-screen is an almost indispensable article of sick-room furniture; it not only serves to keep off draughts and the glare of the fire, but in convalescence is useful for putting round the invalid's chair. By its help, too, ventilation is made so much easier, that, if nothing pretty and ornamental is to be had, it is worth while to extemporise a screen with an ordinary clothes-horse and sheet; but a chintz or holland cover, bound with braid and made to tie on, is much more cheerful than the dull expanse of a sheet.

And now for the most important article of furniture, the bed, on which depends so much of the patient's comfort or discomfort. If possible, have a light iron frame without a foot-rail, or with only a low one. For an adult, the bed should measure not less than six feet three inches in length and about three feet in width. Greater width increases the difficulty of reaching the patient, and it is astonishing the journeys such a thing as a handkerchief will make over a large surface of bed. The height

of the bed is another serious consideration, for should it be too low, the nurse will find it add considerably to the back-aching tendency of nursing; and if too high, the constant straining up to the patient will be quite as bad. The rule then, is, that the bed when made shall be so proportioned to the nurse's height as to enable her to lift and attend to the patient without any undue effort. In home-nursing, the bed question is often overlooked altogether, or made much more of a difficulty than it need be; and though that relic of unenlightened days, the four-poster, is almost extinct in some households, most of the beds are large, and to alter the furnishing of a room seems beyond the imagination of the ordinary housekeeper. But surely, in time of illness, the first consideration should be how best to mitigate the patient's sufferings and lighten the nurse's labours; and in all but quite slight cases, it is worth considerable effort to secure the right kind of bed and bedding. This brings us to another home-nursing difficulty; for in spite of recent progress in hygienic knowledge, there are still not a few individuals who are foolish enough to prefer the unwholesome softness of a feather-bed to the healthy firmness of a good hair mattress. Yet few victims to this enervating habit fail to complain of the lumps, only to be got rid of by a large expenditure of strength and time. And if this be so in ordinary life, how much more complicated do matters become when the patient is too weak to bear to be removed for the necessary shaking, and is yet in a state to feel every discomfort with added force. Indeed, so true is this, that in serious illness, a feather-bed may be reckoned as an invincible enemy to comfort and cleanliness; and it is better not to allow your patient to remain under such unfavourable circumstances, even though it involve a few hours of dissatisfied grumbling. It may make things easier if the change is ushered in by allowing the feather-bed to remain under the mattress till the patient has become accustomed to the new order of things, when it will be well to substitute flock for feathers.

If the nurse's height will allow of two mattresses, it is a good plan to alternate them so that the under one of yesterday shall be the upper one of to-day. Those who have not tried this simple way of securing a change, will hardly believe the comfort it affords to a helpless patient.

On the same principle, it is a great alleviation to the monotony of long illness if the room will allow of two beds, one for day, the other for night; and this arrangement permits the thorough airing of bed and bedding, which it is otherwise so difficult to secure.

Bed-hangings are happily following the lead of the ancient four-poster, and will soon be only remembered as things of the past; and in illness, even the valance, still in use, had better be banished. Pillows should be firm and not too soft; and bolsters should have covers of their own, and not be rolled round in the under-sheet, according to a common and very shiftless process. I have known the sheet to be tucked round the bolster in such a careless way that by the patient's merely getting into bed it has been pulled out of place, and has continued a fruitful source of irritation for the rest of the day.

How to keep the under-sheet smooth and free alike from crumbs and wrinkles is one of the professed nurse's arts, and is just one of those apparently small matters, neglected as such by inexperience, which make home-nursing the unsatisfactory thing it often is. Yet those who have gone through a tedious illness can hardly fail to remember the discomfort of what a tiny patient used to call 'rucks.' To him, poor little man, rucks made stopping in bed a misery; and his incessant demands to have them removed, suggested to even his inexperienced nurse the idea that there might be a right and a wrong way to such a commonplace thing as bed-making. The right and only proper way of arranging a bed for illness is to give special, minute attention to the placing of under-blanket and sheet. If the former can be dispensed with, especially in summer-time, it will be well; but very few patients will agree to this, and it is hardly of sufficient importance to argue about, except in special cases, when the doctor will probably give his veto.

In an ordinary way, be careful to choose a thin blanket, without holes of course, but one that has been pretty well worn, and that, therefore, will not greatly add to the heat of the patient's body. Then—more important still—the blanket must be considerably larger than the bed, in length as well as width. The mattress being arranged as evenly as possible, the under-blanket should be laid upon it, and well tucked in at top and bottom, as well as sides, till there is not a crease or wrinkle of any sort. The under-sheet must now be put on in the same way, and the nearer it resembles a drum in tightness the better. A few minutes spent in extra care at this point will save the patient hours of discomfort later on.

Should there, unfortunately, be no covered bolster, the sheet, after being securely tucked in at the bottom, must be drawn tightly upwards, and the bolster rolled round in the free end and then placed well up against the bed-head. The difficulty is to get the sheet tightly stretched without pulling the bolster away from its proper place. The number of pillows must be regulated by the nature of the patient's malady and partly by his previous habits. In ordinary cases, one large pillow is enough, and it is a good plan to place it lengthways, one end resting against the bed-head, and the other on the mattress, thus avoiding the hollow between the patient's shoulders and the bed, which is a fruitful source of uneasiness and restlessness. In convalescence and in many forms of illness, pillows play an important part, and we shall have more to say about them later on.

We now return to the bed, furnished as far as the under-sheet and pillow. Should the patient

be quite helpless, it will be necessary to place next, the contrivance known as a draw-sheet, which should consist of old linen or calico that has been washed to extreme softness. It should be folded lengthways till just long enough to reach from below the patient's shoulders to his knees. This, with an under-piece of mackintosh, is carefully put in place and tucked in with the same care and tightness as the under-sheet.

In regard to the upper bed-clothes, they too require care in tucking in, especially at the bottom; and if so long as to need folding back, the folding must on no account be done at the top. I have seen patients with chest complaints literally labouring under the weight of clothes placed in exactly the wrong place. In illness, as a rule the feet need extra covering, and the breathing organs no more weight of clothes than is absolutely necessary. The upper-sheet being light, may be allowed to turn over for neatness, but blanket and counterpane must only come up to the patient's neck. This folding back is such a common error, that it needs special notice, and in ordinary life, as well as in illness, should never be tolerated. The number of upper-clothes to be put on the patient's bed will vary with circumstances; but, as a rule, in a room with a fire, one blanket and a counterpane will be enough. The great point is to secure warmth without weight, and for this purpose, the ordinary cotton counterpane is about as bad as possible. An excellent substitute is the kind of blanket known as the 'Austrian,' which is cheerful in appearance as well as light and warm. In cases of exhaustion, nothing is better than a chintz-covered down, which can be shifted or removed without disturbing the patient.

A good many amateur nurses err on the side of over-heating a patient, and do not understand its connection with restless tossing and broken sleep. Should these symptoms occur at night, especially if accompanied with a flushed face and moist skin, it is well to gradually reduce the number of coverings, carefully noticing the effect of so doing.

On the ground of their greater warmth, cotton sheets and pillow-cases are preferable to linen; but some people have a decided fancy for the latter, and it may safely be used, provided the sheets are warmed just before being put on the bed. Simple airing is not enough; I have known the chill of linen set a patient off into a shivering fit, although the nurse has been particularly strong in the airing line.

It is absolutely necessary that all the bedding used in illness shall be thoroughly aired, but, of course, it should never be done in the sick-room. Unhappily, it is by no means rare to find the fire screened from a patient by clothes-horse or chairs, covered with damp things, the vapour from which ought to be sufficient warning of the folly of such a practice. A good rule in this connection is that everything, down to cups and saucers, shall be removed from the sick-room as soon as soiled, and only returned to it in a condition for immediate use.

Re-making the patient's bed is our next consideration. If well enough to go into another room, he should either be carried there, or laid on a sofa and wheeled in. As soon as he is out of the way, the window of the sick-room should be thrown open to its widest, and the bed-clothes taken off one by one, well shaken, and left so exposed that the air can circulate freely around them. The mattresses should share the same treatment, and if possible, be left for a few minutes before being replaced. The patient will indeed be peculiar who does not enjoy the refreshment of a bed thus aired.

But in helpless illness, the changing of bedding is a more complicated matter, and needs practice to make perfect. There are two ways of changing the under-sheet. The first may be used when the patient is not quite helpless, and the nurse has to work alone. The soiled sheet is freed at the top, and after the removal of pillows and bolster, is rolled up to the patient's head; the clean sheet, after being well tucked in at the top, is loosely rolled in such a way as to lie close against the soiled one; they must now be worked down together, rolling the soiled, and unrolling the clean, the patient raising himself on elbows and feet just enough for the nurse to pass the sheets under him. In this way it is possible to get the under-sheet smooth and tight; but it is not an easy thing, and an assistant should be had if possible. If help is to be had, and in all cases where the patient is quite powerless, it is better to adopt the second plan. Remove the pillows and bolster, so that the patient lies quite flat in bed; turn him over on his side with his back to you. Loosen the sheet lengthways, and proceed with the rolling and unrolling as before, till the rolls come close up to the patient's back. Depress the mattress under him, whilst the assistant draws the sheet through, and in so doing, slowly turns the patient on his back. He will now be lying on the clean sheet, and the difficulty is over. The trained nurse will be able to do this without removing the upper clothing, and in no case should all the coverings be taken away. Draw-sheets may be removed in the same way, but being small, are easier to manage. Some people tack or pin the clean to the dirty, and draw through whilst an assistant keeps the patient raised. Changing the upper clothes is not such a serious undertaking, though seldom properly managed by amateurs. The counterpane and blanket may be taken quite off the bed, and given to an assistant to shake, outside the room; but the sheet must never be removed without an immediate substitute. A good plan is to loosen the soiled sheet all round, tuck the clean one well in at the foot, and draw the free end upwards, under the dirty sheet, which is gradually drawn away or rolled up. As a general rule, the patient's bed should be made and his night-shirt changed at least once a day, and cases where this is not feasible ought not to come within the scope of home-nursing.

If a pair of clean sheets a day cannot be managed, one may be made to do, by letting yesterday's clean upper sheet be to-day's lower one; but draw-sheets must be changed as soon as soiled, irrespective of number. Where mackintosh is used, it should also be frequently changed, washed over, and thoroughly dried, in the open air if possible.

The patient's bed, it will be seen from the directions for making it, must never stand so that one side is against the wall, nor must it be in a direct current of air; but it is well if it can

be so arranged as to face the fire and at the same time allow the patient to amuse himself by looking out of window. In badly finished houses, there is often considerable draught from cracks in door or window frame, and from this the patient must be carefully guarded by the judicious use of screens.

We now turn to consider how the sick-room may be kept in that state of perfect cleanliness essential alike to the patient's comfort and recovery; and of all neglected points, this is perhaps the one most frequently forgotten or ignored; not one in a hundred of home-nurses having a conception of her duty in this respect. Difficult it undoubtedly is; but where the patient can be removed to another room for an hour or two once a week, it is quite possible for even inexperience to be successful.

We will suppose the weekly removal has taken place, and the nurse has to make hay while the sun shines. She first strips the bed, sending the clothes into another room to be aired; and throwing the window open to its widest, she directs her attention to the grate. The best way of removing the ashes is to carefully collect all the large pieces of coal and cinder, and then very gently draw the ashes away into a piece of stiff paper, which folded over them, will prevent any dust rising in their transit. After cleaning grate and fire-irons and making up the fire, the nurse turns her attention to the carpet, which, after being well strewn with damp tea-leaves, should be briskly swept with a hand-broom. If the furniture is simple, it may be washed over with a wet cloth and dried, all cushions or stuffed furniture being beaten out of the room. The window, often overlooked, should be nicely cleaned; and then the bed being re-made, the patient may be brought back into a room thoroughly well cleaned and aired. It is not necessary that a nurse should herself perform all menial work; indeed, it is much better she should not; but she ought to see that the above directions are faithfully carried out. For the rest of the week, the carpet should be wiped over with a damp (not wet) cloth, tied to the end of a long broom, and the furniture well and quickly dusted. It is not enough to merely wipe over furniture and let the dust loose; the duster should be folded over bit by bit as it becomes soiled, and once or twice during the process of dusting, shaken out of a window in another room or in the staircase. A room thus treated will keep in perfect order for some time; but should the illness be long, an effort must be made to take the carpet up about every six weeks or two months, that it may be beaten and thoroughly aired. If carpets are made in the sensible fashion of squares, secured by brass nails with broad heads, there will be little difficulty in managing this; but it will not hurt the carpet to let it remain loose.

In cases where the weekly removal is impossible, the floor must be wiped over carefully every day with a damp cloth, and tea-leaves used now and then, the patient being protected from the dust by screens; but this plan is only for use as a last resource in extreme cases. Under such circumstances, it is not a bad plan to have a small portion of the furniture, say a chair or table and an ornament or two, removed each day and thoroughly cleaned, out of the room; otherwise, it is almost impossible to keep things in proper order, in spite of daily dusting.

BY MEAD AND STREAM.

CHAPTER XLVIII.—ANXIETIES.

MADGE wakened with the weary sensation of one who has passed through a long nightmare. It was some minutes before she could recall the incidents of the previous day; still longer before she could realise the unhappy meaning of the scene with Philip, and the fact that Uncle Dick and Aunt Hessy had found in her conduct cause for grave displeasure.

Surely she had been acting very wickedly, when those three, who were dearer to her than all the world beside, turned from her, and were vexed as well as pained by what she was doing, so far as they understood it. Surely Mr Beecham must be mistaken in the course he was pursuing—she did not even now doubt the goodness and generosity of his motives. There was only one way in which she could set the minds of her friends at ease; and that she must adopt, no matter what it might cost herself. She dare not hope that Philip would be readily satisfied and come back to her; but at least he should understand that she had been thinking of his interest more than of herself. And Uncle Dick and Aunt Hessy would be relieved from anxiety on her account, and then—who could tell?—maybe they would influence Philip. Maybe Uncle Dick would overlook his loss of fortune, and tell him that he never meant to separate them on such a sorry score as that.

The one way which she saw to bring about this desirable consummation was to inform Mr Beecham that she could no longer keep his secret; and that, if he did not come to Willowmere within the week to release her, she would take back the pledge she had given him and explain everything to her relatives.

Having arrived at this resolution, she was restored to a calm state of mind which was wonderful in contrast with the fever of the night. Morning is the time of hope and energy to a healthful nature; and Madge felt this, although the atmosphere was cold and the sky white with its load of snow, which was presently to descend in thick flakes, covering up the last patches of earth and shrub left bare by the glimpses of sunshine that had succeeded the previous fall.

She went about her duties quietly and resolutely; but it was hard to meet the wistful eyes of Dame Crawshay without throwing herself into the arms that would have received her so gladly, and at once tell all. She had, however, made a bargain, and she would keep to it. Aunt Hessy would approve of what she was doing, when the time for explanation came. Uncle Dick was surly at breakfast, and he scarcely spoke to her at dinner. He did not once refer to the cattle show, and he went out to inspect his stock, a discontented and unhappy man.

Madge felt assured that Philip would say nothing more unless he heard from Uncle Dick; nevertheless, she was all day looking out for some sign from him. Old Zachy the postman

came twice, and she saw him approach, her heart pausing, then beating quick with excitement. But Zachy brought nothing from her lover. And she was pained as well as disappointed, although she assured herself again that she had not expected anything, and that she had no right to expect anything until Philip received some token of Uncle Dick's kindly intentions. Besides, she argued, it was needful to bear in mind the distracted state he was in about his affairs, and how many things he must have to attend to which could not be postponed on any account. Indeed, she did remember all this, and was so keenly sensible of the cruel effect his misfortunes were producing on his mind, that she was frightened about him—more frightened than she had been even on the occurrence of the accident with the horse.

So, when postman Zachy had made his second and last round in the afternoon, she could not rest until she had consulted Dr Joy regarding Philip's health. Having explained to Aunt Hessy where she was going and why, she started for the village, although the snow had begun to fall in a way which would have made any town-miss who understood what the signs meant glad to stay at home. What the snow meant was to fulfil the threats it had been making for several days, and to come down more heavily than it had done for years.

Dr Joy was surprised to see her on such a gloomy afternoon; but he understood the nature of her visit, after a few words of such necessary explanation as she was at liberty to give.

'And I want you to tell me plainly what his condition is, doctor,' she concluded, 'for I—that is, we are all very anxious about him.'

The good little doctor looked at her earnestly for a moment, as if to assure himself that she was not only desirous of hearing the truth but also able to bear it, and then made reply frankly, but was unable even then to dismount entirely from the hobby which he and his wife rode so diligently in theory.

'You will agree with me, my dear Miss Heathcote, that economy is the great principle which should regulate our lives—not merely economy in finance, but likewise in work, in strength, and (most important of all) in health. I daresay our friend has told you that I spoke to him on this subject.'

'When writing, he mentioned that you had visited him,' she answered, with some nervous anticipations assailing her.

'Well, I warned him then that his condition was extremely precarious. It is, in fact, that condition which when a man has fallen into, it requires him directly to throw up everything, if he cares to live. It requires him to sacrifice fortune, prosperity, and to run away anywhere and do anything to escape it.'

'But how can he do that?'

Her own observations of Philip's changing moods recently, formed a convincing argument in favour of the importance of what the doctor said. The doctor shook his head and smiled regretfully.

'That is precisely what he asked; that is what every man to whom the advice is given asks. My answer is—*don't* ask how, but go at once. Your affairs will be settled much more satisfactorily to all parties in a year or two if you go, than they can be if you remain and die in a month or two.'

'But surely Philip is not so bad as that!'

'You asked me to speak plainly, and I am quoting extreme cases,' said Dr Joy, anxious to mitigate the alarm which he saw his verdict had created, whilst at the same time holding to his point. 'Philip is not quite so bad as that yet; but he will be in a few months, unless something occurs to relieve him from his present anxieties.'

The doctor's last words gave her more encouragement than he could have expected, or perhaps intended to give; and the terror which had made her pulse seem to stop, was changed to confident hope. She had every reason to believe that in a few weeks, it might be in a few days, Philip would be relieved of all his anxieties. But this did not lessen in any degree her eagerness to have direct and frequent information as to the state of his health. Dr Joy readily agreed to call at the chambers in Gray's Inn on the following day, and report to her on his return; then they were to arrange about further visits. Thus being relieved to some extent on this important point, she prepared to take leave; but Dr and Mrs Joy suggested that she should have a fly to take her home, as the snow was falling fast, and already lay three or four inches deep on the ground, whilst it had drifted into an embankment against the opposite houses.

'I should not think of your hiring a conveyance,' said the doctor; 'but we have had a long and heavy day, and both my horses are fagged out.'

But Madge would not hear of this kindly proposal. 'I like the snow,' she answered, 'and a brisk walk will do me good.' At another time, she would have smiled at the timidity of her friends on account of the weather.

'You will catch your death of cold, my dear,' said Mrs Joy, 'and then you will not be able to come to Edwin's lecture next week. I assure you it is the most interesting one he has yet delivered.'

Even the danger of missing the doctor's lecture was not enough to deter her from walking home. As she was passing the *King's Head*, the Ringsford carriage drew up at the door, and out of it jumped Coutts Hadleigh, in the full uniform of a captain of Volunteers. He was taken by surprise, and uttered a natural exclamation:

'Why, what brings you so far from home on such an evening as this? There is going to be a regular out and outer of a snowstorm, and I would not be here myself, only this is the night of the feed I give every year to my men, and all the arrangements were made.'

She was more pleased to meet him than she was generally, for he might be able to give her some news of Philip. So, without troubling to answer his inquiries, she put her own.

'Don't know anything about him,' he answered—callously, as she thought, 'except that he has got into a precious scrape, and will disgrace our family, unless that uncle of his helps him out of it.'

'Disgrace?—How is it disgrace to fail in a noble enterprise?'

'Ah, it's something worse than failing in a noble enterprise,' answered Coutts, returning to his habitual tone of cynical indifference. 'But don't let us talk about it, if you please. I would rather not, even to you, until all the ins and outs are known.'

'When will you know about your brother's affairs?'

'I cannot say; but he will tell you all about them; and if he doesn't, I will. Meanwhile, let me do him a service—get into the carriage, and Toomey will drive you home. I am sure that is what Phil and the guv'nor, too, would say, if they found you trudging along the road in such weather. Do get in, or they will both have me down in their black books. The carriage is not to come back for me, so you won't give the horses any extra work.'

She consented; and Toomey, who was glad enough to turn homeward for his own comfort as well as that of the horses, wheeled round, and drove off at a good pace. A little way out of the village they nearly ran over a man, who, walking in the same direction, had not heard the carriage making up on him, either on account of the preoccupation of his thoughts or the thick carpeting of snow on the road.

'All right,' growled the man, having saved himself, and Toomey drove on.

Madge recognised the voice of Caleb Kersey. She would have liked to speak to him, but it was too late. She supposed, however, that he was on his way to visit Sam Culver, from whom he would learn the cause of Pansy's disappearance. Caleb was on this quest, as she surmised, and he was going to Ringsford, but not to seek information from the gardener.

CHAPTER XLIX.—AT MIDNIGHT.

Coutts Hadleigh relished good wine; but he was cautious in his cups, as in everything else. On this evening, however, he 'drank fair,' as it is called, with his comrades; and those who were acquainted with his habits noted the fact with increasing curiosity as the evening advanced. This was the fifth annual dinner he had given to 'his men' since the captain's commission had been thrust upon him, and he had on no previous occasion displayed so much hilarity or provided so many cynical anecdotes for the entertainment of the company. His lieutenant and sub.—both proprietors of the land they farmed—concluded that the captain must have made some exceptionally lucky stroke in business recently. Coutts believed he had.

The members of the Kingshope Volunteer corps were mostly young farmers and the sons of farmers, who should have possessed the physical proportions which would have specially qualified them for the soldier's career. But it was surprising to observe how few of them presented these qualifications. When Dick Crawshay first saw them mustered, he exclaimed in loud indignation, his huge form towering over the whole troop: 'What! is that all our county can show in the way of Volunteers? Why, half a dozen of our old yeomen would scare them into the middle of next week without a tussle! They are more like a set of town scarecrows than country-bred lads. . . . Ah, this comes ov givin' the land to people that have money and no muscle, and meddle with things they know nothing about.'

He was right in a certain degree, for these youths were the sons of wealthy merchants who take up farming as a hobby, and leaving the work to hired labourers, are indifferent to losses, and therefore able to pay rents which the working farmer has struggled for a time to compete with, and given up in despair, or emigrated. This was a sore subject with yeoman Dick, and although regularly invited by Coutts to this annual feast, he regularly refused to go—and even kept within his own bounds whenever he knew there was a parade. The prejudice prevented him from learning that a goodly number of these young fellows made up for physical deficiencies by skill as marksmen and efficiency in drill; so that the Kingshope Volunteer corps formed a by no means unsatisfactory body of men for home defence. But had any one dared to hint that even in some respects they might be favourably compared with the old yeomanry, he would have made Dick his foe.

On the present occasion, Captain Hadleigh's company showed that they had improved slightly on one of the yeomanry practices by keeping up their revels to a late hour without all getting drunk. The lieutenant having to pass Ringsford on his way home, and having his gig with him, drove the captain to the gates of the Manor. The snow had only ceased falling a little while before the company at the *King's Head* broke up, and now it lay deep on the roads, houses, and fields. The old church looked like a huge snow-house; and the meadows in the dim moonlight presented a white surface, apparently on a level with the hedgerows.

The lieutenant's powerful cob had its work to do, for at every step its hoofs sank deep in the snow-covered road. But the travellers were merry, and did not mind the slowness of their progress. Their chief trouble was to keep the road and avoid the open ditches. They succeeded in this, and also succeeded in distinguishing the point where the Manor gates broke the white wall.

Coutts made his way through the side-gate, which shook large pancakes of snow down upon him as he opened it.

The avenue being guarded by its long arch of tree-branches, the path was comparatively easy to traverse, and Coutts was soon in front of the house, which, like the church, was a shapeless white mass, broken by a few points of light. Underneath these few lights was dark shadow. As Coutts ascended the steps of the portico, a man stepped out from the shadow.

'I want to speak to you a minute, Mr Coutts Hadleigh; I've been waiting all evening for you.'

Coutts was no coward, although his brain was somewhat muddy with wine; but this sudden apparition made him spring to the top of the steps and ring the bell, as he exclaimed fiercely:

'Who are you, and what do you want with me at this hour?'

'I want to know where is Pansy Culver?' said the man with enforced calmness, which contrasted to his advantage with the blustering ire of the other.

'Confound your impudence—how should I know?'

'I saw you with her at the London station. Where has she gone to? Where did you send her to?'

'She didn't tell me where she was going to, and I didn't send her anywhere.'

Caleb Kersey's calmness broke bounds, and he next spoke with savage determination:

'You are lying, and you shall tell me the truth.'

'You 're an insolent fool.'

As Caleb swiftly ascended the steps, he received a vigorous buffet on the breast, which tumbled him backward on the snow. The door was open; Coutts entered; the door was instantly closed, bolted, chained, and locked.

'Tell that fellow Kersey to go about his business,' said Coutts to the attendant who had been waiting up for him; 'he is drunk or mad. If he has any business with me, he knows where to find me at proper hours.'

With that he went up-stairs in a furious temper with the man who had insulted him, and had evidently intended to offer violence to his person. Before he had reached the first landing, there was an impatient but not a very loud knock at the door. The servant repeated his young master's message, put out the hall lights, and gladly enough went off to bed.

Caleb stood in the portico hesitating as to what he should do. He had been waiting there for hours; he had been told that Mr Coutts Hadleigh was not at home—the servant declined to say where he might be found. The snow and the cold did not appear to affect him. He waited, and at last the man had come, but had not given the watcher any satisfaction. Caleb was aware that his application was untimely: but that was not his fault: the circumstances were exceptional. He must know from this villain what he had done with Pansy, and then he would seek her father, whose authority would rescue her from the evil influence under which she had fallen.

The poor fellow never thought that his first step ought to have been to consult Pansy's father. A natural delicacy, rude and earnest, made him shrink from the idea, because he felt sure it would cause him pain. He learned from his friends in the village that Pansy had gone away somewhere; and as the gardener had no special need or liking to speak of her grandfather, he had not mentioned to any of his gossips whither she had gone. So Caleb, sitting in a train which was just starting, having caught sight of Pansy and Coutts Hadleigh talking together on the platform at Liverpool Street Station, instantly concluded that there was something wrong. He would have jumped out of the carriage; but the other passengers prevented him, and he had to endure cruel torments of speculation and rage until he reached his destination.

He had no hope of winning Pansy; but he might save her from the fate to which she seemed to be hasting. He had no doubt she had been taught to repeat some falsehood to her father, which kept him quiet about her absence, and he had no doubt of her danger. Then with a sullen resolution, in which the anxiety of a lover was combined with the suppressed fury of a maniac, he sought Coutts Hadleigh, determined to force the truth from him.

In those cold weary hours when he was hanging about the Manor waiting, the words of Philip frequently recurred to him: 'Trust her, man; trust her.' He imagined that he did trust her; he was sure that she did not mean to do wrong. But at the same time the wicked comment of Wrentham also presented itself, reminding him that trust gave the woman opportunity to deceive. He did not like the man who spoke or the words he uttered; but the remembrance made him uneasy.

'Ah, if Master Philip had not been in such a pickle with his own affairs, I'd have gone to him now, and he would have told me what was best to do, even though the villain be his own brother. But it would be a mortal shame to put more trouble on him when he 's down enough already. I 'll go my own way.'

All these things were careering through his mind, as he stood under the portico wondering how he should act. He heard a casement open above—it seemed to be directly over his head—and Captain Hadleigh shouted:

'You 'd better move off quietly, Kersey, or I 'll call our fellows and send for the police.'

The casement was closed violently, the two sides banging together, the principal windows of the Manor opening on hinges like doors, in the French fashion.

Caleb stepped out from beneath the portico and looked up. There was a ruddy glow—the effect of the light shining through deep maroon-coloured curtains—in two windows on the first floor. One of these windows opened on to the top of the portico which formed part of a balcony. That was the one from which Hadleigh must have spoken, thought Caleb; and was immediately satisfied on the point by seeing the shadow of a man who was passing slowly between the light and the curtains.

'The stable ain't far off, and I can find a ladder there,' muttered Caleb, moving away from the front of the house.

Mr Hadleigh, sen., was seated at his writing-table, his back towards the windows. Before him lay those sheets of manuscript which he had written at intervals during the past year. The broad shade on the lamp cast the soft light down on the table, and had it not been for the bright glow of a huge fire, the rest of the room—and especially the upper part—would have been in comparative darkness. As it was, the flickering flame of the fire made the shadows above and around him flutter and change like living things.

He was not writing. He was carefully separating certain pages from the others; having done so, he fastened them together neatly, and with his hand covering them, as if to hide the words from himself, he leaned back on his chair. Suddenly he rose and paced the floor slowly in melancholy reflection.

When he resumed his seat, there was a placid expression on his face, like that of one who, after

a long mental struggle, has come to a final decision and found peace.

With as much sad deliberation as if he were committing a dear one to the grave, he placed the separate packets of manuscript in different envelopes. The first and largest he addressed in a bold clear hand, '*To Mrs Philip Hadleigh. To be opened after my death.*'

Over the second packet his pen was poised for some moments, and his hand was not so steady as before when he began to write.

'*To my son, Philip Hadleigh. To be opened after my death and read by him alone. When he has read, he shall decide whether to burn at once or first to show it to his wife. The secret of my life is here.*'

As his pen stopped, a chill blast passed through the room, making the lamplight waver, as if it were about to be extinguished. Mr Hadleigh, surprised, raised his head slowly, and slowly looked round.

The window behind him was open, and before it stood a tall, rough-looking, muscular man. Mr Hadleigh's sallow cheeks became more sallow, his eyes started, and his lips trembled slightly. He recovered himself instantly, and rising calmly from his seat, and at the same moment lifting the shade from the lamp, his eyes remaining fixed all the time on the intruder, burglar, intending murderer, perhaps.

When the light was uncovered, the man drew back a pace with a kind of growl of surprise. Mr Hadleigh retained perfect self-possession; but he was not much relieved from apprehension by recognising in his midnight visitor the leader of the agricultural agitators who had on various occasions openly declared antagonism to the master of Ringsford.

(*To be continued.*)

A LITTLE KNOWLEDGE *NOT* DANGEROUS.

A REMARKABLE circumstance recently occurred which brings out strongly the fact that scientific teaching in medical and surgical matters has made giant strides of late. On the 8th of July an accident happened to a 'marker' at the ranges of the Civil Service Rifle regiment at Wimbledon when marking at the five hundred yards' range. According to the report, a rifle-bullet seems 'to have bounded off the corner of the target and to have entered the marker's breast.' Fortunately, the great annual meeting of the National Rifle Association was to commence in a day or two, and the Field Hospital prepared for the meeting was being got ready under the charge of Sergeant Monaghan and Corporal Melville, both of the Army Hospital Corps. Thither the wounded man was immediately carried; but there was no surgeon present or anywhere near. Seeing, however, the serious nature of the case, the two soldiers, without a moment's hesitation, took steps to extract the bullet, which had entered the right breast just under the collar-bone. Having carefully examined his patient and found the exact locality of the bullet, Sergeant Monaghan, with the assistance of the corporal, made an incision in the back and was enabled at once to extract the bullet from the spot where it had lodged, just opposite to the point of entry in the breast. The injured man, a member of the corps of Commissionaires, expressed himself much gratified with the prompt attention he had received, as well as with the skilful operation by which, without a moment's loss of time, the important act of removing the bullet had been accomplished. Too much praise cannot be given to the two soldiers, who by their ready and intelligent action, saved their patient not only from prolonged suffering, but perhaps even from death itself.

The well-known saying of 'A little knowledge is a dangerous thing,' is here singularly confuted, for it was just the 'little knowledge' applied with sagacity and intelligence that probably saved the life of a fellow-creature.

Many of our readers will doubtless remember a melancholy occurrence which took place last year on one of the Swiss mountains, when a valuable young life was lost for the want of a 'little knowledge,' and in itself, very simple knowledge too. A German engineer and two guides were ascending one of the famous Swiss mountains, when the younger of the guides appears to have had a very bad fall, by which either a bottle or a lamp-glass was broken, the fractured part entering the young man's thigh and dividing the femoral artery. It would not, we should suppose, have required very profound surgical knowledge to know that the man would inevitably bleed to death unless this great artery could be immediately compressed; but incredible as it may appear, neither the German nor the other Swiss guide knew anything about the matter. They tried to stop the spouting blood with their handkerchiefs, which of course was of no avail. Neither thought of tying the handkerchief or other ligature round the upper part of the limb, and then twisting it tight by the application of a stick; and so the poor young fellow quickly bled to death. Now, if the bleeding could have been arrested by ligature until surgical assistance was procured, the young guide would doubtless have recovered, for the injury, as a mere flesh-wound, was in itself by no means serious. Here, then, a 'little knowledge' would have done a vast amount of good.

One of the best, most useful, and practical associations of the present day is the St John's Ambulance Society, which teaches all who care to learn how to act in such emergencies as that related, and to take instant action *on the spot*, until surgical aid can be obtained—a ticklish and anxious time, often fraught with serious danger, when there is not a minute to spare, and where loss of time means loss of life.

Let every one, therefore, who has any real love for his fellows, and who feels that he or she has the nerve requisite for the work—for this is a *sine quâ non*—at once learn how to act in cases of sudden accident, illness, faintness, drowning,

or any other of the many unlooked-for ills and mishaps that 'flesh is heir to'—a species of knowledge that will improve the mind of the possessor, and may be productive of infinite good.

THE LAST OF THE STUARTS.

A MODERN ROMANCE.

III.—KING CHARLES III.

THERE were great preparations at Balquhalloch Castle for the worthy reception of the king; and but for the fact that the editor, who was also the sole reporter, of the Aberdumble *Warder* was at the time confined to his house from indisposition, the whole matter would no doubt have found its way into the papers. The Princess spared neither trouble nor expense. Two Aberdumble carpenters arrived, and erected opposite the porter's lodge a wooden triumphal arch. An Aberdumble painter followed after them, and inscribed upon the arch, in large red letters on a blue ground, a legend welcoming His Majesty to his own again. And when the painter had departed, the Princess, accompanied by Tom Checkstone and Father M'Fillan, drove into Aberdumble and hired all the flags in the town. She also subsidised the local brass band, the members of which she instructed to be at the castle at a given hour, prepared to play at her behest the stirring strains of *Who'll be King but Charlie*, and as many other Jacobite tunes as they knew or could learn meanwhile; and she further engaged four pipers, who were to stand just within the castle gate and salute her royal nephew in their most tremendous style. It must be confessed that the Princess was a trifle indiscreet. She undoubtedly laid herself open to a prosecution for treason-felony, if not indeed for treason of the highest and most deadly type; but fortunately for her, the Aberdumble people had grown accustomed to her eccentricities, and not a soul dreamt of gainsaying her will and pleasure in the matter. She therefore returned with a carriage-load of flags, which she caused to be festooned from the battlements. In her own boudoir and with her own fingers, she had long since worked in silk a faithful copy of the old royal standard of Scotland, and this she ordered to be run up on the flagstaff that surmounted the keep, whenever the king should set foot within the castle walls. Furthermore, she directed that at that auspicious moment her head-butler, assisted by one of her stable-boys, should begin the firing of a royal salute from an old brass gun that stood upon the western wall; and in order to provide for this, she purchased in Aberdumble, Archie M'Pherson the ironmonger's entire stock of sporting-powder.

Betimes there came a telegram for the Princess. 'Shall be with you,' it ran, 'at noon to-morrow;' and it had been despatched by Charlie from the telegraph office in Fleet Street, London.

The Princess passed the night in a state of the utmost excitement. Instead of retiring to rest, she paced to and fro until daylight began to dawn; and it was only at Tom's urgent entreaty that she then consented to repair to her boudoir and lie down for a few hours. She had talked of attempting to raise the country side, and of going to the railway station at the head of her kilted and armed retainers, to welcome her nephew; but Father M'Fillan's more sensible counsel prevailed. He pointed out that nothing could be gained by undue haste, and that any ill-advised display of force would probably end in the speedy collapse of the movement long ere it could ripen and bear good fruit. The fact is that, but for the common-sense of the chaplain, the Princess would have done a thousand rash deeds. Fortunately, he had constituted himself her temporal as well as spiritual adviser; and being a man of extraordinary kindness and goodness, he had easily won the Princess's confidence. He regarded her as a harmless maniac, and believed that there would be no danger in humouring her within due bounds; nor did he conceal his opinions from Tom Checkstone, who, while professing to coincide with them, fully made up his mind to carry on the game until it should bring some decided advantage to himself and his friend Charles Stuart.

The Princess, accompanied by Father M'Fillan, and by Tom, who rode, drove to Aberdumble Station without the retinue of armed tenants; and, punctual to the appointed hour, the king's train arrived. The Princess would have respectfully kissed His Majesty's hand; but Charlie, with right royal condescension, embraced his aunt and kissed her upon both cheeks. Then, having graciously shaken hands with Tom and the priest, he entered the carriage, which was driven rapidly back to Balquhalloch. A few children followed it for a short distance, but they were soon left behind, and it was not until the castle was well in sight that any further signs of excitement and expectation became visible.

The first loyal greeting came from *Daft Andy* M'Gregor, an old fellow of eighty-seven. He had heard from his grandfather of the great doings of the '45; and fully believing that patriotism required it of him, he stood at his cottage door waving a rusty claymore, and flang his bonnet into the air as the carriage rolled quickly by. A more formal welcome awaited the king at the gateway of the castle. The porter's eldest son, in his Sunday clothes, walked gravely forward, bearing on a cushion the castle keys, and, with profound obeisance, presented them to Charlie, who as gravely received them and gave them into Tom's custody. At that moment the four pipers struck up; and the carriage, as it passed through the gateway, was saluted by a boom from the old brass gun. Tears stood in the Princess's eyes, as, giving her hand to Father M'Fillan, she alighted. 'Thank heaven for this day!' she exclaimed devoutly; while in a louder voice she added: 'God save the king!'

The cry was taken up by all the servants and tenants who had collected in the courtyard, and was accentuated by a second boom from the brass gun. Thus acclaimed, the king, supported by Tom, walked into the great hall, and was thence conducted by the Princess herself to his private apartments.

'The first thing,' she whispered to him, 'will be to hold a council.'

'Of course!' assented Charlie. 'We must hold a council at once. Let me see. May Tom—

I mean Mr Checkstone—act as my private secretary until I can appoint some one else to the post?'

'Most certainly! Your Majesty's wishes are commands. I will send Mr Checkstone to you.' And the amiable Princess respectfully kissed her nephew and retired.

A minute later, Tom peeped in at Charlie's door and entered his room. The two young men at once burst into fits of suppressed laughter.

'It is really too bad!' exclaimed Charlie. 'You can't imagine how difficult it has been for me to keep my countenance.'

'Never mind; you have done very well so far,' returned Tom. 'I am to be your private secretary *pro tem.*, and you are to hold a council. I must therefore beg your Majesty to graciously nominate your councillors.'

'Whom shall I nominate? There is Father M'Fillan.'

'And Alexander Gordon, the factor; he is a presentable sort of fellow.'

'And my aunt, the Princess.'

'Ah, the constitution doesn't permit you to nominate women.'

'Well, then, we four can hold the council, if the council must be held,' said Charlie.—'Now, how am I to comport myself?'

'Father M'Fillan understands, of course, that we are only masquerading; but you mustn't let him know that you have even the most distant designs on your aunt's money-bags, for he would spoil the game in an instant if he did know it. As for Sandy Gordon—to him you must be the king, the whole king, and nothing but the king. If I were you, I should knight him. It would consolidate his loyalty.'

'I'll make him a baronet, if you like,' assented Charlie. 'It won't cost any more.—But what are we to do in council?'

'To decide upon your plan of action,' said Tom. 'And we may as well settle that here. The decision must be that no public steps are to be taken at present.'

'Quite so.—But don't, Tom, push matters too far. I only want to be able to marry Kate, you know; and really five hundred a year from my aunt would satisfy me.'

'All right, old fellow; you shall have a thousand.—But now to business. I will go and announce the nomination of councillors. The council will meet in the drawing-room in half an hour. Shave yourself, and make yourself look as royal as possible. There was to be a valet to wait upon you, but he hasn't yet arrived from Edinburgh.—How they are pounding away with that absurd brass gun! Fortunately, the powder has almost run out, so you won't be troubled with your full salute.' And Tom disappeared.

The first sitting of King Charles III.'s council was not a long one. The decision at which Charlie and Tom had already arrived was, of course, adopted. Sandy Gordon was offered, but modestly declined, the honour of knighthood; and Father M'Fillan was commissioned to inform the Princess that the king did not deem it expedient for the present to take any public steps to assert his authority beyond the loyal precincts of Balquhalloch.

The Princess, who for nights had been dreaming of rebellion, was grievously disappointed, and sought to bend her nephew's determination. After dinner, when for a short time she was alone with him, she talked the matter over.

'Well, my dear aunt,' said the king at last, 'I need not tell you that if we organise a rising, I must put myself at the head of it. And if I put myself at the head of it, I must of necessity risk my life. At present, as you know, I am not married. I am the last male of our house. Ought I not, before facing the danger, to look to the interests of my race, and indeed of the country? If I had a son, or even a daughter, I could go forth with a lighter heart to battle; for in that case my death would not mean the inevitable extinction of all our hopes. You, it is true, would succeed me, but only for a few short burdensome years; and with you the line would pass out of existence.'

'True,' assented the Princess; 'you certainly ought to marry, and to marry quickly. But whom can you marry? Who is worthy of you? Your royal grandmother was a Tudor, a worthy spouse for my father of sacred memory. But there are no Tudors now; and besides, you ought not to marry a cousin. I fear that you must seek an alliance on the continent, among the Bourbons or the Hapsburgs.'

'Why not among the English Plantagenets?' asked the king.

'Would that some remained,' ejaculated the Princess.

'But one does remain,' said Charlie. 'The fact is that I have had the good fortune to make the acquaintance of one whom I have determined to wed; and, my dear aunt, she is a Plantagenet. Mr Checkstone, who has the honour of her acquaintance, will tell you about her.'

'Indeed!' exclaimed the Princess. 'This news greatly rejoices me. Let Mr Checkstone write to her at once in my name and ask her to come and visit me. I will judge of her worthiness.'

'You had better write,' suggested the king. 'Why not write informally, as my aunt. You must remember that we cannot yet afford to risk anything by publicly hinting at my pretensions, much less by boldly proclaiming to the country and the powers that be that I intend to seize the crown.'

The Princess reflected; but she gave way, and, for once in her life, signed herself simply Henrietta Maria Stuart.

In due course Kate received the invitation. It was accompanied by a private letter from Charlie; and when she had read the two communications, she forfeited a month's salary and quitted her situation. A few days had to be spent in preparing for the visit to so large and grand an establishment as she knew Balquhalloch to be; but in less than a week after hearing from Miss Stuart, Catharine Plantagenet left London for Scotland.

IV.—THE COLLAPSE.

The Princess was charmed with Catharine Plantagenet, who, in truth, was as gentle and true-hearted a girl as could be met with anywhere; but when she became fully aware of the deception to which she was a party, it was with the greatest difficulty that Charlie

persuaded her to refrain from telling her proud hostess the secret of her birth.

'Well,' said Catharine, 'under any circumstances I won't consent to take advantage of your aunt's weakness. I hate false pretences. Your aunt ought to do something for you, I confess, but let her do it with her eyes open.'

Ere long, however, the Princess, upon her own initiative, made a proposition to which even Catharine saw no objection.

'My dear,' she said one morning, 'I am getting old, and since you have been here with me, I have begun to feel that I should not like to be without you. Now I know perfectly well that Charles will be glad to stay here for the present; so, why don't you make up your minds to marry and stay here together? When I die, the castle and everything belonging to it will be his. You need never regard yourselves, therefore, as trespassers upon my hospitality.'

'And you really like to have me with you?' asked Catharine.

'Certainly, my dear.'

'For my own sake, I mean?' added Catharine.

'Yes, for your own sake, and quite apart even from the fact that Charles loves you. I shall speak to him about it.' And speak to him she did.

'You will be quieter and better off here than in London,' she said; 'and you will be able to mature your plans for the future. You and Catharine shall have a separate establishment for yourselves; there is plenty of room for all of us. And if you have any hesitation on the score of money matters—which, after all, trouble the highest as well as the lowest—I may set your mind at ease, my dear Charles, by telling you that I have determined to give Catharine on her wedding-day a hundred thousand pounds by way of jointure. When I die, the rest will be yours.'

'You are very good, aunt,' exclaimed the king, who was fairly overcome by his relative's liberality. 'Yes; nowhere can we be happier than here. But let us be married quietly.'

'By all means! Father M'Fillan shall perform the ceremony in the chapel. Get Catharine to name a day—the sooner the better.'

Charlie talked over the matter that very evening with his sweetheart, and an arrangement was soon come to between them. The wedding was fixed for an early date; a few favoured guests were invited; and in due course Charlie and Catharine became man and wife, Tom acting as best-man, and Sandy Gordon, who, on account of his age and patriarchal beard, seemed to be peculiarly fitted for the part, giving away the bride. There was, of course, a feast for the tenantry; and the brass gun on the wall was again fired—this time until it burst; but, as the Princess regretfully said, the ceremony was not worthy of the event. It ought to have taken place at Holyrood or Westminster Abbey.

Charlie and Catharine went to Edinburgh for their honeymoon; and when they returned to Balquhalloch, the castle settled down once more into its normal condition of peace and quietness. Tom and the Princess spent much of their time in the library, working hard at the family history; and the young couple, with nothing to worry them, and only themselves to think about, passed a delightful existence, which seemed as if it could never become wearisome.

But matters could not go on for ever in this way. The Princess in time began to ask Charlie about his plans. 'Will arms be required?' she wanted to know. 'Will there be uniforms for the troops? What hope is there of foreign assistance? Can the officers and men throughout the country be bribed?' And above all, 'When are you going to rise and strike for your rights?' In short, the situation threatened to become critical. And when, nearly a year after his wedding, Charlie found himself the proud father of a boy, he realised that he must either act, or permit his good aunt to scorn him as a weak-kneed, cowardly shadow of a king.

The auspicious event caused the Princess to be unusually active. She desired, ere the grand stroke should be dealt, to be in a position to publish abroad a full and complete pedigree, tracing the descent of the Stuarts of Balquhalloch from the royal Stuarts of Scotland; and hearing that a number of old records bearing upon the question were for sale in London, she despatched Tom Checkstone thither with *carte blanche* to buy whatever he could lay his hands upon. Tom was absent for ten days; and when he reappeared, he had with him a large chest full of dusty, mouldy, discoloured documents. These treasures were conveyed to the library, and for a week the Princess almost lived among them.

One day Charlie and Catharine, who was now convalescent, were sitting at luncheon, when, without warning, the Princess burst into the room. She was very violently excited. Her gray hair had fallen loose, her cheeks were pallid, and her hands were clenched convulsively.

'What is the matter?' exclaimed Charlie and Catharine, both rising together and rushing to support their aunt.

'Matter!' she cried—'matter?' and she began to weep hysterically.

'Tell me,' implored Catharine. 'What can we do?'

But Tom, who had followed the Princess, and who now appeared in the open doorway, soon explained the cause of the outbreak.

'Look here!' he said, as he held out a yellow parchment. 'It is a terrible blow to your aunt, Charlie. There has been some mistake. You are not descended from the royal Stuarts at all. A similarity of names and some careless copying are responsible for the error.'

Charlie seized the manuscript, and having hastily glanced at it, threw it aside, and went to his aunt, who was already being attended to by Catharine.

The Princess had fainted; but ere long she recovered, and was able to tell her version of the story. She had been completing the pedigree; she had almost arrived at the last link, when the whole chain had been snapped by this hideous discovery. She would never get over the shock. To think that after all she was a nobody! It was too dreadful!

They led her to her own room, and in time succeeded in calming her. Then, in order to convince himself, Charlie carefully examined the parchment. Its statements could not be gainsaid.

The Stuarts of Balquhalloch had no connection with royalty; and he would not now be required to seize the throne of Great Britain. To him the revelation came, it must be remarked, as a welcome relief; but for days and weeks it made his poor aunt miserable; and when she finally reconciled herself to her lot, it seemed as if her energy and pleasure in life had departed for ever. Indeed, she never entirely got over the blow, and at the beginning of this year she died.

Charlie and Catharine were with her to the last, and she bequeathed everything to them. Balquhalloch, therefore, is now theirs; and Tom Checkstone, who, rightly or wrongly, regarded himself as Charlie's good genius, holds sway as his friend's secretary, man of business, chum, and general factotum.

THE MONTH:

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

On the 27th of August, the British Association commenced its fifty-fourth annual meeting—not this year, however, on British soil, but at Montreal in Canada. Some hundreds of members travelled from this country to be present at the meeting. Both on the part of the city and of the Dominion, the reception of the Association has been everything that could be desired by its members. Montreal itself raised forty thousand dollars towards defraying the expenses of the visit, and three hundred of the members were, besides, received as guests into private houses. The new President, Lord Rayleigh, Professor of Experimental Physics in the University of Cambridge, delivered the opening address, in which he sketched the progress that had been made in certain important branches of science. The final meeting of the Association was held on the afternoon of September 3, and was largely attended, about two thousand persons being present. Lord Rayleigh in addressing the assembly, said that no meeting had been held in which the Association had been provided with such spacious rooms. Resolutions in favour of the erection of a free public library in Montreal, as a memorial of the visit, were then passed, and a large amount of money was immediately promised in aid of this object, among the donations being one of ten thousand pounds. The total money grants in favour of scientific investigations made at the Montreal meeting were fifteen hundred and fifty pounds. The tickets issued for members of the Association for this session numbered seventeen hundred and thirty, and the money received amounted to eighteen hundred pounds.

Within the last twenty-five years, and more especially since the Franco-German war, when the French made such good use of balloons, there have been somewhat frequent rumours that the problem of aërial navigation, comprised in the possibility of guiding and propelling a balloon in a given direction, had been solved. The machine in each case is carefully described, and generally it is represented as having risen gracefully in the air, travelled about a little, and then returned to its starting-point. Then, nothing more is heard of it. Such an event is said to have occurred last month in France. The gas-vessel—it can hardly be called a balloon, for it is cigar-shaped—is nearly two hundred feet long. A platform is hung below, upon which is a screw propeller, worked by a dynamo-machine and a large rudder. This description tallies almost exactly with the form of so-called steerable balloons which have been constructed, tried, and found useless by M. Giffard, M. Tissandier, and others in previous years. The French government have spent much money in experimental ballooning, and this last achievement is the result. Perhaps the authorities were obliged to show something for the money that was being spent, but we fear that that something is not anything new or profitable. Until an aërial machine be produced which shall make its way *against* strong currents, balloon navigation will remain as it has hitherto been.

Here is a clever American notion, and one which will probably have a wide application. It consists of a noiseless door-closer. In the ordinary metal or india-rubber spring, so commonly fixed to doors, the greatest energy is exerted at first, and the door generally slams with a noise which is very distressing to any one with nerves. In the new arrangement, the spring is fixed to the piston attached to a small air-cylinder, so that as the door closes, the resistance of the air in the cylinder checks its motion before the terrible bang arrives. A small opening in the cylinder then lets in the air, so that the spring once more asserts its authority with sufficient persuasion to gently close the door.

After the terrors excited by the alleged danger of using arsenical wall-papers, it is rather a relief to read the opinion of Mr R. Galloway, who has written an article upon the subject in the *Journal of Science*. 'Has it,' he asks, 'ever been proved that persons who inhabit rooms the wall-paper of which is stained with emerald green, suffer from arsenical poisoning?' He then points out that the injurious effects, if any, must be due to the mechanical detachment of the pigment from the paper, and that such homœopathic doses of the substance as could be carried by the air, would be totally different from the effects which arise from larger doses of arsenic. Moreover, he has made inquiry as to any cases of poisoning occurring during the packing of this finely divided pigment—during which operation the packers are surrounded by clouds of its dust—and could hear of none. Mr Mattieu Williams, a well-known writer on Science, is also of opinion that 'arsenical wall-papers' are practically harmless. We are glad to record these opinions, for the tendency of the present time is to point out lurking dangers in every direction, until one is apt to wonder how our forefathers, in their happy ignorance of sanitation, ever contrived to reach adult age.

At Reading, this autumn, a honey-fair is to be held, when prizes will be distributed to beekeepers who work on humane and advanced principles, and also to those who can show the greatest amount of unadulterated honey raised in a Berkshire hive. Such a show as this is worthy of every encouragement, for honey fetches a high price, and so does wax, even in these days of cheap sugar and composite candles. It thus becomes possible for the intelligent cottager to add considerably to his scanty means; and if he can

be taught that honey can be won without periodical destruction of bees and comb, so much the better. There is some complaint that the new-fangled hives, efficient though they be, are too expensive to supersede the old straw skep. The British Beekeepers' Association might well turn their attention to this aspect of the matter.

Last year, Professor Huxley stated it as his opinion that no act of man could possibly influence the increase or decrease in the number of sea-fish. This was in answer to the gloomy anticipations of many that the herring and other fisheries would be gradually annihilated unless our fishermen were compelled by law to observe certain conditions. So far as herrings are concerned, the recent enormous catches have shown that there are fish as good and plentiful in the sea as ever yet came out. Last month, we saw these fish in splendid condition being sold at the Farringdon Fish Market, London, at one penny per dozen. By the way, can any one explain why, in these days of refrigerators and cheap ice, eighty-six tons of fish should be allowed in one month to become—at Billingsgate—unfit for human food?

At a flower-show at Frome the other day, prizes were offered by Miss Ormerod, the consulting entomologist to the Royal Agricultural Society of England, for the best collection of food-plants injured by insects, accompanied by samples of the injurious creatures themselves, and a short written account of the nature of their depredations and the preventive measures to be adopted in dealing with them. There was only one competitor, Mr Herbert Haley of Frome; but the collection which he showed was a very complete one, and was most highly commended by Miss Ormerod. As this was the first injurious-insect competition in this country, and was probably known to comparatively few persons, we need not be surprised at the want of competitors. Ten years ago in Paris, a similar Exhibition took place, in which nearly four hundred competitors took part. The exhibits included useful as well as injurious insects, which were divided into separate classes. Such competitions ought to be productive of a great amount of good.

Recent experiments have led to the adoption of many alterations in the torpedo system, which is likely to play such an important part in naval operations of the future. Hitherto, the torpedo—a huge fish-like case to hold explosives, and containing within itself an air-engine for propelling it through the water—was thrust from a ship's side below the water-line. But it was found in practice that it was impossible to fire the agent of destruction in a straight line, especially if its mother-ship were under way. In the new method, the torpedo, which is sixteen feet long and fourteen inches in diameter, is fitted into a steel tube just large enough to contain the projectile. The pressure of a key admits highly compressed air to this tube, and the torpedo is shot out of an open port on exactly the same principle that a pea is projected from a pea-shooter. But in the case of the torpedo, its little but powerful engine is set to work the moment it reaches the water, and away speeds the torpedo on its terrible errand.

Professor Tuck of New York has constructed an electric torpedo boat, which will render submarine warfare very terrible, if the hopes raised by its recent trial are fulfilled. It is made of iron, in the shape of a cigar, or rather pointed at each end, and is thirty feet in length. It can travel on the surface of the water, or several feet below, at the will of its commander. The torpedoes are carried outside the vessel, and can be detached by the action of an electro-magnet, when it is desired to let one rise to the surface against any ship that may be lying overhead. By means of attached wires, the torpedo can be exploded when the submarine boat has retired to a position of safety. Jules Verne's clever romance *Thirty Thousand Leagues under the Sea*, seems here to come into play.

Under the supervision of Mr Preece, the well-known electrician to the Post-office, an experiment of great interest has been recently conducted at Wimbledon, near London. The object of the experiment was to ascertain the best method of lighting streets by electricity, the lamps employed being the incandescent pattern advocated by Edison, Swan, and others. Some of the lamps were placed singly, others on poles twenty feet high, while at the same time the efficiency of different kinds of reflectors was tested. The cost is calculated to amount to one farthing per lamp per hour for each unit of light, valued at ten candles. Now, the cost of gas for a similar amount of light is one-fifth of a penny, so that the difference in expense between the two systems is not very great. On the other hand, the advantages of the electric light in the open air, where no question of impure products of combustion need come in, almost disappear; gas, therefore, still fulfils the required conditions.

It is to be hoped that the new regulations for the prevention of collisions at sea, which have just been published, will have the effect of reducing those calamities, which have of late become fearfully familiar. The twenty-seven articles contained in these regulations refer to lights, sound-signals for fog, steering and sailing rules, precautions to be adopted, and special rules for squadrons and convoys. We may call particular attention to article nineteen, which indicates how one vessel can signal to another by a steam-whistle. Thus—one short blast to mean, 'I am directing my course to starboard;' two short blasts, 'I am going to port;' three to mean, 'I am going full speed astern.' Any one will readily remark how such signals could be added to almost indefinitely. Indeed, it is simply the method adopted in the army for flash-signalling with the heliograph, adapted to sound-signalling with the steam-whistle. In such a system, unfortunately, there are few, in moments of danger, who can keep their heads cool enough to avoid making perilous mistakes. It is somewhat like talking quietly when the house is on fire.

About four years ago, the startling scheme of carrying ships upon a specially constructed railway track bodily across that little neck of land which ties together the two Americas was conceived by Mr Eades. This scheme was communicated to the British Association at York in 1881, and although the idea seems a novel one, like most engineering enterprises it can be doubtless accomplished if investors can be made to believe in its power of paying a good dividend. The suggested route would require a track one hundred and thirty-four miles in length, which

must be laid with a compound railway of extremely solid construction. The worked-out details of the method of raising a ship on a pontoon, transferring it to a travelling cradle, and finally committing it to the deep once more, after its journey on dry land, are most ingenious. Mr Eades, who hails from the United States, is now in England, endeavouring to interest capitalists in his proposals.

The demolition of the old law-courts which adjoined Westminster Hall, has brought into view one of the most interesting pieces of stonework belonging to Norman times that can be found in London. The state of preservation of the wall of the old hall, upon which the marks of the mason's tools are still visible, is due to the circumstance, that from a very early time it was under cover, for a cloister extended along the whole length of the building on this side. Mr Pearson, the architect, was lately requested to report upon the subject, and to suggest the best method of restoration compatible with the preservation of this unique relic of the reign of William Rufus; and it has been determined to restore the cloister as it originally stood. According to the opinion of Mr Shaw-Lefevre, the First Commissioner of Works, the edifice when completed will, with the Houses of Parliament and the old abbey adjacent, form one of the grandest groups of buildings in Europe.

The attractions of South Kensington Museum have lately been added to by the opening of a room containing a collection of antique casts, which have been collected and arranged by Mr W. C. Perry. This collection numbers about three hundred specimens, which illustrate the whole historical range of ancient art. Such a record of the plastic art of ancient times is of deep interest to the archæologist, as well as of immense value to the art student. The arrangement of the specimens is mainly chronological, and where one or two casts are, on account of inconvenient size, not shown in their right place, it is in consequence of want of space. We may venture to hope that at some not distant date, better accommodation will be found for this valuable and interesting collection.

The Great Western Railway has always been famed for the wonderful engineering difficulties which were grappled with by the daring Brunel, and many evidences of his skill are apparent to the traveller on that line. But even Brunel did not conceive the bold idea of piercing a tunnel twenty-six feet in diameter, and four and a half miles in length, beneath the bed of the Severn. But this great work has now been in progress for some years, and the operations latterly have been pushed forward with such rapidity by three thousand busy men, that its completion may soon be looked forward to. The tunnel will shorten considerably the distance between London and South Wales. It is constructed so as to dip considerably towards the centre, to which point ary water will naturally gravitate. Here it will enter a drainage subway, which will carry it to the Welsh side, to be pumped up into the river. The great difficulty which the workers have had to contend with is the irruption of vast bodies of water from local springs. The crown of the tunnel lies at a depth of from eighty to a hundred feet beneath the bed of the river.

In these days of quick communication by telegraph and telephone, it is strange to see how it becomes occasionally convenient to employ 'the bird of the air' to 'carry the voice.' In Haddingtonshire, at the Penston Colliery, messages are carried from the pits to the offices, a distance of more than six miles, by pigeons, and they accomplish the work in about as many minutes. Telegrams are found to take about an hour in executing the same business, and telephones are inadmissible, because as yet no plan has been found by which the sounds can be permanently recorded.

In a recent lecture on Cholera and its Prevention, Professor de Chamont called attention to the very common and erroneous idea that tobacco-smoke, camphor, and other strongly smelling compounds act as disinfectants. He pointed out that although chlorine, sulphurous acid gas, and carbolic acid may under certain conditions be safely regarded as true disinfectants, the best and most efficient known is *fire*. He also, in speaking of sulphurous acid gas, generated by burning sulphur, showed that a ready way of facilitating combustion was first of all to pour upon the brimstone a little alcohol.

Mr Graham, who recently gave an account of his mountaineering experiences in the Himalaya, seems to have negatived some of our preconceived notions regarding the difficulty of breathing at high altitudes. At an elevation of more than four miles above the sea-level, Mr Graham and his companions felt no inconvenience in breathing except what might be expected from the muscular exertion they had gone through. Loss of sight, nausea, bleeding at the nose or ears, and other unpleasant symptoms often described by travellers, were entirely absent. But the heart was sensibly affected, its rapid pace being easily perceptible, and its beatings quite audible. It may be remembered that Mr Glaisher and Mr Coxwell, in the course of an experimental balloon ascent some years ago, nearly lost their lives by the effect upon their breathing organs of the highly attenuated atmosphere to which they had risen. But the altitude then reached was about double that attained by Mr Graham in the Himalaya.

A scheme has been proposed for the construction of an Indo-European railway, the chief novelty of which is the adoption of a route along the south shore of the Mediterranean. The line would utilise the railroads of France and Spain. Then there would be steam-transit from Gibraltar Bay to Ceuta in Morocco. Here would be the terminus proper of the international railway, which would be in connection with the lines already laid in Algeria and Tunis. The route would be continued through Tripoli to join the Egyptian lines, and eventually along the coast of the Persian Gulf to Kurrachee in India. Here, of course, contact would be made with the great Indian railway system. Preliminary surveys have been already made, and the nominal capital of the undertaking is fixed at ten millions sterling.

At the late meeting of the British Association in Canada, a very curious contribution to our knowledge of carnivorous plants was made by Professor Moseley, as a result of certain experiments he has made with the water-weed *Utricularia vulgaris*. This plant is furnished with

small pear-shaped bladders, which at certain seasons are charged with air, and cause the weed to rise to the surface of the water. This movement has hitherto been supposed to be connected with the phenomenon of fertilisation. But Professor Moseley points out that each bladder has an opening closed by an elastic door, which will easily yield to the pressure of a small fish; and that any unfortunate intruder is either caught bodily, or can be securely held a prisoner by head or tail until dead. That there is here anything analogous to digestion as seen in other carnivorous plants, such as the *Dionœa*, &c., does not appear; but it is thought probable that the decomposing animal matter may contribute eventually to the life of the weed.

An invention of considerable importance in connection with the probability of saving life at sea has made its appearance during the month. This consists of an adaptation of the use of oil at sea to the ordinary life-buoy. Round the inside of the buoy is a brass reservoir filled with oil. This is so arranged that when the buoy is hung upon the vessel's side no oil can escape; while the moment it assumes a horizontal position, as, for instance, when it is thrown into the sea, the oil flows freely, and the water all around the buoy is rapidly covered with a thin film. This soon widens into a large circle, within which, of course, the waves are unbroken, which enables persons to be the more easily secured by the ship's boats. Since it is a well-known fact that in rough weather, when the cry 'Man overboard!' is oftenest heard, life-buoys are frequently useless, as even the strongest men are commonly washed off them, this practical adaptation of the use of oil at sea will probably prove of signal importance. It could, we imagine, also be readily applied to many of those improvised sea-rafts and similar appliances, and render them of great value in rough weather. It was the fault of many of those ingenious contrivances of this kind which were to be seen at the Fisheries Exhibition last year, that no one could possibly live on them in broken water, and this objection the use of oil in this way would certainly obviate. It should be noticed, however, that the chief value of the invention consists in the arrangement for the oil to flow automatically.

In addition to the electrically lighted colliery in South Wales, noticed in last 'Month,' we hear of another in Lanarkshire belonging to Mr John Watson, Earnock, near Hamilton. There may possibly be other workings thus illuminated throughout this country; and there is no doubt that ere long the brilliant and comparatively safe electric light will be generally adopted underground.

In Prussia also, as we learn from a contemporary, the electric light at the Mechernich Mines has now had a fair trial for more than three years, and has proved a complete success. The expectation that it would both facilitate the operations and increase their security, has fully been realised, and an extension of the plant is now being carried out. An open working two thousand feet long, one thousand feet wide, and over three hundred feet deep, in which three hundred men and twenty horses are continually occupied, was first to be supplied with the electric light, and it was a question whether arc lamps would answer for this purpose in the smoky atmosphere caused by blasting operations. For the first experiments, arc lamps of three thousand and one thousand candles were used, with the positive carbon in the lower holder. The effect was brilliant, yet the light did not penetrate the white smoke cloud which collects at the upper wall immediately after the shot. But as the smoke settles within ten minutes, it was thought advisable to acquiesce in this interruption of a few minutes, and to use smaller lamps of three hundred and fifty candles, which proved quite efficient. Of these, there are ten in use, with about ten thousand feet of lead cable, the cable being partially elastic, as the lamps with their wires have to be removed when the blasting is to take place. The lamps were originally supplied with hexagonal lanterns with obscured glass to protect the eyes of the miners. The glasses were, of course, soon broken, but no complaints are said to have been made about the naked electric lights.

The speech-recorder would appear to be an instrument of no small importance, if it is able to do in a practical manner that which the title of a patent recently applied for by Mr W. E. Irish would lead us to suppose. The title of the patent is as follows: 'A system or method and means of receiving and recording articulated speech and other sounds transmitted telegraphically, telephonically, or otherwise, by the aid of electricity.' The transmitting, as by telephone, and recording of speech in characters which may be easily read, would be of incalculable value. If this instrument fulfils what is claimed for it, the anticipations once hoped for in the phonograph will be realised, and in the future we may expect to see business-men talking their correspondence into a box in which mechanism, by the aid of electricity, records the same on paper, which may be forwarded as a letter. Moreover, literary men will be saved the drudgery of the pen, and have their thoughts recorded as rapidly as they can convey them to the instrument. The system of natural phonetic signs, which we should expect this instrument to describe, may also be the means of influencing spelling and of simplifying the phonographic difficulties of the language. Applications innumerable suggest themselves to us to which such an apparatus may be applied; the verifying and duplicating of orders received and sent telephonically, would form no small item in the advantages to be derived from such a system.

According to the *Journal de Rouen*, quoting from the *Polytechnische Zeitung*, the recent invention of M. Verk, by which is produced the effect of any metal on felt, is likely to become extremely useful when applied to theatrical stage properties, as, besides being inexpensive, the articles so treated are not materially increased in weight. The things intended to assume a metallic appearance are first of all covered with a layer of felt, which is coated over with a resinous substance mixed with plumbago or blacklead. This is left to dry, and is then passed over with a hot iron. The article is next rubbed with pumice-stone, which produces the effect of burnished steel. If copper, bronze, or silver is wished to be

imitated, the felt—which is rendered a conductor by its coating—is covered readily by immersion in a galvano-plastic bath.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

TELEGRAPHING EXTRAORDINARY.

A CONTEMPORARY supplies some interesting particulars as to the number of words transmitted by telegraph to all parts of the kingdom on the occasion of the Prime Minister's recent visit to Edinburgh. On the evening of Mr Gladstone's arrival, press messages containing over seventeen thousand words were handed in at the telegraph department of the General Post-office; but the actual number of words transmitted was over sixty-seven thousand, owing to the fact of the same report being sent to more than one newspaper. Mr Gladstone's visit to the Forth Bridge works led to the transmission of twelve thousand words, and his movements on the following day to nineteen thousand. On the occasion of his first speech on Saturday evening (August 30) in the Corn Exchange, sixty-two thousand four hundred and seventy-one words were handed in, and one hundred and thirty-eight thousand four hundred and forty-five transmitted. The number would have been greater had not Sunday intervened, allowing of the transmission of many messages by train. On Monday evening (September 1) the press messages reached the enormous number of one hundred and seventeen thousand words, causing the transmission of about four hundred and twenty-seven thousand words, the largest number ever transmitted on any one night from Edinburgh. After the Waverley Market speech of Tuesday night (September 2), one hundred and seventy-two thousand eight hundred and twenty-one words were transmitted.

On Monday evening, when the strain was heaviest, one hundred and thirty operators were at work, and in spite of the constant stream of messages the department kept abreast of the reporters. As many as four towns in the same telegraphic circuit were enabled to read almost the same message at the same time. The message having been 'punched' on long slips of prepared paper, the plan was adopted, instead of running it entirely through one machine, of taking the slip out of the first machine after it was three yards clear, and running it into a second and a third.

CASUALTIES ON THE BRITISH COAST.

A blue-book on sea-casualties to British vessels from July 1, 1882 to June 30, 1883, contains the Report of the Marine Department of the Board of Trade, showing that the total number of vessels belonging to the United Kingdom to which casualties occurred (total losses and serious and minor casualties) was 5409. This is higher by one hundred and eleven than in 1881–82, when it was 5298, and higher than any year since 1876–77, when it was 5801. The number of total losses was eight hundred and ten (tonnage 277,490). This is lower than the previous two years, but higher than in either of the four years preceding. The decrease in the last two years is in sailing-vessels (classed and unclassed) and in unclassed steamships. There is, however, a large increase (twenty-five per cent.) in the total losses of classed steamships. The number of serious casualties not amounting to total losses was 1268, and was lower than any of the previous six years, except 1879–80, when it was slightly higher. The decrease is entirely confined to sailing-vessels. The number of steamships (five hundred and seventy-one) to which serious casualties occurred is larger than in any of the previous six years, and the tonnage of the vessels affected is nearly one hundred and fifty thousand more than in 1876–77. From 1877–78 there is a steady annual rise in serious casualties to steamships from four hundred and six in 1877–78 to five hundred and seventy-one in 1882–83. In 1876–77 they were four hundred and ninety-three. The loss of life in vessels belonging to the United Kingdom was 2501 in 1882–83, or seven hundred and seventy-six less than in 1881–82, but was more than the loss in each of the five years preceding 1881–82, and was three hundred and thirty-one more than the average for the six years. Of these 2501 lives, 1463 were lost in missing vessels. The number of missing ships was one hundred and fifty-two, namely: Sailing-ships, 133; tonnage, 32,995; lives lost, 1080: steamships, 19; tonnage, 14,626; lives lost, 383—total lives lost, 1463.

'YES.'

A LITTLE rain,
The sun again,
A shadow;
A summer day,
Some new-mown hay,
A meadow.

A girlish face,
A matchless grace,
And beauty;
We spend the day
In making hay—
Sweet duty.

Some fading flowers,
Some happy hours,
But fleeting.
A week of rain,
And then again
A meeting.

One quick shy look,
A rippling brook,
Some clover;
A sky of gold,
The story old,
A lover.

A fair sweet maid,
A short word said;
What is it?
I try my fate,
And not too late
To miss it.

The years have gone,
And still loves on
That lover;
He loves always,
As days and days
Pass over.

A loving wife,
A long, long life
Together,
Have made him bless
That shy sweet 'Yes'
For ever.

NORA C. USHER.

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THE FUTURE OF ELECTRICITY AND GAS.

More than eighty years ago, Davy first produced and exhibited the arc-light to an admiring and dazzled audience at the Royal Institution; and forty years later, at the same place, Faraday, by means of his memorable experiments in electro-dynamics, laid down the laws on which the modern dynamo-electric machine is founded. Though known at the beginning of the century, the electric light remained little more than a scientific curiosity until within the last ten years, during which period the dynamo-electric machine has been brought to its present perfection, and electric lighting on a large and economical scale thus rendered possible. The first practical incandescent lamps were produced only seven years ago, though the idea of lighting by incandescence dates back some forty years or more; but all attempts to manufacture an efficient lamp were rendered futile by the impossibility of obtaining a perfect vacuum. The year 1881 will long be remembered as that in which electric lighting by incandescence was first shown to be possible and practicable.

The future history of the world will doubtless be founded more or less on the history of scientific progress. No branch of science at present rivals in interest that of electricity, and at no time in the history of the world has any branch of science made so great or so rapid progress as electrical science during the past five years.

And now it may be asked, where are the evidences of this wonderful progress, at least in that branch of electricity which is the subject of the present paper? Quite recently, the wonders of the electric light were in the mouths of every one; while at present, little or nothing is heard about it except in professional quarters. Is the electric light a failure, and are all the hopes that have been placed on it to end in nothing? Assuredly not. The explanation of the present lull in electric lighting is not far to seek; it is due almost solely and entirely to speculation. The reins, so to say, had been taken from the hands of engineers and men of science; the stock-jobbers had mounted the chariot, and the mad gallop that followed has ended in ruin and collapse. Many will remember the electric-light mania several years ago, and the panic that took place among those holding gas shares. The public knew little or nothing about electricity, and consequently nothing was too startling or too ridiculous to be believed. Then came a time of wild excitement and reckless speculation, inevitably followed by a time of depression and ruination. Commercial enterprise was brought to a stand-still; real investors lost all confidence; capital was diverted elsewhere; the innocent suffered, and are still suffering; and the electric light suffered all the blame. The government was forced to step in for the protection of the public; and the result of their legislation is the Electric Lighting Act, which authorises the Board of Trade to grant licenses to Companies and local authorities to supply electricity under certain conditions. These conditions have reference chiefly to the limits of compulsory and permissive supply, the securing of a regular and efficient supply, the safety of the public, the limitation of prices to be charged, and regulations as to inspection and inquiry.

That the electric light has not proved a failure may be gleaned from a rough survey of what has been done during the past two years, in spite of unmerited depression and depreciation. In this country, permanent installations have been established at several theatres in London and the provinces; the Royal Courts of Justice, the Houses of Parliament, Buckingham Palace, Windsor Castle, the Bank of England, and other well-known buildings; while numerous railway stations, hotels, clubs, factories, and private mansions throughout the country, have also adopted the new light either entirely or in part. In addition to this, over forty steamships have been fitted with the electric light during the past year; and the Holborn Viaduct, with its shops

and buildings, has been lighted without interruption for the past two years. On the continent, in addition to a large number of factories, private houses, and public buildings, numerous theatres at Paris, Munich, Stuttgart, Brunn, Vienna, Berlin, Prague, and Milan have been electrically lighted. In New York, an installation of ten thousand lights has been successfully running for the last year or two. Any one wishing to see the electric light to advantage and its suitability to interior decoration, should visit the Holborn Restaurant. This building, with its finely decorated rooms, its architectural beauties, and ornamental designs in the renaissance style, when viewed by the electric light, is without doubt one of the chief sights of London.

The electric light in the form of the well-known powerful and dazzling arc-light is the favourite illuminant for lighting harbours, railway stations, docks, public works, and other large spaces. But it is to the incandescent lamp that one must look par excellence for the 'light of the future.' It has been satisfactorily established that lighting by incandescence is as cheap as lighting by gas, provided that it be carried out on an extensive scale.

Very contradictory statements have from time to time been published as to the relative cost of lighting by electricity and gas; and a few remarks on the subject, without entering into detailed figures, will explain much of this discrepancy. These remarks will refer to electric lighting by incandescence.

In the first place, the lighting may be effected in one of three ways—(1) by primary batteries; (2) by dynamo-machines; or (3) by a combination of dynamo-machines and secondary batteries. The expense of working with primary batteries is altogether prohibitory, except in the case of very small installations; while secondary batteries have not yet been made a practical success; so that the second method mentioned above is the only one at present in the field. In the second place, a distinction must be made between isolated installations and a general system of lighting from central stations. Up to the present time, nearly all the lighting by electricity has been effected by isolated installations. If every man requiring one hundred or even several hundred lights were to set up his own gas-works and supply himself from them, the cost of lighting by gas would be enormously increased. Hence it is manifestly unfair to compare the cost of electric light obtained from isolated installations with gas obtained from gas-works supplying many thousands of lights; yet this is being constantly done. Central stations supplying at least, say, ten thousand lights, and gas-works on an equal scale, must be compared in order to arrive at a true estimate of the relative cost of electricity and gas. Several such extended installations are now being erected in London and elsewhere. With improved generating apparatus, and above all, with improved lamps, it is confidently anticipated that the electric light will eventually be cheaper than gas. Even if dearer than gas, it will be largely used for lighting dwelling-houses, theatres, concert-halls, museums, libraries, churches, shops, showrooms, factories, and ships; while perhaps gas may long hold its own as the poor man's friend, since it affords him warmth as well as light.

The incandescent light is entirely free from the products of combustion which heat and vitiate the air; it enables us to see pictures and flowers as by daylight; it supports plants instead of poisoning them, and enables many industries to be carried on by night as well as by day. Add to this an almost perfect immunity from danger of fire and no fear of explosion. When it is realised that a gas flame gives out seventeen times as much heat as an incandescent lamp of equal light-giving power, and that an ordinary gas flame vitiates the air as much as the breathing of ten persons, some idea may be formed of the advantage of the electric light from a sanitary point of view. To this may be added absence of injury to books, walls, and ceilings. Visitors to the Savoy Theatre in London will doubtless have seen the adaptability of this light for places of public amusement, and it is now possible to sit out a play in a cool and pleasant atmosphere without incurring a severe headache. To theatrical managers the light offers in addition unusual facilities for producing spectacular effects, such as the employment of green, red, and white lamps to represent night, morning, and daylight. The freedom from weariness and lassitude after spending an evening in an electrically lighted apartment must be experienced in order to be appreciated. The electric light very readily adapts itself to the interior fittings and decorations of houses and public buildings, and it can be placed in positions where gas could not be used on account of the danger of fire. The old lines of gas-fittings should be avoided as far as possible, and the lights placed singly where required, and not 'bunched' together. For the lighting of mines, electricity must stand unrivalled, though little has as yet been done in this direction. Its speedy adoption either voluntarily or by Act of Parliament, with the employment of lime cartridges instead of blasting by gunpowder, will in the future render explosions in mines almost an impossibility. In some cases, gas may yet for some time compete with the electric light both in brilliancy and economy; for the electric light has spurred on the gas Companies to the improved lighting of many of our public streets and places.

With the general introduction of electricity for the purpose of lighting comes the introduction of electricity for the production of power; for the same current entering by the same conductors can be used for the production of light or of power, or of both. The same plant at the central stations will supply power by day and light by night, with evident economy. Electricity will thus be used for driving sewing-machines, grinding, mixing, brushing, cleaning, and many other domestic purposes. In many trades requiring the application of power for driving light machinery for short periods, electricity will be of the greatest value, and artisans will have an ever ready source of power at their command in their own homes.

Is electricity to supersede gas altogether? By no means, for gas is destined to play a more

important part in the future than it has done in the past. Following close upon the revolution in the production of light comes a revolution in the production of heat for purposes of warming and cooking, and for the production of power. Gas in the future will be largely used not necessarily as an illuminant, but as a fuel and a power producer. When gas is burned in an ordinary gas flame, ninety-five per cent. of the gas is consumed in producing heat, and the remaining five per cent. only in producing light. Gas is far more efficient than raw coal as a heating agent; and it is also far cheaper to turn coal into gas and use the gas in a gas-engine, than to burn the coal directly under the boiler of a steam-engine; for gas-engines are far more economical than steam-engines. Bearing these facts in mind, it cannot but be seen that the time is not far distant when, both by rich and poor, gas will be used as the cheapest, most cleanly, and most convenient means for heating and cooking, and raw coal need not enter our houses; also that gas-engines must sooner or later supersede steam-engines, and gas thus be used for driving the machine that produces the electricity. In the case of towns distant not more than, say, fifty miles from a coal-field, the gas-works could with advantage be placed at the colliery, the gas being conveyed to its destination in pipes. Thus, coal need no longer be seen, except at the colliery and the gas-works. With the substitution of gas for coal, as a fuel, will end the present abominable and wasteful production of smoke. When smoke, 'blacks,' and noxious gases are thus done away with, life in our most populous towns may become a real pleasure. Trees, grass, and flowers will flourish, and architecture be seen in all its beauty. Personal comfort will be greatly enhanced by the absence of smuts, 'pea-soup' fogs, and noxious fumes; and monuments, public buildings, and pictures saved from premature destruction.

The present method of open fires is dirty, troublesome, wasteful, and extravagant. With the introduction of gas as a heating agent, there will be no more carting about of coals and ashes, and no more troublesome lighting of fires with wood, paper, and matches. No more coal-scuttles, no more smoky chimneys, no more chimney-sweeps! On the other hand, the old open coal-fire is cheerful, 'pokable,' and conducive to ventilation; while the Englishman loves to stand in front of it and toast himself. All this, however, may still be secured in the gas stoves of the future, as any one could easily have satisfied himself at the recent Smoke Abatement Exhibition in London. The gas stove of the future must be an open radiating stove, and not a closed stove, which warms the air by conduction and convection chiefly, and renders the air of a room dry and uncomfortable.

It has frequently been pointed out that our coal-fields are not inexhaustible; but they doubtless contain a sufficient supply for hundreds of years to come. Long before the supply is likely to run short, other sources of nature will be largely drawn upon. These are the winds, waterfalls, tides, and the motion of the waves. The two former have to some extent been utilised; but little or nothing has been done or attempted with the latter. Before these can be to any extent made use of, means must be devised for storing energy in the form of electricity, a problem which is now being vigorously attacked, but as yet without much practical success. That electricity has a great future before it cannot for a moment be doubted.

BY MEAD AND STREAM.

BY CHARLES GIBBON.

CHAPTER L.—A CROW TO PLUCK.

THE two men stared at each other—Mr Hadleigh with an expression of stern inquiry; Caleb with a sullen audacity which failed to conceal the confusion and disappointment he felt. But he made no attempt to apologise, to explain, or to retreat.

After a brief inspection of the man, Mr Hadleigh was reassured: this was no *common* burglar he had to deal with, and no immediate violence was to be feared.

'My good man,' he said calmly, 'you have wasted your time and labour if you expected to find money or plate here. That safe, which you see is open, contains my cheque-books; but they are worthless to you without my signature. As for what plate and jewels there may be to reward your adventure, they are in different parts of the house, and before you can leave this room to seek them you must murder me. And before you do that, I shall sound this alarm.'

As he spoke he took up a green cord which lay beside his desk. The cord communicated with a bell in the butler's room, which if rung at that time of night would certainly have aroused the household.

'I didn't come here to rob; I didn't expect to find *you* in this room, and I don't mean to hurt you.'

Gruff and surly as Caleb's manner was, Hadleigh, even in that moment of peril, did him justice.

'I believe you, Kersey,' he said quietly; 'and to prove it, I shall sit down and listen to what explanation you have to give. Something very unusual there must be to have caused you to act as you have done. I told you at the end of the harvest that if I could serve you at any time, I should be pleased to do so. Is that why you have come?'

'No,' was the sulky answer.

Although tortured by passion, Caleb was not only sensible of the confidence which Mr Hadleigh showed him under such peculiar circumstances, but felt his self-respect raised by it, and was wishful to make matters clear. The thing somehow stuck in his throat, for he who had broken into the house at midnight had to tell this man of his son's guilt—as he believed—and of Pansy's shame.

'Then what did bring you here and in such an outrageous fashion?'

'I thought to find your son Mr Coutts here. I've been waiting for him nigh on six hours. When he came, he wouldn't tell me the truth, wouldn't wait to speak to me, and I am determined that he shall—not only speak to me

this night, but speak true. I thought I heard him hollering to me from that window. I didn't want to make a row if it could be helped, so I got a ladder and came in, meaning to ask him to do things straight and quiet. That's all.'

As Coutts's room was above the library, Mr Hadleigh comprehended the mistake Caleb had made, and was satisfied that no intention of robbery had brought him there. His own intense preoccupation had prevented him from observing any disturbance.

'What is it you wish him to speak truth about?' he inquired.

'I'd rather speak to himself,' was the gloomy response.

'You are aware that breaking into the house in *this way* might be an awkward thing for you if brought before a magistrate. But since the matter is important enough to induce you to run the risk you have done to-night, you had better take me into your confidence. I have no doubt of being able to assist you.'

'Well, then,' said Caleb, after another minute of hesitation, and the blood tingling in his honest cheeks on her account, 'I want to know what he has done with Pansy Culver.'

'What can he have to do with the girl?'

'More than I care to think—more, maybe, than you would care to learn. He has wiled her away from home and won't tell me where she is.'

'There must be some stupid mistake here, Kersey. Mr Coutts Hadleigh is too careful of his reputation to perpetrate such a monstrous act. On what grounds do you accuse him?'

Bluntly and speaking with less difficulty now that the ice was broken, Caleb gave his reasons for believing Coutts guilty—what he had observed at their chance meetings, and particularly her rejection of himself after she had led him to think that she favoured him. Mr Hadleigh allowed him to tell his story to the end without interruption. He could see that the man was blinded by jealousy and rage, was unconsciously exaggerating trifles, and distorting them into proofs of his foregone conclusion.

'It is fortunate that accident has made me the first hearer of this accusation,' he said calmly, when Caleb stopped. 'I had little doubt from the first that you were labouring under a delusion: I am now convinced of it. I will undertake to convince you of it in the morning, if you will be advised and remain quiet to-night.'

'I won't wait till morning—I'll have it out of him now. Where is he?'

'Stay where you are, sir!' said Mr Hadleigh authoritatively, as Caleb made a movement towards the door. 'If you have no care for yourself, you must have some for the girl. A brawl between you and my son on her account would disgrace her for ever.'

Caleb halted as if his feet were suddenly clamped to the floor. For the first time, he saw the danger with which his impetuous conduct threatened the being he wished to save.

'What am I to do, then?' he asked with more humility in his manner than he had yet displayed.

'What I have told you. Wait as patiently as you can till the morning. Be here at eight o'clock, and I promise to have everything explained to your satisfaction without causing the girl annoyance.'

'It's kind of you to think of that, sir.'

'Show your gratitude by doing what I tell you. Go back the way you came; if you mounted by a ladder, return it to its proper place; and when you come in the morning bring Culver with you.'

'I can't speak to him about it until I know she is safe.'

'There is no need. You have only got to say he is wanted here. It is better you should take the message than one of the servants. The less gossip we have the more likely the girl is to escape scandal. Good-night.'

'Good-night, and . . . thank you kindly.'

The Agitator had never imagined that there would come a day when he should be compelled to speak such words of gratitude to the owner of Ringsford. He obeyed his commands slowly but faithfully: all sense of humiliation was stifled by the knowledge that whatever might be the upshot of the meeting in the morning, the advice given him was sound, and that in adopting it, he was rendering the best service to Pansy.

Mr Hadleigh knew that he had conquered the man, and did not think it necessary even to look at him as he parted the heavy hangings and stepped out on to the balcony. A few minutes after the window had closed, however, he bolted it. That operation had been forgotten by himself during the evening, and had not been performed by the servant, who had instructions on no account to enter the library unless the bell rang.

Resuming his seat at the desk, Mr Hadleigh completed the task in which he had been so unpleasantly interrupted. He sealed the two envelopes, and placed them in the drawer of the safe, which he locked.

'I have done with these things now,' was his mental observation, and yet he lingered over the words, as if reluctant to pledge himself that he should not again look at those records of a sad life. With more firmness he said presently: 'I shall not look at them again.'

He drew a curtain aside and looked out. The moon was shining dimly through a haze; the white space before him looked like ghostland, and it was peopled for him by ghosts of blunders in the past and of hopes disappointed or relinquished as unattainable. If we could live our lives over again! What use?—unless we could start with the bitter experience which inspires the wish. Then how steadily we might steer through the shoals of folly, passion, and falsehood.

In that still ghostland on which he was gazing, there rose a new phantom offering comfort.

'I will find my happiness in fostering theirs,' he said, as he turned from the window, and with hands clasped behind him, head bowed, began to walk up and down the room.

Here happened one of those trifles which make and mar existence. He was tripped by a hassock and fell: in falling, his temple struck the corner of the table, and he lay insensible. About the

same time there was a strange sound outside like the distant boom of a heavy sea rushing upon a shingly beach: it was the wind forcing its way through the snow-laden trees of the Forest.

Caleb Kersey had reached the village, his hand was on the latch of his lodging, when looking backward, he saw a red glare in the hazy atmosphere. The terrible word 'Fire!' rose to his lips, and his landlord—Dr Joy's successful pupil in the science of economy—heard him. The alarm spread through the village with mysterious rapidity, and whether moved by a desire to render assistance, or mere curiosity and a craving for any unusual excitement which might break the monotony of their lives, groups of men, women, and boys were soon tramping through the snow in the direction of the blaze. The little engine of the village volunteer fire brigade was dragged from its shed, and with a shout the lads started to the rescue.

There had been much rick-burning during the past few months, and it was at first supposed that this was another outrage or accident of the same kind. But the wonder grew, and the pace was quickened when it became known, from messengers who were riding in search of assistance, that it was Ringsford Manor-house which was on fire.

Already there were people at the scene of disaster, and as the broad flames shot out from windows and roofs, there were murmurs of wonder such as one hears at a display of fireworks. The murmurs, however, were those of terror. The luminous glare cast a blood-red shade over the white ground; the snow quickly dissolved, and was trampled into a black puddle by the feet of the gathering crowd.

The fire had got complete possession of the building before it had been discovered. Still, gangs of men were passing buckets of water from the wells, which others heaved on the burning mass; whilst Coutts was vainly exerting himself with an 'extincteur.'

Eager questions passed from mouth to mouth as to the servants and family. All were safe except one—the master of the house, and it was feared he had perished.

Four men bearing a ladder came running from the direction of the stables. The ladder was placed against the portico, which protected it somewhat from the fire. Three of the men drew back from the scorching heat; the fourth, whose form reflected by the light was like that of a giant, dipped a big handkerchief in a bucket of water and fastened it over his mouth. That done he ascended the ladder and reached the balcony. He tried to open the nearest window, but it was fast, and a slight murmur of dismay rose amongst those who watched the rescuer. Placing his shoulder against the casement, he with one vigorous heave burst it open and disappeared.

Suspense lengthened ten minutes into an hour. The man came out carrying another in his arms, and all knew that the other was Mr Hadleigh. The rescuer reached the ladder: instead of descending step by step, he twined his legs round it and slid down, sailor fashion, supporting his burden with the right arm and steadying himself with the left.

It was one of those feats of combined daring, courage, strength, and agility which always win the heart of a crowd, and he was greeted with as hearty a cheer as if he had saved the life of their best friend, instead of one who was at ordinary times no favourite. Nevertheless, there were not wanting expressions of sympathy when the report went round that Mr Hadleigh was dangerously burned, and unconscious.

The young ladies and some of the female domestics had taken refuge in the gardener's cottage, and thither Mr Hadleigh was conveyed, whilst messengers were despatched for Dr Guy and Dr Joy.

By this time the engines from Kingshope and Dunthorpe were at work. The fire had raged within the house for some time before the roof fell; now it came down with a great crash, and the melting snow aided the engines in checking the extension of the flames to the right wing; but it was long doubtful whether or not that portion could be saved. To this object all efforts were now directed, and there were constant relays of willing hands to work the pumps. By daylight the blackened walls of the main building remained standing, with a smouldering heap inside. Thanks to a thick wall between it and the right wing, the latter had sustained relatively little damage.

The first question asked by the county police was how had the fire arisen. No one could guess, until Coutts Hadleigh said briefly:

'I believe it was that ruffian, Caleb Kersey.'

He stated his reasons for the surmise, and Caleb was arrested that day on suspicion.

VÆ VICTIS!

What Brennus shouted on the banks of the Allia, and the Romans made into a proverb after him, history has re-echoed ever since in deeds as well as in words. 'Woe to the conquered!' is traced in letters of blood on the sable lining of the golden shield, of which the legend in front, written in lines of light, is 'Hail to the victor!' 'Væ victis!' is the discordant echo of 'Io triumphe!' Woe to the conquered has been the experience of all who have fought either for a principle or a cause; a strip of land to add to the imperial territory, or for the integrity and freedom of the country and for dear life itself. Strike and spare not; kill all, even to the babes and sucklings, the aged men and the young women; tread under foot those who are prostrate; leave to perish by the wayside those who have fallen out from the ranks—væ victis! woe to the conquered, and death to the weak; but hail to the victor, and increase of power to the strong! So goes the world; so has it ever gone in the moral life as well as in the physical; the struggle for existence being as true of thoughts as it is of races.

We must remember the heroic past, when haply times are a little hard to ourselves, and we are bound to suffer in the comparatively mild way of modern days. We have to fight our fight,

whatever it may be, as the heroes of old fought theirs, till our cause conquers, or we are convinced that we are on the wrong—not the weaker—side. But till then, we have to endure private loss that humanity may have greater gain; and to remember that conscience is better than victory, and that truth has ever been buffeted before she has been crowned.

The world has this cruel cry for others beside the pioneers and martyrs of a cause. If nothing succeeds like success, so nothing is so fatal as failure; and væ victis! is in truth the sentence recorded against those whose fortunes fail, whose card-houses tumble to pieces, and whose flapping wings of ambition prove themselves to have waxen attachments, which melt in the using and land the poor highflyer in the mud. That fatal settling-day on 'Change: that bad debt made through the bank, and added to indefinitely, on the theory of possible redemption if enough time were allowed and enough rope paid out: that terrible spell of ill-health which prevented the completion of the book, the painting of the picture, the execution of the order: that failure, that fiasco—and væ victis as the commentary!

Væ victis! to the unhappy—to those vanquished by pain and cast down by sorrow. Only a very few compassionate souls care to give their time and strength to the miserable who sit in darkness ever unlifted, and with ashes never shaken off their bowed and melancholy heads. We naturally like the light better than the dark; and perfumed pomade, beneath rosebuds and fine feathered caps, is a more pleasant thing than ashes taken out of the grate and scattered over our hair. We get tired of enduring sorrow. At first, we are keenly sympathetic; but as time goes on, we wonder why the wound does not heal. Our own sympathetic pain has passed long ago; why cannot that of their real hurt? They are always so sad! They take no pleasure in the last fashion, the newest gossip, that good story which is going the round of society, or that smart saying of the ill-natured wit, whose epigram rips the skin from the flesh of his victim as neatly as if it were a rapier. They are always so dull, these poor creatures—it is really impossible to go and see them! Væ victis! They are conquered by grief, by loss, by pain; and they must suffer, as all those who are overcome have to learn how.

Væ victis! to the outspoken who cannot back their words by that kind of substantial evidence which passes by the name of legal proof. Thus they are in the power of those against whom they sought to warn the unwary and enlighten the blind. If they cannot so back their words with legal proof, they are conquered, and have to suffer the fate of the conquered—in the law-courts this time, as a change from the battlefield; and with such punishment as belongs to the law of libel to inflict. All the same it was maybe no libel, no falsehood, but the absolute truth that they said; but all the same, too, truth which is only a moral certainty and not a substantive fact to be demonstrated by undeniable evidence, is not to be said without danger, and væ victis! to those who cannot substantiate it. By which we are taught the lesson of that silence which is golden; and, in private things, the wisdom of not interfering in the affairs of others. As the Italian proverb has it: 'A fool knows his own affairs better than a wise man knows those of others;' and again another: 'He knows much who, knowing nothing, knows how to keep silent.' A great deal of trouble is made for ourselves by this interference in the affairs of others. But it is difficult not thus to interfere, when we see all awry, things which we think a few honest words would put straight. But we must look out for signal discomfiture, unless we can hold the reins we seek to clutch, and make those with whom we have intermeddled see according to our lights and act according to our judgment. If their will is stronger than ours, it is væ victis! to us in good sooth!—with the not over-pleasant reflection, that we have pulled that pot of boiling water over ourselves, and in not letting comparative well alone, have stirred it into active ill.

Væ victis! to the unsuccessful aspirant, whether it be for honours, a pass, a post, or for love. No one really pities him. He who droops on the way and falls short in his stride is passed by, and the triumphant reach the goal amid the plaudits of the crowd. Who cares to console a failure? to reconstruct a ruined cloud-tower? to follow after a fading rainbow? Væ victis! and let the pale illusions of a dead hope lie where they have fallen! The poor fellow was rejected, was he? Well, he really ought to have been more sure of success before he made the effort! Perhaps he was led on, as you say; but even so, this does not excuse him, nor in any way affect the principle of quasi-certainty before the attempt. When you hazard a great stake, you ought at least to know how to throw the dice, and to be sure that you have counted your cards. It is no use rushing darkly into enterprises for which one has not the material; and to offer one's self for a place, whether of love or honour, without having taken pains to measure one's strength against those forces which oppose, is to be more rash than brave, and more foolish than energetic. To be sure, no one can have who does not try. That is true for itself. But it none the more softens the verdict of the world for him who has failed, nor deadens the echo of the cry raised against him. If we do not try, we cannot get; but woe to those who try—and fail!

Væ victis! also to the stupid, to the poor, to all born conquered by fate even before they have begun to strive with fortune—who are thrust into the battle unlearned and heavily weighted or ever the lists are set. Who pities the dunce? Who cares to realise all the days and hours of hopeless endeavour to get those facts, that task, rooted in the sluggish brain? Is it his fault, poor dunce, that the atoms are slow to move? the nervous fluid insufficient to stir? the blood too thick to run or too poor to animate? He does his best; but as a schoolboy he gets flogged, as well as over-tasked; as a man he gets

distanced, and perhaps ruined, unless he has the luck of hereditary bread with butter superadded. But what is not his fault, is nevertheless accounted to him for blame; and because he is a dunce, he has recorded against him the sentence of disfavour.

What else, too, have the poor?—not the very poor, whose want of bread of their own baking forces the oven-doors of the rich—but the comparatively poor—those who have enough whereby to live, but nothing left for enjoyment—who have the necessaries, but not the comforts, nor the graces, nor the pleasures of life? No one pities them, though they suffer in their own way quite as much as those ragged brethren who go cold and hungry for want of clothing and food. These others have to offer a brave front to the world, and to make a little seem a mickle, and not enough a full measure. It is done only at the cost of the night's sleep and the day's peace—at the cost of this thing pinched and that pared, and the deft interlacing of two gaping ends. No one pities all this, because no one realises it; and it may be, as has been known too sorrowfully before now, that those who have almost more than they can do to live decently are blamed for parsimony because they do not live luxuriously.

Perhaps no people deserve more sympathy than those poor gentry whose means fall below the standard of their original condition, and thus fail the present needs and degrade the future position of the family. Gentlefolks born and bred, with the niceness of feeling and delicacy of taste included in that term, they are forced to abandon all the embroideries of class refinement, and to see their children grow up with manners below their own mark, and with an education of less beauty if of as substantial value. They cannot give them the 'advantages' which count for so much. The girls do not learn music from the best masters, and their painting lessons leave much to be desired. The boys have to associate with lads of lower breeding, who teach them rude ways and vulgar expressions, so that all the influence of home goes to undo what that of the school has done. Neither boys nor girls can learn to ride, to hunt, to shoot, like their cousins—the rich branch of this unequally developed family tree; they cannot be taken to the seaside if they fail in health; and, when they are ill, they cannot be nursed so sedulously as if mamma had nothing else to do, and a nurse with brains and experience could undertake the rest. They are heavily handicapped all through, and set to play blindfold with Fortune, who holds loaded dice and marked cards. From the first, væ victis! has been recorded against them; and unless they have exceptional power, on which we cannot always count, they are foredoomed to comparative failure, and to that painful process of winnowing whereby the conquered fall through the meshes into the abyss, and only the victors remain safe on the surface.

So it is: Væ victis all through! Nothing succeeds like success, and nothing is so fatal as failure. The law is inexorable, and tears cannot dissolve the links of brass and iron which Fate has forged. The survival of the fittest is only a form of væ victis!—the destruction of the weak, and woe to the conquered! But—and herein lies the balm to the sore—it depends greatly on ourselves whether we will be the conqueror or the conquered; whether we will make ourselves strong by endeavour, resolution, self-control, and the cultivation of our reason and common-sense, or let ourselves go to ruin by self-indulgence, weakness of will, unreasonable desires, and the gratification of tastes which we cannot rightfully indulge, and of impulses which, even if good, are unworkable and disastrous. If we resolutely determine that it shall be *Io triumphe!* with us, for the most part we come to our goal; and at the worst we can always mitigate our failure.

ONE WOMAN'S HISTORY.

A NOVELETTE.

BY T. W. SPEIGHT.

CHAPTER I.

'You are a rank heretic, Mac, neither more nor less,' remarked the vicar, 'to say that you don't care for our lovely Lake scenery.'

'But listen, my dear friend,' protested the doctor; 'I never said anything of the kind. What I did remark was, that your English Lake scenery was not to be compared to our Scotch scenery. It's pretty—very pretty, but when you have said that, you have said all. If you want grandeur, if you want sublimity, you must go'——

'To Switzerland and see Mont Blanc,' broke in Miss Gaisford as she looked up for a moment from her writing.

The doctor shook his head. 'I have reason to believe that the Swiss scenery has been very much overrated. And then, just *consider* the expense! I'm told that the innkeepers there are rogues—every man-jack of them. No—no. I've been half over the world in my time, and all I can say is, that old Scotia's mountains and lochs are quite good enough for me.'

The scene was the lawn of the *Palatine Hotel*, overlooking a lovely stretch of Windermere, with the purple-buttressed hills that guard the head of the lake for an imposing background. The time was about four o'clock on a sunny afternoon. Of the three people who had engaged in the conversation just recorded, one was Dr M'Murdo, an army surgeon, the greater part of whose life had been spent abroad. He had just retired from the service on a small fortune left him by a relative, but had not yet quite made up his mind where to settle for the remainder of his days. He and the vicar had been great friends when young men, but had not met for a number of years till to-day, the doctor having arrived at the *Palatine* a few hours ago on a visit to his friend, who in his turn was spending a portion of his holiday with other friends at the hotel.

Dr M'Murdo was well on towards his fiftieth year. His hair and beard were already grizzled, while his once fair complexion was deeply tanned by many years of torrid sunshine. He was a

tall, lean, high-dried man, somewhat formal and old-fashioned in his attire, with an expression of mingled shrewdness and good-humour.

His friend, the Rev. Septimus Gaisford, was about the same age as himself, and had been the vicar of a small country parish in the Midlands for nearly a quarter of a century. He belonged to the homely, unobtrusive type of country parson of which, even in these days of unrest and innovation, specimens happily are still to be found. He looked after the needs of his poorer parishioners both spiritual and temporal, and left the well-to-do pretty much to themselves. He abounded in good works in a quiet unostentatious way, while his Sunday discourses were as homely as himself and such as could always be 'understanded of the people.' Like his friend the doctor, he had never ventured on the perilous sea of matrimony.

But the vicar was not without a worthy coadjutor and companion in his parochial labours. His sister, Miss Gaisford, who was ten years younger than himself, not only managed his small household, but looked after such portion of his parish duties as can often be performed better by a woman than a man, while it was even whispered that she occasionally wrote his sermons for him. So that, all things considered, it was no wonder the Rev. Septimus had more than once been heard to remark that 'Pen'—short for Penelope, if you please—was far more useful to him than any curate he had ever had. For the rest, Miss Pen was a bright-eyed, vivacious little body, not in the least inclined to be sanctimonious, but fond of a joke and a laugh, yet with an innate fund of sympathy about her which by some attraction of its own seemed to draw all who were in trouble or difficulty to her side.

On this sunny afternoon, the doctor and the vicar were seated one at each end of a rustic bench in the shade of a leafy elm. The former had his thumb in the pages of a medical review, to which, however, he was paying but scant attention; while the latter was mending his fishing-tackle, for our worthy parson was a genuine brother of the angle. At a small rustic table a little distance away sat Miss Gaisford, busy with her writing, but not so busy as to preclude her from taking an interest in any topic which the others might introduce.

Presently she looked up, and as if in answer to the doctor's last remark, she said: 'I am quite aware that we poor mortals who have the misfortune to live south of the Tweed are very badly off as regards many things. Still, we do now and then manage to produce an article which even you cool-blooded Northerners can't help admiring, and would find it difficult to excel.'

'The application, my dear madam, the application. To what particular article do you refer?'

'At present I refer to Madame De Vigne, the charming widow to whom you paid such very marked attentions at luncheon.'

'Ah-ha. I noticed something of that myself,' chuckled the vicar.

'Everybody noticed it,' said Miss Pen emphatically.

Dr Mac rubbed the end of his long nose with his review and laughed uneasily. 'Ha, ha! Very good—very good indeed.'

'Come now, Mac, you can't say that you didn't cast sheep's-eyes at her,' put in the vicar blandly.

'Let the pawky Scot deny it if he dare,' said Miss Pen with a shake of her little fat curls.

'Very good, my dear friends; if you choose to make yourselves pleasant at my expense, you are welcome to do so. That I admire Madame De Vigne, I am quite willing to admit. From what little I have seen of her, she seems to me a very agreeable person, and if we could trace back her ancestry, I have no doubt we should find her to be of Scottish extraction.'

'Oh, come, Mac, give us poor Southerners credit for something.'

'Well, I don't mind admitting to you, who are one of my oldest friends, and to Miss Penelope, that I am getting tired of a bachelor's life. I want a home and I want a wife. I have a little money judiciously invested—and—and I thought, in fact—that—that'——

'Don't be bashful, Mac,' chimed in the vicar softly.

'You thought, in fact, that the charming widow would make you a charming companion for life,' put in Miss Pen briskly.

'Perhaps ay, and perhaps no,' responded the doctor quietly.

'All I can say is, that you may think yourself a particularly lucky fellow if you succeed in winning her,' remarked the vicar.

'Well, well; I know that both of you are friends of Madame De Vigne, and that she and her sister are parishioners of yours. What I should like you to do is to tell me all you know about her, and then leave me to consider what my future course ought to be.'

'All that we know about Madame De Vigne is very little,' remarked the vicar.

'Very little indeed,' assented his sister.

'Still, my dear'—to Miss Pen—'I am not aware that we should be abusing any confidence in telling our friend all that there is to tell, so far as we know it?'

'There can be no possible harm in that. Besides, it will only be charitable to take pity on the poor man. And now, please not to interrupt me again for ten minutes at the least.'

'It is now nearly two years,' began the vicar, 'since Madame De Vigne and her sister, Miss Loraine, came down to Oaklands, bringing with them a letter of introduction from my London lawyer, a certain Mr Railton, whom I have known for a dozen years or more. How Madame De Vigne came to be known to Railton, or what he knew with regard to her and her antecedents, I had not the curiosity to ask at the time, and I have never since made it my business to inquire. It is sufficient to say that Madame De Vigne had seen advertised as

being to let a certain furnished cottage which she thought would suit her requirements; hence her visit to Oaklands. The cottage did suit her. She became its tenant, and there she and her sister have lived ever since, shunning rather than courting such society as our neighbourhood affords, but visiting a good deal among the sick and poor. One day about six months ago, while I was out fishing I encountered a young fellow who was similarly engaged. We met again and again, striking up an acquaintance as brother Piscators have a knack of doing, till finally I invited him to dinner at the vicarage, on which occasion Penelope there took quite a fancy to the young man.'

'Of course I did,' answered Miss Pen, looking up quickly. 'Any one else placed as I was at the time would have taken a fancy to him. I was just in want of some one to sit for the hero of my next novel, and Archie came in very handy.'

Dr M'Murdo started. 'But, my dear Miss Gaisford, you don't mean to say that you make a practice of introducing portraits of your friends and acquaintances into the stories you write?'

'Don't I though! I shall have your portrait jotted down in my note-book before you are many hours older. I have no doubt it will come in useful one of these days.'

'Good gracious! I hope you won't paint me in very dark colours.'

'Not blacker than you deserve, you may rely upon it.' Then to herself she said: 'Where was I?—Yes—yes,' and so went on with her writing.

'Well, that first visit of young Ridsdale to the vicarage was but the forerunner of several others,' resumed the vicar as equably as though he had not been interrupted. 'It was there that he met Madame De Vigne and her pretty sister, and with the latter he at once fell desperately in love.'

'And the young lady fell desperately in love with him?'

'That is exactly what came to pass. But I'm nearly sure the affair might have been nipped in the bud had not Penelope, with true feminine perversity and reckless disregard of consequences, encouraged the two young nincompoops in their folly.'

'What else could you expect me to do?' asked Miss Pen, without looking up. 'When I see a little romance of real life going on under my very nose, do you think I'm the one to try to put a stop to it? No, indeed. Besides, it supplied me with a lot of hints for love-making scenes; it was what the painters call "a study from the life."'

The vicar shrugged his shoulders, as much as to say: 'You hear the kind of arguments I am compelled to listen to.' Then he again took up the thread of his narrative. 'It was not till after young Ridsdale had become engaged to Clarice Loraine that we discovered he was the son of Sir William Ridsdale, a wealthy baronet of ancient family. The next thing was to obtain the baronet's consent to the engagement. It would appear that the family estates are not entailed, and, as a consequence, should Master Archie run counter to his father's wishes, the latter can dispose of his property in any way he may think best. Well, the all-important missive was written and posted to Mentone, where the baronet was at that time residing. The answer was—well, what do you think it was?'

'A peremptory order by the first post to the young man to break off the engagement.'

'Nothing of the kind; but a visit one afternoon at the vicarage from a certain Colonel Woodruffe, who had come as plenipotentiary from the baronet. Sir William was an invalid, and could not travel, so he had deputed the colonel to act in his stead. The father had no doubt in his own mind that his son had fallen into the toils of an adventuress, and the colonel's instructions were to break off the engagement at any cost, and take Master Archie back with him.'

'A sensible man that Sir William. And how did the affair end?'

'In a way that you would hardly guess. The gallant colonel, instead of carrying out his instructions, and breaking off the engagement between the young people, ended by falling in love himself with the fascinating widow and proposing marriage.'

'A change of front with a vengeance! And the answer?'

'A rejection.'

'Check for the colonel.'

'But, old bachelor though you are, Mac, I daresay you know quite enough of the sex to be aware that a woman's No is not always final. At anyrate, the colonel, who is really a very fine fellow, is evidently a believer in that doctrine, seeing that five days ago on his way to Scotland he stopped here for an hour, had an interview with Madame De Vigne and renewed his offer.'

'And the answer to his second offer?' queried the doctor eagerly.

The vicar shook his head. 'Pen, perhaps, can tell you more about that than I.'

Miss Pen looked up quickly. 'The answer is to be given him to-day.'

'To-day!'

'The colonel will call here this afternoon on his way back from Scotland, when Madame De Vigne has promised that he shall have her final decision—Yes or No.'

'So that, my dear Mac,' said the vicar with a smile, 'all things considered, your chance of winning the widow does not seem a very promising one.'

'Well, well,' answered the doctor sturdily. 'If a better man than Sandy M'Murdo wins the fair prize, why then I'll—I'll be his best-man at the wedding.'

For a minute or two nothing was heard save the busy scratching of Miss Gaisford's pen.

'How will this do, Septimus?' she asked presently, and with that she began to read from her manuscript.

'"Her eyes of tenderest April blue glance up shyly into his dark volcanic orbs, in which there is a half-smothered fire that causes her heart to flutter like an imprisoned bird. A moment later, and her slender willowy form is swept up in a passionate embrace by those stalwart arms, and Love's first burning kisses are showered on the sweet rosebud of her lips."'

'Rather tropical, is it not, my dear?' hinted the vicar mildly.

'Oh, there's nothing namby-pamby about my readers, I assure you,' answered Miss Pen with a merry laugh. 'They like their love-making warm—and plenty of it.'

For ten minutes longer the busy scratching went on; then Miss Gaisford laid down her pen with a sigh of relief. 'There—not another line to-day,' she said. 'Now that I have got my hero and my villain in the midst of a terrific encounter on the verge of a precipice, I can leave them there for a few hours in comfort.'

'That seems rather cruel to the pair of them,' remarked Dr Mac.

'Oh, heroes and villains are used to that sort of treatment.—But I hope you will keep my little secret a secret still, doctor. If it were to reach the ears of any of the goody-goody people at home, that the parson's sister writes foolish love-stories for young people, what hands would be uplifted in holy horror—what ejaculations over her backslidings would be whispered across half the tea-tables in the parish! Neither the squire's wife nor Lady Pinchbeck would ever speak to me again, and what, oh! what would existence be worth under such terrible circumstances!'

'My dear madam, you may rest assured that your secret is perfectly safe with me.'

'It will be a bad day for the poor of my parish when Penelope gives up writing her love-stories,' remarked the vicar, who was busy with his tackle book. 'Every penny she earns goes to buy blankets, and coals, and such-like comforts for those who have no money to buy them for themselves.'

'My dear Septimus!' exclaimed Miss Gaisford with a flaming face.

'My dear Pen!—Now that Mac has been taken into our confidence as regards one side of the question, it is only right that he should be made acquainted with the other.—But here come our two truants,' added the vicar a moment later, as Mr Archie Ridsdale and Miss Clarice Loraine, looking somewhat conscious, emerged from one of the winding walks, and came towards the hotel, each of them laden with a quantity of wild-flowers, ferns and grasses.

'The lovers, eh,' said Dr Mac, half to himself. 'A very bonnie young lady—very bonnie indeed.'

'We were just thinking of sending the bellman round,' said Miss Pen, as the truants came up. 'Ting-ting-a-ling. Lost since early this morning, a pair of sweethearts. When last seen, he had his arm round the waist of she, and she had her head on the shoulder of he. Whoever will'——

'Stop, do!' cried Miss Loraine, as she dropped her ferns and grasses on the table and stuffed her fingers into her ears.

'We have been botanising,' observed Mr Ridsdale with the most innocent air imaginable.

'And a pretty lot of rubbish you seem to have brought back,' remarked Miss Pen.

'Rubbish, indeed! And not one among them without a long and beautiful Latin name of its own.—Ask Archie.'

The vicar rose, and addressing the doctor, said: 'Allow me the pleasure of introducing you to Miss Loraine.—Clarice, my dear, this is Dr M'Murdo, a very old friend of mine.'

'I had the pleasure of being introduced to your sister this morning, Miss Loraine, and now the pleasure is doubled,' said the doctor with a touch of old-fashioned gallantry.

'I am happy to make the acquaintance of any friend of Mr Gaisford,' answered Clarice with a smile and a little blush.

'Mr Archibald Ridsdale—Dr M'Murdo,' said the vicar. The two men bowed. 'A capital fellow to know, so long as you are in good health, Archie, but a fellow to fight shy of the moment you begin to feel yourself out of sorts.'

Suddenly a shrill whistle was heard. 'Here comes the steamer,' exclaimed Miss Penelope. 'I'm going by it as far as Bowness. Any one going my way?'

'I will walk with you as far as the landing-stage, and see you safely on board,' answered her brother.

'That way will suit me as well as another,' added Dr Mac.

As the two men turned to go, Miss Pen drew Clarice aside. 'Any news?' she whispered.

'None,' whispered back the girl with a doleful shake of the head. 'If Archie and I only knew the best or the worst! It is this suspense that's so hard to bear.'

'It seems hard to bear at present, but it will be delightful to look back upon, by-and-by.'

'O Miss Penelope! how can that be?'

'Just now you are in the middle of the first volume of the romance of your life. Now, I should like to know how a romance can be worth anything without suspense, without mystery, without your being unable to guess what may happen from one hour to another.'

'Penelope, you will certainly miss the boat,' called out her brother, who was already some distance away.

'We will talk more of this anon, my dear,' said Miss Pen hurriedly. 'Meanwhile, don't get downhearted; all will come right at the end of the third volume: it always does.' And with a nod and a smile, the bright little woman tripped off after her brother and the doctor, and presently the trio were lost to view down the winding path that led to the landing-stage and the lake.

POPULAR AMUSEMENTS IN GERMANY.

When one thinks of the downright substantial way in which English people amuse themselves, with cricket, football, lawn-tennis, rowing, foot-racing, leaping, &c., all over the kingdom, it is strange to find so little of active sport of the kind among our muscular cousins of the Vaterland. To be sure there are boating clubs and athletic societies, and gymnasia in the schools and elsewhere; and soldiers are exercised in gymnastics, but there is too much of military stiffness about it. Amusements of a passive character find most favour. To 'make' a walk in a leisurely fashion, to drive in an open conveyance, or to sit down in a shady grove to listen to a band playing, is the most acceptable mode of enjoying relaxation. With beer at a penny-farthing a glass, and a tolerable cigar for a halfpenny, and a military or string band discoursing sweet music, the time passes pleasantly

enough. It makes a great difference when you have not to pay very dearly for your whistle, and they certainly know how to get the most for their money in the land of the Teuton. Many houses of refreshment, even in towns, have gardens or courtyards thickly planted with trees, so that their branches meet overhead and form a pleasant and inviting shade. A large shed, too, is provided, open on the garden-side, in case of rain. Frequently, music is introduced, and on these occasions, an extra halfpenny is charged on the beer, to cover the expense of the entertainment. On Sundays and festivals, there is music, beer, wine, and tobacco everywhere. And yet these people know how to amuse themselves without going to excess. Sometimes a tipsy man is seen, but rarely till very late at night, and the occurrence is so infrequent, that, compared with the usages of our own country, it is quite remarkable.

We have more than once asked the question: 'Is it that the beer is weaker, or that the German heads are stronger than the English?' and we have been told: 'Perhaps it is a little of both.' Perhaps, too, there is something in the fact that there is in some respects less class distinction in Germany, and the middle classes may be seen sipping their wine or coffee in the same place with their hard-working brethren. Perhaps the national and natural good opinion, self-respect, or self-esteem—call it what you will—of the German helps to keep him straight; and then he takes his creature-comforts in a staid, stolid, philosophic way. Noisy fellows there are, of course; but they do not squabble and fight, as a rule; the utmost they are guilty of being the national practice, even at midnight, of singing rollicking choruses, to the great disturbance of peace-loving, law-abiding, slumbering citizens. The fact that soldiers are permitted to wear their side-arms constantly, speaks volumes for the sobriety of the men as a class, and redounds to their credit.

A *Turnfest* or athletic festival, generally held on a Sunday, is a great affair, often the event of the year in a small provincial town. There is a wonderful display of flags everywhere; and in the afternoon, a procession of the competitors and visitors with bands and banners and every variety of costume, the medals, badges, and ribbons of former contests being worn with great ostentation. The most is made of everything; and shouting and singing and cheering, and dust and noise, seem to be the order of the day.

Rowing-matches provoke immense enthusiasm, and a regatta is an affair that induces the keenest interest. A people with so much love for the wonderful and so much regard for themselves, cannot help throwing into such occasions an amount of enthusiasm and national pride as would do credit to the Oxford and Cambridge boatrace itself. The members of the Boat Club are the heroes of the hour, and their costumes the object of great admiration. Though not so peculiar as the French in this respect, our German neighbours are nevertheless great in their 'get-up' for every particular sort of occupation or sport that they engage in. If a man brings down only one snipe in a day, he looks tremendously cut out for business notwithstanding, and appears every inch of him a sportsman when going to or returning from the 'hunt,' as he calls it.

The exercise of riding cannot be properly accomplished without a complete and appropriate rig-out, so that even when he is not actually on his horse, the equestrian gives to all the world the assurance of a man at home in the saddle. If spurs and jack-boots do not make a rider, they at anyrate look very much in earnest. Never did a be-uniformed people more thoroughly believe in the dignity of dress and the necessity for effect than the Germans.

However we may smile at the eccentricities and oddities of the Germans, we must admit that they beat us in the provision of cheap music for the people, most of whom understand and appreciate it. Every school-teacher is bound to be a musician and to pass in music, so that the people have a chance of learning from childhood.

If the Prince of Wales succeeds as well in popularising the study of music as his father did in popularising art, we may hope to see before long a great reformation in the morals of our own people; and the wandering German bands, composed of the worst players in their own country—where they would not presume to play in public—will no longer be tolerated in England, because the taste of the people will be educated above such wretched performances. Good music, then, everywhere is what is wanted to enable the lower classes to enjoy themselves rationally, and no better means of promoting the sobriety of a nation can be devised. The more the masses are leavened with a knowledge and love of music, the more indeed we imitate the Germans in this respect, the less necessity there will be for restrictive measures in the way of 'local option,' and the lighter and easier will be the work of temperance reformers. A great reform will have been effected. If music can charm savages and snakes, it can do much more for our toiling, amusement-lacking countrymen and countrywomen.

The theatre is much patronised in Germany, the prices being cheap, the music good, and the performances fair. The play begins at seven, and ends about nine or half-past. Concerts, too, both instrumental and vocal, are frequent; every town has its Choral Society, and every district its Choral Union, so that there is never any lack of vocalists of both sexes for the performance of an oratorio or the celebration of any great occasion.

Where a people is satisfied with simple pleasures, these can, of course, be provided at little cost. Children have their swings, climbing-poles, bowling alley, merry-go-rounds, horizontal bars, &c., in the public gardens; and when one sees groups of officers deeply interested in the game of dominoes, it does not cause so much surprise to witness a huge whirligig worked by horses or steam, where servant-maids and soldiers are driven round and round upon painted wooden horses to the enlivening strains of a barrel organ, aided by a cornet or two and the universal drum. This sort of affair is a great attraction to the masses, and being generally placed near a beerhouse, admiring friends sit round on benches with their beakers of frothy beer, their cigars or large pipes, waiting to take a turn on the machine after a time. Music everywhere seems to be the

rule—there can never be too much of it to please the people. Wherever there is a company of soldiers marching along the road without a band at their head, they make up for the deficiency by singing popular melodies and martial songs, keeping time with their feet; and this always gives strangers a favourable impression of the hearty, happy, and even merry German soldier.

A torchlight procession headed by a band of music is a favourite mode of making a demonstration on any particular festive occasion; and last, but not least, is the highly popular serenade. The Choral Societies of a town will unite—as was the case in Darmstadt on the night before the marriage of the granddaughter of Queen Victoria, the Princess Victoria of Hesse—to the number of three hundred men, and parade before the residence of the person they delight to honour, each member carrying a lighted Chinese lantern at the end of a stick. A selection of popular songs and glees suitable to the occasion is sung, and in many instances the melodies and words are peculiarly fitting. One might write a whole chapter about the amusements of the Carnival time, the masked balls and street displays; and although these affairs are somewhat stolid and quite decorous in character, they contain the elements of simple fun, innocent recreation, and hearty enjoyment. Here, again, music is an important factor, for it enters into everything, and forms the beginning and the ending of every variety of popular amusement.

PRINTERS' ERRORS.

It must be, to say the least of it, annoying to the speaker or writer possessed of any degree of sensitiveness, when he finds his plainest statements, or it may be his most carefully prepared flights of fancy, turned into nonsense by the substitution or omission of a letter in the printing; and by some unhappy chance it often seems that the mistake is made in just such a manner and place as will do the most mischief. The unlucky poet who wrote,

> See the pale martyr in his sheet of fire!

must have been completely crushed when the line appeared as—

> See the pale martyr in his shirt of fire!

We can sympathise also with the poet who, writing of his love, asserted that he had 'kissed her under the silent stars,' and found the compositor made him state that he 'kicked her under the cellar stairs.' True, it has been doubted if these two poets ever existed; but others, of less mythologic fame, have suffered as badly at the hands of the printer. Burns, in a cheap edition of his works, is made to say,

> Oh, gin my love were yon red *nose*.

A well-known temperance lecturer was indignant at finding the sentiment ascribed to him that 'drunkenness was jolly,' whereas he had declared that it was 'folly.'

For the explanation of many of these blunders it is necessary to bear in mind that in setting up the type the compositor has the various letters arranged in separate divisions of his case and selects them one by one as required. Habit enables him to do this with extreme speed and accuracy; but it will easily be seen that the presence of a wrong letter in a division or a dip into the wrong box may occasion one of these unhappy blemishes. In this manner we find oats rendered 'cats;' songs, 'tongs;' poets, 'posts;' or as once happened in the report of a railway accident, 'confusions of the limbs' for 'contusions of the limbs.' And by the substitution of *n* for *h*, a newspaper report was made to state that 'the people rent the air with their ten thousand *snouts*.'

The blame, however, does not always rest with the compositor. Incorrect spelling and slovenly writing have much to answer for, especially in the case of proper names and quotations from foreign languages. Boerhaave becomes 'Boer-shave;' and *Et tu, Brute!* 'Eh, the Brute!' Authors should remember that the proof-reader is fallible; he is not, as is sometimes expected, a 'Universal Compendium' of facts, people, places. If a passage reads clearly and grammatically, although conveying anything but the sense intended, it is not to be wondered at that the error is often undetected until too late. Much surprise was occasioned by Sir Archibald Alison, in his *History of Europe*, including amongst the persons present at the funeral of the Duke of Wellington the name of 'Sir Peregrine Pickle.' There can be little doubt that the author had made an unconscious slip, intending to name Sir Peregrine Acton. Sir Thomas Brassey having referred in a speech to the *Golden Treasury of Songs and Lyrics*, the compositor transformed the title into the 'Golden Treasury of Soups and Cynics.' A report in a Manchester paper of a recent dramatic performance mentioned the well-known farce of *No.* 1 *Round the Corner* under the amusing and suggestive title of '*No One* Round the Corner.'

Mistakes in punctuation, such as the omission or misplacing of a comma, may cause serious alteration to the sense of a passage. The contract made for lighting the town of Liverpool by wick lamps, during the year 1819, was rendered void by the misplacing of a comma in the advertisements, thus: 'The lamps at present are about four thousand and fifty, and have in general two spouts each, composed of not less than twenty threads of cotton.' The contractors would have proceeded to furnish each lamp with the said twenty threads; but this being only half the usual quantity, the Commissioners discovered that the difference arose from the comma following, instead of preceding, the word 'each.' In the following instance, it was no doubt a bachelor-compositor who, in setting up the toast, 'Woman, without her, man would be a savage!' got the comma in the wrong place, and made the sentence read, 'Woman, without her man, would be a savage!'

All the above-mentioned errors may fairly be ascribed to carelessness and mischance. Others, however, are on record which have been committed knowingly and intentionally, and so can scarcely be classed as errors. They have been mostly connected with Biblical matters, and

intended to further party interests. It is said that Field, a printer of the time of Charles I., was paid fifteen hundred pounds by the Independents to alter a single letter in the third verse of Acts VI., so as to make the word *we* read 'ye,' and so give the right of appointing pastors to the people, and not to the apostles. The deplorable state of the press in Field's time may be realised from the fact that Bishop Usher, on his way to preach at Paul's Cross, asked at a stationer's for a copy of the Bible; and on examining it, found, to his astonishment, that the text from which he was about to preach was not in the book! The well-known 'Vinegar Bible' was published in 1717, and obtains its name from the Parable of the Vineyard being printed as the Parable of the *Vinegar*. One of the most wilful alterations of the text, and one which cost its perpetrator her life, was committed by the widow of a German printer. One night, while an edition of the Bible was being printed in her house, she took the opportunity of altering the word *Herr* into 'Narr,' making the verse read, 'he shall be thy *fool*,' instead of 'he shall be thy *lord*.'

The celebrated Bibles of Sixtus V. are eagerly sought for by collectors. Their sole fame is the multitude of errata which crowd their pages, notwithstanding that His Holiness Sixtus V. carefully superintended every sheet as it passed through the press, and finally prefixed to the first edition a bull forbidding any alteration in the text.

A curious jumble appeared in a cabled critique of Mr Irving's acting on one of his appearances in the States. Instead of saying that 'the taste for Irving, like that for olives, must be cultivated,' the critic was represented as giving utterance to the incomprehensible assertion that 'the toast for Irving, like the toast for olives, must be cut elevated.'

A Glasgow divine, and one of Her Majesty's chaplains in Scotland, was lately reported as saying that 'personally he violated the Lord's Day as much as any member of the Court.' 'Venerated' was probably the word actually employed by the reverend gentleman.

Similarly, in an edition of *Men of the Time* published in 1856, the then Bishop of Oxford is thus described: 'Oxford, Bishop of (Rt. Rev Samuel). A more kind-hearted and truly benevolent man does not exist. A sceptic as regards religious revelations, he is yet an out-and-out believer in spirit manifestations.' This description really belonged to 'Owen (Robert) of Lanark.' The edition was soon suppressed, but not before the Bishop had possessed himself of a copy for his private library.

Although both the chaplain and the bishop had reason to complain of their treatment, it must have been considerably more astonishing and mortifying for Herr Franz Liszt, who is still delighting his musical admirers with his productions, to find that in Haydn's *Dictionary of Dates* (1870) he is represented as dying in October 1868.

The Queen's Speech at the opening of a recent session of parliament was hurriedly published in a Scotch newspaper without being revised by the press-corrector, and Her Majesty, instead of saying that certain negotiations 'will, I doubt not, lead to satisfactory results,' was reported as saying, 'will, I doubt, not lead to satisfactory results.' So much for the misplacing of a comma!

With increased literature have come better systems of 'reading' and correcting, and greater accuracy has been attained. Such mistakes as above quoted are exceptional, and the morning newspaper may now be read week after week with but few misprints. A good example of accuracy in printing tables of figures—in which it is so difficult to avoid errors—may be seen in *Bradshaw's Railway Guide*, every monthly part of which contains from seven to eight hundred thousand figures. Astronomical and mathematical tables require great care in printing, and very few are issued which can be relied upon as absolutely correct. Charles Babbage superintended the production of a set of trigonometrical tables in 1827 which perhaps stand unrivalled in this respect. They were prepared for the Ordnance Survey of England and Ireland, and a limited number of copies printed—it is said only thirty. They consist of tables of logarithms and log. sines, tangents, cosines and cotangents, *to every second*. Roughly speaking, they contain about six millions of figures. The proof-sheets were revised by several sets of readers, and were carefully examined and compared with other tables no less than seven times. From Mr Babbage's preface, we learn that after the final stereotyping, seven errors were found in the logarithms and one in the differences. These being corrected, the stereotyped sheets were hung up in the Hall at Cambridge University, and a reward offered to any one who could find an inaccuracy. Since their first issue in 1827, no error has been discovered, and it may reasonably be concluded that they are absolutely correct.

'THE KING COUNTRY.'

THE recent visit of King Tawhiao to this country has awakened a deep and widespread interest in New Zealand and its inhabitants. The Maori king has been fêted and feasted far beyond his desires, and has paid the penalty of greatness. But he has suffered martyrdom in a good cause; and if he has not succeeded in bringing the wrongs of the Maoris home to the Pakehas, he has certainly aroused a very general curiosity as to the character and resources of the mysterious 'King Country' of which he is the titular chieftain. The publication of Mr J. H. Kerry-Nicholls's volume of travels—entitled *The King Country, or Explorations in New Zealand* (London: Sampson Low)—in this unknown region is, therefore, peculiarly well timed. Until within the last few years, 'the King Country'—as a vast tract of the finest land in North Island is still known—was a *terra incognita* to Europeans. Rivalries of race constituted a barrier more impassable than the *aukati* line itself, which separates the Maori lands from the European portion of the colony, and is marked on the one side by the farms and homesteads of the settlers, and on the other by the huts of the natives. In its vast forests, over its precipitous mountains, along its trackless plains, the natives alone wandered. It was an *imperium in imperio*, a fastness in which

aboriginal sovereignty sat enthroned, deaf to all the offers of civilisation.

It was through this unknown country that Mr Kerry-Nicholls pushed his way in company only with an interpreter. With but three horses, which were ultimately reduced to two, he accomplished more than six hundred miles of travel, discovered many new streams, penetrated almost inaccessible regions of mountainous forest, found extensive plains, traced the sources of three of the principal rivers of the colony, examined the unknown shores of its largest lake, ascended one of its highest mountains, experienced degrees of temperature varying from eighty degrees in the shade to twelve degrees below freezing-point, and successfully traversed from south to north a territory with an area of ten thousand square miles, which had been, from the early history of the colony, rigorously closed to Europeans. It is scarcely necessary to add that the records of these wanderings constitute a singularly interesting volume of discovery and adventure, which can hardly fail to prove of some practical utility to the colony, and a welcome contribution to geographical science.

'The King Country' comprises one of the finest tracts of land not only in New Zealand, but in some respects in the southern hemisphere. It is much more than merely picturesque, and in this respect alone it can compete with the finest scenery the world can produce. Its natural advantages are of the highest order. It is throughout well watered, and in parts exuberantly fertile; while even the mountains are richly clothed with forest trees and shrubs. The southern portion is drained by the Whanganui River, which is fed by many tributaries, flowing from the highest mountain-ranges in the central and southern divisions of the island; while the Mokau River and its affluents flow from the central region to the coast. In the north, the Waipa and numberless minor streams flow from the mountains into the Waikoto River itself, which has from time immemorial been renowned in Maori fable and romance. Again, more than a dozen streams flow into Lake Taupo, an immense reservoir, some twenty-four miles long by fourteen broad, which lies almost in the midst of the central tableland; while the Waikoto is the only effluent river. During the rainy season, the waters of this lake, having only this one outlet, rise rapidly; and with the continuance of heavy winds, its waves are lashed into fury, and break upon its shores with all the force of a raging sea.

Geologically speaking, this district presents problems of surpassing interest. Here can be seen side by side the relics of the stupendous action of volcanic fires, and of the scarcely less potent force of the glacier. It is contended that the formation of North Island must be attributed to submarine volcanic eruptions, which, perhaps by slow degrees, perhaps rapidly, forced upwards the Taupo tableland. These fires bursting again through the plains, caused mountains to rise up in the form of serrated ridges and truncated cones, which poured out streams of lava and enormous deposits of pumice over the surrounding country. Probably the basin of the lake was once an active crater, from which the first vast pumice-plains flowed; while later, the mighty Ruapehu, and, when *it* became extinct, the still active Tongariro, became the outlet of the volcanic fire. That this element is still largely active in many parts of the country is shown by the geysers, solfataras, fumaroles, and hot springs which form one of the characteristic features of North Island. Thus the 'lake country'—as the district round Lake Rorotua is commonly known—is 'a region of eternal fire.' The conditions of existence here are certainly novel. The natives bathe in such of the thermal springs as are of suitable temperature, at all times of the day, and in a very primitive fashion. In others, again, they cook their food and warm their houses by the same means.

These natural phenomena occur in many other districts, such, for instance, as that round Lake Rotokawa, and the districts near the native settlement of Tokanu, on the south side of Lake Taupo; while on the northern slope of Tongariro are some of the largest and most active boiling springs in the country. Moreover, the mountains possess all the rock formations in which gold, coal, iron, and other minerals are found to exist. Thus, the Kaimanawa Mountains, which are situated in almost the centre of the island, and stretch across the great central tableland to an extent of eighty miles, offer a peculiarly rich field to the geologist. Mr Kerry-Nicholls reports the existence of abundant auriferous indications, and confidently expresses his opinion that here lies a probable Eldorado.

It is not our purpose to do more than mention the adventurous journeyings recorded in this volume. Frustrated, owing to disputes between the natives and the colonial government, in an attempt to enter 'the King Country' from the north, the traveller successfully essayed to pass the southern boundary-line. By throwing himself upon the good-will of the natives, going fearlessly among them, respecting their customs, and following as nearly as possible their mode of life, and, in fact, for the time becoming a Maori, he succeeded at a time when many Europeans would not only have failed, but probably have paid the extreme penalty for their rashness. In one case, it is true, he only achieved his purpose by dint of exercising the greatest secrecy. Tongariro is *tapu*, or strictly sacred, in the eyes of the Maoris, and could only be ascended by a European without their knowledge. This is one of the most perfect volcanic cones in the world. But the resources of this rich district, from whatever point of view they may be considered, are still awaiting development. Its flora and fauna have still to be collected and classified. Its agricultural and industrial resources are still unknown; but we have evidence to show that these are worthy of attention.

THE MOULMEIN ELEPHANTS.

Some time ago there was a discussion in the learned journals regarding 'intellect in brutes;' and I thought then, as I think now, that much of the controversy depended on the definition we assign to the word 'intellect.' Some say that it is merely an exaltation of the natural instinct of the brute; others, that it is an exhibition of true

reason. But then, what is instinct? Some arguers mystify their hearers, and exhibit their own ignorance of the subject by replying: 'Instinct is only that in animals which we call reason in man.' Well, this is not the place to argue the subject; but I shall exhibit certain facts, observed by myself, in the behaviour of the elephants employed in the Moulmein timber-yards, and leave my readers to judge whether they were due to instinct or reason.

Anchored abreast of Aga Synd Abdul Hosein's timber-yard, and within bare swinging distance of the shore, I had ample opportunities of minutely observing and recording the marvellous illustrations of the elephant's intelligence. These animals are largely employed in the timber-yards, and their functions consist in helping to embark and disembark the huge teak-logs, or move them about the yard; in fact, without them work would be at a stand-still. What struck me at once was the wonderful combination of enormous power with the gentlest, most loving docility. Here were huge logs being moved about as if they were matches, and yet with the utmost regard to any one in the way. A case in point. We were landing one day at the Aga's wharf, and found that the ebbing tide had left a thick layer of treacherous slime on the wooden slope, rendering it impossible for a lady to land. Seeing this, the manager called out to a mahout or driver, and in a moment his elephant pushed a log down the slope, just stopping short of the boat, and affording the lady a dry surface to step out upon. There must have been intellect in this act; for the great log was not pushed down at random on the wharf, nor into collision with the boat, but exactly at the right spot and into the right place.

All elephant-work is performed either by the trunk or right foot in pushing; by trunk and tusks combined, as in carrying logs; or by the strength of the whole body in dragging. Dragging-elephants are furnished with a light wooden pack-saddle, on which the mahout sits sideways, and to which the traction-chain is attached. This is Y-shaped, the leg being greatly prolonged and ending in a hook. Let us watch the handling of this log—twenty feet long, by sixteen inches square—which has to be dragged across the yard. The chain is passed round it by an assistant and then firmly hooked; and now the elephant has to do the rest. His first action is to get his hind-legs well within the V of the chain, and then he starts, the log helplessly following. Arrived at its destination, the elephant disencumbers himself of the log by unhooking the chain with the finger of his trunk, and then pulling it from under the log, or pushing the latter to one side. Now, mark what was involved in this apparently simple operation, the sole guidance to which was either the voice of the mahout, a pat from his stick, or a tap from his heels. First, there was the getting inside the V. Why did the old fellow do that? He has learned from experience that if he did not, traction would be interfered with, and his legs rubbed by the chain. Was not his action, therefore, dictated by reason? Secondly, there was the unhooking of the chain, which instinct never could have prompted. Imitation was at work; the elephant had seen that the unhooking of the chain liberated the log, and had learned to follow the example; showing thereby the domination of reason.

Here are some logs being adjusted on the wharf-slope. Note the ease with which the elephant pushes each into its place with, apparently, the slightest movement of trunk or foot. Mark this one, which, by a greater than necessary exercise of force, has become tilted up against its fellow. The elephant has noted it too, and half-kneeling, and getting his tusks under it, he pulls the log backwards a little, and it drops square with its fellow. What dictated that action? Mathematical order and precision belong to the bee, and are said to be instinctively implanted in that humble animal; but could there have been anything in this elephant's antecedents to have prepared it for re-arranging a dislocated log? Surely the impulse seized it at the moment, and must have been due to a sense of order or tidiness implying the presence of reason. Odd lengths of log, varying from four to six feet, are carried about the yard by elephants, a species of work which is distasteful to them, as exhibiting their awkward points. Indeed, they evidently feel degraded by it, for they set to work with an air of resignation quite foreign to their shifting or dragging feats. There they rejoice in their great strength, and are fond of exhibiting it. Here, little strength is needed; but the operations involve roughish treatment of the nose, and we know that all animals, including man, are very particular as to how their noses are handled.

The elephant is proud of his strength, but sensitive with regard to his trunk, especially when that delicate organ is brought to bear upon any rough work; and as the securing of a log between the trunk and tusks necessitates a large amount of awkward movement, I noticed that the selected elephant approached the job with reluctance. Resigned to his fate, he half-kneels before the odious object, and gets the points of his tusks under it; then he wriggles it up the ivory tramway with his trunk, and secures it therewith *in situ*. His troubles now commence; for on rising to his feet, the hateful log, obeying the laws of gravity, at once tends to drop; and to obviate this, the poor brute has to raise his head on high. Thus constrained, he commences his march with slow stateliness, as if to make the best of a bad job, and not let the world at large know that he is virtually walking blindfold. And so he is; for the elevation of his head upsets the axis of his vision, and he has to walk more by touch than by sight.

I have thus attempted to describe the main duties which elephants have to discharge in the timber-yards, and I have mentioned that they are guided by the voice, stick, or heels of the mahout. Watching them from shipboard, you are quite close enough to note every movement of the animal, but not sufficiently near to catch the signal, so that the elephantine actions seem purely automatic, and therefore the more astonishing. But when you are alongside the animal, and can see and hear the simple signals under which he works, you are equally astonished at the thorough manner in which he understands what he is expected to do, and the very little prompting he requires.

On one occasion, I arranged with a mahout to bring up his elephant to where I was standing, that I might indicate the work to be done, the mahout to be absolutely silent. Standing by a six-foot log, I beckoned to the mahout, and up came the elephant. Arrived at the spot, and being without chains, he must have opined that dragging was not intended. There remained, then, pushing or carrying, the latter operation being the one which the sagacious creature saw was intended, for he proceeded at once with his awkward preparations for carrying it away. Throughout this test the mahout was absolutely silent, and, as far as I could see, quite passive. The result of it was that the elephant divined what I, a stranger, wished it to do, and did it.

On another occasion, I applied the test to a difficult object, an eighteen-inch cube of teak, which the dear old fellow at once arranged to carry off; but how to do it, he could not at first determine. As his tusks diverged more than eighteen inches, they were no support, and the many sharp corners of the cube sorely tried the delicate trunk. After some failures, he managed to seize the fragment by the centre, and then raise it up below the tusks against his lower lip. As he had virtually accomplished the task, I discontinued the experiment, expressing my satisfaction and delight to the manager, who somewhat damped my ardour by informing me that the mahout, while abstaining from use of voice or stick, might have conveyed his wishes to the elephant by pressure with his heels!

But a moment's reflection increased my admiration at the elephant's intelligence, for, allowing that the mahout's heels *had* pressed his side, how could such pressure inform him that he was neither to drag nor push, but carry? Surely the mahout could not have possessed a code of pressure-signals with which he had indoctrinated the elephant in prospect of curious visitors. If he had, then it must have included voice and stick signalling as well, to either of which I might have resorted. No; I believe that the elephant acted independently of signals, and reasoned on what he had to do, by what was laid before him.

Hitherto, we have seen the elephant in the yard; let us follow him into the mill, and there admire the triumph of reason over instinct. We all know how naturally timid and nervous the elephant is, and how susceptible to noise. Well, watch this noble old fellow solemnly dragging in a huge log to the sawmill. Onward he moves, undismayed by the horrid panting of the engine or the screeching of the saws. Instinct would have tempted him to turn tail and flee from the noisy turmoil; reason keeps him at his task, confident that amid the uproar and apparent confusion, perfect order and safety prevail. And so, with flapping ears and swaying trunk, he yields up his log to the grip of the remorseless saw, and goes off unconcerned to find a fresh victim. It was very pleasing to see that the Aga's elephants were kindly treated and well cared for; the goading *ánkūs* (iron hook and prod) was nowhere to be seen. A daily as well as a rigidly observed weekly rest was secured to them; besides, their cleanliness is well looked after; and morning and evening they are taken into the river to be well scrubbed, the termination of each bath being a triple dive, which they enjoy immensely.

On a second visit to Moulmein, I noticed another totally different illustration of confiding reason in the elephant. We were at anchor in the river in a strongly flowing tide, when a deeply sunk raft laden with green forage, two men, and two elephants, swept swiftly past. The elephants stood motionless and quite unconcerned, knowing that they were under secure pilotage, and quite safe as long as they remained quiet. If they had proved restless, the raft must have come to grief.

GUM-ARABIC AND THE SOUDAN.

According to the *Scientific American*, the gum-arabic supply appears to have been in a great measure cut off owing to the state of affairs in the Soudan. It says: 'Gum-arabic comes almost exclusively from the Soudan, and owing to the operations of El Madhi, there have been no receipts of any consequence for a year past. In confectionery it makes about thirty per cent. of the best quality of gum-drops, marsh-mallow, and jujube paste. The annual supply from the Soudan has heretofore been from twenty to twenty-five thousand bags of four to six hundred pounds each, and there is usually a stock held in London about equal to one year's receipts. This reserve is now about exhausted, and the gum has been steadily advancing in price from the ordinary figures of fourpence to fivepence per pound, until it now commands from one shilling and threepence to two shillings, according to quality.'

ONE BY ONE.

Though from the boughs to which they've long been clinging,
The autumn leaves are dropping one by one,
Yet from their dust, new forms of beauty, springing,
Shall smile again in summer's gentle sun.

Though one by one the pearly drops of morning,
From drooping flowers, on viewless pinions rise,
We'll see them yet the gorgeous clouds adorning
With glowing arches of celestial dyes.

Though one by one the stars are fading slowly
That all night long kept vigil in the sky,
The distant mountain-peaks, like prophets holy,
Proclaim that morning's light and song are nigh.

Though with slow step goes forth the sower weeping,
And on earth's lap his precious treasure leaves,
Yet comes the harvest, with its joyous reaping,
When shall be gathered home the ripened sheaves.

Though one by one the friends we fondly cherish
Withdraw from ours, the cold and trembling hand,
And leave us sorrowful, they do not perish—
They yet shall greet us in a fairer land.

Yes; from all climes, where'er the faithful slumber
'Neath scorching suns, or arctic snow and frost,
Stainless they'll rise, in myriads without number;
All, all, shall meet—there shall not one be lost.

A. M'L.

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EUROPEAN EMIGRATION TO AMERICA, AND ITS EFFECTS.

One of the greatest economic problems of our time is associated with the double stream which has been setting westward across the Atlantic with steady persistence for some two or three years, and which even now does not seem to have passed its height. It is a stream which is composed of the labour and the capital of the Old World. To the number of many hundreds of thousands of individuals, some of the best bone and sinew of the European states has been transplanted each year to America. And latterly, this exodus has been accompanied by a large volume of that without which labour can do little collectively. During the last twelve months especially, the number of schemes for the employment of British capital across the Atlantic has increased enormously; and at the present time, there are many millions of money, belonging to people still residing on this side, invested directly or indirectly in land, and in industries connected with land in the States of the Union and of Canada. The receptivity of the American continent in respect both of labour and of capital is very great; but it is not unlimited. Nor is the supply of either labour or capital unlimited in the countries of the eastern hemisphere. There is not as yet any imminent danger of excessive contribution in the one case and of depletion in the other; but we are within sight of consequences which it may be well to consider.

And first with regard to Emigration. It must not be supposed that America—and for the present let us confine our attention to the United States—welcomes without exception the human stream. There are undoubtedly elements in it which would be objectionable anywhere. There are hordes of paupers and loafers and ne'erdoweels, who are as little likely to do any good for themselves, or to benefit the community, in the New World as in the Old. But apart from these, there has been a flow of shrewd workers and skilled artisans, which a certain section of the American nation is disposed to regard with a sour look. The reason is not far to seek. The dominant economic policy of America has been, as we know, one of strict protection of their own industries. For the benefit of the few, the many are heavily burdened, in the belief—fallacious, and not always genuinely entertained—that in process of time the many will reap the harvest. The conductors of these domestic industries are glad enough to get all the experienced foreign labour they can; but the domestic labourer says, very naturally, that the importation is unjust to him. He says, in effect: 'You tax foreign products to shut out competition with yourselves; but you admit freely foreign producers to compete with me. You raise the cost of living to me by the imposition of taxes to foster your trades; yet you reduce my means of living by suffering immigration which tends to reduce the level of wages.' Here is friction, and friction which is already producing sparks. It is not difficult to foresee the result. The working-classes cannot continue to burn the candle at both ends for ever. It is not practicable for any country in these days to prohibit, or even to restrict, the importation of human beings. Nor can America say: 'We will receive any number of farm-labourers, or miners, or anybody disposed to squat in the backwoods and open up our country; but we will draw the line at mechanics or any form of skilled labour which we can ourselves produce to the extent of our requirements.' The effect of the supply of foreign labour would have been more apparent ere this but for the suicidal policy of the American trades-unions, which practically prohibit the evolution of domestic skill, by forbidding apprenticeship to crafts. But, nevertheless, the effect must eventually be to diminish 'the reward of labour.'

A well-known American writer holds that the increase in the number of labourers does not *tend* to diminish wages, but the converse. What in his opinion causes the tendency of 'the reward of labour' to a minimum in spite of increase in

producing-power, is that rent increases in a still greater ratio. The result is much the same, as far as the labourer is concerned, and it proceeds, whether directly, as is commonly held, or indirectly, as the American writer holds, from there being three men to house and feed where there had been only two. If, however, it be really the matter of rent or interest which affects the price of labour, then the American citizen has all the more reason to regard with attention the other portion of the stream, namely, the flow of British capital for investment in land and cattle in the West. We do not know the aggregate capital of the numerous Ranche and other Companies which have been lately formed, but it is enormous; and with private investments as well, the total British capital occupied in them cannot be short of twenty millions sterling, and probably is even considerably more. The actual amount is not material to our argument. The effect of this tremendous diversion of capital is twofold. It is increasing the value of older estates by the absorption of cheap competitive lots, and it is arousing in the Americans themselves a species of earth-hunger which promises to be very keen. There are thoughtful, observing men on the other side of the Atlantic, who, noting the disfavour into which investments in railroads have fallen, because of their comparatively poor returns—and also because of the distrust begotten by their scandalous management—and who noting, also, the rapidity with which English capital is leading the way—predict that America is on the eve of the most tremendous land 'boom' ever known. That means, in plain English, that the enhancement in the value of land, legitimately produced by settlement and cultivation—in other words, by the employment of actual capital and labour—will have an artificial enhancement of indefinite extent added to it *by the action of speculation*. In all commodities dealt in by man, there is an intrinsic value and a speculative value. When the speculative value becomes inflated above the level of intrinsic value, there ensues a period of dangerous excitement, which invariably ends in collapse and disaster. This is especially the case with land, and it is precisely towards such a critical time that America seems verging.

All this, however, seems to us to point to the probability of free-trade becoming ere long the watchword of the working-classes in the United States. With free-trade in labour concurrently with land-speculation, subjecting them to diminution of wages, and at the same time increase in the cost of living, they will have no alternative but to demand the free admission of all materials bearing on their industries and affecting the cost of living. It is possible that in the present great land-movement may be germinating the seeds of the next great commercial crisis; and upon the theory of periodicity, one of these crises will be due in a year or two. So, also, it is probable that the Emigration movement from the east has carried and is carrying with it elements which will aid in bringing about the much to be desired future of free-trade.

BY MEAD AND STREAM.

CHAPTER LI.—HEY, PRESTO!

Coutts having seen that his father and sisters were provided with all necessary comforts, hastened to the city. He had an appointment which could not be postponed; he could do nothing more at Ringsford; in town he could arrange with some contractor to send out a band of men to make the least injured portion of the Manor again habitable, and to clear away the débris as quickly as possible.

The appointment was to meet Philip and Wrentham at Mr Shield's apartments. Coutts was confident that the bill he held was a forgery. He had no doubt Philip had been fooled into it somehow, but that was no reason why *he* should be fooled out of it. The way Shield had received him plainly indicated that he would give him no place in his will; whilst he was anxious to avoid scandal which would involve Philip.

'Well, if the old fellow won't give me a slice of his fortune, I'll screw a plum out of it,' was Coutts's agreeable reflection. 'I have the forged bill, and unless he hands me over double the amount, I don't give it up.'

That was a 'smart' stroke of business, which delighted Coutts almost as much as the prospect of gaining such a large sum of money, and of making the 'old fellow' stump up in spite of himself. There was, too, in his mind a kind of moral fitness in the transaction; for it would be paying out this precious uncle for some of the annoyance he had caused his father. In addition, there was to be reckoned the satisfaction of outwitting one of the cutest scamps he had come across—a fellow who had overreached even him—for with the same move which was to checkmate Shield, Wrentham would be paid out too. He gave little consideration to his brother, having no doubt that he would escape all right somehow.

He had secured the services of a detective who possessed the highest qualifications for his office, namely, he was not like a detective at all in manner, appearance or speech. Meeting Sergeant Dier in an ordinary way, you would regard him as a successful commercial man. There was not the slightest flavour of Scotland Yard about him. He was a good actor, a good singer, and a capital story-teller. Some of his most important discoveries were made whilst he was entertaining a roomful of company with his merry anecdotes. The secret of his success lay partly in a natural gift for his business, his enthusiasm, and the good-nature which underlay it all. He never allowed a scoundrel to escape; but he dealt very gently with any poor creature who might be betrayed into a first crime.

When Coutts reached his office, Sergeant Dier was waiting for him. Any one looking at the detective as he stood, bareheaded, reading a newspaper, would have imagined that he was one of

the bank officials. He accompanied Coutts to his private room.

'Well, what news have you?'

'Our man has everything prepared for a holiday abroad,' was Dier's smiling reply.

'Can he get away?'

'O dear, no; he is at present under the eye of one of my friends, and he has been obliged to delay his departure until to-morrow, owing to a difficulty he has found in collecting his funds on such short notice.'

'Is that all?'

'There is a little more,' said Dier complacently. 'I have found a man who can identify his writing under any disguise.'

'Who is he?'

'Our man's brother. It was not easy to persuade him to help us, but he consented at the last moment, and is to meet us at Mr Shield's place.'

'Capital,' said Coutts. 'You understand, I do not wish to proceed to extremities unless we are forced to it.'

'So you informed me; but the case is turning out such a pretty one that it would have been an honour to explain it in court.'

'Never mind the honour; we'll balance that somehow. I shall be ready in twenty minutes, and will meet you at the hotel.'

Sergeant Dier bowed and left. Outside the room he nodded and smiled to himself as he placed a glossy hat jauntily on his head. Mentally and cheerfully he was saying: 'I don't care about that chap—not much. I should not be surprised to find him coming my way sometime with the positions changed.'

Coutts examined letters, signed papers brought to him by his chief clerk, and punctually at the expiration of twenty minutes was on his way to Mr Shield's hotel. At the door he found Sergeant Dier and Bob Tuppit waiting. The poor little conjurer was nervous, and evidently required all the robust encouragement of the good-natured detective to sustain him in going through with the task he had been persuaded to undertake.

They were immediately conducted to Mr Shield's sitting-room. Coutts was a little surprised and not pleased to find that Philip and Wrentham had arrived before him; and beside Mr Shield stood Mr Beecham—for whom he entertained an instinctive dislike, not to mention that on the few occasions of their meeting his wittiest cynicisms had been silenced by the quiet searching gaze of the elder man.

Philip had not yet heard of the previous night's events at Ringsford. He was pale, but calm, and he greeted his brother somewhat coldly. Wrentham was apparently at ease and playing his part of devoted and therefore anxious friend to perfection. He had not yet caught sight of Bob Tuppit, who easily hid himself behind the broad shoulders of Sergeant Dier.

'I expected,' said Coutts after formal salutations, 'to have had the pleasure of a few minutes' private conversation with you, Mr Shield, before we proceeded with this disagreeable business.'

'I don't think it necessary,' answered Shield in his brusque way.

'As you will, sir,' continued Coutts with a slight inclination of the head. 'I have brought with me two persons who will, I believe, aid us materially in the inquiry we are about to make.'

'Who are they?' was the blunt query, indicating Mr Shield's usual impatience of palaver.

'This is Mr Dier, who is interested on my behalf; and this'——

'Is a friend of mine,' interposed Dier blandly, 'who is an expert in distinguishing handwriting.'

Wrentham was the only one who showed surprise at these introductions, and he moved a little backward at sight of Bob Tuppit, covering his uneasiness by a slight cough, as if clearing his throat. Shield looked at Beecham, and the latter spoke.

'A very good idea, Mr Hadleigh, and as I have some acquaintance with Mr Tuppit, I can vouch for his ability to discharge any task he undertakes. I presume you have shown him specimens of the different handwritings?'

'I do not understand your position in this affair, Mr Beecham,' said Coutts superciliously; 'I can only address myself to Mr Shield, or if he chooses, I can retire, and let the matter take the ordinary legal course.'

'I am here as the friend of Mr Shield,' was the reply, without the least symptom of irritation at the manner and words of Coutts.

'You can speak to him as you would to me,' growled Shield.

'Oh, very well,' said Coutts, shrugging his shoulders. 'I thought you wanted to keep the affair as quiet as possible. But, please yourself. Then, I have not submitted any writing to Mr Tuppit, whose name I learn from Mr Beecham. He, being perfectly acquainted with the penmanship of one of the persons concerned, I thought it would be more satisfactory to you to have the investigation made in your presence.'

He glanced at Wrentham as he spoke, and that gentleman assumed an air of curiosity and interest.

'Begin with Tuppit at once: that will cut the thing short,' said Shield, as if already impatient of the delay caused by these preliminaries.

'Then here is a sheet of paper which Mr Shield has already signed,' said Mr Beecham. 'Will you put down your name, Mr Philip, and you, Mr Wrentham?'

They signed at once, and there was no reluctance apparent on the part of either, but the grand flourish which Wrentham was in the habit of drawing under his signature was not quite so steady as usual.

'Now,' proceeded Mr Beecham, 'here is a scrap of paper on which Mr Shield has written a few words. Will you both write something on separate slips, and that will enable us to test Mr Tuppit's skill in distinguishing the writers.'

This having been done, the sheet bearing the three signatures was first given to Tuppit, and it shook slightly in his hand as he advanced to the window to inspect it carefully. He then laid the paper on the table.

'I think I know the character of the writings now,' he said.

The three slips were next handed to him, and he named the writer of each correctly.

'Clever chap—knows what he is about,' was Shield's comment. Then looking almost fiercely

at Coutts: 'Suppose you have brought *your* paper with you?'

'Certainly.'

'Show it then, and let us hear what he has to say about it.'

Coutts slowly took out his pocket-book and looked inquiringly at Sergeant Dier. The latter had been observing the whole proceedings with that kind of interest which a skilful player bestows on an exciting game at cards or billiards. He responded promptly to Coutts's look.

'Best thing you can do, sir. It will settle the whole business at once.'

But Coutts did not want to settle the whole business until he had spoken to Shield in private, and explained the terms on which publicity might be avoided. So he put in a hypocritical protest which he hoped would aid him in making his bargain by-and-by.

'You are aware, Mr Shield, that there are reasons why I do not wish this matter to go beyond ourselves; and I believe you have the same desire. On that account we need not regard Mr Tuppit's decision as final.'

'I shall,' answered Shield, frowning. 'Hand him the paper.'

Coutts obeyed with the reluctant air of one who is compelled to do something he dislikes. He did not look at Philip, who was watching him with pitying eyes.

'It is rather a serious thing, gentlemen,' said Tuppit, speaking for the first time, and now as coolly as if he were on his conjuring platform, 'a very serious thing to give a decided opinion in a case of this sort without very careful examination. You will permit me to compare the signatures on this paper with the writing on the different papers you showed me.' He gathered them up in his hand as he spoke. 'I must use a magnifying glass.'

He whipped one out from the tail-pocket of his coat. Then with its aid he carefully compared the writings. After ten minutes he rose, and instead of giving his decision, he advanced to Philip with the bill in his hand.

'That is your signature,' he said.

'It is,' replied Philip, quietly.

Coutts gave a slight shake of the head, as if this was no more than he expected although he deplored it. Wrentham's eyes moved restlessly from one face to the other.

Tuppit next advanced to Mr Shield.

'This is the signature of Mr Austin Shield.'

'That is the signature of Austin Shield,' was the answer after a brief glance at the writing.

ILLICIT DISTILLATION IN IRELAND.

THE mountainous districts in the north of Ireland have long been famous for the manufacture of whisky—or as it is sometimes called when made without the concurrence of the revenue, 'poteen.' Until the last few years, the practice was exceedingly common, even within a few miles of towns of considerable size; but latterly the total output of spirits has been much reduced in quantity, and has been of inferior quality. Various causes have contributed to this. Formerly, the excise supervision was not so efficient as it has since become. Very often, Englishmen or Scotchmen were selected for Irish districts, and found the peasantry combined to a man against them. They were aided, too, by a body of police whose sole duties were the detection and exposure of frauds against the revenue, and therefore it was a clear issue between two parties, with a large body of spectators standing neutral, or rather, in the national spirit, strongly sympathising with those who were trying to evade the law. Besides, if the Squire—who was of course a magistrate—found an anonymous present of a five-gallon jar of poteen, why should he go and waste good liquor by giving it up, and perhaps by so doing get some of his own tenants into trouble! It was clearly none of his business; in which opinion his neighbours heartily shared, as they sipped it in punch at his festive board. The priest, too, was of the same mind; for as long as the 'boys' did not take too much, or beat their wives, or neglect attending mass, it was a very convenient way of turning an honest penny in those hard times. With the tacit concurrence of these two great social forces, the owner of the still had little to fear, and could carry on his lawless trade with comparative impunity. The possession of a common secret encouraged cordial relations between all classes and creeds, until they resembled the proverbial happy family. But the events of the last thirty years have changed all this, and have indirectly led to a large diminution of private distillation.

The first blow which it received was the disbanding of the revenue police about the year 1858, and the absorption of their duties, and the drafting of the most capable members of the force into the Royal Irish Constabulary. This body have a great many duties to perform: they keep the peace; act as public prosecutors in petty cases; distribute and collect the census papers and votes for poor-law guardians; make up the agricultural statistics; act as an armed drilled force in time of riot; and lastly, as detectives of crime and, since 1858, of illicit distillation. On account of these numerous functions, they are brought into contact with almost every individual in their district, not so much at the barracks as at their own homes; and the sight of an empty jar in an unlikely place, or an unusual abundance of spirits about a particular house, are signs not lost on the vigilant constable, and carefully stored up by him for future use.

Again, the improved means of transit in the mountainous districts have given the affairs of the inhabitants more publicity. Post-vans, mail-cars, and narrow-gauge railways, are everywhere furnishing certain and regular communication between the better populated and more civilised valleys and the poorer and less inhabited mountains. By these means, enterprising travellers have penetrated the backward districts, and been received with the customary hospitality of the Irish to strangers. They are occasionally even permitted to taste the native 'mountain dew,' and sometimes thoughtlessly bring their entertainers into trouble by incautiously boasting of their privileges before strangers. The information has been carried to the police force in the district in which the, alas! too confiding host resided, and has caused a watch to be set on him, resulting eventually in the discovery of the fountain-head.

But information of this kind is accidental, and therefore such cases are rare. The fact is that the chief sources of knowledge are, as might be expected from the analogy of other Irish conspiracies, from within the camp, which is sure to hold sooner or later some informer. A difference of opinion about the division of the spoil, a row amongst their womankind, or some such characteristic quarrel, leads to ill-feeling, and some impulsive member of the gang, in the haste of momentary spite, secretly informs the police. Then the customary and well-known scene follows. A force of constabulary fully armed steals out under cover of night, carefully surround the fated still-house, and advancing from all sides, simultaneously burst in upon the unfortunate distillers just as the outlying scout has brought word that the police are coming. Resistance, though sometimes attempted, is useless, and the dread guardians of the law proceed to destroy the prepared materials, seize the still, and quench the fire. Finally, the sad procession of police, prisoners, and utensils—the last being placed in a cart with the manufactured spirits—wends its way down the mountain-side to the nearest barracks. Then, at the next petty sessions of the district, all those who were found engaged, together with the tenant on whose holding the distillation was being carried on, are heavily fined, with the option of a severe term of imprisonment.

But what has conduced more than anything else to the diminution of illicit distillation has been successive bad harvests, rack-renting, and absentee landlords. These have produced agrarian outrages, and these in their turn have led to Coercion Acts, giving the constabulary night-patrol powers of a very comprehensive character. As the mountainous districts are the poorest, so the outrages have been more frequent there, and the police in seeking for those intent on committing crime, have often accidentally found those merely intent on distilling poteen. All these discoveries are treasured up, and care taken that the same practice will not again occur in the same place; and thus the opportunities for illicit distillation are gradually becoming fewer and fewer, and everything seems to point towards its total extinction.

The place selected for the operations of the distiller is usually some natural hollow, or a sheltered spot partially hidden by some overhanging rock. But occasionally there are much more habitable places prepared. A favourite example of this is an artificial cave dug out in the side of a high bank close to a stream, the proximity of which is always necessary for their operations. The entrance is generally concealed with great ingenuity by a luxuriant growth of furze and other shrubs. Inside, a raised seat of earth, on which some heather has been strewn, and a rudely built chimney, complete the structure. The functions of the chimney are not by any means exhausted by being brought up to the natural level of the earth. As is well known, burning peat has an easily recognisable odour, and if this drew attention to a wreath of smoke ascending in the midst of a field, the chances of a long life for the still-house would be very small. Instead, therefore, of being directly brought out, every conceivable artifice is employed to render the smoke invisible. Sometimes it is led into a drain; at others, into a thick growth of underwood; again, it is carried for some distance, and allowed to make its escape in such small quantities as to be practically imperceptible. In one case of which we knew, the still-house was underground in the vicinity of the owner's cottage, and advantage of this was taken to convey the chimney up the earthen fence and effect a junction with the flue of the kitchen.

In some cases, a dwelling-house is chosen in such a locality as to defy suspicion. An example of this occurred in a market-town where distillation was carried on for many years in the main street within a hundred yards of an important constabulary barracks, and the owner in this case was said to have amassed a considerable amount of money. For aught that is known, many similar instances may still exist, as the shrewdness shown by the choice of such a hiding-place renders detection, except through treachery, a most unlikely event. It would be well perhaps to add, that in the case just related the proprietor of the still was a bachelor.

Having prepared a suitable place, the next thing is to procure a still and worm, which are usually manufactured by the local tinker. The still is generally made of strong tinned plate, and is of a cylindrical form, except the head, which is rounded and enlarged, in order to better collect the alcohol as it evaporates. The highest part of the head terminates in a tube, wide at first, but gradually becoming narrower, until it reaches the worm, which is a long tube curled into a spiral, and during work is always kept cold by immersion in water. It is sometimes made from tinned plate, but preferably of sheet-copper, as this material, in some mysterious way, is said to make better poteen.

The still having been procured, the materials from which the spirit is extracted must be obtained. Malt is, of course, the most important item, but in past times was very difficult to procure, as part of the excise officer's labours, until the repeal of the malt tax, was to prevent its preparation in corn-mills, so that the still-owner had frequently to choose between making it for himself with imperfect appliances, or using an inferior substitute. This was either ordinary grain or treacle, generally the latter, from its portability, and the quickness with which it could be prepared. Indeed, the extra sale of treacle in particular districts has been a very trustworthy indication of the quantity of spirits being manufactured. In one village where some years ago the average sale was three casks a week, the present consumption is not more than one every two months. But perhaps this may result as much from the repeal of the malt tax as the decline in illicit distillation.

The malt or treacle is laid down in water somewhat under boiling-point, and allowed to remain there until it has attained to the consistence of thin water-gruel. It is now ready for fermentation, which is effected by means of yeast; and when this process is complete, the mixture is called 'wash,' and is now ready for distillation. The still is now filled with wash, and a gentle heat applied, vaporising the alcohol, which passes through the still-head, and is cooled back to its liquid form in the worm, at the lower

end of which it is received by pans, crocks, 'piggins,' or indeed any vessel which will hold it. From these receptacles it is put into jars or casks—more commonly five-gallon 'kegs'—and conveyed to a place of safety. When all the wash has been distilled, the articles employed are carefully hidden, a favourite place for the still and worm being under water in the neighbouring stream. Then nothing remains but the distribution of the spirits in such a manner as to realise a handsome profit. This is an operation demanding all the craft of the distiller. To dispose of it to his immediate neighbours would be to disclose his secret, and they would either demand the poteen for nothing, or denounce him if he refused to give it. It must therefore be conveyed to a distance, and sold to some publican at such a price as will amply compensate both parties for their risk. As the publican must keep a record of all the spirits he receives, he incurs the danger of having material on his premises which is not entered in his stock-book; as a rule, therefore, the poteen is mixed with whisky resembling it in flavour, and the blend sold as the original.

In order to get the jar or cask safely into the town, the distiller usually envelops it in straw or hay, and tries to pass it off as innocent fodder; or another plan is to place it in the centre of a cart of turf, and on selling the turf to the proper person, its removal is easy, though occasionally even more ingenious methods are resorted to.

Fortunes acquired by means of illicit distillation have given rise to a very curious taunt amongst the inhabitants of the north-west of Ireland. When it was intended to convey to any person in the strongest possible manner that his pride in his family circumstances was only that of an upstart, the common expression for this was: 'Your grandmother was Doherty ——, and wore a tin pocket.' The origin of this saying was as follows. The northern part of the county of Donegal, particularly the district of Innishowen, is largely peopled by persons of the name of Doherty and O'Doherty. In past times, one of the best means of smuggling poteen into Londonderry and other towns in the vicinity was by a tin flask carried by the women in their pockets. Hence the expression.

ONE WOMAN'S HISTORY.

CHAPTER II.

As soon as Mr Ridsdale and Miss Loraine found themselves alone, they seated themselves on the rustic seat lately vacated by the vicar and Dr M'Murdo. Master Archie lighted a cigarette.

Clarice Loraine at this time had just left her nineteenth birthday behind her. She was tall and limber as any fabled nymph of the woods, with an easy, swaying grace in all her movements such as Art alone could never have taught her. She had a cloud of silky, pale-gold hair, that looked as if some sportive zephyr had ruffled it in passing; while her eyes were of the deepest and tenderest blue. Her habitual expression was one of sweet seriousness, of most gentle gravity; but when she smiled, which she did often, she smiled both with her lips and her eyes: it was like the lighting up of a beautiful landscape with a sudden flash of sunshine.

And the young man to whom she had given away her heart? Well, he was a stalwart, good-looking enough young fellow, about twenty-five years old, with dark-brown hair, and a moustache to match; with frank, clear-gazing eyes, which looked as if nothing in the world could cause them to flinch; in short, one of those manly, clear-skinned, resolute-looking young Englishmen of whom those who choose may see scores any day during the season in London town.

'Are you sure, darling, that you are not too tired to go on the lake this evening?' asked Archie presently.

'I am just a little tired now; but I shall not be a bit tired when the time comes to start. To-night it will be full moon.'

Archie looked at his watch. 'The afternoon post will be in in about half an hour. I wonder whether it will bring us anything from the pater?'

'O Archie, if it should bring a letter from your father in which he orders you to give me up!'

'As if I had not told you a hundred times already that I am not going to give you up for any one in the wide world!'

'It would make me ever, ever so unhappy to think that I should come as an obstacle between your father and you.'

'Don't be a little goose. I'm old enough to choose a wife for myself; and I've chosen you, and mean to have you in spite of everybody. If the pater chooses to turn rusty about it, I can't help it. He did the very same thing when he was a young fellow. He ran away with my mother—oh, I've heard all about it!—and I'm not aware that he ever had cause to regret having done so. Of course it would be pleasanter—a jolly sight pleasanter—to have his consent and good wishes and all that; but if he won't give us them, I daresay we shall be able to get along somehow or other without them. There are worse things in the world than poverty, when two people love each other as you and I love each other, sweet one.'

What bold beings are these lovers! Nothing daunts them. They will take the world by storm and set Fortune herself at defiance. A very Paladin seemed Archie in the eyes of the girl who loved him. How beautifully he spoke—what noble sentiments fell from his lips!

'I am not afraid to face poverty or anything else,' she murmured, 'so long as I know that you care for me.' Tears trembled in her eyes.

'And that I shall never, never cease to do!' he responded fervently.

He had sidled a little closer to her on the rustic bench, and he now tried, after a fashion old as the hills, to insinuate one arm gently round her waist.

'No—no, Archie, dear, you must not do that! We are not alone. Although that young curate pretends to be reading, he's watching us all the time.'

'Confound his impudence!' growled Archie with a glance over his shoulder at the obnoxious individual. Then he drew exactly an inch and a half further away, and proceeded to light a fresh cigarette.

The fact was that, after the immemorial fashion of lovers, our two young lunatics had been so absorbed in themselves and their own affairs that they had had no eyes to note the fresh arrivals which the last steamer had brought to the hotel. One of these was a young man dressed in the garb of a modern curate. The afternoon was hot, and as he came slowly up the path that led from the level of the lake to the elevated ground on which the hotel was built, he fanned himself with the broad brim of his low-crowned felt hat. Behind him marched a porter carrying a bulky portmanteau, a mackintosh, and an exceedingly slim umbrella.

A little way from the path stood an immense elm, round the bole of which a seat had been fixed for the convenience of visitors. It looked cool and tempting; the young man glanced at it and hesitated.

'Why go indoors just yet?' he asked himself. Then turning to the porter, he said: 'Take those traps into the hotel and secure a bedroom for me. Then find out whether you have a Lady Renshaw and a Miss Wynter staying in the hotel, and come back at once and let me know.'

'Yes, sir—Lady Renshaw and Miss Wynter.—What name shall I have put down for the bedroom—your name, sir?'

'My name? Um. By-the-bye, what *is* my name?' the young man asked himself in some perplexity. Then his face brightened, and he said impressively: 'My name is Mr Golightly.'

'Yes, sir—the Reverend Mr Golightly.'

'No, sir'—with severity—'not the Reverend Mr Golightly. Plain Mr Golightly—of London.'

'Yes, sir. Plain Mr Golightly. I'll be sure not to forget. Back in five minutes, sir.' Mr Golightly went and sat down in the welcome shade of the elm.

'I'm fairly in for it now,' he muttered. 'I've passed the Rubicon, and there's no going back. If they are not here already, they will be sure to arrive by the next train. Will Bella recognise me in this rig-out, I wonder? Upon my word, I don't think she will.'

Presently the porter came back. 'No ladies stopping here by the name you spoke of, sir,' said the man.

'At what hour is the table-d'hôte?'

'At seven o'clock, sir.—Got you a very nice bedroom, sir—splendid view across the lake. No. 65, sir.'

'When is the next train due in from London?'

'One about due in now, sir. The drive from the station takes about twenty minutes. Thank ye, sir.'

'About twenty minutes; I may as well wait here,' remarked Mr Golightly to himself as soon as the man had left him. 'This will be a capital "coign of vantage" from which to spot the arrivals.'

He yawned, crossed his legs, and produced from his pocket a soberly bound little volume, which might have been a volume of sermons, only it was not. He read a page or two, then he yawned again, and then he shut up the book.

'No, not even Alphonse Daudet has power to charm me this afternoon. Will she come?—will she not come? Does she love me?—does she not love me? Upon my word, I'm in a regular fever; pulse about a hundred and twenty to the minute. I wonder why they can't inoculate one for love, the same as they do for other things. A mild attack for about a week, and then we should get over it for life.'

Suddenly he started and threw a keen look at the two young people some little distance away, whom he had scarcely noticed before. 'Archie Ridsdale, by all that's wonderful! I've not seen him for a century. Does Lady Renshaw know that he's here, I wonder? and is she dragging Bella down to this place that she may try to catch the rich baronet's son for her niece's husband? It's just like one of her ladyship's moves. Well, I'm not going to worry myself with jealousy. Besides, somebody at the club said that Archie had engaged himself to a girl without a penny. I wonder whether that is the demoiselle in question. She looks pretty enough to turn any fellow's head.'

Mr Golightly whistled softly to himself for a minute or two; then he muttered: 'Wretched slow work watching another fellow spoon and not be able to join in the fun one's self! That must be the girl. By Jove! Master Archie seems about as hard hit as I am.'

This latter remark was elicited by the sight of Mr Ridsdale sidling up to Miss Loraine with the evident intention of encircling her waist with his arm; but, as we have already seen, he was very properly repulsed. Presently Clarice rose and gathered up her heap of ferns and grasses.

'You are not going indoors already, Clarice?'

'Already! Commend me to your sex for being unreasonable. A pretty scolding I shall get from Mora for having been out so long.'

'I don't believe Madame De Vigne could scold any one, were she to try ever so much.'

'You don't know her. She has a terrible temper. It runs in the family.'

'I am glad you have told me. I shall be prepared for the worst.—We shall meet again at the table-d'hôte; meanwhile, I'll go and look after the postman.'

'Should there be a letter, you will let me know as soon as possible?'

'Never fear.'

With a smile and a nod, she left him, and speeding across the lawn, entered the hotel by a French-window, one of a number which stood wide open this sunny afternoon.

Archie gazed after her admiringly till she was out of sight. Then he buried his hands in his pockets and turned and sauntered slowly up towards the main entrance to the hotel.

'Ah! here's Ridsdale coming this way,' exclaimed Mr Golightly. 'Wonder whether he'll know me? What larks!'

But Mr Ridsdale was thinking his own thoughts, and he passed Mr Golightly, who was apparently deep in the perusal of his sober-looking volume, as though there was no such person in existence. But he had not got more than a few yards beyond the tree when he heard himself called.

'Archie, dear!' cried some one softly. If it were not a feminine voice that spoke, it was a very good imitation of one.

Mr Ridsdale started, and turned. Beyond two

or three loungers round the door of the hotel, some distance away, not a creature was visible save the clerical-looking young man seated under the tree and intent on his book.

Archie's eyes struck fire and his face flamed suddenly. He advanced three or four paces. 'Did you address that remark to me, sir?' he sternly demanded.

'Of course I did, sir,' answered Mr Golightly, looking up innocently in the other's face. Then before Archie's wrath had time to explode, he flung down his book and started laughingly to his feet. 'Ridsdale, old chappie, how de do?' he exclaimed. 'Awfully glad to meet you. Don't you know me?'

'No, sir, I do not know you,' answered Archie with a cold stare. 'Never saw you before in my life, that I 'm aware of.'

'What! Not recollect Dick Dulcimer?'

'Dick Dulcimer! You!' eyeing him from top to toe. 'It can't be.'

'But it is—at least I 've every reason to believe so, and I think *I* ought to know.'

'But'——, and again he eyed him critically over.

'Why this thusness, you would ask. I 'll explain in a few words. But sit down for a minute or two; it 's too hot to stand.—You remember Bella Wynter?'

'Rather. One of the prettiest girls out, the season before last. I was nearly a gone coon in that quarter myself.'

'Well—I 'm quite a gone coon.'

'Glad to hear it. Congratulate you, old man.'

'It 's the old story, of course. I 've next to nothing, Bella has less. There 's a dragon in the path in the shape of Lady Renshaw, Bella's aunt. But probably you remember her ladyship?'—Mr Ridsdale nodded.—'Well, she detests me, and has set her heart on Bella marrying money.'

'Of course. But what has Miss Wynter herself to say in the matter?'

'Oh, I think Bella likes me—a little; in fact, I 've not much doubt on that point, although, like the young person in the play, I 've never told my love. But she has been brought up to think it a crime to marry a poor beggar without a fortune, and then she 's so completely under the dowager's thumb that she dare scarcely call her bonnet her own. The Fates only know how it will end.'

'And you are down here?'——

'To meet them. I expect them by the next train. Bella corresponds with my sister, and Madge gave me the hint. I got a fortnight's leave, and made up my mind to follow them; but apparently I 'm here first. Of course it would never have done to let Lady R. find me here; she would have taken the alarm at once, and have carried off Bella by the next train. What was to be done? All at once it struck me that I had lately been playing the part of a curate in some amateur theatricals in town. A month hence we are going to play the same comedietta again for another charity, so that, as it happened, I had the togs, obtained for the first performance, still by me. I shaved off my beard and moustache, had my hair and eyebrows dyed black, donned my clerical garb, took a ticket from Euston, and here I am.'

'Your own mother wouldn't know you if she were to meet you.'

'Not much fear of the dowager recognising me, eh?' asked Mr Dulcimer with a chuckle. Then he added more seriously: 'If I can only get Bella to myself for an hour while she 's down here—there was no chance of it in town—I 'll know my fate one way or the other. She 's an arrant young flirt, I know; but I 'll have no more of her shilly-shallying; she shall give me a plain Yes or a plain No.'

'I commend your resolution, and wish you every success with the fair Bella. Of course your secret is quite safe in my hands, and if I can do anything to assist you'——

'I 'm sure you will. Thanks, Ridsdale. Don't forget that there 's no Dick Dulcimer here. I am'——

'The Reverend?'——

'No; not the Reverend, but plain Mr Golightly. It may be all very well to play the part of a curate in a comedietta, but I don't care to *pose* for the character in real life.'

'But your clerical garb—everybody will take you for a parson.'

'I can't help that. If driven into a corner, I will tell people that I 'm a preceptor of youth, in fact a tutor, which is no more than the truth, because, you see, I 'm teaching Will Hanover to play the fiddle, so that he 's my pupil and I 'm his tutor.'

'But what made you choose such an outlandish name as Golightly?' asked the other with a smile.

'Because Golightly belongs to me, dear boy—it 's my own property. Know, good my lord, that my full name is Richard Golightly Dulcimer. My godfather was Dr Golightly, who 's now Bishop of Melminster. Many 's the tip I 've had from him in the days when I wore a jacket and turn-down collar. But he wasn't a bishop then, and my dad hadn't lost his fortune, and things now in that quarter are by no means what they used to be.'

'I 'll not forget the name. And now I must go; I 'm expecting an important letter. We shall meet later on.'

'For the present, ta, ta,' said Mr Dulcimer.

'Sly dog! Never said a word about his own little affair,' muttered Dick. 'Intolerably slow work waiting here. I wonder how much longer they 'll be? Ha! happy thought.—Hi!'

The last exclamatory remark was addressed to a waiter who was in the act of removing an empty bottle and some glasses from a garden-table a little way off.

Up came the waiter, a smiling, little, bullet-headed fellow, French or Swiss, with his black hair closely cropped, and clean-shaved, blue-black cheeks and chin.

'Bring me a pint of bitter beer in a tankard,' said Richard loftily.

'Oui, m'sieu.'

He was not away more than a couple of minutes. Dick was very thirsty, and he seized the tankard eagerly.

'Wait,' he said laconically. Then he blew off the beads of creamy froth, raised the tankard to his lips, and slowly and deliberately proceeded to empty it.

While he was thus engaged, two ladies, followed

by a maid carrying wraps and umbrellas, came round a corner of the shrubbery. They had driven from the station by way of the lower road, and hence had to walk through a portion of the grounds in order to reach the hotel.

'A clergyman, and drinking beer out of a metal pot!' exclaimed the elder of the two ladies. 'What can the Establishment be coming to!'

Dick, whose back was towards the party, gave a great start and nearly dropped the tankard. 'The dragon's voice! I'm caught!' Then giving the tankard back to Jules, he said with an affected lisp: 'Thank you very much, my friend. On a sultry day like this, nothing can be more refreshing than a little iced lemonade.'

'Lemonade! Ah-ha; monsieur s'amuse,' murmured Jules with a slight lifting of the shoulders as he took back the tankard and marched away.

'After all, dear, he was drinking nothing stronger than lemonade,' remarked the elder lady, who was none other than Lady Renshaw, in a low voice to her niece. 'No doubt he acquired the habit of drinking out of pewter while at college. I am told that they have many strange customs at the universities, which have been handed down from more barbarous times.—An interesting-looking young man.'

'Very,' assented Miss Wynter, who had started at the first sound of Dick's voice, and was now looking inquiringly at him. 'That voice!' she said to herself. 'I could fancy that it was Dick—I mean Mr Dulcimer, who was speaking. But that is impossible. And yet'——

Meanwhile, Dick had turned, and after gravely lifting his hat to the ladies, had resumed his seat, and was now intent again on his book.

Lady Renshaw was a fine, florid specimen of womanhood, who among her intimate friends gracefully acknowledged to being thirty-five years of age, but was probably at least ten years older. She still retained considerable traces of those good looks which several years previously had captured the elderly affections of the late Sir Timothy. Although her figure might display a greater amplitude of proportions than of yore, yet was her hair still black and glossy, her large dark eyes still as coldly bright as ever they had been, while if the fine bloom on her cheeks owed nothing of its tints to the lily, there are many people who prefer the rich damask of the rose even in the matter of complexion. Here, among the Westmoreland hills, her ladyship was dressed as richly and elaborately as if for a little shopping in Regent Street or a drive in the Park. Herein she showed her knowledge of the eternal fitness of things. Lady Renshaw in a cotton gown or a seaside wrapper would have looked little better than a dowdy. Simplicity and she had nothing in common. But Lady Renshaw fashionably attired in satins and laces was a sufficiently good imitation of a lady to pass current as such with nine people out of every dozen.

Miss Bella Wynter was a brunette, not very tall, but with a slender, graceful figure, black, sparkling eyes, and the sauciest little chin imaginable. Naturally, she was an unselfish, generous-hearted girl; but the circumstances of life and her aunt's hard worldly training were doing their best to spoil her. She, too, was dressed in the extreme of the prevalent fashion, and looked as if she might just have stepped out of the show-room of a Parisian *modiste*.

'There can be no harm in speaking to him,' said Lady Renshaw in a low voice to her niece. 'He may be the son of a bishop or the nephew of a lord; one never can tell whom one may encounter at these big hotels.' Then going a little nearer to Dick, she said to him: 'I presume, sir, that you are staying at the *Palatine?*'

Mr Dulcimer started, rose and bowed. 'For a day or two, madam, on my way north.' He spoke with the same little affected lisp with which he had addressed Jules the waiter.

'I'm nearly certain it's Dick,' said Bella to herself with her heart all a-flutter. 'But what daring! what effrontery!'

'Then perhaps you can inform me at what hour the table-d'hôte takes place?' said her ladyship.

Dick knew quite well, but was not going to tell. 'I only arrived a couple of hours ago, madam; but I will at once ascertain.'

'No, no, no! Greatly obliged to you, but we are going indoors presently, and can then ascertain for ourselves.'

'It *is* he!' exclaimed Miss Wynter under her breath. 'O Dick, Dick!'

Lady Renshaw had turned, and was gazing through her eyeglass. 'Really, my love, the view from this spot is too utterly exquisite,' she said. 'Such luminosity of atmosphere—such spontaneity of sunshine! Observe that magnificent effect of *chiaro-oscuro* among the hills. Quite Ruskinesque. I dote on nature—especially in her wilder moods.'

'No doubt nature is infinitely obliged to your ladyship,' murmured Richard under his breath.

Bella seemed as if she could not keep her eyes off him. 'He has shaved off his darling beard and moustache, and come all this way on purpose to be near me!' she mused. 'Does any one else care enough for me to do as much as that? Heigh-ho! why is he so poor?'

'And now, dear, I think we had better go indoors,' said her ladyship blandly. 'The heat is somewhat trying.' Then turning to Dick: 'We shall probably meet again, Mr—er—Mr—?'

'Golightly, madam. Mr Richard Golightly, at your service.'

'—— At the table-d'hôte, or somewhere, Mr Golightly.' This very graciously.

'I trust, madam, to have the honour,' and Mr Dulcimer bowed deeply.

'O you wicked boy!' murmured Bella.

'The old she-dragon suspects nothing,' said the wicked boy to himself with a chuckle as soon as the ladies had turned their backs.

'A Golightly, my dear,' remarked Lady Renshaw to her niece. 'There are several good families of that name. One in Devon and another in York. The young man may be worth cultivating. I hope you will endeavour to make yourself agreeable to him.'

'I will do my best, aunt,' answered the young hypocrite demurely.

'How thankful I am that we have got rid of that odious Mr Dulcimer!'

Bella's black eyes danced with mischief; it was all she could do to keep back a laugh. 'O auntie, auntie, if you only knew!' she whispered to herself.

When she reached the door of the hotel, she could not resist turning her head for a parting look. No one was about, and Dick blew her a kiss. She blushed, she knew not why, but it was certainly not with indignation.

'Well,' mused Mr Dulcimer with a sigh as he resumed his seat under the tree; 'if she won't have me, I'll cut the old country and try sheep-farming at the antipodes. Capital cure for love, sheep-farming.' Taking a pipecase out of his pocket, he extracted therefrom a highly coloured meerschaum. 'Come along, old friend; let you and me have a confab together. Stay, though, is it the correct thing for a curate—and I suppose everybody will insist on taking me for one—to smoke a meerschaum? Well, if they don't do it in public, lots of them do it in private. Jolly fellows, some curates—others awful duffers.' He rose and stretched himself. 'There must be a quiet nook somewhere among those trees where a fellow can enjoy a whiff without the world being the wiser?' Whereupon he sauntered away towards the lower part of the grounds, his hands behind his back and his book under his arm, totally unaware that his movements were being watched by a pair of bright black eyes from an upper window of the hotel.

INTERVIEWED BY A BUSHRANGER.

I WAS staying in Sydney for a few weeks, and had put up at the *Polynesian Club*. There I made the acquaintance of a young colonial journalist, by name Alison Fellgate, a frank, clever, easy-going fellow, who had compressed a good deal of life into his forty years. One evening after dinner we sat smoking under the broad veranda that ran round three sides of the Club building. Presently, Fellgate took out his watch and held it in his hand for a few moments. 'I have an engagement this evening, but there is plenty of time yet,' he said.

'I have several times noticed what a particularly handsome watch that is of yours, Fellgate,' I said.

'Ah, that watch has a story,' he replied.

'I have observed some sort of inscription on it. A presentation, I suppose?'

'Right. It was a presentation, but of a somewhat unusual sort.'

'I grow curious. Let us have the story.'

'Very good. It is a story I have had to tell more than once. You must know, then, that I began my journalistic life in the colonies as editor of that able and distinguished organ of public opinion, the *Burragundi Beacon*. I had been conducting it for some six months, to the satisfaction, I am always proud to remember, of the proprietors, when that outbreak of bush-ranging which was headed by the notorious Frank Gardiner began to keep the country in a state of continual excitement and terrorism. I need not tell you that of all the knights of the bush, Frank Gardiner was in prowess and achievement second to none. For several years, he and his gang eluded all efforts at capture on the part of the government, until the country-people began to think that Frank, like his illustrious forerunner and prototype, Dick Turpin, bore a charmed life. At last, two thousand pounds was set on his head, alive or dead.

One morning I received a short letter something like the following, addressed to the editor of the *Beacon*:

SIR—I observe a statement in the *Sydney Morning Herald* of to-day to the effect that myself and my mates last Monday night attempted an attack upon Lawson's Station, Woonara. Will you allow me the use of your widely-read columns to say that this announcement is entirely erroneous, from the simple fact, that on that night I and my party were busily engaged elsewhere.—I am, yours, &c., FRANK GARDINER.

I was so tickled with this letter—there was something so funny in its cool audacity, and the whole circumstances—that I at once inserted it in the *Beacon*.

About a fortnight later, I received a second letter, which ran pretty much like:

SIR—It must necessarily be the fate of all public men to encounter much misrepresentation, and I must just submit, I suppose, like others. At the same time, when there is a remedy at hand, a man is merely doing himself justice in availing himself of that remedy. I appeal, therefore, simply to your sense of right and fair-play in requesting you to publish my flat and emphatic denial to a paragraph which appeared in the Sydney papers of last Friday—namely, that in the recent encounter with troopers, one of my mates was wounded in the arm. Nothing of the sort took place, thanks to the clumsy shooting of our opponents. The same paragraph also states that in the last sticking-up of the Binda Flat mail we treated our prisoners with much harshness. The very reverse of this was the actual case, and this statement can only have emanated from persons wilfully and maliciously determined upon prejudicing myself and my comrades in the public mind.—I remain, yours, &c., FRANK GARDINER.

That letter also found a place in the *Beacon*. Afterwards I received in all some half-a-dozen communications from the notorious bushranger, varying in details, but all of a similar purport—their object to correct some blunder or misrepresentation on the part of the public press. All these communications found a place in the paper. I saw no harm in thus inserting them. Some of my readers did not hesitate to accuse me of aiding and abetting the bushrangers by the publication of Frank Gardiner's letters, alleging that they were merely blinds to lead the police off the real track. But I reasoned that, even if this were the case, the ruse was so simple and transparent a one, that the police were not in the least likely to fall into it. But I did not think that Gardiner had any such purpose in sending the letters. I believed that their meaning was on the surface, though it sometimes struck me that, over and above this, the bushranger was himself aware in some degree of the humour of the situation, and that his sense of this sometimes shaped the wording of his letters. Most of the towns-

people took my view of the matter, and laughed at the thing; and the circulation of the *Beacon* in nowise suffered.

I had received, I say, about half-a-dozen of Mr Gardiner's communications, covering a space of ten or twelve weeks, when an event occurred. I was sitting in my little room about eleven o'clock at night; I had just finished some correspondence-work connected with the paper, and had just lighted a cigar and settled back into my chair with a Homeric sigh of relief, when there was a knock at the door; and the next moment, without waiting for the least countersign of any sort, a figure entered. I tipped my chair back until I very nearly lost my balance at the unexpected aspect presented by my unceremonious visitor—a tall, athletic man with a shaggy, light-coloured beard, dressed in ordinary bushman's garb, pistols in his belt, and a carbine at his back, his face hidden by a mask. Such outwardly was my visitor—a sufficiently awkward and disquieting figure thus suddenly to present itself at the dead of night to a harmless country editor armed with no fire-weapon more deadly than a cigar. My first thought was how the fellow had got into the house; but this and all other thoughts were quickly dispersed by my new friend addressing me: "Good-evening, Mr Fellgate."

"Good-evening, Mr—— I beg your pardon; you have the advantage of me."

"I've a little bit of business with you—never mind my name. I would have sent up my card, but I've forgotten my card-case."

This symptom of a vein of humour—thin as it was—in my guest, reassured me a little.

"I am very much at your service, I am sure," I replied. "Anything I can do to"——

"That's it, boss. I was sure you wouldn't cut up anyway rough about the business; and we on our side 'll try to make it pleasant all round for you. Well, the business simply is that you're to come along with me, Mr Fellgate; and the sooner we're off, the better for all parties."

I did not quite expect this, and my visitor's proposal had no great charms.

"You mean that I am to accompany you, wherever you are going to, now—at once?"

"That's it. That's my order. So hurry up, Mr Editor; and just think of others besides yourself. My neck's half-way in the halter at this blessed moment."

The man spoke in the coolest and most determined manner, and I at once saw that any further attempt at resistance would be worse than useless.

"One word more, Mr Fellgate," my companion continued. "If you follow me quietly and without any row, no harm will come to you. I promise you that, on my word as between gentlemen."

This should perhaps have been completely reassuring. Nevertheless, it was with some considerable feeling of doubt and disquiet that I prepared to accompany the bushranger, for such and nothing short the man evidently was. We left the house noiselessly. The aged lady who acted for me in the capacity of housekeeper had long since retired, and our cautious footsteps did not disturb her. Outside, tethered to a rail-fence at a little distance from the house, stood two horses.

My companion then blindfolded me, and I mounted one of the two horses. This blindfolding again I did not much fancy; but caution and discretion seemed now to be my safest cue. When the bushranger had himself mounted, he caught my horse's rein, and we started. For about a quarter of an hour we pursued the high-road at a quick walk, a jogging, uneasy half-amble, that was anything but a comfortable pace, the uneasiness seeming to be increased by my being blindfolded. Then we suddenly diverged from the highway, and in a little had entered the bush, as I could easily judge from the fall of my horse's feet on the soft sand-track. I should have mentioned that the night was a very dark one, without either moon or stars.

We rode on for the best part of a couple of hours, very few words passing between us. I knew the time to be about that length afterwards; but in reality it seemed much longer to me, partly, perhaps, from the fact of my being blindfolded; partly, without doubt, from the whole conditions of my ride being in no sense what could be called lively or inspiriting.

At the end of two hours, then, my leader suddenly tightened my rein, and we drew up. He bade me descend, which I did, still with the bandage on my eyes. The next moment my friend had removed the handkerchief which he had used for blindfolding me, when a strange sight met my eyes. I was standing in the middle of a small clearing in the heart of the forest. The darkness was lit up by half-a-dozen flaming torches and the light of a small fire, round which five or six men were reclining on the short sparse grass. The man nearest the fire at once caught my attention. He was about the middle height, and of a very active and well-proportioned figure; black-bearded, with particularly bright and alert eyes, and of not an unprepossessing cast of features. A few minutes' scrutiny of the man confirmed me in my identification of him. He was no other than my correspondent of the past three months—the notorious bushranger who had been harrying the country right and left for nearly two years, levying black-mail on all whom he encountered without the slightest respect to persons or dignities—the redoubtable outlaw, Frank Gardiner. Various portraits of the man were abroad throughout the country, all sufficiently like to enable me to recognise the original, now that he was before me.

All the men, from the leader downwards, were armed to the lips, so to speak; and as the light of the fire and the wavering torches gleamed from the bright steel of the carbines and pistols to the bronzed faces of the highwaymen, tanned almost black by constant exposure to a semi-tropical sun, I could not but be reminded of the old familiar stories of Italian banditti and the old pictures one had seen of the same.

The leader of the gang was the first to speak. "Good-evening, Mr Fellgate; or rather, good-morning. You recognise me, I daresay?"

"Yes; I think I do."

"From the several flattering portraits of me that are about, eh? I wonder you do recognise me from them, that's a fact. If ever I catch that blackguard of a photographer who has so abominably burlesqued me in those pictures, I engage to make it lively for him!"

It was generally understood that personal vanity was one of Gardiner's weaknesses, and remembering this, I could not help smiling a little at the speaker's words.

"You may smile, Mr Editor; but no public man likes to have such a vile caricature of himself scattered broadcast over the country; you know that well enough, and you wouldn't care about it yourself."

"Perhaps not; but I haven't yet attained enough distinction to be very well able to judge how I should feel," I answered.

"Yes; I daresay that makes a difference.—But to come to business. You're wondering, I suppose, why you've been brought here in this somewhat unceremonious fashion?"

"I am a little puzzled."

"But not afraid, I hope. You don't look that way much."

"No; not now. I was just a little startled at first, I must confess. But I am not aware of any wrong I have ever done you, Frank Gardiner."

"That's it, my boy—that's it. On the contrary, it has been all the other way; and that's why I wanted to have a word with you personally. I wanted to make the nearer acquaintance of my editor, you know.—How do you think they read? I mean those letters. Not so bad for a young aspirant in literature, eh? I'm positively thinking of getting them reprinted in a small book, if I can get any of those Sydney publishing sharps to undertake it. *Epistles of a Bushranger.* Taking title, eh?—a fortune in the very name. Would fetch the public no end, don't you think?—But I beg your pardon for keeping you standing all the time, Mr Editor. Just bring yourself to anchor; and have a drink, will you?—Young Hall, hand the editor your flask."

A young man, considerably the youngest-looking of the party, handed me his flask, which I put to my lips, merely touching the liquor.

"You drink mighty shallow, Mr Fellgate. One finger's about your mark, I judge. Well, please yourself.—Now, look here. There's a cool two thousand set on my head; you know all about that. Well, there's a carbine by your side, as pretty a piece as you'll find this side the range. Now's your chance. Take up the gun, and you can hardly miss me, if you were to try."

Of course such a thing was totally out of the question, for more reasons than one. But even if it had been possible for me to do as the highwayman suggested, I should have been a fool to have attempted his life under the existing and peculiar circumstances.

"Just try the weapon, Mr Fellgate. Put it to your shoulder, and see how it lies as prettily in rest as a baby asleep. Let it off overhead there."

I raised the gun and attempted to fire it, when I discovered that I was quite unable to do so. I could not move the trigger a hairbreadth. It was some kind of trick-lock, the secret of which was probably known to the owner alone.

Gardiner laughed quietly. "A pretty thing, ain't it? But I don't believe you would have used the weapon against me just at present, even if you could—I'll do you that credit."

"I'm not so sure of that," said I, half jocularly.

"Shoot me down like a dingo in a trap? No, no! A fair field and a chance for his hair even to an outlaw. That would be more your motto, Mr Fellgate, I'm sure. Why, I'd grant that myself even to a trooper, unless the case was very pressing.—But now, I must really come to the point."

During all this colloquy, none of the rest of the gang had put in a word, but smoked silently on, regarding me with stolid gravity.

"I have always had a considerable admiration for the press as an institution," Gardiner resumed, "but never so much as since making your acquaintance as an editor, Mr Fellgate. You have acted towards me in the most honourable and gentlemanly manner; and while those wretched and ignorant Sydney rags the *Herald* and *Empire* have refused to insert my letters contradicting the many lying and libellous statements they have published regarding myself and my mates, you have vindicated the claims of the press to being a free and impartial organ of public expression. Now, no man who knows Frank Gardiner ever accused him of forgetting a friend or a service. I consider, Mr Fellgate, that you have done me a real service in this matter, and acted like a gentleman all round, and I would like to show you that I am not insensible of this. Though I am a bushranger, I am not a blackguard. If you will be good enough to accept this trifle, just in recognition of my admiration for you as an editor, and of my personal regard, you will do me a favour, Mr Fellgate." As he spoke, Gardiner took from his breast-pocket a small morocco case and handed it to me. I opened the case, and found inside a handsome gold watch.

Seldom, I venture to think, in the history of presentations was any one made under more singular circumstances. It seemed to reverse all precedent. Tradition was being read backwards; for instead of a highwayman taking a watch from me, I was getting one from him. To devise such a situation in fiction were, of course, easy enough; but I am relating a true incident, and as such I am inclined to think that the case was unique.

Of course, I accepted the watch. What else could I do? Sticklers for morality may refuse to indorse my conduct in so doing; but these same stern moralists would have probably acted precisely as I did under the same circumstances. I was by no means so sure of my position that I could afford to affront or offend my strange friends in any way. Under that easy sang-froid, careless banter, and studied politeness which Gardiner had shown throughout our conversation, I knew that there remained a will that brooked no contradiction, and that had never yet been thwarted. Under circumstances like these, where personal danger enters as a large factor in determining our ultimate action, the majority of us are apt to give an easy and liberal interpretation to the minor ethics.

I took the watch, uttering some commonplace words of acceptance in doing so.

"And now, Mr Fellgate, I think our interview is at an end. I am glad you like the watch, and I think you will find that it is as good as it looks. In all probability, you and I will never meet again. But if ever you hear any

of those snivelling city counter-jumpers maligning me and my brave fellows here, you at least may kindly think that we're perhaps not so black as they paint us.—Jim, take care of the editor.—Good-night."

I was once more blindfolded, and Jim and I returned as we had come. When we reached the confines of the forest, however, we dismounted, and my companion removed my bandage. The first gray glimmer of the dawn was stealing through the bush.

"You'll have to walk the rest of the way home, Mr Fellgate. I'm like the ghost in the play, you understand—must hook it with the first light. Sorry I can't take you to your door."

"Don't mention it; I know every inch of the road," I said, bent upon answering him in the same vein.

"You're a pretty cool hand, Mr Editor. Didn't think you scribbling chaps were that sort. No offence. Adieu!"

When I reached my rooms, I found my landlady already astir. She had not been much surprised to find my bedroom empty, for it had once or twice happened that I had to spend the night at the office, although that was not a frequent occurrence, the *Beacon* being only a bi-weekly issue. I lay down on the sofa in my sitting-room and took a couple of hours' sleep. When I awoke, the events of the night had for a little all the feeling of a dream; but that fancy quickly passed away. Over my morning coffee I examined my newly and so strangely acquired gift at greater leisure. I may say in conclusion that it has been my constant companion ever since that night, and I don't think there is a better time-keeper out of London. Would you like to look at it closer?'

Fellgate handed me the watch. It was a remarkably handsome hunting-watch, very finely finished, and bearing the name of a famous London maker. Inside, I read this inscription:

Presented to ALISON FELLGATE, Esquire,
by
FRANK GARDINER.

'You know all about Gardiner's ultimate fate, of course,' my companion resumed, 'though you were not in the colonies at the time—how he and nearly all his gang were at last taken, and how Frank himself got a long term. It could never be proved against him that he had actually killed any one, and so he escaped the gallows. He is serving out his time now in Darlinghurst up there, and behaving himself very decently, they say.'

Gardiner, the most notorious highwayman, on the whole, that ever ranged the Australian bush, only served a portion of his allotted term. At the end of that period, Sir Hercules Robinson, the then governor of New South Wales, exerted himself to obtain Gardiner's release from further imprisonment, believing that the prisoner's good conduct from the beginning of his incarceration deserved this. Many persons thought this course on the part of Sir Hercules somewhat hasty and injudicious; and it was not without considerable opposition and difficulty that the governor had his way, as he finally did. On his release, Gardiner betook himself to California, where it was generally understood that he became the proprietor of a drinking-bar—a somewhat inglorious finish to his career.

SOME REALITIES OF RANCHING.

FROM A MONTANA CORRESPONDENT.

MUCH has lately been written on the subject of Western Ranching—enough to make the matter perhaps wearisome to some readers; but I have not seen any writer touch on the worst side. Frequently I hear of young fellows, who, attracted by the tales they have read, are eager to go West and into ranching. For those who conduct it properly, there is money in this business; but let me tell these youngsters that there is little else in it. At first, everything is novel; but that soon wears off, and then for a thoroughly good monotonous life. I know nothing to compare with it. Life in a log cabin, with bacon and beans and canned vegetables for food, and a lot of uneducated cowboys as daily associates, is not the most fascinating thing in this world. Your men may be good, honest, trustworthy fellows; but they are rough and uncouth in speech and manners, and you soon get utterly tired of their company.

Your letters, papers, and magazines help, of course, to while away many a weary hour. Riding after cattle, branding, &c., is your chief excitement; but let me say that constant daily work at that gets monotonous in time. You have some big-game shooting, always more or less difficult of access; and you have trout-fishing—successful, when the fish choose to bite. I have generally found the best fishing when the weather was hottest and the mosquitoes thickest. Again, remember that a small band of cattle does not return ready cash in proportion to a large one. Your expenses are greater in proportion, and the results are liable to discourage you.

To a lover of scenery, the change from Britain's green hills and mossy woods to the dull yellow browns of the 'Rockies' is dispiriting. For a few weeks in June, a greenish tint pervades the hillsides, and then, alas! how quickly do the yellows and browns triumph! I do not write this to discourage earnest fellows from going into ranching; but they must not expect—as many seem to do—that life out West is one of roses, and that with a small capital to begin with, they can hunt and fish and have a constantly jolly time, and in a very few years come home with a fortune. Life in summer is endurable; but how about winter? The best ranges are in the north-western country, and the winters are simply awful. It has always been a wonder to me how cattle survive at all, much less come out in good condition in spring. How about the nice gentlemanly fellow from home and home luxuries, enduring a winter with thermometer ranging from twenty to sixty degrees *below* zero! (Two years ago, the spirit glasses stood in Southern Montana at sixty degrees below zero for over twenty hours at one time. Needless to say the mercury glasses were all frozen *solid*.) He rides forth on the range

to look at his cattle, and comes in, probably, with nose, cheekbones, hands, and feet nipped, more or less severely. Next day, he does the same, with similar results, and then vows he won't go again. He remains indoors for a few days, roasting beside a big stove, gets impatient at the deadly weariness of his life, and goes fishing through the ice—catches a few fish; results same as when riding. He then thinks he will try deer-tracking, or possibly a little amateur trapping. In either case he tramps all day through deep snow, varied by falling into a hidden spring-hole now and again, getting wet, and instantly his legs are incased in a solid mail of ice, which he must break, in order to walk. He comes home at night tired out, perhaps with game, more likely without; and vowing he has had enough of that sort of thing, falls back on cards and whisky, and so gets through the winter.

Some fellows have a hazy sort of idea that by hiring out as cowboys, they eventually will be, by hook or crook, taken in as partners by the stock-owner. This is about the greatest error they can fall into. Nine stockmen out of ten would not give a new arrival his board for his services. He cannot ride—I mean, he cannot *sit* on one of our quarter-tamed *bronchos* much over three minutes; he knows nothing whatever about the semi-wild habits of Western cattle, or how to manage them. A *good* cowboy requires special knowledge and special points in his character; and constant daily practice for years is needed to acquire the one and develop the others.

Of course, you can do as some of the Cheyenne fellows do, live practically in town, and let the ranche run itself. They have an attractive club and good society there, and lots of the men make Cheyenne their headquarters. This *may* be business, when you own, or manage, large herds, and when you depend on your foreman to do the work, while you pose gracefully in front as a cattle-king; but it is anything but business where you have only a small band, on the success of which depends your future. Sternly and ruefully, you must turn your back on the delights of town, and manfully determine to stay up-country and see it through.

REMAINS OF ANCIENT LONDON.

In constructing the last section of the Metropolitan (or 'Underground') Railway—that expensive three-quarters of a mile, which it is said will cost three millions—many curious discoveries have been made, and many interesting relics brought to light. The section commences at the present Mansion House Station, in Cannon Street, and proceeds nearly east, at a considerable depth, terminating at the present Tower Hill Station, and thus completing what is commonly called the 'Inner Circle.' In its course, the railway tunnel traverses one of the most ancient sites of the original British-Roman London; and the discoveries alluded to chiefly refer to that period. The most important of these has been a very perfectly built landing-stage or pier, not on the banks of the Thames, but on the left bank of Wall Brook, near its confluence with the Thames, the site being beneath the present Dowgate Hill, which leads direct to the river. The stage appears to have been erected with much care and skill, and is a very superior work. First, the spot is filled in with oak timber-piling, carefully bound together; on this is laid a concrete bed, which, in its turn, supports a Roman tesselated pavement.

The Wall Brook at that period was doubtless a stream of some importance, having perhaps a mouth sufficiently broad to make a sort of useful harbour, just off the Thames; hence the necessity of a landing-pier or stage being constructed here for commercial purposes. Nor is this the only one of the kind which the railway-works have brought to light, for a second has been found beneath Trinity Square Gardens, which are situated on the spot known as 'Tower Hill,' so celebrated in history as the place of public execution. This second landing-stage also appears to have stood on a bank leading to the river, forming, like the other, a small harbour for the unloading of craft or landing of passengers. This stage is built in the same way—timber-piles supporting a concrete bed, and on this again the usual Roman tile pavement. But it was observed that the oak-piling was surrounded by a number of oak-tree roots, leading to the supposition that the ground had to be cleared of its original forest before the building operations of the landing-stage were begun. This is confirmed by the fact that the spot where these discoveries were made must have been outside the eastern boundary of the original city of London; because a fortress—or work of some kind—was erected by the Romans for the protection of the city on that side, on the site of Gundulph's still existing 'Tower,' and of course *outside* the town, and surrounded probably at that period by the 'forest primeval.'

The underground track of this part of the railway has proved a storehouse for relics of both Roman and medieval times. A great deal of pottery has been found, as well as articles of glass-ware, and even cannon-balls. Two leaden coffins were brought to light of decided Roman pattern; also Roman coins. Amongst the many Roman tiles which were unearthed, one of them bears the distinct mark of a dog's foot, which can only be explained by the animal having walked over the tile whilst it was still soft after its manufacture. Two entire skeletons were also discovered, each head downwards—one in Trinity Square, and one at the bottom of a well twenty-five feet below the ground, in Aldgate. The remains of the windlass which had once been at the top were also discovered, together with some pieces of broken pottery. A second well was also found near the first; but their age has not been determined.

Below the station at Tower Hill, some timber-piles were uncovered, which have been stated to be the remains of the scaffold on which Lords Kilmarnock, Balmerino, and Lovat suffered in the last century. But this seems unlikely, as no doubt the scaffold was removed after the last execution. But even if it was not, one hundred and forty years would hardly be sufficient to bury, many feet below the surface, so large an article as a timber scaffold. A rare and curious print, giving a view of Tower Hill on the occasion of the death of Lord Lovat, shows the scaffold

about the middle of the Hill, and consequently to the south-west of the present station.

Since the above was written, we learn that 'more unexpected but important evidence' has been brought to light of the buildings of ancient London, by the destruction of the remains of old London Wall. It had already been noticed that the foundations of the Roman wall by the river were made up very much of materials which had been already used in public buildings, and near to Tower Hill it has been discovered that some fine sepulchral monuments have been made to serve the same purpose. During the further destruction of the wall, it has been found to have been partly constructed with stones belonging to older buildings to a very great extent, some of the bastions being composed of them. In the wall in Castle Street, Bevis Marks, sculptured stones on which are inscriptions are being discovered, and carefully collected by some zealous antiquaries, for deposit in the Guildhall Museum.

THE 'STRONG-ROOM' AT PETERBOROUGH.

We have already referred (see *Journal*, page 464) to the singular revelation of a regular system of medieval 'jerry-building' found to have existed in Peterborough Cathedral; and we have now to record another interesting discovery, by which the old 'strong-room' of the church has been brought to light. In excavating for the foundations of the piers of the new central tower, some ancient masonry was found deep below the surface, which was at once pronounced to be the remains of the original Saxon church, which, together with the monastery, had been destroyed by the marauding Danes. These remains indicated that the former church occupied nearly the position of the present one; and whilst these antiquarian researches were going on, speculation was rife as to a certain crypt or chamber supposed to exist close under the floor of the present church, as indicated by Gunton, who wrote the History of the cathedral not very long after its narrow escape from the hands of Cromwell's soldiers.

Accordingly, a careful search was made by Dean Perowne and the clerk of the works, to the north of the great central tower, and bordering on the south end of the north transept; when the accuracy of their calculations was proved, and their labours rewarded by the discovery, immediately under the pavement, of an underground chamber measuring six feet three inches in length, by four feet wide, and six feet high. A curved flight of steps rises from one side of the chamber, whilst a straight flight leads off at one end, and both ascend directly to the floor of the church above. The vault was found to be filled with all sorts of apparent rubbish in stone and metal. On close inspection, however, much of this proved to be parts of the choir-screen, which, from its great beauty, had been the glory of the church and the admiration of historians for centuries, but which, at the sacking of the church by Cromwell's soldiers in 1643, had been pulled to the ground with ropes, and then smashed to pieces. The rest of the contents consisted of pieces of stone, forming parts of what had once been, apparently, a reredos; bits of stained glass, which lost their colour on exposure to the air; fragments of broken swords and pikes; pieces of leathern scabbards; bits of charred wood; and a quantity of bones of animals, probably sheep, which had been used for food.

On the chamber being cleared and closely examined, competent authorities pronounced the floor to be much older work than the rest of the vault, and it is not impossible that this might have been part of the floor of the original Saxon church. It was composed of large flags, several of which had been violently disturbed, possibly by Cromwell's looters, in their search for spoil, and in the thought of finding another hidden chamber still lower down. Whether or not they found any valuables does not appear to be known; but the supposition is that they did not, or it would have been referred to by contemporary historians.

Opinions seem divided as to the use of this vault. The more general opinion appears to be that it was nothing more or less than the 'strong-room' of the monastery. In medieval times, secrecy was often more trusted in than locks and bars; for the latter, force and patience might ultimately overcome; but a hidden secret would be a secret still; and in the present instance, as there was not the smallest outward indication of the existence of such a chamber, so long as the secret was kept inviolate, the chamber and its contents were safe. All the facts in connection with this interesting discovery being taken into careful consideration, the conclusion may be safely arrived at, that this chamber or vault was indeed the 'strong-room' or 'safe,' contrived and cleverly concealed centuries ago, beneath the floor of the great cathedral, for the purpose of containing the money and treasures belonging to the community of the monastery of Peterborough, and now so unexpectedly laid open to the eager gaze of admiring antiquaries and architects of this present year of grace 1884. Perhaps discoveries of still deeper interest are in store for us from amongst the foundations of this grand medieval fane.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

BURNS AND SCALDS.

There are very few homes whose inmates have not at some time or other suffered more or less severely from the effects of a burn; there are few persons who ever forget the severity of the pain that succeeds a bad burn; and yet there are very few who make any provision for the proper treatment of such wounds. This neglect arises from indifference or from ignorance, but chiefly the latter. A burn treated in time does not take nearly so long to heal, and generally heals better than it otherwise would. The object of the present paper is to make familiar a few of the remedies which are generally applied to burns —remedies so simple in themselves that they can be applied by any person.

The best thing to apply to a burned or scalded part is Carron oil spread on lint or linen. The main object in the treatment of a burn is to keep the affected part out of contact with the air; but the part of the treatment to which our attention should be first directed is that which will lessen

or remove the pain. Ice or cold water is sometimes used; and sometimes water moderately warm, or a gentle heat, gives relief. Carron oil —so called from the famous Carron ironworks, where it is extensively used—not only lessens the immediate pain, but covers the part with a film which effectually shuts out the air and prevents the skin getting dry.

This Carron oil can be prepared in a very simple way. It consists of equal parts of olive oil and lime-water. Olive oil, or salad or Lucca oil, is the oil best suited for the purpose; but if not easily obtainable, linseed oil answers the purpose very well. Lime-water can be easily made by any one, if it cannot be procured otherwise. About a teaspoonful of the lime used by builders —if the purer kind is not obtainable—added to a pint of water and well shaken, is all that is required. It is then allowed to settle, and the water when required is drawn off without disturbing the sediment at the bottom. Pour the oil on the lime-water, stir or shake well, and the mixture is ready for use. It is poured freely between two folds of lint, or the lint dipped in the mixture; the lint applied to the wound, and held in position by a bandage. The wound may be dressed twice a day; but in dressing, the wound should be exposed to the air the shortest possible time. If the lint adheres to the wound, it must not be pulled off, but first moistened thoroughly with the oil, when it comes off easily. In some cases, it is not advisable to remove the lint. Under such circumstances, the best way to proceed is to lift up one fold of the lint, drop the oil within the folds, replace the fold as before, and secure the bandage. Carron oil is one of those things that no household should be at any time without.

Considering the simplicity of the cure, how easily olive oil and lime-water can be obtained, let us hope that for the sake of relieving even a few minutes' pain, no reader of this paper will be in the future without a bottle of Carron oil.

INTERESTING DISCOVERY AT ROME.

A beautiful statue of Bacchus has recently been discovered in a hollow place beneath the staircase in the library at Hadrian's Villa, Rome. It represents the god not as the coarse dissipated old man, but according to his later aspect, as a beautiful effeminate youth. It is singularly well preserved, the right hand only being missing. Its great beauty was at once recognised, and casts were immediately made, one of which is at Berlin, another at Strassburg, and a third in the new Cast Museum of Sculpture at Cambridge. The statue represents a youth standing with the weight of the body thrown on the right leg; the right hand is raised, and held, it is supposed, the two-handled wine-cup or *kantharos* of Bacchus. Over the right shoulder is thrown a *nebris* (fawn-skin), which falls back and front with studied symmetry. A question has arisen amongst the learned on these subjects as to whether this beautiful work of ancient art is itself an original, or a copy in marble from a bronze original. And then comes the still more important inquiry, what is its date? Professor Michaelis—a noted authority—states his opinion that 'the statue is a work of the eclectic school, the post-Alexandrian manner which selected and combined, and advisedly imitated, the style of bygone manners, which sought to revive the manner of the best Attic and Argive work;' and which the learned professor fancies he can discern by certain peculiar appearances and treatment, and a want of harmony in many minute details, which, however, could hardly occur to any ordinary spectator, who sees before him simply an exquisitely finished and beautiful work of antique art.

TELEPHONING EXTRAORDINARY.

The most remarkable piece of telephoning yet attempted has been just accomplished by the engineers of the 'International Bell Telephone Company,' who successfully carried out an experiment by which they were enabled to hold a conversation between St Petersburg and Bologæ, a distance of two thousand four hundred and sixty-five miles. Blake transmitting, and Bell receiving, instruments were used, and conversation was kept up notwithstanding a rather high induction. The experiments were carried on during the night, when the telegraph lines were not at work. The Russian engineers of this Company are so confident of further success that they hope shortly to be able to converse with ease at a distance of four thousand six hundred and sixty-five miles; but to accomplish this astonishing feat they must combine all the conditions favourable for the transmission of telephonic sounds. If it is found possible to hold audible conversation at such extraordinary distances, it is possible that this fact will be speedily improved upon, and we shall be enabled to converse freely between London and New York, and by-and-by between London and the antipodes.

A MODERN MADRIGAL.

Come, for the buds are burst in the warren,
And the lamb's first bleat is heard in the mead;
Come, be Phyllis, and I 'll be Coryn,
Though flocks we have none to fold or feed.

Come for a ramble down the dingle,
For Spring has taken the Earth to bride;
Leave the cricket to chirp by the ingle,
And forth with me to the rivulet-side.

Lo! how the land has put from off her
Her virgin raiment of winter white,
And laughs in the eyes of the Spring, her lover,
Who flings her a garland of flowers and light.

Hark how the lark in his first ascension
Fills heaven with love-songs, hovering on high;
Trust to us for the Spring's intention,
Trust to the morn for a stormless sky.

I know the meadow for daffodowndillies,
And the haunt of the crocus purple and gold;
I 'll be Coryn, and you 'll be Phyllis,
Springs to-day are as sweet as of old.

F. Wyville Home.

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UNDER THE ACORNS.

BY RICHARD JEFFERIES.

AUTHOR OF THE 'GAMEKEEPER AT HOME,' ETC.

Coming along a woodland lane, a small round and glittering object in the brushwood caught my attention. The ground was but just hidden in that part of the wood with a thin growth of brambles, low, and more like creepers than anything else. These scarcely hid the surface, which was brown with the remnants of oak-leaves; there seemed so little cover, indeed, that a mouse might have been seen. But at that spot some great spurge-plants hung this way and that, leaning aside, as if the stems were too weak to uphold the heads of dark-green leaves. Thin grasses, perfectly white, bleached by sun and dew, stood in a bunch by the spurge; their seeds had fallen, the last dregs of sap had dried within them, there was nothing left but the bare stalks. A creeper of bramble fenced round one side of the spurge and white grass bunch, and brown leaves were visible on the surface of the ground through the interstices of the spray. It was in the midst of this little thicket that a small, dark, and glittering object caught my attention. I knew it was the eye of some creature at once, but, supposing it nothing more than a young rabbit, was passing on, thinking of other matters, when it occurred to me, before I could finish the step I had taken, so quick is thought, that the eye was not large enough to be that of a rabbit. I stopped; the black glittering eye had gone—the creature had lowered its neck, but immediately noticing that I was looking in that direction, it cautiously raised itself a little, and I saw at once that the eye was the eye of a bird. This I knew first by its size, and next by its position in relation to the head, which was invisible—for had it been a rabbit or hare, its ears would have projected. The moment after, the eye itself confirmed this—the nictitating membrane was rapidly drawn over it, and as rapidly removed. This membrane is the distinguishing mark of a bird's eye. But what bird? Although I was within two yards, I could not even see its head, nothing but the black glittering eyeball, on which the light of the sun glinted. The sunbeams came over my shoulder straight into the bird's face.

Without moving—which I did not wish to do, as it would disturb the bird—I could not see its plumage; the bramble spray in front, the spurge behind, and the bleached grasses at the side, perfectly concealed it. Only two birds I considered would be likely to squat and remain quiescent like this—partridge or pheasant; but I could not contrive to view the least portion of the neck. A moment afterwards the eye came up again, and the bird slightly moved its head, when I saw its beak, and knew it was a pheasant immediately. I then stepped forward—almost on the bird—and a young pheasant rose, and flew between the tree-trunks to a deep dry watercourse, where it disappeared under some withering, yellow ferns.

Of course I could easily have solved the problem long before, merely by startling the bird; but what would have been the pleasure of that? Any plough-lad could have forced the bird to rise, and would have recognised it as a pheasant; to me, the pleasure consisted in discovering it under every difficulty. That was woodcraft; to kick the bird up would have been simply nothing at all. Now I found why I could not see the pheasant's neck or body; it was not really concealed, but shaded out by the mingled hues of the white grasses, the brown leaves of the surface, and the general gray-brown tints. Now it was gone, there was a vacant space—its plumage had filled up that vacant space with hues so similar, that at no farther distance than two yards, I did not recognise it by colour. Had the bird fully carried out its instinct of concealment, and kept its head down as well as its body, I should have passed it. Nor should I have seen its head if it had looked the other way; the eye betrayed its presence. The dark glittering eye, which the sunlight touched, caught my attention instantly. There is nothing like an eye in inanimate nature; no flower, no speck on a bough,

no gleaming stone wet with dew, nothing, indeed, to which it can be compared. The eye betrayed it; I could not overlook an eye. Neither nature nor inherited experience had taught the pheasant to hide its eye; the bird not only wished to conceal itself, but to watch my motions, and looking up from its cover, was immediately observed.

At a turn of the lane there was a great heap of oak 'chumps,' crooked logs, sawn in lengths, and piled together. They were so crooked, it was difficult to find a seat, till I hit on one larger than the rest. The pile of 'chunks' rose half-way up the stem of an oak-tree, and formed a wall of wood at my back; the oak-boughs reached over and made a pleasant shade. The sun was warm enough to render resting in the open air delicious, the wind cool enough to prevent the heat becoming too great; the pile of timber kept off the draught, so that I could stay and listen to the gentle 'hush, rush' of the breeze in the oak above me; 'hush' as it came slowly, 'rush' as it came fast, and a low undertone as it nearly ceased. So thick were the haws on a bush of thorn opposite, that they tinted the hedge, a red colour among the yellowing hawthorn leaves. To this red hue the blackberries that were not ripe, the thick dry red sorrel stalks, a bright canker on a brier, almost as bright as a rose, added their colours. Already the foliage of the bushes had been thinned, and it was possible to see through the upper parts of the boughs. The sunlight, therefore, not only touched their outer surfaces, but passed through and lit up the branches within, and the wild-fruit upon them. Though the sky was clear and blue between the clouds, that is, without mist or haze, the sunbeams were coloured the faintest yellow, as they always are on a ripe autumn day. This yellow shone back from grass and leaves, from bough and tree-trunk, and seemed to stain the ground. It is very pleasant to the eyes, a soft, delicate light, that gives another beauty to the atmosphere. Some roan cows were wandering down the lane, feeding on the herbage at the side; their colour, too, was lit up by the peculiar light, which gave a singular softness to the large shadows of the trees upon the sward. In a meadow by the wood the oaks cast broad shadows on the short velvety sward, not so sharp and definite as those of summer, but tender, and as it were drawn with a loving hand. They were large shadows, though it was mid-day—a sign that the sun was no longer at his greatest height, but declining; in July, they would scarcely have extended beyond the rim of the boughs; the rays would have dropped perpendicularly, now they slanted. Pleasant as it was, there was regret in the thought that the summer was going fast. Another sign—the grass by the gateway, an acre of it, was brightly yellow with hawkweeds, and under these were the last faded brown heads of meadow clover; the brown, the bright yellow disks, the green grass, the tinted sunlight falling upon it, caused a wavering colour that fleeted before the glance.

All things brown, and yellow, and red, are brought out by the autumn sun; the brown furrows freshly turned where the stubble was yesterday, the brown bark of trees, the brown fallen leaves, the brown stalks of plants; the red haws, the red unripe blackberries, red bryony berries, reddish-yellow fungus; yellow hawkweed, yellow ragwort, yellow hazel leaves, elms, spots in lime or beech; not a speck of yellow, red, or brown, the yellow sunlight does not find out. And these make autumn, with the caw of rooks, the peculiar autumn caw of laziness and full feeding, the sky blue as March between the great masses of dry cloud floating over, the mist in the distant valleys, the tinkle of traces as the plough turns, and the silence of the woodland birds. The lark calls as he rises from the earth, the swallows still wheeling call as they go over, but the woodland birds are mostly still, and the restless sparrows gone forth in a cloud to the stubble. Dry clouds, because they evidently contain no moisture that will fall as rain here; thick mists, condensed haze only, floating on before the wind. The oaks were not yet yellow, their leaves were half green, half brown; Time had begun to invade them, but had not yet indented his full mark.

Of the year there are two most pleasurable seasons: the spring, when the oak-leaves come russet brown on the great oaks; the autumn, when the oak-leaves begin to turn. At the one, I enjoy the summer that is coming; at the other, the summer that is going. At either, there is a freshness in the atmosphere, a colour everywhere, a depth of blue in the sky, a welcome in the woods. The redwings had not yet come; the acorns were full, but still green; the greedy rooks longed to see them riper. They were very numerous, the oaks covered with them, a crop for the greedy rooks, the greedier pigeons, the pheasants, and the jays.

One thing I missed—the corn. So quickly was the harvest gathered, that those who delight in the colour of the wheat had no time to enjoy it. If any painter had been looking forward to August to enable him to paint the corn, he must have been disappointed. There was no time; the sun came, saw, and conquered, and the sheaves were swept from the field. Before yet the reapers had entered one field of ripe wheat, I did indeed for a brief evening obtain a glimpse of the richness and still beauty of an English harvest. The sun was down, and in the west, a pearly gray light spread widely, with a little scarlet drawn along its lower border. Heavy shadows hung in the foliage of the elms; the clover had closed, and the quiet moths had taken the place of the humming bees. Southwards, the full moon, a red-yellow disk, shone over the wheat, which appeared the finest pale amber. A quiver of colour—an undulation—seemed to stay in the air, left from the heated day; the sunset hues and those of the red-tinted moon fell as it were into the remnant of day, and filled the wheat; they were poured into it, so that it grew in their colours. Still heavier the shadows deepened in the elms; all was silence, save for the sound of the reapers on the other side of the hedge, 'slash—rustle,' 'slash—rustle,' and the drowsy night came down as softly as an eyelid.

While I sat on the log under the oak, every now and then wasps came to the crooked pieces of sawn timber, which had been barked. They did not appear to be biting it—they can easily snip off fragments of the hardest oak—they merely alighted and examined it, and went on again.

Looking at them, I did not notice the lane till something moved, and two young pheasants ran by along the middle of the track and into the cover at the side. The grass at the edge which they pushed through closed behind them, and feeble as it was—grass only—it shut off the interior of the cover as firmly as iron bars. The pheasant is a strong lock upon the woods; like one of Chubb's patent locks, he closes the woods as firmly as an iron safe can be shut. Wherever the pheasant is artificially reared, and a great 'head' kept up for battue-shooting, there the woods are sealed. No matter if the wanderer approach with the most harmless of intentions, it is exactly the same as if he were a species of burglar. The botanist, the painter, the student of nature, all are met with the high-barred gate and the threat of law. Of course, the pheasant-lock can be opened by the silver key; still, there is the fact, that since pheasants have been bred on so large a scale, half the beautiful woodlands of England have been fastened up. Where there is no artificial rearing there is much more freedom; those who love the forest can roam at their pleasure, for it is not the fear of damage that locks the gate, but the pheasant. In every sense, the so-called sport of battue-shooting is injurious—injurious to the sportsman, to the poorer class, to the community. Every true sportsman should discourage it, and indeed does. I was talking with a thorough sportsman recently, who told me, to my delight, that he never reared birds by hand; yet he had a fair supply, and could always give a good day's sport, judged as any reasonable man would judge sport. Nothing must enter the domains of the hand-reared pheasant; even the nightingale is not safe. A naturalist has recorded that in a district he visited, the nightingales were always shot by the keepers and their eggs smashed, because the singing of these birds at night disturbed the repose of the pheasants! They also always stepped on the eggs of the fern-owl, which are laid on the ground, and shot the bird if they saw it, for the same reason, as it makes a jarring sound at dusk. The fern-owl or goatsucker is one of the most harmless of birds—a sort of evening swallow—living on moths, chafers, and similar night-flying insects. Thus the man in velveteens plays 'fantastic tricks' before high heaven!

Continuing my walk, still under the oaks and green acorns, I wondered why I did not meet any one. There was a man cutting fern in the wood—a labourer—and another cutting up thistles in a field; but with the exception of men actually employed and paid, I did not meet a single person, though the lane I was following is close to several well-to-do places. I call that a well-to-do place where there are hundreds of large villas inhabited by wealthy people. It is true that the great majority of persons have to attend to business, even if they enjoy a good income; still, making every allowance for such a necessity, it is singular how few, how very few, seem to appreciate the quiet beauty of this lovely country. Somehow, they do not seem to see it—to look over it; there is no excitement in it, for one thing. They can see a great deal in Paris, but nothing in an English meadow. I have often wondered at the rarity of meeting any one in the fields, and yet—curious anomaly—if you point out anything, or describe it, the interest exhibited is marked. Every one takes an interest, but no one goes to see for himself. For instance, since the natural history collection was removed from the British Museum to a separate building at South Kensington, it is stated that the visitors to the Museum have fallen from an average of twenty-five hundred a day to one thousand; the inference is, that out of every twenty-five, fifteen came to see the natural history cases. Indeed, it is difficult to find a person who does not take an interest in some department of natural history, and yet I scarcely ever meet any one in the fields. You may meet many in the autumn far away in places famous for scenery, but almost none in the meadows at home. On the other hand, if the labouring classes have a holiday, they immediately go out into the country.

I stayed by a large pond to look at the shadows of the trees on the green surface of duckweed. The soft green of the smooth weed received the shadows as if specially prepared to show them to advantage. The more the tree was divided—the more interlaced its branches and less laden with foliage, the more it 'came out' on the green surface; each slender twig was reproduced, and sometimes even the leaves. From an oak, brown, and from a lime, orange leaves had fallen, and remained on the green weed; the flags by the shore were turning brown; a tint of yellow was creeping up the rushes, and the great trunk of a fir shone reddish brown in the sunlight. There was colour even about the still pool, where the weeds grew so thickly that the moorhens could scarcely swim through them. In a recent paper in *Chambers's Journal* (No. 25) I mentioned some of the points of interest that might be found about roofs. Since then, a correspondent has told me that in Wales he found a cottage perfectly roofed with fern—it grew so thickly as to conceal the roof. Had a painter put this in a picture, many would have exclaimed: 'How fanciful! He must have made it up; it could never have grown like that!' Not long after receiving my correspondent's kind letter, I chanced to find a roof near London upon which the same fern was growing in lines along the tiles. It grew plentifully, but was not in so flourishing a condition as that found in Wales. Painters are sometimes accused of calling upon their imagination when they are really depicting fact, for the ways of nature vary very much in different localities, and that which may seem impossible in one place is common enough in another.

BY MEAD AND STREAM.

CHAPTER LII.—HOW IT WAS DONE.

Coutts was for an instant dumb with surprise and chagrin. That smart stroke of business on which he had been priding himself was completely spoiled, and all possibility of ingratiating himself with Mr Shield was at an end.

When the bill was produced by Coutts, Wrentham had become white, and his lips, dry and feverish, closed tightly. When the signatures were calmly acknowledged by Philip and Shield, he gazed at them with a bewildered expression,

then grasped the back of a chair and pretended to be looking through the window at something opposite. Sergeant Dier gave a slight jerk of his body as if lifting his heel from the floor. He darted a suspicious glance at his employer and at Wrentham. Then he turned to Tuppit and gazed at him with a bland admiring smile. Shield, Beecham, Philip, and Tuppit were unmoved.

Coutts took the bill from Tuppit, and after deliberate examination replaced it in his pocket-book.

'I am delighted to find that it is all right, and that it will be duly honoured,' he said; but cool as he was, the acrimony of his tone contradicted the words. 'The fact that it is so takes me out of a very awkward corner. I must say, however, Mr Shield, that you would have saved yourself and me a great deal of unnecessary trouble and waste of time if you had told me when I first came that the thing was correct.'

'Have a lot of things on my mind. Forget sometimes,' Shield jerked out carelessly.

'Ah, it's a misfortune to have a bad memory in business. I trust you will not forget to do justice to the motives which brought me to you.'

'Oh, I'll do your motives full justice,' answered Shield with a grunt which would have developed into a coarse guffaw but for a strong effort of self-restraint.

Coutts felt this indignity, although he did not feel the contemptible position in which he was placed, because he still believed that he had perfectly concealed the ulterior objects he had in bringing the supposed forgery directly under Shield's notice.

'That is all I ask, and I may say good-morning. I hope our next meeting will be on more agreeable business.—Good-day, Phil. I thought you had got yourself into a particularly nasty mess, and was doing my best to save you from the consequences.'

'Thank you,' said Philip, but there was none of his usual cordiality in voice or look.

'Well, there has been a mistake—somewhere. I suppose it must be put down to me. However, we can afford to let it drop now.'

'Best thing you can do,' growled Shield.

Coutts paid no attention to the remark.

'You'll find bad news when you get to your chambers, Phil. There was a bonfire at Ringsford last night, and the guv'nor has got hurt.'

Philip was prevented from questioning him by Mr Shield.

'A word in your wise ear before you go, Mr Coutts Hadleigh. I promised that your motives in coming to me should have justice done them. They shall. I know what they were. You have been useful to us, and that will be taken into account.'

'It is a satisfaction to have served you in any way,' rejoined Coutts, unabashed, although he understood the meaning of that parting address, and knew that somehow he had overreached himself, which was even more disagreeable than being overreached by others.

He left the room with as much composure as if he had satisfactorily completed an ordinary piece of business.

Sergeant Dier gave a cheery 'Good-day, gentlemen—come along, Mr Tuppit,' as he went out. Tuppit had continued to edge his way round the table to where Wrentham stood, and slipped a scrap of paper into his hand. He bowed as if taking leave of an audience, and followed the detective.

A hansom was already at the door, and Coutts was about to get into it; before doing so he spoke with injudicious abruptness to his agent.

'Arrange with your friend about his expenses, and call at the office to-morrow at eleven.'

'Then I am to consider the job finished?'

'Yes, of course.'

'Glad of it,' said Dier, smiling to himself as the cab wheeled away. 'Come along, Bob, there's something I want you to show me, and we must have a refreshment.'

As they were about to move away, a servant informed Dier that he was wanted by a gentleman inside, and he was taken back to Mr Beecham. From him he received instructions which appeared to give him much satisfaction.

'Come along, Bob,' he said on rejoining that personage; 'I am put on to a decent sort of thing this time. Off with one thing, on with another—that's the way to do it, my boy.'

He lit a cigar, and linking his arm in that of his companion, he led the way to a small tavern situated in a by-street in convenient proximity to the mews. Although the bar was crowded with coachmen and ostlers, the tap-room was at this time of day little frequented, and at present was unoccupied.

'Ah, this is cosy,' said Dier, seating himself with his back to the window. 'Now we can have a rest and a chat. Won't you smoke?'

He gave Tuppit a cigar, ordered sherry for himself, and beer 'in the pewter' for his companion. The little conjurer drank as if he had been parched with thirst. Then he smoked and presently began to feel comfortable. Dier, meanwhile, entertained him with various amusing professional experiences; ordered more beer, and Bob felt more comfortable. When the sergeant saw him at ease, he approached the subject in which he was interested.

'I was forgetting that trick I wanted you to explain to me, Tuppit. When I saw it done, it fairly puzzled me, and you know I am up to a few tricks of your trade.'

'You'd have been a first-rate hand if you had only taken to it. But what was it puzzled you?'

'Well, the fellow who was doing it was handed a card, as it might be. He looked at it—gave it back to us, and it wasn't the same.'

'One of the easiest tricks in the whole art,' said Bob with professional contempt for the amateur. 'I thought you would have known how *that* is done.'

'Explain, Bob, explain. We haven't got cards, but here is a bit of note-paper, and we'll cut it in two, so that the parts will be exactly alike.

So. Now this is the one I am to hand to you; this is the one you are to give me back in its place' (unperceived by Tuppit, Dier deftly pricked the second piece with a pin which he held concealed between his forefinger and thumb). 'There, go ahead; I'll shut my eyes until you are ready.'

The conjurer took the marked paper and almost immediately gave the word 'ready.' Dier gave him the second paper, and Tuppit, laughing, talked about the absurd simplicity of the trick, his astonishment that his friend should not know it, refused to believe in his ignorance, and gave him back the paper. The detective held it up between him and the light: the pin-pricks were there—the papers had been changed. He whistled softly, smiled, and emitted two clouds of smoke.

'I believe I understand it now,' he said, nodding familiarly; 'that's how you changed the bills up there.'

Tuppit was silent.

'Well, I won't ask any questions,' the detective went on; 'it is a family affair and to be settled on the quiet, and if the thing is genuine, it is no business of mine how it comes to be so. But that fellow who sent for me first meant mischief, although he fancied he humbugged me with his gammon about not going the entire length.'

'He did mean mischief,' said Tuppit, huskily.

'He can't manage it though. Now, what *you* have got to do is to let Mr Wrentham understand that if he doesn't make a clean breast of it by to-morrow, I'm down on him, and you won't have another chance of saving him.'

This information was given with good humour, but Tuppit was aware of the pleasant way Sergeant Dier had of conducting his business, and, having unconsciously betrayed himself, understood that further disguise was useless. So, looking uneasily at his pewter pot, he said:

'I suppose you mean that if he gives up everything, he won't be brought to trial.'

'It is not for me to say that. You have had dealings with the people, and ought to know what they are likely to do. Of course, if there is no charge, there will be no trial.'

There was considerable significance in the smile and nod which accompanied the words, and it was clear to Tuppit that Sergeant Dier was now in the confidence of Mr Shield and Mr Beecham.

'I have written on a bit of paper that I want him to meet me as soon as he can. He knows the place, and if he refuses to make things square after all the mercy that has been shown him, I will have nothing more to do with him.'

'That's right, Bob; and you may give him a hint that if he tries to bolt, or to play any pranks with us, he'll be in limbo in less than no time, and if *I* am not mistaken, it will mean fifteen years at least.'

Bob Tuppit hung his head dejectedly, muttering to himself: 'What will become of the poor kid and the helpless little woman who thinks him such a pink of perfection.'

The detective slapped him encouragingly on the shoulder.

'Cheer up, Bob; you're the right sort, and I'll help you if I can. Off with you to your meeting-place. Wrentham is no fool and will see that the game is up. . . . But, I say'—detaining him—'you will tell me some day how you managed to get the right bit of paper?'

'Yes, yes, some day—when no harm can come of it.'

The anxious and affectionate brother of the swindler got on to the top of an omnibus and smoked moodily, his reflections being to this effect: 'I suppose it's in our natures. I took to juggling in an honest way, and he took to juggling the other way. Ah, education was the ruin of him—Dad said it would be as soon as he saw what a beautiful hand Martin wrote. Lucky he's in his grave; this business would have cut him up awful.'

At Camberwell Green Tuppit left the omnibus and trudged moodily up to the *Masons' Arms*, a comfortable-looking old-fashioned inn, which had once been a favourite halting-place of travellers between London and the village of Dulwich, the town of Croydon, and other places in Surrey. It had also been a summer resort of Cockneys in the days when there were meadows and dairy-farms in the neighbourhood of the Green. Although the fields were now covered with houses forming long yellow rows with gaudy gin palaces lifting their heads on the most prominent sites, the *Masons' Arms* retained most of its ancient characteristics and the survivors of its ancient customers.

The stout white post with its faded swinging signboard, stood boldly out at the kerb, having at its base a long horse-trough, with a constant supply of water. The lower part of the building was cased in wood which had been painted oak colour and varnished, but the gloss had been long since rubbed off. The lower windows with their small panes of glass stretched from wall to wall, but from top to bottom they measured little more than three feet. Above was a broad balcony set in a rustic framework and railing. A huge earthen flower-pot stood at each end, while tables and benches were conveniently placed round about.

Tuppit did not enter the house; he walked up and down, disconsolately watching every approaching vehicle in expectation of seeing his brother alight from it. He had to wait long; but he was a patient little man, and the business he had in hand was too grave for him to think of quitting his post so long as there was a shred of hope that Wrentham would be wise for once and keep the appointment.

It was somewhat late in the afternoon when he came walking leisurely up from the Green as if he had no reason for haste. Tuppit led the way into the inn, nodded to the burly landlord as he passed the bar, ascended a narrow staircase and entered the room behind the balcony.

Wrentham at first affected an air of indifference, but the affectation was instantly laid aside when his brother sharply repeated the detective's warning and told him that the forged bill was in the hands of those who would make prompt use of it if he did not repay their generosity by a frank revelation of the schemes by which he had ruined Philip Hadleigh.

They were interrupted by the entrance of a little old man who was mumbling complainingly that he must and would have his beer and his pipe before he went home. This was spoken to a modestly dressed young woman who was gently

remonstrating with him. The old man shuffled across the floor to a seat. Tuppit opened the door of the balcony quickly and went out with his brother. In the dusk they could not be observed from the street. Wrentham had not quite closed the door when he followed his brother. There was more hurried conversation and argument on Tuppit's part.

'What is it they want me to do?' asked Wrentham sullenly.

'This is it,' answered Tuppit eagerly. 'The real bill was given to me for your child's and wife's sake on the appeal of Mr Philip—Coutts Hadleigh would have sent you to penal servitude. The first thing you have to do is to let Mr Philip know that your insinuations about Miss Heathcote were made for the purpose of distracting his mind from the business, so that you might be free to play your own game.'

'Well?'

'The next thing is, that as you have been dealing with firms whose clerks have given you invoices for double the amounts you paid them, you have to refund the money.'

Wrentham with elbows on his knees rested his brow on his hands.

'I didn't say anything about Madge Heathcote that wasn't true.'

'But you hinted a great deal that wasn't true, and you must own up to your purpose for doing it, or as I live, I shall bear witness against you myself.'

The young woman and the old man quitted the *Masons' Arms*. That same evening Pansy Culver arrived unexpectedly at Willowmere.

FALSE DAUPHINS.

WHETHER the boy who died in the arms of M. Lasne, and whose body was wrapped in a sheet, put into a deal coffin, and buried in the cemetery of St-Marguerite, was a poor waif of Paris, or the lad who cleaned the shoes of his jailer's wife and should have been Louis XVII. of France, is, judicial judgments notwithstanding, a question never likely to be satisfactorily settled. Those who have taken the most pains to elucidate the mystery agree to differ in their conclusions; M. de Beauchesne being certain that the Dauphin* was done to death in the Temple; M. Louis Blanc as strongly inclining to the opinion that he was rescued from durance. The wish being father to the thought, many royalists believed that the Prince had escaped his enemies, and would some day claim his own; and pretenders, as a natural consequence, have never been wanting.

The first of the sham Dauphins appeared in the days of the Consulate, in the person of Jean Marie Hervagault, a tailor by trade, who contrived to make some at least among the adherents of the ancient monarchy believe in himself and his pretensions. Notable for her enthusiastic espousal of his cause was Madame de Recambour. She lodged the impostor right royally at her mansion at Vitry-la-Française, and gloried in seeing her husband do a lackey's duties for her protégé. Balls, concerts, and fêtes followed hard upon each other in honour of 'Mon Prince,' until Fouché intervened, and the ambitious tailor was condemned to four years' imprisonment; finding his way, eventually, not to the throne of his supposititious sire, but to the Hospital for Incurables at Bicêtre, to die there in 1812.

In 1817, the *Gentleman's Magazine* informed its readers that on the 17th of September, a young man who called himself Louis XVII. had been apprehended at Rouen. Some twenty years before, he had presented himself to a lady of La Vendée as the orphan child of a noble family of the name of Desin. She took him in; but five months later, sent him about his business for some flagrant misconduct; and never saw him again until confronted with him at Rouen. This was Mathurin Brunneau, the son of a shoemaker of Vezins, Maine-et-Loire; who, having learned all that Madame Simon knew of the lost Louis, went about the country proclaiming himself the only lawful king of France, until his profitable peregrinations were stopped by his arrest and that of four or five of his deluded friends. In the following February, Brunneau was arraigned at Rouen, and behaved in a most unprincely fashion; challenging the president of the court to fight, and calling that dignitary a beast; his many insolent exclamations and observations being 'couched in ungrammatical language and most vulgar terms.' He was pronounced guilty of vagabondage; of publicly assuming royal titles; of fraudulently obtaining deeds, clothes, and considerable sums of money from divers persons; and finally, of insulting the members of a public tribunal in the exercise of their functions. For these offences, Brunneau was sentenced to pay a fine of three thousand francs and three-fourths of the costs of the inquiry, and condemned besides to suffer seven years' imprisonment—two of the seven being given him expressly for outraging the court—his person to be at the disposal of the government when the sentence had expired. 'I am none the less what I am,' was the only comment of the cobbler-prince. Of his accomplices, one only was punished, by being mulcted in a fourth of the costs of the trial and sent to durance for a couple of months. Brunneau served his term, and was then set at liberty, only to die soon afterwards.

While Brunneau's trial was yet in progress, a well-dressed man, of tall stature and goodly mien, walked into the Tuileries, followed the servants who were carrying in the king's dinner, and reached the dining-hall before his uninvited presence was discovered. He said he was Charles de Navarre, and insisted upon seeing the king. His desire was not gratified. He was handed over to the police, recognised as the mad nephew of an exchange broker, and relegated to Charenton for the remainder of his days.

Fifteen years later, one Richemont, a baron of

*The eldest son of a French king was termed the Dauphin.

his own creation, was found guilty of having, by a resolution concerted and decided between two or more persons unknown, formed a plan for destroying the government and fomenting civil war. For this he was sentenced to a term of imprisonment; but his real offence lay in putting himself forward as a claimant of the throne, as the legitimate representative of the elder branch of the Bourbon family. Richemont managed to get out of prison and out of France too. He soon, however, returned to his native land, and lived there unmolested long enough to see the second Empire established. In 1853, he died at the house of the Countess d'Apchier, wife of a whilom page at the court of Louis XVI. All the papers he left behind him were seized by the authorities and sealed up. Determined his claims should not be abrogated by death, the pseudo-Dauphin's friends inscribed on his tombstone: 'Here lies LOUIS CHARLES DE FRANCE, born at Versailles, March 27, 1785. Died at Gleizé, August 10, 1853'—an inscription erased five years afterwards, by order of M. de Persigny, only to be replaced by the equally assertive one:

1785.
No one will say over my tomb:
'Poor LOUIS,
How sad was thy fate!
Pray for him!'

A gentleman bearing the name of Eleazar Williams died at Hogansburg, in the United States, in August 1858, after spending the best portion of his life in converting the Indians to Wesleyanism; the fact that he was the long-lost son of Louis XVI. being apparently unknown to any but his most intimate friends, until one of them published a book to enlighten the world on the matter. From this we learn as follows: That in the year 1795, a French family of the name of De Jourdin came to live in Albany, in the state of New York; Madame giving out that she had been a lady-in-waiting to Marie-Antoinette, a statement not belied by her appearance; while Monsieur looked and acted more like a servant than the husband of Madame, and the father of Mademoiselle Louise and Monsieur Louis, as the children of the establishment were designated. That, some little while afterwards, two Frenchmen appeared at Ticonderoga with a sickly and seemingly idiotic boy, who with his belongings—two large boxes, one of which contained a gold, a silver, and a copper coronation medal of Louis XVI.—was confided to the charge of an Indian chief known as Thomas Williams, to be brought up as one of the family. That, tumbling from a high rock into St George's Lake, made Eleazar—as he had been named—as sensible as his red-skinned brothers by adoption. That, one day a French gentleman called him *pauvre garçon*, and gave him a gold-piece. That, going to Long Meadow with one of Thomas Williams's sons, to be educated by a Congregational minister, somebody told him he must be of a higher grade of birth than the son of an Iroquois chief. That, after he became a missionary, one Colonel de Ferriere, before leaving Oneida, with several Indians, to visit Paris, obtained Eleazar's signature, thrice over, to a legal document; and that the said colonel returned to America a rich man, and was known to be in correspondence with the royal family of France. Each and every one of the foregoing statements may be true, and yet Eleazar Williams no true prince.

Much more to the point was Eleazar's extraordinary story of making the acquaintance of the Prince de Joinville on board a steamer, and afterwards, at his request, calling upon him at his hotel; when the Prince laid a document in French and English on the table, which the missionary found to be a deed whereby Charles Louis, son of Louis XVI., solemnly abdicated the throne of France in favour of Louis-Philippe. If he would sign this, the Prince promised to stand godfather to his daughter, take his son to Paris to be educated, provide him with a princely establishment in France or America, at his choice, and transfer to him all the private property belonging to the supposed defunct Dauphin. Mr Williams was not to be tempted, and his tempter returned to France unsatisfied. Unfortunately, the Prince de Joinville emphatically declared the story to be a pure invention; and it remains as unsupported as Williams's other statement, that a gentleman in Baton Rouge wrote to him in 1848 to inform him that an aged Frenchman had upon his deathbed declared that he had assisted in the escape of the Dauphin from the Temple, and carried him off to North America, where he had been adopted by the Indians, concluding with avowing that Eleazar Williams was the man.

While that worthy was labouring at his vocation in the backwoods, a Prussian Pole, named Charles William Naundorff, weary of clockmaking, was getting into trouble by calling himself Louis XVII., for which piece of presumption a Prussian tribunal sent him to prison for three years. This was in 1822. At the expiration of a year, Naundorff was set at liberty, conditionally upon taking up his residence in the town of Crossen. In 1833, however, he appeared in Paris, and applied to the Civil Tribunal of the Seine to be recognised as Louis XVII.; an application resulting in his speedy expulsion from France, and subsequent retirement to Holland, in which country he died, on the 10th of August 1845. The official certificate of his death described him as, 'Charles Louis Bourbon, Duke of Normandy (Louis XVII.), known under the name of Charles William Naundorff, born at the château of Versailles, in France, March 27, 1785, and consequently more than sixty years old; son of his late Majesty Louis XVI., king of France, and of her Imperial and Royal Highness Marie-Antoinette, Archduchess of Austria, queen of France, who both died at Paris; husband of Jane Einert of this town.' Those responsible for his burial inscribed on his tomb: 'CHARLES LOUIS, Duke of Normandy, son of Louis XVI. and Marie-Antoinette of Austria.'

Naundorff left behind him a son, Albert, born in England, and four other children; on whose behalf, his widow, Jane Einert, in 1851, brought an action before the Tribunal of the Seine; but despite the advocacy of Jules Favre, failed in prevailing upon that court to recognise their claims.

In 1863 Albert, the English-born Naundorff, was naturalised as a Dutchman by a vote of the Dutch Chamber; and in 1874 he appealed against the

adverse decision of the Tribunal of the Seine, in a suit against the Count de Chambord, demanding that he, Captain Albert de Bourbon, of the Dutch army, should be declared the rightful representative of the royal Bourbon family. M. Favre again upheld his pretensions. He contended that the son of Louis XVI. had not died in the Temple. Inspired and paid by the Count de Montmorin and Josephine de Beauharnais, certain devoted royalists had drugged the Dauphin, placed him in a basket, and carried him into an upper room, leaving a lay-figure in his bed. Discovering that their prisoner had been spirited away, the government substituted a deaf-and-dumb child in his place, and employed a doctor to poison him; but the apothecary administering an antidote, and so frustrating the plan, a sickly lad was obtained from a hospital, and soon dying, was duly coffined. 'The coffin was taken up-stairs, where the Dauphin had passed eight or ten months; the dead body was taken out and placed in a basket, and the living Louis XVII. put in the coffin. On the way to the cemetery, the Dauphin was slipped out of the coffin, and some bundles of paper slipped in.' The hero of this series of substitutions was then confided to the care of some trusty friends, and all the European courts notified of his escape; of which Barras, Hoche, Pichegru, and several other public men were also advised.

By way of supporting this extraordinary story, M. Favre made some strange assertions; namely, that shortly after Bonaparte's marriage with Josephine, the Dauphin's coffin was opened in the presence of Fouché and Savary, and found to be empty; that Josephine told the secret to the Emperor of Russia in 1814, although the Count de Provence—that is to say, Louis XVIII.—tried to buy her silence with a marshal's baton for her son Eugène; that in the secret treaty of Paris the high contracting powers stated that there was no proof of the death of Louis XVII.; and lastly, that Louis XVIII. when dying, directed M. Tronchet to examine the contents of a certain chest, which proved of such a nature that, but for the obstinacy of one member of the Council, the ministers would have proclaimed the Duke of Normandy, king of France. Of course, the Duke of Normandy was the elder Naundorff, whose life had been twice attempted, once at Prague, and once in London; and, said the advocate, 'people do not assassinate impostors, but they do assassinate kings.'

Causes are not to be won by bare assertions and smart sayings. The court pronounced the story of the twofold substitution too fantastic to be entertained; the simultaneous residence within the Temple of the child that did die, the child that would not die, and the hidden Dauphin, too unlikely to be believed; while the evidence before it placed the death of that prince beyond all doubt. The documents produced by the appellant could have been easily forged by any one conversant with the events they sought to distort; and as for the elder Naundorff's claims being admitted by many people, that went for nothing, since no sham Dauphin had ever wanted adherents. It is needless to say that Captain Albert de Bourbon was dissatisfied; but he held his peace until the death of the Count de Chambord, when he publicly protested against the succession of the Count de Paris, and once more proclaimed himself king of France. Two months afterwards, he died at Breda.

ONE WOMAN'S HISTORY.

CHAPTER III.

A PLEASANT and novel feature of the *Palatine Hotel* is its wing or *annexe*, which consists of a long, low, semi-detached building, in which are comprised a dozen or more commodious private sitting-rooms. Each of these rooms opens by means of a French-window on to a spacious veranda, from which two steps lead down to the lawn and the shrubberies beyond. A glass-covered passage lined with shrubs and flowering plants leads from the *annexe* to the hotel proper. One of the largest of these private sitting-rooms had been engaged by our worthy vicar for himself and party.

Not many minutes had elapsed after the departure of Mr Richard Dulcimer, otherwise Mr Golightly, in search of a quiet nook where he could smoke his pipe without being observed, when Madame De Vigne stepped out through the open window on to the veranda, and sat down on a low wicker chair opposite a tiny work-table. She had rung the bell a moment before leaving the room, and Jules, the waiter, now appeared in answer to the summons.

'Madame rang?'

'I want to know at what hour the next train from Scotland is due at the station.'

Jules bowed and retired.

At this time Mora De Vigne had touched her thirtieth year. She was taller than the ordinary run of women, with a quiet, Juno-like stateliness in her every gesture and movement. She had dark-brown hair, and large, dark, luminous eyes, that to many people seemed like eyes they had seen somewhere long ago in a picture. Her complexion was still as clear and delicate as that of Clarice her sister, who was a dozen years younger; but there were lines of care about her eyes, and a touch of melancholy in the curve of her lips. In her expression there was something which told you instinctively that in years gone by she had confronted trouble and sorrow of no ordinary kind, and that if peace and quiet days were her portion now, there was that in the past which could never be forgotten.

Jules returned. 'The next train from Scotland is due at half-past seven, madame.'

'Thank you. That is all.' She looked at her watch, and then she said to herself with a little thrill: 'Two hours, and he will be here!'

Jules was still lingering, and Madame De Vigne regarded him with a little surprise.

'Pardon, but madame does not remember me?' said Jules, addressing her in French.

'No; I have no recollection of having ever seen you before I came to this place,' she answered, after regarding him attentively for a moment or two.

'Yet I remembered madame the moment I saw her again.'

She could not repress a start. 'Again! Where and when have you seen me before?'

'In Paris, during the terrible days of the Commune.'

'Ah!' was the only answer, with a little air of relief.

'It was my fate, madame, to be shot down in one of the many street fights that took place from house to house. I was carried to the hospital. The doctors said I should be a dead man in less than a week, but I am alive and here to-day. No thanks to the doctors for that, but to you, madame—to you!'

'To me!'

'You were there, madame, at the hospital to which I was taken, nursing day and night, like an angel from heaven, among the sick and wounded. You nursed me, madame, ah! so carefully, so tenderly! But for you I should have died.'

'I am very glad to see you again; but I am afraid you make far too much of any little service I was able to render you.'

'No, no, madame! Pardon. It was to you I owed my life, not to the doctors. I was but a poor soldier then, I am but a poor garçon now; I have nothing, nothing in the world to offer you but my thanks.'

'I am amply repaid by them.'

'Ah, if Jules Decroze could but show his gratitude in some other way!'

'No other way is necessary or possible. Be satisfied to know that your thanks will dwell pleasantly in my memory for a long time to come.'

She rose and held out her hand. Jules took it as if it were the hand of a queen, bent over it, touched it respectfully with his lips, placed a hand on his heart, bowed again, then turned and went away without another word. He was only a garçon, as he had remarked, but then he was a Frenchman as well.

'Poor fellow!' said Madame De Vigne as she resumed her seat and took up her embroidery. 'It is pleasant to know that there is a little gratitude left in the world; only I wish, somehow, that to-day, of all days, he had not spoken to me about a past which I so often pray that I might be able to forget. Was it not enough that the writing of that letter this morning should cause all my old wounds to bleed afresh, should call up one spectre after another which I would fain chain down for ever in the lowest dungeon of my memory! Yes, the letter is written which reveals the secret of my life—a secret unknown even to dear Clarice. What will he say, what will he do, when he has read it? I fear, and yet I hope. If I did not hope a little, I should be one of the most miserable women alive.'

She rose, opened her sunshade, and stepped down from the veranda on to the lawn. Here she paced slowly to and fro. For the time being she had that part of the grounds to herself.

'Two months ago, he asked me to marry him, and I refused, although even then I had learned to love him. But how could I say Yes with that terrible secret clinging round me like a shroud? When he was gone, and I thought I had lost him for ever, I found out how dear he was to me. Five days ago he came again and told me that his feelings were still unchanged. My heart refused to say No, and yet I dreaded to say Yes. He went away unanswered. But to-day he is coming back—to-day must decide the happiness or misery of all my life to come.' She sighed deeply, and closing her sunshade, went slowly back to her seat in the veranda.

'He asks no questions, he seeks to know nothing of my past life. But if I were to marry him without telling him, and some day, by some strange chance, he were to learn the truth, would he not say that I had deceived him? Would not his love?—— No, no; I dare not. Come what may, he must know the truth before it is too late, and then if he—— O Harold, Harold! why have you taught me to love you so deeply!'

Her head drooped forward into her hands. She thought herself unseen; but her sister had entered the sitting-room unheard, and was now standing at the open window, gazing at her.

'Mora dear, what is the matter? what is amiss? are you ill?' she asked as she crossed to her sister. Then drawing up a footstool, she sat down on it, and took one of Mora's hands in both hers.

'The matter, dear! Nothing. What should be the matter?' asked the latter with a fine assumption of indifference, but her under-lip trembled so much that she was fain to bite it.

'That is just what I want to find out,' answered Clarice. 'For the last four days there has been a change in you, that puzzles me and makes me unhappy. You scarcely speak, you scarcely eat, you shut yourself up in your room; nothing seems to interest you. Since Colonel Woodruffe was here, you have been a changed woman.'

'Colonel Woodruffe!'

'Ah, Mora dear, you can't deceive me. Since I began to love Archie, I see many things that I never used to think of before. One thing I see, and see plainly, that Colonel Woodruffe is very much in love with my sister.'

'Clarice!'

'Oh, I know quite well what I am talking about. I say again that he loves you. And, O Mora, he is so good, so kind, such a *preux chevalier* in every way, that if you could only find in your heart to love him a little in return, it would make me very, very happy!'

'Why should it make you happy, dear?'

Clarice, who was still holding one of her sister's hands, pressed it fondly to her cheek, and for a moment or two she did not speak.

'Because—because you know, darling, that when Archie and I are married, I may be compelled to leave you,' she said at last with a little break in her voice. 'And think how lonely you will be then! But if you and Colonel Woodruffe were married, I'——

Madame De Vigne did not let her finish, but turning up the fair young face, bent down her own and kissed it.

'Hush! you foolish child; you must not talk in that way,' she said. 'I had to live a lonely life for years while you were away at school, and should it ever become needful, I daresay I could do the same again.'

'It will nearly break my heart if I am compelled to leave you.'

'You must not say that, dear.'

'Do you know, Mora, as I lay awake last night, my thoughts all at once went back to that day, now so many years ago, when poor mamma lay dying—when she took your hand and placed it

on my head, and said in a voice so faint that we could scarcely hear it: "When I am gone, Mora, you must be mother and sister in one to my little Clari." You were only a girl yourself at the time, but from that day you devoted yourself to me. I lost one mother, only to find another in you!'

'Your love, darling, has repaid me a hundredfold for everything,' answered Mora while her fingers touched the young girl's hair caressingly.

'Here comes Miss Gaisford,' cried Clarice, a moment later, as she started to her feet.

'Why did you stir?' said the vicar's sister. 'You made such a pretty picture as I walked up from the lake, that I should like to have sketched you then and there.' Then turning to Clarice, 'Any news yet?' she asked.

The answer was a doleful shake of the head. 'I begin to think there never will be any news again.'

'Oh, but there will. Don't be in too great a hurry to begin the next chapter of your romance; enjoy the present one while it lasts.'

At this moment, Nanette, Madame De Vigne's maid, put in an appearance. 'Tea is served, madame,' she said.

'The very thing I was longing for,' remarked Miss Gaisford.

Clarice followed Nanette into the room.

'Has Colonel Woodruffe arrived yet?' asked Miss Gaisford.

'His train is due at seven-thirty.'

'These are trying moments for you, my dear friend.'

'I would not live the last five days over again for—well, not for a very great deal,' answered Madame De Vigne as she stepped from the veranda into the room.

'Here am I, the sister of a quiet country parson,' remarked Miss Gaisford to herself as she lingered behind for a moment, 'who never had a love affair of my own, made a confidant in the love affairs of two other people! It's delightful—it's bewildering—it's far better than any novel. Two plots in real life working themselves out under my very eyes! My poor stories will seem dreadfully tame after this.' She smiled and shook her curls, and then went in search of a cup of tea.

While this had been going on, a stranger had stepped out of the hotel and sauntered across the lawn, and sat down on the seat erstwhile occupied by Mr Dulcimer. There was nothing in his appearance calculated to draw the special attention of any one to him, and no one seemed to bestow more notice on him than they might have done on any other commonplace tourist. He was a tall, thin man, with sandy hair, and a reddish, close-cropped beard and moustache. An artist who might have scanned his features with a view to painting them, would probably have said that his eyes were too close together, and that they were deeper set in their orbits than is at all common. Their habitual expression, when he was not talking to any one, seemed to be one of listening watchfulness, as though he were continually expecting some tidings, or some strange event to happen of which he might hear the news at any moment. He was dressed in an ordinary tourist suit, with a large, soft felt hat. He sat down on the bench, crossed his legs, and lit a cigarette.

He went on smoking for a few moments, as if in contemplative enjoyment of his cigarette. Then he extracted from his pocket a telegram in cipher, which had reached him that morning at a little country post-office some fifty miles away. The telegram was headed, 'From John Smith, London, to Cornelius Santelle, Post-office, Morsby-in-the-Marsh.'

The stranger proceeded to read the telegram, translating it slowly word by word.

'"You will take up your quarters at the *Palatine Hotel*, Windermere, at which place you will be joined in the course of to-morrow by B. and K., who will arrive at different times by different trains."—B. and K. must mean Borovski and Koriloff.—"They will place themselves unreservedly at your disposal, their orders being to take the whole of their instructions from you. Meanwhile, you will make all needful inquiries as instructed, so that no unnecessary time may be lost. You are fully aware of the arrangements that are always made in circumstances of a similar kind."'

He folded up the telegram and put it away again. 'Well, here I am at the *Palatine Hotel*, and a very pretty place it is, and quiet—oh, very quiet. Perhaps before next week at this time, the good people—and they all look very good—may have something to talk about—something to wake them up a little, and stir the torpid current of their lives. Who knows?'

Although he spoke his thoughts half aloud, as men sometimes get into the habit of doing who have lived much alone, and have been debarred by circumstances from that amount of human companionship which is needful for every one's health of mind, yet any one who might have wished to overhear what he was saying, would have had to be in very close proximity to him indeed. It is not impossible that at some period of his life this man may have undergone a long term of solitary confinement, and that his habit of talking aloud to himself dated its origin and growth from that time.

Whether this Mr Santelle was an Englishman or a foreigner was a question which might well have puzzled many people, especially those individuals whose travels had never extended beyond their own insular boundaries. If his English differed by certain fine shades from that which a cultured Londoner speaks, it was certainly in no point like the English of Northumberland or Devon. Mr Santelle spoke with very slight traces of an alien accent; the difference in his case consisted chiefly in an almost imperceptible lengthening of some of the vowels, and a slightly more emphatic enunciation of certain syllables over which the native tongue glides as if they had no separate existence.

Mr Santelle flung away the end of his cigarette and drew a small memorandum book from his pocket. 'What was the name of the man I was to ask for?' he said as he turned over the leaves of the book.—'Ah, here it is. Jules Decroze, waiter at the *Palatine Hotel*. Good.'

He shut up the book and put it away, and then he turned his head in the direction of the main entrance to the hotel. An open carriage was

standing there containing two travellers, who were on the point of departure. There too stood Jules the waiter, superintending the arrangements. 'Yonder man looks somewhat like the one I want,' murmured Mr Santelle. 'We shall soon find out.'

He sat watching till the carriage which held the travellers drove away. Then he held up a finger in readiness to catch the eye of Jules, should the latter look his way. As if unwittingly magnetised, Jules a moment or two later turned and looked in the direction of the stranger. Then the finger beckoned him. He crossed the lawn leisurely with his napkin thrown over his arm after the manner of his class.

'A votre service, m'sieur,' he said with a little bow and a smile. He seemed instinctively to recognise that the stranger who had summoned him was not an Englishman.

'Oblige me with your name, my friend,' said Mr Santelle in French. 'When I require a person, I like to know how to ask for him.'

'My name is Jules Decroze, at monsieur's service.'

'Once on a time passing under the name of Jean Reboul, and previously to that known to the world as Pierre Lebrun.'

'How! monsieur knows'—— exclaimed the little Frenchman with a gasp.

'Perfectly,' answered the other impassively. Then he rapidly made certain cabalistic signs with his fingers.

The face of Jules turned as white as the napkin on his arm.

Then still addressing him in French, the mysterious stranger said in his most impressive tones: '*The right hand of the Czar is frozen.*'

To which, after a moment or two, the blanched lips of Jules framed the response: 'But Signor Sanguinetti lives and is well.'

For an instant or two the men gazed into each other's eyes. 'It is well,' said the stranger presently. 'We understand each other.'

'Monsieur has something to say to me—some instructions to impart?' said the other obsequiously, while his knees shook under him.

'I have. Come to my room at midnight, and I will talk with you.'

'I am at the service of monsieur.'

'Till midnight, then.'

'Till midnight.'

With a low bow, Jules turned and went. Santelle watched him with a grim smile as long as he was visible, then he lit another cigarette, and sauntered down the winding path that led from the high ground of the hotel to the level of the lake.

ORKNEY FOLK-LORE.

LEGEND OF THE DWARFIE STONE.

Not the least interesting of archæological remains in the Orkneys is the Dwarfie Stone, which has given rise to much speculation on the part of the learned. Situated in a beautiful valley among the hills in the island of Hoy, the stone cannot fail to attract the attention of the traveller, both on account of its size—some twenty-eight by fourteen feet—and its romantic situation. A close inspection of this natural curiosity puts one in possession of the fact, that human ingenuity has been exercised to render what was originally a solid block of sandstone, a shelter for man. Whether the implements used were flint or steel, we know not; but certain it is that a chamber has been hollowed out of the stone, to which there is access through a doorway and a hole on the top.

We have no clue to the name of the architect of this strange dwelling. He probably belonged to a race long since extinct, whose history is unwritten; but that the Dwarfie Stone at various periods harboured men, who, either from necessity or a love of solitude, sought there a refuge 'far from the madding crowd,' is evidenced by the traditionary tales related of its several tenants. The following legend embodies the most popular of these.

Not even the oldest inhabitant of Hoy could remember when Snorro the Dwarf took up his abode in the hollow stone in the green valley far away among the hills. Indeed, the country-folk had come to regard his appearance as coeval with his dwelling. Both were mysterious, and as like as not, the first might have been the originator of the second. It was whispered that Snorro was the son of a *trolld* (Norwegian fairy), hence his more than human longevity; but that his mother was of mortal mould. From her he inherited certain characteristics peculiar to humanity; these were—ambition and vanity; the former being gratified by the obsequious attitude assumed by all who approached him; the latter, by the frequent contemplation of his face in a small steel mirror which he wore round his neck; for Snorro, though short of stature and distorted of form, possessed a countenance of singular beauty, and which had hitherto defied the ravages of time.

His days were spent in the gathering of simples, from which he distilled medicines; and the study of a huge tome inscribed with ancient runes; Odin's book, the country-folk called it, crossing themselves as they mentioned the great enchanter's name. But though seemingly intent on the prosecution of his calling as a vendor of drugs and philters, the Dwarf's main object in seeking an asylum in such a remote place, was its proximity to the Wart Hill of Hoy, where he had reason to believe the magic carbuncle was to be found. The properties of this famed gem were various. Health, wealth, and happiness, every good thing that heart could desire, became the possession of the holder of the talisman. He had but to wish, and on the instant, that which he coveted was within his grasp. Only at stated times and seasons, and under certain conditions, did the carbuncle show itself, changeful of hue as the rainbow, and seemingly as difficult of access. Many had risked life and limb to obtain it, but hitherto unsuccessfully; for like the *ignis fatuus*, it eluded all pursuit.

The Dwarf alone cherished the hope of acquiring the gem, being content in the meantime to earn his livelihood by the sale of medicines and love-potions. His constant companion and assistant in all his pursuits was a gray-headed raven. This

bird of ill-omen was as much feared as his master, who exercised unlimited control over the islanders, settling their disputes, ordering their households, but altogether behaving in a manner more calculated to earn their dislike than win their confidence.

Orkney was at this period (1120 A.D.) governed by two earls, Paul and Harold. They were half-brothers, and totally dissimilar in appearance and character. Paul, the elder—surnamed the Silent on account of his taciturnity—was tall and handsome, dark-haired and dark-eyed, excelled in all knightly exercises, and charmed both his equals and inferiors by his gentle, affable manners. Harold, the younger, was, on the contrary, as fluent of speech as his brother was taciturn; and his admiring subjects had therefore bestowed upon him the title of the 'Orator.' He was fair-haired and blue-eyed; but though a well-looking man enough, he possessed neither the gallant bearing nor the winning manner of his elder brother. Truth to say, Harold was quick-tempered and quarrelsome, brooking no control, and jealous to a degree of Paul, who was loved by all classes. This unamiable sentiment on the part of the younger brother, produced a coldness between the earls which time rather increased than diminished.

In the summer of 1120, Harold visited Scotland, where he had large estates, returning to Orkney in the autumn, carrying with him the Countess Helga, his mother; Fraukirk, her sister, a widow; and many other distinguished guests, conspicuous amongst whom was the beautiful Lady Morna, daughter of an Irish earl. This fair lady, whom he had met at the court of the Scottish king, had taken the Orator's heart by storm. That she received his homage with marked coldness, only increased his ardour; and fearful of a rival coming between him and the prize he had set his heart on winning, the young earl had, after much persuasion, induced the noble Irish maiden to visit his court, where he feared no rival. But in this he reckoned falsely; for ere many days had passed, it was plainly to be seen that Earl Paul and the lovely stranger were mutually attracted, and he who had formerly avoided the society of the gentler sex, now devoted all his time and attention to his brother's beautiful guest.

Harold was furious at this unexpected blow to his hopes, and having encountered his rival one day, alone and unarmed, he drew upon him, declaring if he did not relinquish then and there all pretensions to the lady's hand, he should run him through the body. Undismayed at the threat, Paul answered firmly, that he declined to forfeit his chance of winning Morna, though that chance appeared small when compared with his brother's—he whose persuasive speech was so much more acceptable to women than his own deplorable taciturnity. Mollified by the Silent earl's modest opinion of himself, the jealous lover sheathed his sword, and grasping his brother's hand, begged pardon for his petulance, which being readily granted, the rivals parted friends.

The court of the earls was at this time held in the ancient town of Kirkwall; but as Yuletide drew near, Paul took his departure to his palace in Orphir, distant some nine miles, to prepare for the reception of his brother and his guests at the approaching feast of the Nativity. Before leaving Kirkwall, however, he sought an interview with Morna, which resulted in a mutual confession of their love; the lady avowing, that never until she beheld her present lover had she realised her ideal of a perfect knight; while he, kissing her many times, declared that until his eyes rested on her fair face, he had never known what it was to love. When he spoke, however, of informing his brother and stepmother of their betrothal, Morna begged him to defer doing so till Christmas-day. She should then be under her lover's protection, and the sanctity of the feast might have some effect in restraining any outburst of temper on the part of Harold. Paul agreed to this, and shortly after went to Orphir. But the lovers' conversation had been overheard by the widow Fraukirk, who played the part of eavesdropper on this occasion to confirm a suspicion she had long entertained of their attachment. This Fraukirk was a handsome woman, of middle age, fascinating in manner, but crafty and unscrupulous, sticking at nothing to further her own interests or those of her favourites. She loved Harold, and hated his half-brother with a bitter hatred. He was more popular than her darling nephew; moreover, he kept him from being sole earl of Orkney; and now he had stolen away the heart of the Lady Morna. Bent on avenging Harold's wrongs, she hastened to her sister the Countess Helga, and communicated the result of the lovers' meeting. Then these two women, devoid alike of pity and remorse, resolved upon the death of the man who stood between their favourite and the lady of his choice. No suspicion must attach to Harold. They meant to work for him, without apprising him of their infamous plans; and having arranged as far as possible the details of the plot, they parted.

That very night Fraukirk started for the village of Stromness on her way to the Dwarfie Stone, with the intention of consulting Snorro on the best means of compassing Earl Paul's death. Crossing the sound next day to Hoy, she travelled alone and in disguise to the dwelling of the Dwarf, who received her joyfully; for she was an old friend and kindred spirit. But when she disclosed the object of her visit, he at first flatly refused to aid her. She knew, he said, that he only occupied his present abode on sufferance; and in the event of the discovery of his participation in any plot against Earl Paul's life, he would certainly be driven to seek another asylum, in which case he should lose all chance of securing the magic carbuncle. His visitor, however, was equal to the task of winning him over. She bribed higher and higher, until at last he was dazzled by her offers of money and rank. He should be her private secretary, have leave to come and go as he listed, and she doubted not but she might be able to procure high preferment for him at the Scottish court. The Dwarf's ambition was stirred, and without further demur he promised his assistance. He could weave a piece of cloth, he said, of unrivalled beauty, which when fashioned into a garment would cause the wearer's death in a few minutes; and he proposed providing his visitor with just such a piece to be made into a vest for Earl Paul. Fraukirk declared herself perfectly satisfied by

this proposal, and the confederates parted with the understanding, that the fatal web should be placed in the lady's hands shortly before Christmas-day.

During his wicked aunt's absence, Harold made offer of his heart and hand to Morna, pleading his cause with eloquence and passion. But when met by a refusal, he burst into a great rage, anathematised himself and the object of his affection, rushed from her presence, flung himself on his horse, and galloped madly away. Two hours' hard riding brought him to the village of Stromness, where he drew rein; and his eyes resting on the snow-capped hills of Hoy, he suddenly recollected that among those very hills dwelt a Dwarf famous for the sale of philters. Resolving to visit the wizard, and procure from him a love-potion to be administered to Morna, Harold set sail for Hoy, actually passing the craft containing his aunt, who was on her return journey. But Fraukirk's disguise defied detection, and all unconscious of her proximity, her nephew pursued his course. Arrived at Hoy, the Orator lost no time in seeking out Snorro, whom he found outside the Dwarfie Stone gazing intently at the setting sun. At his visitor's approach he looked up and saluted him gravely.

In few words the earl acquainted the wizard with the object of his visit, offering him at the same time a handful of gold pieces. The dwarf eyed the young man scrutinisingly, remarking as he took the gold: 'Blind must the maiden be, Sir Earl, who needs aught to fix her fancy on so gallant a knight.'

His visitor laughed harshly. 'A woman's fancy is harder to catch than a sunbeam,' he said. 'But hark ye, wizard! time and tide wait for no man. The philter I must have and instantly.'

Without a word, Snorro entered his dwelling. Returning almost immediately, he placed a tiny phial in the Orator's hand, saying: 'Pour the contents of this into the lady's wine-cup, and ere twelve hours pass her love for you will exceed yours for her.' And waving his hand in token of dismissal, the Dwarf disappeared into his comfortless abode.

Some days elapsed after Harold's return to Kirkwall before an opportunity presented itself to make use of the philter. But one night at supper, having secured Morna's cup, he dropped the potion into it, and filling up the cup with wine, sent it to her. His movements, however, had not escaped her notice, and suspecting treachery, she contrived, while affecting to drink the wine, to spill it on the floor. Next morning, fearing some further attempt to entangle her, she treated her would-be lover so graciously that he doubted not but what the potion had had the desired effect.

A week later, the court removed to Earl Paul's palace at Orphir. We can picture the joyful meeting of the lovers; the uneasiness of Harold, whose jealousy was again aroused; and the revengeful thoughts of Fraukirk and Helga as they waited for the fatal web. It came at length, borne by the Dwarf's raven, and the two women, rejoicing in their evil work, proceeded to cut out the vest with which they hoped to effect the destruction of Earl Paul. The gift was to be presented on Christmas Eve. On the morning of that day, when they were engaged in putting the last stitches into the garment, their bower-door opened, and Harold entered in a very ill-humour. He had lost faith in the philter; for since her return to the society of his brother, the Lady Morna had treated him but coldly; and he had come to his mother and aunt to rail at his rival.

Espying the vest, resplendent in its gold and silver tissue, he asked Fraukirk if she meant it for him. 'Nay, my son,' said his mother; ''tis a Christmas gift for thy brother Paul.'

Then Harold fell into a mighty fury. Everything was given to Paul, he cried; but this vest he should not have, and he tore it out of the wretched women's hands. Fraukirk and Helga threw themselves at his feet, crying out that there was death in the vest, and imploring him not to wear it. But he thrust them aside, assumed the coveted garment, and strode from the bower. Suddenly an appalling shriek was heard, and the inhabitants of the palace rushing simultaneously into the great hall, found Earl Harold writhing in mortal agony, and vainly endeavouring to tear off the vest, which only clung the more closely. His mother and aunt approached, but he repulsed them savagely; then turning to his brother who held him in his arms, told him to beware of them, and even as he spoke his spirit passed away.

When Paul learned the cause of his death, he swore to be avenged on the murderers. Fraukirk and Helga, however, warned of their danger, fled away into Scotland, where they had great possessions. Their death was a miserable one—they were burnt alive in their castle by a marauding viking.

The fate of Snorro is wrapt in mystery. When Earl Paul went to seek him, he found the Dwarfie Stone untenanted, nor was there any clue to the hiding-place of the recluse. It was suspected, however, that he had followed Fraukirk to Scotland, to claim that bad woman's protection. But the country-people had another tale to tell. They declared that the *trollds* had spirited the Dwarf away on account of his evil deeds. Be that as it may, he was no more seen in Orkney, and with him disappeared all hope of acquiring the magic carbuncle.

Balked of his vengeance, Paul returned to Orphir, and soon after his luckless brother's funeral, Morna and he were married. That their happiness was lasting is testified by the saying, 'As happy as Earl Paul and Countess Morna,' which was current in Orkney for many succeeding generations.

HUMOROUS DEFINITIONS.

A WITTY, humorous, or satirical definition cannot be universally acceptable, since it usually hurts somebody's susceptibilities. No man or woman delighting in a burst across country at the heels of the hounds, but would think it rank heresy to hold with Pope that hunting is nothing better than pursuing with earnestness and hazard something not worth the catching; and the novelist who says æstheticism means, 'none of the old conventionalities, no religion, very little faith, hardly any charity, and nearly all sunflowers,' has few admirers, we may be sure, among the

worshippers of bilious hues and graceless garments. Ladies ambitious of platform popularity would indignantly deny the truth of Whately's 'Woman is a creature that cannot reason, and pokes the fire from the top;' and how angrily your golden-haired girl graduate would curl her pretty lips at hearing a young lady defined as a creature that ceases to kiss gentlemen at twelve, and begins again at twenty. Her agreeing or disagreeing regarding matrimony being justly described as a tiresome book with a very fine preface, would depend upon whether she had private reasons inclining her to venture upon Heine's 'high sea for which no compass has yet been found.'

The gentlemen who instruct the British public respecting the merits and demerits of authors, artists, and actors, cannot be expected to own Lord Beaconsfield right in saying, 'Critics are the men who have failed in literature and art.' The newspaper writer who pronounced a journalist to be a man who spent the best years of his life in conferring reputations upon others, and getting none himself, would probably demur at that by which he lives being described as 'groundless reports of things at a distance;' and if an American, he would loudly exclaim against the *Autocrat of the Breakfast-table* defining 'interviewers' as 'creatures who invade every public man's privacy, listen at every keyhole, tamper with every guardian of secrets; purveyors to the insatiable appetite of a public which must have a slain reputation to devour with its breakfast, as the monster of antiquity called regularly for his tribute of a spotless virgin.'

The witness who enlightened judge and jury by explaining that a bear was a person who sold what he had not got; and a bull, a man who bought what he could not pay for, thought he said a smart thing; but he had been partly anticipated by Bailey, who in his Dictionary tells us that to 'sell a bear' means among stockjobbers to sell what one hath not. The worthy lexicographer lays it down that a definition is 'a short and plain description of the meaning of a word, or the essential attributes of a thing,' but does not always contrive to attain to his own ideal. For example, we do not learn much about the essential attributes of things when told that bread is the staff of life; a bench, a seat to sit upon; a cart, a cart to carry anything in; that thunder is a noise well known to persons not deaf; dreaming, an act well known; that elves are scarecrows to frighten children; and birch, 'well known to schoolmasters.' He defines a wheelbarrow as a barrow with one wheel, and informs us that a barrow is a wheelbarrow. Some of his definitions are instructive enough, as showing how words have departed from their original signification. Thus we find that in his time a balloon meant a football; defalcation, merely a deduction or abating in accounts; factory, a place beyond seas where the factors of merchants resided for the conveniency of trade; farrago, a mixture of several sorts of grain; novelist, a newsmonger; saucer, a little dish to hold sauce; politician, a statesman; and 'the people,' the whole body of persons who live in a country, instead of just that part of them happening to be of one mind with the individual using that noun of multitude.

Philosophers are rarely masters of the art of definition, their efforts that way, as often as not, tending to bewilder rather than enlighten. What a clear notion of 'common-sense' does one of these afford us by describing it as 'the immediate or instinctive response that is given in psychological language, by the automatic action of the mind; or in other words, by the reflex action of the brain, to any question which can be answered by such a direct appeal to self-evident truth.' Still better or worse is the definition of the mysterious process called 'evolution' as a change from an indefinite incoherent homogeneity to a definite coherent heterogeneity, through continuous differentiations and integrations; which an eminent mathematician has thus rendered for the benefit of English-speaking folk: 'Evolution is a change from a no-howish untalkaboutable all-likeness to a some-howish and in-general talkaboutable not-at-all likeness, by continuous somethingelseifications and sticktogetherations.' Putting this and that together, he who does not comprehend exactly what evolution is must be as obtuse as the playgoer who sitting out a play does not know he is witnessing 'a congeries of delineations and scenes coordinary into a vivid and harmonious picture of the genuine features of life.'

Impromptu definitions have often the merit of being amusing, whatever may be said as to their correctness. 'What on earth can that mean?' asked Hicks of Thackeray, pointing to the inscription over a doorway, 'Mutual Loan Office.' 'I don't know,' answered the novelist, 'unless it means that two men who have nothing, agree to lend it to one another.' Said Lord Wellesley to Plunket: 'One of my aides-de-camp has written a personal narrative of his travels; pray, what is your definition of "personal?"' 'Well, my lord,' was Plunket's reply, 'we lawyers always consider personal as opposed to real;' an explanation as suggestive as that of the London magistrate who interpreted a 'housekeeper' as meaning 'a sort of a wife.' 'Pray, my lord,' queried a gentleman of a judge, 'what is the difference between common law and equity?' 'Very little in the end,' responded his lordship: 'at common law you are done for at once; in equity, you are not so easily disposed of. The former is a bullet which is instantaneously and charmingly effective; the latter, an angler's hook, which plays with the victim before it kills him. Common law is prussic acid; equity is laudanum.' An American contemplating setting a lawsuit going, his solicitor said he would undertake the matter for a contingent fee. Meeting Mr Burleigh soon afterwards, the would-be litigant asked that gentleman what a contingent fee might be. 'A contingent fee,' quoth Mr Burleigh, 'is this—if the lawyer loses the case, *he* gets nothing; if he wins it, *you* get nothing.' 'Then I don't get anything, win or lose?' said his questioner. 'Well,' was the consolatory rejoinder, 'that's about the size of a contingent fee.' So Brough was not very much out in defining a lawyer as a learned gentleman who rescues your estate from your enemies and keeps it himself.

'What is a nobleman's chaplain?' inquired a legal luminary, perhaps over-fond of professing ignorance, 'A nobleman's chaplain, my lord,' said Dr Phillimore, 'is a spiritual luxury.' It

is astonishing how innocent gentlemen learned in the law are, by their own account. Addressing a matronly witness in a breach of promise case, counsel for the defence said: 'I am an old bachelor, and do not understand such things. What *is* courtship?' 'Looking at each other, taking hold of one another's hands, and all that kind of thing,' was the comprehensive answer.

An Ohio school-committee must have been puzzled to decide which of two candidates for a school-marmship was the better fitted for the post, the young woman who averred that 'respiration' was the perspiring of the body, or her rival, who believed 'emphasis' was the putting more distress on one word than another; definitions worthy of a place beside those achieved by the English medical student responsible for: 'Hypothesis, something that happens to a man after death;' and 'Irony, a substance found in mineral wells, which is carefully preserved in bottles, and sold by chemists as tincture of iron.' All abroad, too, was the intelligent New York 'health-officer,' who, having testified that his district was afflicted with highjinnicks, being pressed as to what he understood 'hygienics' to mean, answered: 'A bad smell arising from dirty water.'

At one of Sheridan's dinner-parties, the conversation turned upon the difficulty of satisfactorily defining 'wit.' Forgetting that he was expected to hear, see, but say nothing, Master Tom informed the company: 'Wit is that which sparkles and cuts.' 'Very good, Tom,' said his father. 'Then, as you have sparkled, you can cut!' and poor Tom had to leave his dinner unfinished. Probably a worse fate awaited the Brooklyn boy, who, called upon to explain the meaning of 'Quaker,' wrote: 'A Quaker is one of a sect who never quarrel, never get into a fight, never claw each other, and never jaw back. Pa's a Quaker; but ma isn't!' The youngsters sometimes hit upon very quaint definitions, such as: Ice, water that stayed out in the cold and went to sleep; dust, mud with the juice squeezed out; fan, a thing to brush warm off with; sob, when a fellow doesn't want to cry and it bursts out of itself; wakefulness, eyes all the time coming unbuttoned; chaos, a great pile of nothing and no place to put it in.

When the French Academicians were busy with their famous Dictionary, the members of the committee were at odds as to defining *de suite* and *tout de suite*. Bois-Robert suggested that they should adjourn to a restaurant and discuss some oysters and the question together. On arriving there, Bois-Robert asked the attendant to open *de suite* six dozen oysters, and Courart chimed in with: 'And serve them to us *tout de suite*.' 'But, gentlemen,' said the woman, 'how can I open your oysters *de suite* and serve them *tout de suite?*' 'Easily enough,' answered one of the party; 'open six dozen oysters *de suite*—that is, one after another—and serve them *tout de suite*, that is, as soon as you have opened them.' His definition of the two phrases was adopted by acclamation. There is nothing like practical illustration to bring home the meaning of things. Puzzled by hearing a deal of talk about contracting and expanding the currency, an American lass asked her sweetheart: 'What is the difference, John, between contraction and expansion, and how do circumstances affect them?' John was quite equal to the occasion. 'Well, dear,' said he, 'when we are alone we both sit on one chair, don't we?' 'Yes.'—'That's contraction. But when we hear your pa or ma coming, we get on two chairs, don't we?' 'I should say we did.'—'Well, my love, that's expansion, and you see it's according to circumstances.'—'John,' said the satisfied maiden, 'we're contracting now, ain't we?'—'You're right!' said John; and then was performed an operation which a great mathematician defined as consisting 'in the approach of two curves which have the same bend as far as the points of contact.'

A NEW FUEL.

An experiment as carried on by the contractors for the Forth Bridge at their works near South Queensferry, to determine whether crude shale oil can be advantageously employed as a substitute for coal in feeding boiler furnaces, possesses no slight interest; for should the new material fulfil the expectations of its introducers, the method cannot fail to be extensively adopted in the numberless manufacturing arts, where a heating agent combining efficiency and economy with cleanliness, is a desideratum. The general principles of the method adopted and the apparatus employed will be readily understood, when it is borne in mind that the process depends on the perfect combustion of crude shale oil, vapourised in connection with superheated steam and atmospheric air. The apparatus consists mainly of a cylindrical cast-iron retort, around which two pipes are coiled spirally, one externally, the other internally, meeting each other in a burner beneath the retort. Through the external pipe oil is forced by hydraulic pressure; through the internal pipe water is similarly driven.

To start the apparatus, the retort must first be heated, which may be readily effected by a small coal fire. The water valve is then slightly opened, and the water, after traversing the pipe coiled internally around the retort, issues at the burner beneath—a powerful jet of superheated steam. The oil is then similarly admitted through its pipe, namely, that coiled externally around the retort, and vapourised, or nearly so, by the heat, reaches the burner below. Here it is caught by the superheated steam, and hurled against the convex bottom of the retort, the force of the impact breaking up into finely divided vapour any portion of the oil which the heat may not have already converted into gas. In a short time the retort and tubes become red hot, chemical action is set up, and perfect combustion of the steam, the carbon from the oil, and atmospheric air, drawn in by the partial vacuum formed, ensues. The perfect combustion and intense heat generated consumes all the products, and leaves little or no residue requiring removal. The absence of ashes or other refuse necessitating constant attendance and cleaning; and the almost entire exemption from smoke, due to the completeness of combustion, are amongst the advantages claimed by the inventors of the apparatus.

With reference to the economy of the process, it may be added that crude shale oil is almost a waste substance, for that used during the recent experiments was the residue left in the process of obtaining the oil of commerce by distillation

from the shale. In appearance the crude shale oil resembles butter, and so viscid is it, that a match, cinder, or even a red-hot poker fails to ignite it. Even in those localities where the cheapness of coal would equalise the cost of the two substances, it is yet claimed for the shale oil, that economy results from the comparatively little labour required in connection with its employment; an immense gain is moreover made in space for storing purposes; whilst a saving is effected by the decreased amount of work expended in keeping the furnace and machinery clean, heat with cleanliness being a marked characteristic of this method.

Other advantages may be briefly enumerated: Reduced bulk and weight as compared with coal, by which a saving correspondingly great is effected in carriage, often a considerable factor in the cost of the latter material. Economy resulting from the instantaneous extinction of the fire, whenever the day's work is completed; whilst the facility with which the fire can be started, and the readiness with which the apparatus can be attached to furnaces at present consuming coal, are powerful arguments in favour of this new fuel.

It is estimated that if given quantities of crude shale oil and coal be taken, equal to each other as regards heat-giving efficiency, the former will occupy less than one-fifth the bulk of the latter. So great a reduction in space set aside for fuel, would, in our large ocean-going steamers, whose coal forms upwards of one-third of their tonnage, mean an enormous addition to cargo room, and consequently to earning power. 'Of seventy stokers to handle two hundred tons per day, and put out the ashes, sixty may be left at home. Instead of two thousand tons of dead-weight in coal, the steamer may carry four hundred. In carrying and consuming large quantities of coal, the matter of ballast is a serious consideration. A hydrocarbon liquid, carried in several tanks, would be expelled therefrom to the furnaces by pumping water into the tanks, the ballast remaining nearly the same.' There can be no question that such fuel is eminently suited to fast-sailing cruisers, which may be required to remain at sea for lengthened periods, without touching at port.

In conclusion, it will readily be perceived from the foregoing brief description of the method of employing crude shale oil as a fuel, how considerable are the advantages therefrom accruing; how important is the attempt—the first it is stated that has been made in Scotland—to utilise a substance hitherto regarded as little beyond a waste product.

DO SNAKES EVER COMMIT SUICIDE?

A correspondence as to whether snakes, when irritated or tormented to exasperation, will strike themselves with their own fangs and so commit suicide, has been going on for some weeks in *Nature*. The following striking story is given by an Indian correspondent, as an incident which he once witnessed:

'I was quite small,' he writes, 'but my memory of the strange occurrence is very clear and distinct. It was in the state of Illinois, when at that early day a short, thick variety of rattlesnake was very numerous, so much so, that the state acquired an unenviable reputation in the older parts of the Union. Farmers in "breaking prairie," as the first ploughing of the prairie sod was called, would kill them by dozens in the course of a single summer. They were very venomous; but, owing to their sluggish nature and their rattle, which was always sounded before an attack, few persons were bitten by them. Moreover, there was little danger of death if proper remedies were applied at once.

'I was one day following one of the large breaking-ploughs common at that time. It was drawn by five or six yoke of oxen, and there were two men to manage the plough and the team. As we were going along, one of the men discovered a rattlesnake, as I remember about twelve or fourteen inches in length. They rarely exceeded eighteen or twenty inches, so that this one was probably about two-thirds grown. The man who first saw it was about to kill it, when the other proposed to see if it could be made to bite itself, which it was commonly reported the rattlesnake would do if angered and prevented from escaping. Accordingly, they poked the snake over into the ploughed ground, and then began teasing it with their long whips. Escape was impossible, and the snake soon became frantic at its ineffectual attempts either to injure its assailants or to get away from them. At last it turned upon itself and struck its fangs into its own body, about the middle. The poison seemed to take effect instantly. The fangs were not withdrawn at all; and if not perfectly dead within less than five minutes, it at least showed no signs of life. That it should die so quickly will not seem strange if it is borne in mind that the same bite would have killed a full-grown man in a few hours' time. The men watched it long enough to be sure that it would not be likely to move away, and then went on with their work. I trudged around with them for an hour or more, and every time we came where the snake was, I stopped and looked at it; but it never moved again. In this case, I do not remember that the snake had been injured at all. I have often heard of rattlesnakes biting themselves under such circumstances; but this was the only case that ever came under my observation.—W. R. MANLEY.'

A STORY THAT NEVER GROWS OLD.

A YOUTH and a maiden low-talking,
He eager; she, shrinking and shy;
A blush on her face as she listens,
And yet a soft tear in her eye.

Oh! sweet bloomed the red damask roses,
And sweet sang the thrush on the spray,
And bright was the glamour of sunshine
That made the world fair on that day.

But oh! not so sweet the red roses,
So sweet the bird's song from above,
So bright the gold glamour of sunshine,
As was the sweet glamour of love

That fell on that pair in the garden,
As 'mid the fair flowers they strolled;
And there, as 'twas first told in Eden,
Again was Love's tender tale told.

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DINNER-PARTIES OUT OF DOORS.

Walking one wintery day along the promenade of a well-known Lancashire watering-place, a large notice-board at the entrance of the pier attracted our attention. A closer inspection showed that it bore the announcement: 'Feeding the sea-gulls from the pier-head every day at noon.' Curious to see what manner of performance this might be, we paid the entrance-money, took a ticket for the tram-carriage which was just about to start, and speedily found ourselves being whirled smoothly along towards the end of the 'first pier,' as it is called, which stretches across the sands for something like three-quarters of a mile towards the deep channel. A short walk was necessary before reaching the end of the extension pier, and there we found numbers of visitors congregated, all, like ourselves, evidently waiting for the performance to begin. Around, lay huge baskets of fish-offal; but where were the expected guests? On every side, far as the eye could reach, was a long expanse of flat sand, merging into the sea-line, with not a vestige of rock to afford foothold or shelter for wild-fowl of any kind. Yet, stay. By the margin of the waves, where it is now low water, are what look like huge glistening white boulders, forming a continuous boundary, whose snowy surface reflects the light, and glitters and flashes under the rays of a December sun, set in so blue a sky as more nearly to approach that of Italy than any we have yet seen in our sombre-tinted British Isles.

Twelve o'clock strikes; a piercing whistle sounds, and even while we are watching, these granite boulders—as, despite the geological formation of the place, we persist in fancying them to be—literally take to themselves wings, and fly towards us, a nearer approach showing them to be vast aggregations of sea-gulls, which have been waiting till the appointed signal should summon them to dine. No transformation scene in a pantomime ever took place with more startling rapidity. Round the pier-head, where all had been still and quiet, was now the bustle and whirring noise made by countless gulls, each one intent upon getting a share of the good things provided. On they come; now swooping along in graceful flight right down to the surface of the water, anon darting aloft with the coveted prize; poised momentarily in mid-air, to see where a descent may most profitably be made, or engaged in a keen struggle for the possession of some particularly toothsome morsel. The whirl and commotion and changing beauty of the scene, it were impossible to describe. Rendered tame by having experimentally proved that the food scattered is no mere decoy meant to lure them to destruction, but the outcome of an honest effort for their sustenance and protection, they come so close as to afford every opportunity for studying their free and graceful flight and the beauty of their form and colour.

Something, we know not what, unless it be the fearless confidence with which these wild-birds respond to the offered kindness, showing no dread of the many spectators, carries us back in thought to the shores of sunny Italy, and above all to Venice, that Queen of the Adriatic, who, dethroned though she be, yet casts the spell of her irresistible charm over all whose hearts beat responsive to the touch of beauty in art; and those no less impressionable spirits over whom the hallowing influence of long-past ages holds a sway so potent, that both alike are fain to acknowledge her as empress of a far wider realm than any which can be measured by mere geographical limitations. Let us take our stand in the Piazza di San Marco, with its glorious many-domed cathedral, its campanile pointing to the heavens, its ducal palace, clock-tower, Moorish arcades, and that vastness of proportion, whose impressiveness is heightened by the stillness so foreign to our modern life in other cities where horse and vehicular traffic create an incessant, deafening hum. Two o'clock sounds from the Torre dell' Orologio. Immediately we hear the soft swish of multitudinous wings, and down from the turrets and

pinnacles where they have been poised, ever-watchful, though motionless, come the gentle, fearless doves to be fed. So tame are they, that to move aside out of your path as you attempt to cross the piazza, never seems to enter into their minds; and if, in your turn, you purchase and begin to scatter a little parcel of corn, the pigeons very soon find it out, and swarm over and upon you with the utmost confidence in your friendly intentions towards them. Such a picture, we imagine, is not to be paralleled elsewhere—one, for its suggestiveness, quite equal in interest to those artistic treasures which lie so close at hand.

Yet a third scene takes us to the grounds of a country-house in the north of England. Here, during the intensely cold winter of 1878–9, when for weeks everything was ice-bound, and all vegetation hidden under a thick coating of snow, myriads of birds were saved from perishing miserably of starvation through the thoughtful kindness of the owner, who for weeks, running into months, provided, twice daily, huge buckets of 'stirabout,' whose contents were emptied on to a sort of wooden platform placed over the snow on the lawn. (For the information of those who are not acquainted with the term, we may say that 'stirabout' is nothing but coarse oatmeal mixed with water and slightly boiled.) Very pretty was the scene witnessed at feeding-time. Small birds, such as robins, finches, sparrows, tomtits, &c., would cluster on the neighbouring bushes, which were literally bent down with their weight, and reminded one of the ropes of onions so often seen in country places. These birds showed no sort of shyness, but evidently looked upon the food provided as simply their just recompense for helping to free the fruit-trees from insect pests. Large birds, too, used to come of species rarely seen near houses. Perhaps the prettiest sight of all was to watch the squirrels, which seldom, however, made their appearance until the birds had finished. Cautiously up the slope of the lawn they would come, and then very contentedly sat munching away, their bright eyes restlessly glancing here and there; but at the very faintest sound, there was a sort of twinkle, and like a flash of lightning, the squirrels had vanished from sight.

Fresh from recollections such as these, which the feeding of the sea-gulls had brought vividly to memory, upon returning slowly down the pier, we were unpleasantly roused by seeing that five out of every six ladies we met were found to wear either wings or whole birds as the so-called decoration of hats and bonnets. To say nothing respecting the very questionable taste of wearing things which bear the semblance of death, the wholesale slaughter of small birds which goes on to satisfy the requirements of recurring fashion, cannot be too strongly deprecated. On economic and utilitarian grounds, it is no less bad, than from the more humanitarian standpoint, which makes us unwilling needlessly to destroy creatures so full of life and joyousness as are these winged denizens of earth and sky. In view of the threatened injury to agriculture, an American periodical recently drew attention to the great destruction of swallows which resulted from the demand for their breasts and wings to ornament ladies' bonnets, and called for the enforcement of those laws which our cousins on 'the other side' have been wise enough to pass forbidding the killing of insectivorous birds. Turning to an English fashion-book, we read the description of a fancy-ball dress where swallows formed the staple adornment. Bouquets of whole birds were to be placed upon the skirt and bodice; birds in the hair, even wings upon the shoes! Unhappily, the plumage of doves and swallows happens to harmonise with the shades of gray which were worn, just as some years since did the breast of our poor friend cock-robin suit with the deeper-toned hues which were then affected by our *élégantes*. The result was that, around London at anyrate, robins were for some time quite a rarity.

Surely any one who has witnessed such scenes as those we have so imperfectly tried to describe, would hardly again order her milliner to use birds as a decoration for dresses and bonnets. This special form of cruelty, like so many other of our mistaken dealings with the animal creation, probably springs more from 'want of thought' than from 'want of heart.' Its effects, however, are no less baneful than if they were the deliberate outcome of a desire for wholesale slaughter. The question is confessedly a difficult one, for it would be absurd to say that there is anything wrong *per se* in wearing the plumage of pheasants, partridges, pigeons, cocks, and other birds which are killed for purposes of food. The misfortune is, that when birds and wings are once recognised as 'the thing' to wear, all birds, songsters as well, will of a certainty be pressed into the service.

In the 'Ladies' Column' of a French journal we have read: 'Perhaps fashion has never before laid the whole animal world to such an extent under contribution. Not only are all sorts of insects, lizards, spiders, bees, &c., imitated with marvellous fidelity to nature, but the dead bodies of the creatures themselves are fastened on hats and in the hair by means of golden pins. Nor is this all—upon hats, and sometimes dresses, are seen stuffed birds, cats, mice, squirrels, and even monkeys.' The article went on to say: 'We must acknowledge that such innovations are more startling than graceful. On some bonnets, one sees the heads of cats nestling amidst the folds of lace; others have quite a family of mice, poking their little pink noses into knots and loops of ribbon. It is a good thing that the animals are only stuffed ones; else, if two bonnets thus adorned were placed in juxtaposition, there would assuredly be a battle-royal.'

Lately, in England, we have ourselves seen bonnets and muffs which had tiny kittens cosily reposing amidst the folds of silk and velvet. Such gross violations of every canon of good taste and

right feeling lead us to ask, with something like a sigh of despair, what will the end be? In the name of Humanity, we would entreat our lady friends to spare, at anyrate, our Birds.

BY MEAD AND STREAM.

CHAPTER LIII.—PANSY.

Pansy and her grandfather, Eben Morris, were the persons whose arrival at the *Masons' Arms* had interrupted Tuppit and his brother. Even had Wrentham's attention been disengaged, the light in the room was too dim for him to recognise the girl before he was dragged out to the balcony.

Pansy had left home in a woeful state of mental perplexity; ashamed of her conduct to Caleb, anxious to hide from every one and to suppress in herself the silly fancies which had induced it. On alighting from the train at Liverpool Street, she was as much frightened by suddenly encountering Coutts Hadleigh as if he had been the Evil One himself.

'Whither away, my forest nymph?' he said with a smile in which there was nothing more than the careless freedom he would have taken with any pretty maid of the servant rank. 'What brings you to Babylon?'

'I am going to visit a sick friend,' she answered, turning away her face.

'And when will you be back? We cannot afford to lose you from Ringsford.'

'I do not know—but I am in a hurry, sir;' and she attempted to pass.

'Stop a minute; you don't know your way about the city. Where does your friend live?'

'I know the way quite well, thank you, sir,' she replied nervously, without giving the address.

'Oh, that's all right, then. I thought I might save you some time and trouble by putting you on the right track.'

That was the whole of their conversation, and without looking at him, she hastened to Gracechurch Street, where she obtained an omnibus which carried her to the Green. Making her way through a narrow lane of small houses in various stages of dilapidation, and through crowds of ragged, gamboling children whose ages ranged from two to ten years, she came to a comparatively open space. There was a wheelwright's yard with samples of his trade—fragments of wheels, whole wheels, three or four broken-down carts of tradesmen—strewn about. The wheelwright had some idea of beautifying this oasis in the crowded district; for on the window-sills of his wooden house there were chrysanthemums in bloom, and the bare twigs of a rose-tree trained against the wall, suggested that in summer there might be pleasing perfumes and sights even in the midst of squalor.

Opposite was a blacksmith's shop, and nestling underneath the side of it, a cobbler's stall, where the occupant was busy singing a music-hall song as he stitched and hammered. Passing between the wheelwright's and the smith's places, she came to a square plot of ground—about an acre in extent—which was divided into patches for the use of the dwellers in the surrounding cottages. These were of one story, red-tiled, with whitewashed walls, and with many indications of attempts to cultivate flowers. It was like dropping out of the town into an old country village; and indeed this was a relic of the ancient village of Camberwell.

Pansy found that her grandfather's illness had been much exaggerated by the neighbour who had reported it, or that he had made a sudden recovery, for when she arrived he was dressed and shuffling about his little room, making preparations to start on what he called his 'business round,' whilst in a squeaky voice he kept on mumbling his favourite phrase: 'Oh, I am so happy!' This agreeable announcement he made on all occasions whether well or sick, and at times it formed as grim a satire on the common lot as if a death's-head sang a comic song.

He was a little man, and his shoulders being bent and contracted, his stature was not much more than that of a dwarf. Although his body was thin, his face was ruddy, set in a horseshoe of ragged gray hair. His features were large—the chin particularly prominent—the brow such as would have suggested intellect, but the dull faded eyes had little speculation in them. Neither features nor eyes had the least expression of laughter, whilst he was proclaiming himself in the highest glee. The absurd phrase sounded more like a whine than a cry of exultation.

He had been a greengrocer for over forty years, and in that capacity had daily made the round of the district to supply customers; but his wife had been the real manager of the business. This good woman, with shrewd foresight, insured their joint lives for the modest annuity of thirty pounds, to be paid to the survivor. On her demise the old man, then unfitted for hard work, was thus provided for. But he could not get over the habit of going his daily 'business round;' the only houses at which he now called, however, were the various taverns and ale-houses on his route, and he always found in several of them some cruel wags who were ready to give him 'two pen'orth' of beer or gin in return for the sad exhibition of an old man in his dotage talking nonsense and squeaking out snatches of ballads.

No persuasion could induce him to change his mode of life; and it was probably as an obstinate protest against the persuasion that he adopted his grotesque refrain of 'Oh, I am so happy!' Even on the first day of Pansy's arrival he insisted on going out as usual, and she was obliged to be content with the promise that he would return early. He was later than usual, however, and Pansy, resolute to rescue him from this pitiable course, decided that she would in future meet him before he had completed his round and entice him home. The first attempt was successful; the second landed her with him in the *Masons' Arms*—and she did not regret it after the discovery she made through the conversation between Wrentham and his brother of what mischief had been at work against Philip and Madge.

She was glad to be able to do something to show her gratitude and affection; Madge had been always a good friend and adviser—especially in her own present trouble. So, having seen her grandfather safely housed, she travelled down to Willowmere.

The gravity with which Dame Crawshay

received her, and the sad look in Madge's eyes, caused the visitor to fear for an instant that they were offended with her; but she quickly understood that it was their own sorrow which had made the change in their manner. There was another reason, however, for the expression in Madge's eyes—sympathy for the pain which the girl must feel when she learned that Caleb Kersey had been arrested on suspicion of having set fire to the Manor, and that the evidence was strong against him. For the present, Pansy was only told about the fire, and her immediate exclamation was:

'Is father hurt?'

'No, he is quite well, and poor Mr Hadleigh is lying in his cottage. As soon as he can be moved, he is to be brought here, and we are turning this room into a bedroom, so that he may not have to be carried up-stairs.'

'And the young ladies?'

'Miss Hadleigh is still with her father; Miss Caroline and Bertha are here.'

'And thou'lt have to stay here to-night, too,' broke in the dame as she continued her rearrangement of the lighter pieces of furniture; 'there cannot be a corner for thee in the cottage.'

Pansy gave thanks to the dame, and went on to say that it was her intention to return to her grandfather in the morning, but she would 'see father before starting.'

'I did not intend to be back so soon,' she went on, with an awkward glance first at Madge, next at Aunt Hessy. She did not know how to convey her information with the least offence. 'But there was something I heard about Missy and Master Philip this afternoon that I thought she ought to know—that you all ought to know.'

'About Philip and me!' exclaimed Madge, the colour heightening in her cheeks as she wondered if it could be possible that the broken engagement had already become the subject of common gossip.

'Sit thee down, Pansy,' said Aunt Hessy, ceasing to work, 'and tell us plainly what thou hast heard.'

Thus encouraged, the girl repeated with considerable accuracy the substance of the conversation she had overheard.

'And as I fancied,' Pansy concluded, 'that though you knew of the mischief, you might not know how it was being put right—I came straight to tell you.'

There was a pause. The treachery of Wrentham to Philip and the villainous insinuations with which he had endeavoured to poison his mind regarding Madge in order to distract him and prevent him from looking too closely into business details—the whole wicked scheme was made clear to Aunt Hessy. Madge saw at once how grossly Philip's generous confidence had been abused, but at the moment she did not quite understand why Wrentham in carrying out his plot should be so foolish as to try to slander her to Philip—she knew he could only *try* to do it, for not one word against her would be credited for an instant by her lover. And yet! . . . He had been so strange of late in many ways: he had shown so much displeasure with her for maintaining Beecham's secret—what may he not have suffered from brief doubt, although he did not believe in anything ill that was suggested to him.

'Thou art a good girl, Pansy,' said Aunt Hessy, kindly, but without any sign of agitation, 'and we thank thee for coming to us with what is really good news—that the man is found out.'

'Ay, mistress, I thought that would be good news for you—and his own brother is against him!'

'I am sorry for the poor brother.—Now go into the kitchen and get supper with the maidens: make friends with Jenny Wodrow, for she will be thy bedfellow to-night.'

Pansy obeyed, although she would have intensely liked to have had some sign from Madge to show how the news had affected her.

'I will see you before bedtime,' said Madge in answer to the look; 'I have something to tell you.'

But Madge's friendly intention to break the news to her of Caleb's position was frustrated. Jenny Wodrow, the maiden to whose graces Pansy had been directed to recommend herself, although good-natured in the main, had been ready to give more of her favour to the stalwart Agitator than to any of the other lads about. That all the shafts levelled at him with her bright eyes and soft tongue fell pointless, she attributed rightly to the charms of the gardener's daughter. In church, in field, or at the harvest-home, Caleb had no vision for any one but Pansy. The maidens saw, understood, and discreetly turned their thoughts elsewhere.

Jenny was ready enough to follow their example, but she felt aggrieved and a little spiteful, especially as Pansy, not being precisely 'in service,' seemed to take a place above those who were 'quite as good as her any day, and maybe her betters.' Jenny continued to think of Caleb Kersey, and at present her head was full of his misfortunes. So, in the bright kitchen where the huge fire was reflected on rows of shining dish-covers and platters, and the supper of bread and cheese and beer was being served on a massive white deal table, the chatter of the maidens was all about the latest wonder, the burning of the Manor, and the parlous state of Mr Hadleigh.

'Ay, and who d'ye think they've taken up and put in prison for burning the big house?' said Jenny shrewishly, as she looked full in her rival's face. 'Who but Caleb Kersey; and if the master dies, hanging will be the end on't.'

Pansy was frightened. She became red and then so white that young Jerry Mogridge, who was not given to close observation of anybody when engaged with his meals, growled at Jenny.

'It's darned spite that. Can't you let the wench take supper in peace.'

'She didn't mean no harm,' retorted a young ploughman who had his own reasons for acting as Jenny's champion. 'How was she to know that hearing the news was to spoil Miss Pansy's supper. Ain't she like the rest ov us?'

'You keep your tongue in your jaw—it ought to be big enough for it, I believe,' snorted Jerry, his mouth full of bread and cheese, his mug of beer raised to his lips.

'I'll teach you, young man, to speak without splutter,' cried Jenny, administering a smart slap to poor Jerry's back with a result fatal to the contents of his mouth and mug.

The roar of laughter elicited by the coarse jest might have provoked Jerry—half choked though he was—to further argument, had he not been too well aware of the more immediate importance of securing the huge brown jug in order to replenish his cup.

Pansy had slipped out of the kitchen during this passage-at-arms. She was full of self-reproaches. Caleb arrested—in jail—in danger maybe of hanging! And all through her fault! If Caleb had emigrated, she might have consoled herself with the idea that in rejecting him she had done him a great kindness—for every strong man made a fortune in the colonies, she understood. But to think that she, however innocently, had some share in driving him to this terrible crime—that was a thought which made the poor girl's heart and brain ache.

(*To be concluded.*)

QUEEN MARGERIE.

When I look back on my schoolboy days, there is one scene that always stands out before me with peculiar force and vividness; there is one occurrence that happened then more deeply graven than any other upon my memory; and that is no small thing to say, for I can call to mind any number of exciting things that took place when I was at Greychester. I could tell of many a victory that we gained, against heavy odds, by land or water; for there was scarcely a Greychester lad who could not pull an oar, as well as handle a bat, with more or less dexterity; and both on the cricket-field and on the river our opponents always found us pretty stubborn antagonists. I could tell many a story of our adventures and hairbreadth escapes, and of those little exploits and mischances of my own in which I figured as the hero or culprit, as the case might be, from the day on which I received my first 'swishing' until I left as top of the Sixth. There is a grim sort of interest, I always fancy, about one's first sound thrashing, that makes it, in a fashion, a landmark in a schoolboy's career. Even now I remember how I came by mine. It was soon after I entered the school, and I was in the third form—Tunder's. Old Tunder, we called him, not that he really was old, for he was not much over forty, but to a schoolboy with the best of life before him, forty seems a patriarchal age. Tunder was anything but a profound scholar, and he was, moreover, very near-sighted, so that there was perhaps some reason for the boys of his form being much more distinguished for their proficiency in the art of practical joking than for their attainments in any branch of knowledge. Anyway, the third-form room was a very hotbed of mischief.

It happened that about this time we had hit upon a novel and pleasant form of amusement with which to beguile the monotony of our studies, Tunder's defective vision giving us ample opportunity for the recreation. There were to be had at the Greychester toyshops little wooden frogs made to jump with a spring. It was a matter of intense and absorbing delight to us to range our frogs in line and test their powers by seeing which would take the longest jump. The excitement on these occasions was great. Tunder's cane was constantly being brought into use, but until one ill-fated day I managed to escape it. One hot summer afternoon, Smithson Minor, who sat next to me, brought out of his pocket a couple of new spring-frogs, and making me a present of one, proposed that we should have a match between them, just to see what they were like. Now, if I had had my wits about me, I should have suspected that some snare lay hidden under this unusual generosity on the part of Smithson Minor, for, as a rule, he was not of a giving sort, and rarely parted with anything but for full and ample consideration. But I suspected nothing; the day was warm; a little relaxation from our struggles in decimal fractions seemed desirable, and old Tunder was safely moored at his desk just in front of us, correcting exercises, so that Smithson's proposal appeared both kind and opportune, and met with a ready acceptance on my part.

But Smithson Minor, though I knew it not, was a traitor, and compassed my ruin; for the frog which he had given me was equipped with a spring of some fourfold strength. Somewhere in the course of his researches at the toyshops he had come across it, and his keen scent for mischief had quickly detected a rare opportunity for fun. He got his fun—at my expense. The frogs were carefully stationed at the lower edge of the desk, Smithson Minor giving them a last touch, just to see, he said, that it was a fair start, but in reality to point mine in a particular direction. The course would be the upward slope of the desk; ample space, we thought—at least I thought—for the most actively disposed jumper; and if by chance one of them did overshoot the mark and tumble on the floor, then we should have the additional excitement of recovering it at the risk of drawing on to us Tunder's attention and Tunder's cane. Everything was ready; the critical moment came. The frogs jumped, and mine won—won easily, beating all previous records, for it soared majestically into the air and swooped down full on to old Tunder's nose! He regarded it quietly for a moment or two, and then taking it into his hands, said slowly and sarcastically: 'The proprietor of this ingenious toy has evidently more leisure on his hands than he knows how to dispose of; if he will kindly step this way, I will give him something that will engage his attention for a time.'

I stepped that way, and found him as good as his word. I went back to my place sadder, if not wiser, than when I left it; and for that day and for several days to come, I found that

a sitting posture was not altogether free from discomfort.

Poor old Tunder! he was not a bad sort of fellow after all. He left the school not very long afterwards, and then we found out how many kindly and generous things he had done in a quiet unobtrusive sort of way. I don't suppose his salary as an under-master was a very large one, and I know from what he said himself that he had no private income, so that he must have practised considerable economy and self-denial to have been able to indulge in those unsuspected acts of charity in the poorer parts of Greychester which came to light after he had gone. I have lost sight of him for some time; but if he should still be living, and should chance to read these lines, he will see that in spite of the spring-frog episode, I can still speak of him with respect, and even affection.

But I am wasting time in gossiping about so paltry an affair as my first flogging, and almost forgetting that I have a story of a very different kind to tell—a story so tinged to a certain extent with sadness, that even now it costs me something to relate it. Indeed, I should not do so, did I not think that—apart from the passing interest it may have—it may serve in some cases to point a moral and give a warning.

Two of my particular chums at school were Frank and Charlie Stewart, popularly known as the two young Hotspurs. Why, I will tell you. They were fellows of the real good sort, as we used to say, good run-getters in a cricket-match, and pulling a first-rate oar. Not that they were dunces either, for they were never very low down in their forms, and they had a quickness and readiness that carried them above fellows of more plodding industry. They had one fault—I suppose every schoolboy has one, many more than one—and it was this failing that gained them their nickname. Kindly and good-natured enough as a general rule, each of them had a quick and impetuous disposition, which was liable, under no very great provocation, to blaze out into hot passion. They resented anything like dictation or unfair treatment so much, that their high spirit could at times scarcely brook even a fair and proper opposition to their ideas and opinions, and instead of trying to gain their argument, they would lose their temper. But, to do them justice, there was nothing sullen, or mean, or vindictive about them; and their fits of temper were shortlived. They tried earnestly to guard against their besetting weakness, sometimes succeeding, and always bitterly lamenting afterwards if they failed. Occasionally, they came to words between themselves; but in a moment or two they would be as friendly as ever again, pulling a pair together, or tossing for sides at cricket. Once, however, they came to blows, and it is that scene which is so vividly painted on my memory.

Like myself, the Stewarts were town-boys, and as our homes were not very far apart, we generally went to and from school together, the intimacy thus formed being gradually ripened by congenial tastes and pursuits into a warm and lasting friendship, which made them almost like brothers, and their house quite a second home to me. Their father, who had been a retired naval officer, possessed of ample independent means, had died a year or two before, and they lived with their widowed mother and a sister—a child, when first I knew her, of about six or seven. Margerie her name was—Queen Margerie, in a playful way, they always called her; and well she deserved her title, for she held absolute and sovereign sway over every heart in the household, and indeed over all who knew her.

I wish I were a word-painter, so that I could portray Queen Margerie as I see her in my mind's eye now. I wish a more skilful hand than mine could place the portrait before you—the portrait of a child—somewhat small for her age, you might say, and perhaps somewhat fragile-looking—with clustering soft brown hair, brightened here and there by a gleam of gold; hazel eyes, always lit up with mirth and happiness, except when the story of some one's troubles filled them with tears; and soft cheeks, where the shadow of ill-humour seemed never to find a resting-place. And then, what pretty ways she had; talking in such a demure, old-world fashion, with a voice deep for a child, and yet with such music in it, and doing everything so pleasantly and lovingly, that no wonder those about her made her their idol.

Chief among the idolaters were her two brothers. If I had not seen it, I should never have thought that two school-lads could have been so tender and loving to a child. No trouble and no self-sacrifice did they grudge her, gratifying her wishes, as far as lay in their power, as soon as they were uttered; often, indeed, anticipating them before they were spoken. It was curious, and yet pleasant, to see how they would come to her with the story of their feats and adventures, like knights of old, who valued most their victories in the jousts in that they gained them the smile of the queen of the tournament. If either of them had won a prize, or made the top score in a match, or done some other redoubtable thing, his chief pleasure was in the thought of Queen Margerie's delight at the news. 'Tell me all about it,' she would say, nestling eagerly close to him, 'tell me every word—every word from beginning to end.' Then would he give her a full and graphic account, she listening with growing interest the while, and gazing at him with a look of pride, until the tale was ended; and then her joy at the history of his success was to him his crowning reward.

Queen Margerie, how mother, brother, servants adored thee! I believe if the sacrifice of their own lives had been necessary to preserve thine, not one of them would have hesitated a moment to pay the price.

'They overdid it,' do you say? Nay, believe me, they did not, for a child in the home may be among the very richest gifts for which heaven claims our gratitude. A child's presence may fill with sunlight the house which else would be wrapt in gloom; a child's influence may preserve purity in the mind which but for it might become stained and corrupted; a child's love may serve to keep warm the heart which the cares and worries of life might otherwise make cold and selfish.

'I wonder,' said Frank Stewart once to me, in an abstracted sort of way, as if he had been

pondering over some weighty matter—'I wonder what we should do if anything were to happen to Margerie; if she were to—to go away.'

'Go away!' I replied in wonderment. 'How can a child like that go away? What do you mean?'

He made no answer, but went on, as if in continuance of his own remarks: 'It would kill my mother, and I think it would me, if Margerie were to'—— Then he stopped short.

I began to understand his meaning; but I said no more, for this was a sort of mood I had never seen Frank Stewart in before, and I did not know how to meet it. So the conversation ceased, and for a time I forgot all about it.

It was one afternoon some time after this that the Stewarts, one or two other fellows, and myself, were going home from school, not quite in our usual spirits, for a cricket-match we had played the day before had ended—rather unusually for us—in our suffering a disastrous defeat. True to human nature, instead of taking kindly to our reverse of fortune, we tried to find a pair of shoulders on which we might conveniently put the whole load of blame, and the owner of the shoulders happened to be Frank Stewart, who had been the captain of our Eleven, and who, we thought, had not managed matters very discreetly. In the course of our discussion on the subject, the two brothers irritated each other to such an extent that they came to blows. We tried to pacify them; but in vain. I am afraid that, like every British schoolboy, we had just a sort of lurking fondness for a good fair fight, which made the fray not without interest for us. Anyway, we watched it so intently that we did not see a childish figure come to the garden-gate leading to the Stewarts' house, and pausing a little to take in what was passing, run quickly down the road towards us. We saw and heard nothing until Queen Margerie was close to the struggling lads, calling on them piteously to stop; but in a moment—blinded and deafened with excitement—one of them stumbled against her, and fell—dragging the other with him—heavily over her to the ground.

The boys quickly rose unhurt, but the child never stirred. There she lay, the poor little face deadly pale, except where there were a few stains of blood from a bruise on the temple; and one arm seemed to have suffered some injury. There was for a moment a faint look of recognition, just a feeble attempt to smile, and then there was unconsciousness.

The whole thing took place so suddenly that none of us at first could realise it. For an instant or two the Stewarts seemed perfectly dazed, kneeling by the child, and calling her by name, as if she were only making a pretence of being hurt, and would spring into their arms presently. Then the truth seemed to burst upon them, restoring their self-possession; for, taking the little form gently to his breast, Frank Stewart strode hurriedly homewards, entreating us, as he went, to bring a doctor. We lost no time on our errand, and medical help was soon at hand. Shortly afterwards, we heard that the arm was fractured, but that that was not so serious as the injury to the head, from which the gravest results might be feared.

We did not see the Stewarts again at school during that term, of which a few days only remained. For three days they watched with their mother by the child's bedside, scarcely ever taking food or sleep. At times she was conscious, and gave them one of her old looks, or feebly held out her hand to touch theirs. Once or twice she rallied enough to speak a little, but not a word passed her lips about her injuries or the cause of them. She only asked them not to forget her when she had gone, for she seemed to think that the shadows would soon be falling about her.

Once, I remember, when I called to make inquiries, Frank Stewart came down to see me. I scarcely knew him, he looked so altered. 'It is bad enough to see her dying,' he said, sobbing: 'but to think of its being my fault!'—and he broke down utterly.

What words of comfort could a schoolboy utter in the presence of such grief? What could I say, when I feared they were only waiting for the King's messenger to take Queen Margerie where pain and weariness are not known? For though the doctor said there *was* a chance, that chance seemed but a slender one.

Fifteen years since then, is it? Why, it scarcely seems as many months. How well I remember it, and yet my schoolboy days ended long ago, and now I am a staid married man. My wife, to tell the truth, is sitting near me as I write, and now and then she comes and looks over my shoulder at what I have written, saying with a smile that she wonders how I can exaggerate as I have done once or twice. I turn the tables on her by replying that instead of being a help to me, she is my greatest hindrance, for as long as she is in the room I am always neglecting my work to look at her. And that is the truth. I am continually looking at her, because, to my mind, she is the prettiest picture one can look at. She has soft brown hair, with here and there a gleam of gold, bright hazel eyes, and a gentle face without a trace of ill-humour. It is true you may see on her forehead the faintest traces of a scar, but then, I say, it is a beauty-mark. Sometimes she says, in a make-believe solemn way, that she wonders how I could have married any one with one arm stiff and good for nothing. But I know she is only joking, for I don't think her arm is a whit worse now than any one else's.

But I am not the only one who worships her. There are her two brothers, for instance, who are quite as foolish as I am. The elder of them is a lieutenant in the navy, and he misses no opportunity of sending her wonderful treasures and curiosities, which he collects for her on his travels. Before long, our modest-sized dwelling will be a storehouse of marvels. The other, a young lawyer, who lives with his widowed mother, is a perfectly infatuated brother, and under one pretext or another is always coming to see that all is going well with his idol. I tell him sometimes, laughingly, that I shall become jealous if this sort of thing goes on; that I shall forbid him the house, and bar the doors against him! But my threats are of little use; for he says that neither husband nor bolts nor bars shall

prevent his coming, like a loyal subject, to pay allegiance to Queen Margerie. For the one slender chance did prevail, and my story ends happily after all.

ONE WOMAN'S HISTORY.

CHAPTER IV.

THE day was an hour older. The heat of the afternoon sun was tempered by a fresh breeze from the hills, which had sprung up a little while ago. The windows of Madame De Vigne's sitting-room stood wide open, and the curtains waved to and fro in the breeze, but the room itself was empty.

In a little while a sound of knocking was heard; but there being no response, the door was presently opened, and Jules, followed by Lady Renshaw and Miss Wynter, entered the room.

'Pardon, milady, but Madame De Vigne is not here,' said Jules.

At this moment Nanette, madame's maid, entered the room, seeing which, Jules made his exit. 'You wish to see madame?' inquired Nanette.

'When she is at liberty,' said her ladyship graciously.

'What name shall I give madame?'

'I am Lady Renshaw; and this is my niece, Miss Wynter.'

Nanette courtesied and went.

Lady Renshaw proceeded to make herself at home, appraising the ornaments on the chimney-piece, peering into a photograph album, turning over a book of engravings, trying a drawer or two in the cabinet, and so on.

'Really a charming room; quite the best in the hotel, I have been given to understand,' she remarked. 'To think of the audacity of this Madame De Vigne in engaging such a room for herself and party! But these adventuresses are nothing if not audacious. Yes, a charming room; and it will suit us admirably. And then the view—oh! the view'—going to the window and peering out through her glasses. 'It is *magnifique—très magnifique.*'

Miss Wynter was sitting languidly in an easy-chair: she had a knack of picking out the cosiest and softest chair in a room.

'But you have not yet told me your reason, aunt'——

'For wishing to make the acquaintance of this Madame De Vigne. I will enlighten you.'

At this juncture Nanette re-entered the room. 'Madame will be down in the course of a few minutes, if your ladyship will please to wait.'

'A French maid, too!' burst forth Lady Renshaw the moment the girl had left the room. 'One would like to know how this woman came by her money. Most probably at the gaming-table.'

'O aunt!'

'Happily for you, my dear, you know little of the world. You have never been to Monaco, for instance. I have.—But to explain to you my reasons for wishing to make the acquaintance of this—this person.' Her ladyship sat down and opened her fan. 'On glancing through the Visitors' Book this afternoon—a thing which I always do as soon as I arrive at a strange hotel—I found there the name of Mr Archibald Ridsdale.'

'Aunt!'

'I was not greatly surprised, after the note I received from Mrs Delorme, Mr Ridsdale's aunt, a few days before leaving town. She wrote something to this effect: "I am given to understand that that foolish nephew of mine is philandering somewhere among the Lakes in company with those two adventuresses who have got him in their toils. Should you come across the party in your travels, write me all particulars you can pick up concerning them; and should any opportunity offer itself, I hope you will do all that lies in your power to extricate Archie from this dreadful entanglement."—Well, my dear, as good fortune would have it, here they all are—Mr Archie and the two adventuresses—in this very hotel.' And Lady Renshaw fanned herself complacently.

'But under what pretext do you propose to introduce yourself to Madame De Vigne?'

'You will learn when the time comes,' answered her ladyship with a diplomatic smile. 'Meanwhile, I have something very serious to say to you.'

'Yes, aunt.'

'The season before last, Mr Ridsdale paid you very marked attention—very marked indeed. He really seemed quite taken with you; and it must have been entirely your own fault that you let him slip through your fingers in the way you did. I was never more annoyed in my life. But there is just a possibility that it may not be too late even now to repair your wretched blunder.'

'But Mr Ridsdale is engaged, is he not?'

'O my dear, engagements nowadays are lightly made and as lightly broken. It is quite possible that by this time the foolish young fellow may be thoroughly cured of his infatuation for this young woman, whom nobody seems to know anything about, and may be longing for some friendly hand to snap the thread that binds him to her. It is quite possible that when he sees you again he may'—— Here her ladyship nodded meaningly at her niece. 'You know what I mean. Now, if the slightest chance is given you, I beg that you will play your cards differently this time! Think! the only son of one of our richest and oldest baronets! What a position would be yours! What a'—— Suddenly her ladyship caught sight of something outside the window. She rose and crossed the room and peered out through her glasses. 'Why, I declare there's that young curate again, sitting under a tree all alone with his book!'

Miss Wynter's languor vanished in a moment. She started to her feet. 'Where, aunt?' she asked eagerly.—'Yes, poor fellow; he does look rather lonely, doesn't he?'

'I don't suppose you have the slightest notion who the young man really is?' said her ladyship, with the air of a person who has made a grand discovery.

Bella threw a startled look at her aunt. 'No—no—of course not. How should I?' Then coaxingly: 'But who is he, aunty dear?'

'The son of a bishop, my dear.—What do you think of that?'

'Good gracious!' exclaimed the young girl with a gasp, as well she might. 'But how did you find that out, aunt?'

'You remember that he told us his name was Mr Golightly?'

Bella nodded assent.

'Well, on reaching the hotel I asked to see the Clergy List, where I found that the only Golightly mentioned there is the Bishop of Melminster. It's by no means a common name, and this young man must be the bishop's son. I've not a doubt of it in my own mind.'

Lady Renshaw had evidently a fine faculty for leaping to conclusions from very insufficient data.

'O aunt, how clever you are!' was the comment of the wicked Bella.

'That's as it may be, my dear,' was the complacent answer. 'What are our brains given us for but to make proper use of them.'

'Don't you think Mr Golightly very nice-looking?' asked Miss Wynter with the most innocent air imaginable.

'Intellectual-looking, no doubt. He has the air of a man who habitually burns the midnight oil. I have no doubt that the dear bishop has inculcated him with studious habits.'

It will be observed that her ladyship's English was occasionally a little slipshod, especially when she lugged long words into her sentences with which she had only a bowing acquaintance.

Miss Wynter turned away to hide a smile. 'What fun it will be to tell all this to Dick, by-and-by!' she said to herself.

'We must cultivate him, my dear,' resumed her ladyship, who evidently deemed two strings better than one, to her niece's bow. 'In these days, a bishop's son is not by any means to be sneered at. Who knows but that he may take a fancy to you! You must endeavour to sit next him at dinner, and draw him gently on to talk of the subjects that interest him, and then of course you will discover that you are deeply interested in the same subjects yourself.'

'I will do my best, aunt,' responded Bella softly.

At this moment the door opened, and Madame De Vigne entered the room. The two ladies rose simultaneously to their feet.

'Lady Renshaw?' said madame inquiringly, with a slight but stately inclination of the head.

Her ladyship bowed in some confusion. 'Madame De Vigne, I presume?' she contrived to stammer out. For once in a way her self-confidence had deserted her.

'Yes,' was the simple answer, but still with the same look of inquiry in the large, lustrous, melancholy eyes.

Never in her life had Lady Renshaw felt herself so much like an intruder. She recovered herself somewhat behind the shelter of a little cough. Then she said: 'Before explaining my intrusion, allow me to introduce my niece, Miss Wynter.'

The two ladies bowed, and the eyes of the elder one kindled with a smile. There was something in the girl's face that attracted her.

'An adventuress indeed!' exclaimed Bella to herself. 'Aunt never made a greater mistake in her life.'

Her ladyship had recovered her fluency by this time. 'I must lay the blame of our intrusion, Madame De Vigne, on the shoulders of Mr Archie Ridsdale?'

'Of Mr Ridsdale, Lady Renshaw?'

'Archie is quite an old friend both of Bella and myself.'

'I am pleased to make the acquaintance of any friends of Mr Ridsdale,' responded Madame De Vigne gravely.—'Will you not be seated?'

The three ladies sat down, Miss Wynter artfully choosing a seat near the open window, whence she could glance occasionally at Mr Dulcimer, who, to all appearance, was still intent upon his book.

'And now to make a full confession,' began her ladyship smilingly, as she first opened and then shut her fan. 'When we arrived here this afternoon and requested to be shown to a private sitting-room, we were informed that the hotel was full, and that there was not one to be had for love or money. So I made up my mind that till a private room should be vacant, my niece and I would have to content ourselves with the accommodation of the ladies' coffee-room. But, O my dear Madame De Vigne, I had not been in the room ten minutes, before I found that it would be an utter impossibility for us to stay there. Such a strange medley of people I was never among before. Association with them, even temporarily, was altogether out of the question. So I told Bella not to have our trunks unpacked, but that, after a little refreshment, we would endeavour to find some other hotel where we could be properly accommodated. But at this juncture I discovered that Mr Ridsdale was staying here with a party of friends in their own suite of rooms. Then a happy thought struck me, and I said to my niece: "Considering our long friendship with dear Archie, I wonder whether we should be looked upon as intruders if we were to go to Madame De Vigne and beg of her to find space for us in a corner of her sitting-room during the two or three days we intend staying in this place."' Here her ladyship, being slightly out of breath, paused for a moment.

Miss Wynter had first turned red and then pale while listening to her ladyship's apology. 'O auntie, auntie, what fibs you are telling!' she murmured under her breath.

'So now, dear Madame De Vigne, you know all,' resumed her ladyship. 'If we shall incommode you in the slightest degree, pray tell us so at once, and'——

Madame De Vigne held up her hand in gentle deprecation. 'Not another word is needed, Lady Renshaw,' she said. 'What you ask is a very small favour, indeed. Pray, consider this room as yours during your stay. It will please me much to know that you do so.'

'Isn't she nice!' said Bella to herself admiringly. 'If I were a man I believe I should fall in love with her.'

'You are really very kind, and I am more obliged to you than I can say,' remarked Lady Renshaw with her most expansive smile. 'Archie too, dear boy, will be immensely gratified when he finds us installed here.' Then after a momentary pause, she added: 'Do you purpose making much of a stay among the Lakes, may I ask?'

'I can scarcely tell. Our little holiday may

come to an end in two or three days, or it may extend to as many weeks.'

Bella's gaze had been intently fixed on Mr Dulcimer. 'I do believe he is winking at me over his book!' she cried to herself. 'But he has audacity enough for anything.'

'Pardon the question, dear Madame De Vigne, but am I right in assuming that, like myself, you have been left desolate and forlorn in this vale of tears?'

'I am a—a widow, if that is what you mean, Lady Renshaw.'

'Then is there one more bond of sympathy between us. Never can I forget my own loss. It was five years last Monday since poor dear Sir Timothy died. But I see him every night in my dreams, and I carry his portrait and a lock of his hair—he had not much hair, poor darling—with me wherever I go. He was not handsome; but he was a most excellent creature. He left me all he possessed, and—and he only lived two years and a half after our marriage!'

The affecting picture was too much for her ladyship's feelings; she pressed her perfumed and delicately embroidered handkerchief to her eyes. Madame De Vigne, with a slightly disdainful expression on her pale features, sat as cold and unmoved as a statue.

'How ridiculous of aunt to carry on in that style!' thought Bella to herself with a very red face.

Madame De Vigne turned to the young girl. 'Is this your first visit to the Lakes, Miss Wynter?'

'Yes; I have never been so far north before.'

'I hope you will be favoured with as fine weather as we have had. They tell me that in these parts it sometimes rains for a week without ceasing.'

'O dear, how very depressing. I shouldn't like that at all.'

By this time Lady Renshaw was ready to resume the attack. 'Pardon me, dear Madame De Vigne, but judging from the name, I presume your husband was not an Englishman?'

'He was a Frenchman, Lady Renshaw.'

'Some of the most charming men I have ever met were Frenchmen. Am I right in assuming that your loss is of an older date than mine?'

'I lost my husband several years ago.'

'Ah, then, Time has no doubt softened the blow to you. I am told that it generally does; but, for my part, I feel that I can never cease to mourn poor, dear Sir Timothy.—In all probability you have spent much of your life abroad?'

'I have lived abroad a great deal, Lady Renshaw.' As she spoke these words she rose abruptly and crossed to the other side of the room. 'This woman is insufferable,' she said to herself. 'She must have some motive for her questions. What can it be?'

'There's something in her life she wants to hide. I scent a mystery,' remarked Lady Renshaw to herself with a fine sense of complacency.

Miss Wynter had again become absorbed in furtively watching Mr Dulcimer. 'Poor Dick, how sanctimonious he looks! But then, to be sure, he's the son of a bishop!' she whispered to herself with a mischievous twinkle in her eye.

Next moment the door was opened, and in came Miss Gaisford and Miss Loraine. At the sight of strangers they stopped suddenly. Madame De Vigne came forward. Lady Renshaw and Miss Wynter rose.

'Lady Renshaw—Miss Wynter—permit me to introduce to you Miss Gaisford and my sister, Miss Loraine.—Penelope, Clarice—Lady Renshaw and her niece, Miss Wynter—friends of Mr Ridsdale.'

The two girls shot a critical glance at each other, as girls always do when they are introduced.

'The girl Archie's engaged to!' remarked Bella under her breath. 'Well, she's awfully handsome; nobody can deny that. I suppose that by the side of her I look a regular gipsy. That gown she's got on was never made in town. Quite a country cut. But how well she carries it off.'

'What a very pretty girl!' was Clarice's unspoken comment. 'Only I never remember hearing Archie mention her name.'

As Lady Renshaw peered at Clarice through her eyeglass she instinctively felt that if young Ridsdale were really engaged to this splendid young creature, any hopes she might have cherished of winning him away from her side were likely to end in smoke. She at once admitted to herself that whatever pictures of the two sisters she might previously have drawn in her mind's eye were totally unlike the reality. If these women were adventuresses, they certainly didn't look it, so far as her experiences of such beings went. None the less did it seem certain that Archie was being inveigled into a marriage against which his father would no doubt resolutely set his face. There was no knowing what strange turn Fortune's wheel might bring about. Meanwhile she must watch and wait and keep her own counsel.

'May I be permitted to assume, dear Madame De Vigne, that, with the exception of Mr Ridsdale, your little party is now complete?' queried her ladyship.

'Not quite, Lady Renshaw. We are still short of two friends—the Rev. Mr Gaisford and Dr M'Murdo, whose acquaintance you will doubtless make a little later on.'

'And that of their wives?' asked her ladyship languidly with a graceful sweep of her fan.

'They haven't any; they are bachelors,' interposed Miss Gaisford brusquely.

'O-h. Bachelors are always interesting creatures in the eyes of our sex, Miss Gaisford. But it is possible that the gentlemen in question may be on the eve of changing their condition?'

'Will this woman's questions never cease?' murmured Madame De Vigne to herself.

'Not at all, Lady Renshaw—not at all,' responded the vicar's sister. 'They know too well when they are well off.'

'O fie, now, Miss Gaisford! You must not turn traitress to your sex. What are we sent into the world for if not to make the men happy!'

'It seems like it to any one who reads the daily papers,' was the grim response.

'By the way, dear, what has become of Mr Ridsdale?' asked Madame De Vigne of her sister.

'He has gone as far as the post-office. He

thought that the letter he has been expecting for the last few days might perhaps be waiting there for him.'

'A letter from his father, without a doubt,' muttered Lady Renshaw. 'Probably the one containing Sir William's final decision.'

Clarice had crossed to the window to speak to Miss Wynter. Suddenly she gave a little start. 'Why, I declare there's Archie over yonder, talking to that young curate whom we saw this afternoon. They seem to be acquainted. And now they are coming this way.'

'Good gracious! Dick coming here!' exclaimed Miss Wynter under her breath.

Archie Ridsdale entered the sitting-room from the veranda, followed—bashfully—by Mr Richard Dulcimer, otherwise Mr Golightly.

'Ladies all,' began Archie, 'allow me to introduce to you my old friend and college chum, Dick Golightly—one of the best of fellows when you come to know him, but, like the snail, of a most retiring disposition—one of those people, in fact, whom it takes a deal of persuasion to coax out of their shell.—Golightly, don't blush, there's a dear boy; the ladies won't eat you.—Madame De Vigne—Miss Gaisford—Miss Loraine. You will know them all better by-and-by.—Now don't, for goodness' sake, be a snail.'—Then turning, he exclaimed with a well-feigned start: 'Ah! Lady Renshaw, as I live!' and with that he held out his hand, which her ladyship grasped with much cordiality.

'This is indeed an unlooked-for pleasure,' he went on. 'I never see your ladyship without being reminded of what the poet says: "A thing of beauty is a joy for ever."'

'Fie, you naughty boy'—tapping him with her fan—'you are not a bit improved since I saw you last.'

'Allow me,' continued Archie. 'My friend, Mr Golightly—Lady Renshaw.'

'I think that I have had the pleasure of meeting Mr Golightly before—for a few minutes on the lawn this afternoon.'

Richard murmured something inaudible in reply. He was twisting his hat between his fingers and shifting uneasily from one foot to the other. He tried his hardest to call up a blush, but failed ignominiously.

Archie had turned to Bella.

'Surprises will never cease. My dear Miss Wynter, I am more delighted to see you than I can express. Words are powerless in a case like this.—Golightly, let me make you a happy man for ever by introducing you to Miss Bella Wynter—one of the most charming and at the same time most dangerous belles of the season.—Miss Wynter, do, for mercy's sake, take this unsophisticated youth under your wing, and try to coax him out of his shell.'

'Isn't that rather a mixed-up metaphor, Mr Ridsdale?'

''Twill serve, as Mercutio says. You know my meaning.'

'Mr—a—Mr Golightly,' said her ladyship.

Richard turned, and the dowager motioned him with her fan to take a seat beside her on the ottoman.

'O Archie!' said Bella in a whisper, 'what a dreadful scrape you have got poor Dick into by bringing him in here!'

'Don't you believe it,' responded Mr Ridsdale with a grin. 'For pure impudence, I don't know any young man of his years who's a match for Dicky Dulcimer. And as for throwing dust in Lady Renshaw's eyes, the scoundrel will revel in it—absolutely revel in it.'

'Poor, dear aunty, if she only knew!' said Bella with a touch of compunction, which, however, by no means tended to dim the sparkle in her eyes.

'And how was the dear bishop, Mr Golightly, when you last heard from him?' inquired her ladyship in her blandest tones.

Dick stared, as well he might. 'The bishop, Lady Renshaw!' he stammered.

'I mean your dear papa, of course. When I was quite a girl, I was several times at Melminster.'

'O-h!' answered Dick with a prolonged indrawing of his breath. 'I crave your ladyship's pardon. When last I heard from Melminster, every one there was quite well.'

A light had begun to dawn on him. 'She takes the bishop for my father, whereas he's only my godfather. Evidently the name has misled her,' he said to himself with an inward chuckle. 'Well—bless her stupidity! It's no part of my duty to enlighten her.'

'I am so glad to hear it,' continued her ladyship innocently. 'The duties of such an exalted position must be very trying to the constitution. For myself, I am happy to say that I have always been a stanch upholder of the Establishment.'

Mr Golightly bowed, but had no reply ready.

'I hope that we shall have the pleasure of a good deal of your society, Mr Golightly, during the time you stay in these parts.'

'Thanks. Delighted, I'm sure,' lisped that model young man. 'Mamma has always been wishful that I should cultivate the society of ladies as much as possible. Men nowadays—at least, lots of them—are so fast and slangy, don't you know. I always like to do as mamma bids me.'

'A most exalted sentiment. I wish all young men thought as you do, Mr Golightly. I should very much like to make the acquaintance of your mamma. She must be a most estimable lady. I suppose, now, that you lead a very quiet and domesticated life at the palace?'

'At the palace! Oh—ah—yes, very quiet.' Then he added to himself: 'By Jove, though, I haven't been at the palace for nearly a dozen years—not since poor old dad's fortune collapsed. Bishops, like other people, find it convenient to forget old friends when they have a mind to do so.'

'Charming young lady, Miss Wynter,' Master Dick ventured to remark presently to her ladyship.

'I'm pleased you think so. Bella's a sweet girl, though I say it who ought not. She is looking towards us. I believe she has something to say to you, Mr Golightly.'

'Has she? Then perhaps your ladyship will kindly excuse me.' He rose, glad enough to get away from the dowager, and crossed to his lady-love.

'A young nincompoop, if ever there was one!'

was the complimentary remark that followed him. 'Bella ought to be able to twist him round her little finger.'

'At last, my darling!' whispered the young man as he drew a chair up close to Miss Wynter.

'You dreadful, dreadful Dick!'

'What would I not venture for your sake, my pet!'

'I'm not your pet.'

'Deny it, if you dare. But what put all that rigmarole into her ladyship's head about my father the bishop, and'——

But at this moment the dull clangour of the dinner gong made itself heard throughout the hotel. There was a general movement in the room.

'I will talk to you later on. You may sit next me at dinner, if you can contrive it,' whispered Bella hurriedly before she joined her aunt.

'Be careful in what way you talk to Mr Golightly,' remarked the latter lady in an undertone. 'Above all, no frivolity; and don't forget that you have been brought up in a pious family.'

Archie came bustling up. 'Now, Lady Renshaw, permit me the honour.—Golightly, I leave you to look after Miss Wynter and Miss Loraine.—By the way,' he added, 'what has become of the vicar and his friend the doctor?'

'It is only that Septimus is late as usual,' answered Miss Pen. 'That big trout has detained him, and Dr M'Murdo is with him. No doubt they will turn up by the time dinner is half over.'

'Are you not going to join us at dinner, dear Madame De Vigne?' inquired the dowager with much suavity.

'Not to-day, I think, Lady Renshaw. Will you allow me for once to plead a woman's usual excuse—a headache?'

'*So* sorry.' Then to herself: 'She dines alone. Another evidence of a mystery.' Then aloud: 'And you, dear Miss Gaisford?'

'I? Oh, I never miss my dinner. They charge it in the bill whether one has it or not. Even now the savoury odours of the soup reach me from afar. I will join you anon.'

'What an odd creature! Inclined to be satirical. I don't think that I shall like her,' was the other's unspoken remark as she sailed out of the room on Mr Ridsdale's arm.

Mr Golightly followed with the two young ladies.

Miss Gaisford drew a long breath of relief as soon as the door was shut.

'And now, if I may be so inquisitive, pray, who is our redundant friend?'

'You know as much of her as I do,' replied Madame De Vigne. 'Introducing herself as a friend of Mr Ridsdale, she asked permission to share our sitting-room on the plea that all the other private rooms in the hotel were engaged. Under the circumstances of the case, I scarcely saw my way to decline her request.'

'Oh, we all know how soft-hearted you are, my dear friend. She would not have found *me* such an easy victim. If I am not mistaken, Master Archie was as much annoyed as he was surprised at finding her here.'

'I suppose we shall have the infliction of her company all evening,' remarked Madame De Vigne with a little shrug of resignation.

'I had forgotten that for the moment,' answered Miss Pen musingly. Then she added quickly: 'No—no; of all nights in the year, she shall not worry you to-night. When dinner is over, I will assign Dr Mac to her—together with Septimus. They shall take her down to the lake to see the moon rise—they shall even make love to her, if need be, so long as they keep her out of the way.' Then, after glancing at her watch, Miss Pen went on, with a change of tone: 'Another quarter of an hour and Colonel Woodruffe will be here!'

Madame De Vigne did not answer.

Miss Pen took one of her hands. 'Mora—dear friend,' she said, 'you will treat him kindly to-night—more kindly than you did before?'

'I shall not treat him unkindly.'

'You will not refuse him what he asks? He is a noble, true-hearted man, of whose love any woman might be proud. You will not say No to him this time? You have made up your mind that this time the answer shall be Yes?'

'Does a woman ever really make up her mind beforehand?—is she ever quite sure what her answer will be till the crucial moment has come?'

'Thank goodness, *my* mind is generally made up about most things; but then, I've never been in love, and hope to goodness I never shall be. Still, with so much of it about, there's no knowing. Like many other things, it may be catching.—But now, I must run off, or those good people will have gobbled up all the soup.' At the door she turned. 'Mora, I will never forgive you if the answer is anything but Yes—yes—yes!'

'There goes as true-hearted a friend as any woman need wish to have,' said Mora. She sighed, and rose and crossed to the window. 'If I could but open my heart to her!—if I might but tell her everything! But not even to her dare I do that. And yet *he* must know—*he* must be told! What will he say—what will he do when he has read my letter? Ah me! I tremble—I am afraid.'

On the side-table stood an ebony and ivory writing-desk. This she now proceeded to open with a tiny key which hung from her châtelaine. From it she took a letter, and then relocked the desk.

'Shall I give it him, or shall I not?' she asked herself, as she held the letter between a thumb and finger of each hand and gazed intently at it. 'It is not too late to destroy it. No one in the world need know that it was ever written. The temptation! the temptation!'

For a few moments she stood thus, gazing fixedly at the letter, as though there were some power of fascination in it, her tall figure swaying slightly to and fro. Then she roused herself as if from a dream, and said to herself: 'No! I should be unworthy of his love, I should despise myself for ever, were I knowingly to let even the shadow of deceit come between us. There must be no more hesitation.' She crossed to the chimney-piece and laid the letter on it. 'Lie there till he comes,' she said. 'I will not touch you again—for fear.'

She shivered slightly, as if struck by a sudden chill, and going back to the window, she sat down in an easy-chair near it. A clock on the chimney-piece struck the hour with silvery tone. She started. 'A few minutes more and he will be here,' she said. She lay back in her chair, her head pressed against the cushions, her eyes closed, her slender fingers intertwined, in an attitude of utter abandonment. 'Oh!' she murmured, 'if the ordeal were but over!'

(*To be continued.*)

THE MONTH:

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

THE sudden appearance and subsequent disappearance of a volcanic island off the coast of Iceland, reminds us that there are natural wonders going on around us which cannot well be equalled in the pages of romance. This island had the shape of a flattened cone rounded at the top. It rose from the sea about twenty miles from the mainland. Last century, a similar phenomenon presented itself near the same place; but that island too had only a brief existence. It is not surprising that such structures should in course of time be demolished by the action of the waves, for these islands mostly consist of very loose materials, such as slag, ashes, and pumice-stone, which are readily acted upon by the surf. The disappearance of the island may, however, be due to other influences than that of the sea.

Some interesting particulars of the voyage of the Danish gunboat *Fylla* to the arctic regions have been published. This vessel was sent out by the Danish government on an exploring and surveying expedition, which has occupied four months, during which time the coast of Greenland has been explored to a very high latitude. Besides this work, many meteorological observations have been made, whilst dredging and trawling for specimens have been steadily pursued. Amongst the valuables so collected, and which have been divided into sections Botanical, Zoological, and Mineralogical, each under the care of a professor, is a meteoric stone weighing about two thousand pounds. Details of the expedition will be published at Copenhagen.

There are at present two large waterways in Africa upon which the attention of many nations is fixed—namely, the Nile and the river Congo. The interest regarding the first is of a military character, with which these pages have little to do; but with regard to the Congo there is much to claim our attention. Mr H. M. Stanley has recently addressed the London Chamber of Commerce upon the subject, and has given a most interesting account of his personal experiences among the tribes inhabiting the valley of the great river. He describes the natives as being peaceful and anxious to trade with more civilised nations. The International African Association, of which Mr Stanley is a member, was formed some years ago under the auspices of the king of the Belgians, to put down slavery in this region, and to secure a system of free trade for the commerce of the world. Traders of all nations are invited by the Association to bring their goods to the river Congo, which presents, including its affluents, a navigable river of three thousand miles. When cordial relations between traders and natives have been established, the Association will consider the object of its existence to have been gained, and will be dissolved. The sole hindrance to the successful carrying out of the programme seems to be the presence of Portuguese settlers at the mouth of the river, which they claim to have discovered about four hundred years ago. They regard this discovery as an excuse for levying a heavy toll on every vessel ascending the river.

A clever system, by which shafts can be easily sunk in watery soils and quicksands, the invention of Herr Poetsch, was recently described in a paper read before a French Technical Society. The space where the shaft is to be sunk is marked out by a series of hollow iron tubes, which are driven into the ground, and form a ring round the site. In these hollow tubes are introduced smaller tubes, pierced with holes, through which a refrigerating liquid is forced in a continuous current until the ring of tubes is bound together by a wall of ice. By this means, the intrusion of sand and water is prevented while the sinking of the shaft is being accomplished. At a colliery in Prussia, belonging to Messrs Siemens, this plan has been successfully adopted. Indeed, it is difficult to see how the coal, which was overlaid by a quicksand, could have been won by any other means.

A novel method of street-paving has been tried with some success in Berlin; but as its trial only covers twelve months of traffic, it can hardly be held to have proved its superiority over other systems. The material is asphalt, but not treated in the usual manner. Bricks impregnated with the compound, under which treatment they lose their natural brittleness and become elastic, and capable of resisting heavy pressure and damp, are laid in rows just like the wood-blocks used for a similar purpose in this country. The new paving is said to last well and to afford a sure foothold to horses. There is certainly an opening for improvement in our present systems of paving.

Mr Hiram S. Maxim, whose name is well known in connection with a system of electric lighting which was introduced by him a few years back, has invented a machine-gun which has lately been exhibited in London, and which gives some remarkable results. This gun has a single barrel only, which is protected from undue heating by a water-jacket. The cartridges are supplied to it in a continuous canvas belt, not unlike the belt carried by sportsmen. The recoil of the gun at each discharge is utilised in bringing

forward the next cartridge, forcing it into position, cocking the hammer and pulling the trigger, so that the gun when once set going is automatic. If its attendant were killed in action, the weapon would in fact go on firing its complement of cartridges until the last one was expended. The rate of discharge can be regulated from once a minute to the astonishing maximum of six hundred per minute. The same system of belt-feeding has been applied by Mr Maxim to ordinary rifles fired from the shoulder; and it is probable that the attention of our War authorities will be called to the matter.

How few of us realise the fact that there are among the sixty-three hitherto known elements of which this world is composed, no fewer than fifty metals. A large number of these are so rare that they cannot be said to have much importance; but frequently the so-called rare metals are, as knowledge advances, stepping over the boundary-line which separates them from metals having a commercial value. Of these, aluminium and magnesium hold a foremost place. But now another metal, iridium, often found associated with platinum and gold, is coming into use. (Possession of or dealing with iridium has hitherto been forbidden by Russian law, because it was found that gold was adulterated with it. When gold so treated was afterwards worked at the Mint, the individual particles of iridium indented the rollers, played havoc with the machinery generally, and entailed great loss on the government.) It was discovered a few years ago that this hard and intractable metal can be readily fused by the addition of phosphorus, the resulting material retaining all the hardness of the original metal. Hitherto, iridium has been used almost solely for pen-points. There are now, however, many uses found for it, among which we may mention draw-plates for wire, the wearing parts of various philosophical instruments, and contact-points for telegraphic apparatus.

An improvement in the art of glass-blowing has been introduced at the works of Messrs Appert, at Clichy, of which it may be said that it is remarkable that it was not adopted many years ago. Glass-blowers are by reason of their occupation subject to various diseases of the lips and cheeks, while the hot atmosphere in which they are compelled to work renders their frames peculiarly liable to other disorders. Instead of using the breath from the lungs to distend the bubble of molten glass, Messrs Appert have adopted the method of storing air under pressure for that purpose. The results are satisfactory in every way. The workman's health is greatly improved, and so is the quality of his work, while the rapidity of production is naturally much increased.

The prorogation of parliament means not only the release from work of the members thereof, but is also a welcome relief to that class of newspaper readers who care little for acrimonious debate. During the recess, space is found for much interesting matter that would otherwise be lost, and those with hobbies, useful and otherwise, have opportunity for airing their knowledge and their grievances. For instance, we usually find in the newspapers many interesting letters on natural history; and the doings of particular birds, beasts, and fishes form the subject of much curious correspondence. The old question whether the ubiquitous sparrow is the friend or foe of the farmer has once more been raised. The evidence on this point is very conflicting, and leads one to assume that the sparrow is mischievous or useful according to local circumstances. One correspondent calls to mind a curious collection of the contents of the crops of various birds which was shown by a Frenchman at the Great Exhibition of 1851. This exhibit clearly showed that the bulk of the food was insectivorous, the grain being a minimum. On the other side of the discussion, we may refer to a paper lately read at a Farmers' Club in Chester in which it was alleged that sparrows' crops had been found with an alarming amount of wheat in them, and operations for reducing the numbers of the feathered pilferers were advocated. Still, the evil may be counterbalanced by the good.

It has lately been proved by direct experiment at Marseilles that the lower animals can be inoculated with the virus of cholera obtained from a human patient, and that death ensues with the same symptoms as are exhibited by mankind. It is believed that this fact will offer a sure method of diagnosing a case of true cholera, a guinea-pig or a dog serving as a necessary victim. Another curious observation has been made respecting this dread disease. The gastric juice and the bile tend to act as destroyers of the microbes. These secretions are most abundantly brought to bear during a meal, but hardly at all when liquid nourishment alone is taken into the stomach. It would therefore appear that there is much less risk in drinking contaminated water with food, than if it were merely taken alone to quench the thirst.

Mr James M. Share, R.N., sends us from South Africa a description of a leak-stopper which he has invented, and which, from its simplicity and cheapness, should command the attention of shipowners. It is founded on the old system of hanging a sail over a ship's side to stop the inrush of water when from a collision or other cause a ship's side suffers injury. Mr Share's stopper consists of a strong canvas sheet rolled up upon an iron stove-pipe. By suitable gearing, the contrivance can be dropped overboard in any required place, when the sheet unrolls and covers the leaky place. It will therefore be seen that the invention aims at doing in a ready and workman-like manner that which has been done in haphazard fashion from time immemorial. We have particular pleasure in calling attention to this invention from the circumstance that its contriver does not intend to patent it, but offers it freely as a useful contribution to the means of saving life at sea.

An English firm has patented an ingenious invention for the better control of level-crossing gates on railways. The gates will be worked by manual labour in the signal-box. These gates, which are of light iron instead of the old-fashioned heavy wood, are closed and opened by means of rods and chains working on wheels connected with the back style of the gate. These wheels are covered in with cast-iron 'wells' or 'boxes,' and part of the top of these is movable, permitting free and easy access to the underground workings. The rods are protected by channels of wood, iron, or brick.

The capabilities of bicycles and tricycles must be reckoned among the wonders of the age. Lately, the distance between London and Edinburgh was covered in three days by a tricycle rider. This feat was surpassed a week later by another traveller, who accomplished the four hundred miles in two days and nine hours, considerably more than half the distance being travelled in the first twenty-four hours. A medical writer in the *Lancet* warns all 'cycle' riders to beware of large wheels which are accompanied by small saddles. He says that unless a good-sized seat is provided, serious evils may result.

The second trial of the new French balloon, which, on its first ascent, is reported to have travelled several miles against the wind in a predetermined direction, seems to have been a failure. In the meantime, a Russian aëronaut is constructing a balloon at St Petersburg which is shaped like a cigar, is to carry sails, and will hold a steam-engine, a crew of sixteen men, and a huge amount of ballast. Its contriver reckons upon a speed of one hundred and sixty miles per hour. We shall be curious to learn how this new machine behaves itself.

The 'Refuse Destructor' is the name of a very useful furnace recently invented by Mr Stafford, the borough engineer of Burnley, which has been doing such efficient work in consuming street and other refuse by fire that it promises to be extensively adopted in other towns. Street sweepings, the offal from slaughter-houses and fishmongers' shops, and unpleasant matter of all kinds treated in this furnace are rendered not only harmless, but are converted into a residuum which can be utilised for mixing with mortar and for other purposes. Hence the machine can be made almost self-supporting. The erection of the plant at Burnley cost only one hundred pounds; but here there happened to be an idle chimney-stalk, so that there was no need to build one for the purpose. At Richmond, Surrey, a furnace on the same principle is in course of erection, and this will probably form a model for other metropolitan suburbs.

In New York, a Company—called the New York Steam Company—is supplying light, heat, and power to a large section of the city. One building alone has steam furnished to it by means of a six-inch pipe. With this supply it runs its elevators and works dynamo-machines for eighteen hundred electric lights, the surplus steam being utilised for heating purposes. The business of the Company is steadily increasing, and it is believed that in another year many of the leading thoroughfares in New York will be heated and lighted by its agency.

Recent experiments by Dr B. W. Richardson have demonstrated that the killing of animals can be accomplished without any pain whatever, and the suggestion that all slaughter-houses should be provided with the means of accomplishing this must be supported by all humane persons. At first it was believed that the desired end could be gained by employing an electric current, and certain accidents which have occurred within the last few years in connection with electric-lighting machinery will serve to remind us that electricity can be made a most effective life-destroyer. But electric apparatus is too cumbrous and costly as well as too dangerous to intrust to unskilled hands. The recent experiments point to carbonic oxide and chloroform as being the best agents for the purpose in view.

An electric lighthouse has recently been erected on the island of Raza, at the entrance of the Bay of Rio Janeiro. The lighthouse stands upon a rock two hundred and thirty feet above the sea, and the building itself is eighty-five feet high. The light is thus three hundred and fifteen feet above the sea. The electric current is produced by a continuous current Gramme machine, working at the rate of seven hundred revolutions, and feeding a light of two thousand candle-power. The Gramme machine is worked by a stationary surface-condensing steam-engine, this arrangement being occasioned by want of fresh water. To provide for accidents, an oil-lamp is always kept in readiness, and the whole of the engine fittings are very cleverly made double in case of a breakage. The light is revolving, and has two white disks and one red one, succeeding one another at certain intervals, and is said to be visible at thirty-five miles.

Last month we referred to an exhibition of insects injurious to plant-life in connection with a flower-show at Frome. It seems that this town must now divide the honour of such an exhibit with Portobello, in the neighbourhood of Edinburgh, where two glass cases were displayed at the local flower-show lately, containing specimens of various insects injurious to plants and flowers. A prize was awarded to the exhibitor who had with praiseworthy diligence collected and shown more than fifty specimens of such insects.

In the month of August, a grilse measuring fourteen inches in length was taken from the Scottish salmon-rearing pond at Howietoun. This and many others in the pond were raised from the ova and milt of salmon taken from the river Teith in December 1880. The specimen was a female, with the ova well advanced. This, according to Mr Francis Day, solves the question that our salmon may not only be reared in a healthy state in suitable ponds of fresh water, but also, if properly cared for, will breed without descending to the sea. Last year, the milt of the parrs (young of the salmon) from this pond was successfully used for breeding purposes.

Every invention or improvement calculated to alleviate human suffering is deserving of our approbation, and should be widely made known. As it is well known that smallpox and contagious fevers are often communicated during the conveyance of patients even in properly constructed ambulances through the streets to the fever hospitals, it has occurred to Dr Gayton, Senior Medical Officer of the Metropolitan Asylums Board, to substitute for the present open glass or wooden louvre shutters adopted in these carriages, a double layer of perforated metal, inclosing an absorbent material saturated with a 'germicide,' or destroyer of the minute microscopical particles which tend to propagate disease. Fresh air is admitted through modified and improved 'Tobin' ventilators of a horn-shape, with the large end opening externally; whilst the smaller extremity is provided, inside

the van, with a disinfecting air-chamber, constructed like those attached to the other apertures or windows. It is gratifying to know that these improved ambulances are in use by the Metropolitan Asylums Board in conveying patients to their different hospitals both ashore and afloat.

Another clever invention for saving life and limb has been brought out by Mr J. Lindley, of the Clifton and Kearsley collieries, to prevent accidents from the breaking of the winding-rope when raising or lowering a cage full of miners. This consists in connecting the lower ends of the top rods to a pair of levers mounted on each side of the cage, the other end of the levers being forked and connected to opposite ends of a pair of links which are fastened to the ordinary wooden or iron guide-rods. As soon as the cage is released by the breaking of the rope, the inner arms of the levers rise and force the links together. The inner side of the forks being provided with wedge projections, which come in contact with similar projections on the sides of the links, the cage remains suspended, wedged fast to the guide-rods, instead of being hurled to the bottom, to the probable destruction of its unfortunate occupants. This useful invention should be at once adopted in every colliery and mine in the kingdom, for as a 'life-saving' apparatus it certainly admits of no doubt.

VACCINATION.

The following communication from a medical man connected with the Smallpox Ambulance Service of London will be welcomed by all who are interested in the subject of vaccination.

'Having read,' says the doctor, 'with interest the article on "Vaccination" in your *Journal* of September 20, and being brought much in contact with smallpox—about three thousand cases having passed through my hands during the last few months—I hope you will allow me to offer a few remarks on some of the points treated of in your *Journal*.

The question of the relative protection of calf lymph and of humanised lymph is, as you say, not settled. One of the principal authorities of the present time on smallpox strongly disapproves of calf lymph, and I have been told by others connected with smallpox hospitals that they had known smallpox develop in persons recently vaccinated with calf lymph.

The experiments on animals with cholera *bacilli* recently described in the medical papers seem to show that the infecting agent, whether it be the *bacilli* or a *materies morbi* transported by them, undergoes very important changes by being "cultivated" in the system of animals of a different species from those from which it was first taken.

With respect to the possibility of transmitting certain constitutional diseases by vaccine lymph, I may mention that an eminent authority on smallpox tried to inoculate himself with lymph from diseased children, and came to the conclusion that it is possible, but so difficult, that in practice this risk may be excluded.

With regard to the possibility of infants escaping registration, and consequently vaccination, I have found that the number of unvaccinated persons who come under my care is so small that we may look on the system for securing vaccination of infants as practically nearly perfect, so far as London is concerned.

The protection given by vaccination is not absolutely complete. Persons exposed to smallpox in small rooms, where the doors and windows are rarely open, and the poison is undiluted by abundance of fresh air, contract smallpox whether vaccinated or not. The severity of the disease in the two cases differs, however, so greatly as to establish without doubt the value of vaccination. On the other hand, practical immunity against smallpox is given by comparatively recent vaccination or re-vaccination, when the patient is surrounded by plenty of fresh air, and proper attention is given to cleanliness of the patient's person and clothing; and amongst the hundreds of persons employed in the metropolitan smallpox hospitals, a case of death from smallpox, when re-vaccination has been successfully performed, is unknown.'

NO TEARS.

'No tears to weep!' And wherefore not?
Say, is thy sorrow such?
And has thy heart no tender spot
That sympathy may touch?
Can no kind word unlock the springs,
And give thy tears their flow?
Are human woes such selfish things,
That none their depths may know?

'No tears to weep!' Nay, speak not thus,
For tears can bring relief,
And God has sent them unto us
To wash away our grief.
When earthly sorrow, pain, and care,
Our souls in sadness steep,
We pray to Him who heareth prayer,
To send us tears to weep.

Tis true the world is sometimes dark
With gloomy clouds that rise,
And trembling Hope, with waning spark,
Fades faintly out—and dies!
But when some heavenly vision fair
Steals o'er us in our sleep,
We wake with joy to feel that *there*—
There are no tears to weep.

NANNIE POWER O'DONOGHUE.

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HOW THE WEATHER IS MADE AND FORECAST.

In the minds of foreigners, it is held to be one of the many peculiarities of the people of these islands that so much of their casual conversation consists of remarks on the weather. The national temperament is often held to be responsible for this failing; but some of the blame must no doubt be laid at the door of the weather itself. Our climate presents such a record of change and uncertainty, that we need not wonder if it is always in our minds, and the first subject on our lips when we meet a friend. Other lands may have their cold and hot, dry and rainy periods, that come round in the proper order year after year with unvarying monotony; but with us it may be said of the weather, that we rarely know what a day or an hour may bring forth. Even the seasons seem occasionally to be independent of any necessity of visiting us at the particular time of the year at which we have been taught to expect them. Spring weather in November, or a winter temperature in July, or a November fog in the merry month of May, all seem to be amongst the possibilities of our climate.

Happily, our meteorologists are at length beginning to define with growing clearness and confidence the laws which underlie and regulate the complicated and ever varying phenomena which we call the weather, and many of these laws, like most natural laws, are beautiful in their simplicity. Although 'weather wisdom' is as old as history itself, the science of the weather or meteorology is a growth of the last few years. The weather wisdom of our forefathers may in the light of present knowledge be divided into sense and nonsense. Under the nonsense may be included not only such proverbs as that which attributed to St Swithin's day and certain other times and seasons, occult influences over the weather, but most of the information of the old almanacs, which used to ascribe the character of the weather to the positions and movements of the heavenly bodies and the age and changes of the moon. The prevalence of the belief that the weather was regulated by such influences, can only be accounted for by the well-known love of the human mind for the wonderful and inexplicable. Much of the old weather lore, however, had a large element of truth in it, and was the result of the collective experience of many generations, which had found that certain phenomena were generally followed by certain conditions of weather. The saying, that a rosy sky in the morning presages rainy weather, and the same appearance in the evening, fine weather, was current weather lore before the Christian era, and is recognised as being, in a certain sense, true at the present day. Amongst sailors, farmers, shepherds, and such like, weather maxims, the result of observation and experience, have always been current, and the value of many of these is now recognised and explained by science.

The first step towards acquiring an insight into the causes which control our weather is a study of the laws which regulate the flow and changes of the winds in these islands. The air is the great medium in which all the changes of weather are elaborated. We live at the bottom of a great ocean of air, which extends for many miles upwards, and which is always heaving and changing, like the other ocean which it covers. The winds, which are the ever-changing currents which flow through this invisible sea, are, roughly speaking, the principal factors in the making of the weather. Many of us know very well the general character of the weather which accompanies the wind from the principal points of the compass, that which comes from the moist warm south-west, for instance; or with the blustering, shower-bringing north-wester; or with the harsh, dry, east wind in spring; but to most of us the wind itself 'bloweth where it listeth.' The movements of the air and changes of the wind are, however, subject to laws, a knowledge of which is in some degree necessary before we can understand how our weather is made for us.

A simple definition of the wind which we ordinarily experience is that it is air obeying the force of gravity, in seeking to return to an equilibrium which has been disturbed. By the aid of the barometer we are able to form some idea of what is constantly taking place in the great ocean above us. The principle upon which this simple and useful instrument is constructed is easily understood. The air presses downwards upon the earth's surface with a weight averaging nearly fifteen pounds to the square inch. If a portion of the surface of any fluid is relieved from this pressure by inverting over it a tube exhausted of air, the weight of the air upon the surface outside will force the fluid up into the tube until the weight of the column counterbalances the pressure which the air would exercise upon the amount of surface covered by the mouth of the tube. A column of mercury in such a case will rise in an air-exhausted tube to a height of about thirty inches; while water, from its lighter specific gravity, rises to a height of about thirty-four feet before it counterbalances the weight of the air above. The depth, and consequently the pressure, of the air overhead is, however, constantly varying within certain limits; and the column of mercury in the barometer enables us to keep a faithful record of the movements of the waves of air in the great ocean under which we live. At times, the depth of air above us is comparatively shallow, and the pressure beneath is lessened; the column of mercury is not raised so high, and the barometer is said to fall. At other times, the air is heaped up in particular places; the pressure beneath is increased, and the barometer is said to rise. In stormy weather, the column of water in a water-barometer where the scale is very large may be seen to pulsate with every change of pressure from the air-waves at the surface.

The winds are nothing more than the rush of air from the regions of high pressure to fill up the spaces where low pressure prevails. Thus, if the column of mercury should stand 28·6 inches high at London, with a gradual rise as we travelled northward, until the barometer-reading was 29 inches at Edinburgh at the same time, this would indicate that a region of depression existed over the former place, and we should expect a rush of air in the form of wind blowing upon London from the north.

When the barometrical readings taken simultaneously at stations distributed over a wide area are compared, the distribution of atmospheric pressure can be ascertained, and it is possible to tell from this the force and direction of the winds prevailing within this area, and generally also the weather which is likely to be experienced. The greater the inequality of pressure, the greater will be the rush of air to the centre of depression, and the stronger will be the wind. The wind, however, does not flow in a straight line from a region of high to a region of low pressure. The surrounding air from all quarters has a tendency to flow in, and, as with water, which rushes to the centre of a funnel when it is flowing out at the bottom, a gyratory movement is the result. The wind blows round a centre of depression in this way, always curving inward towards the centre; and in the northern hemisphere, this gyratory movement of the wind is always in a direction against the hands of a watch, while the contrary is the case in the southern hemisphere. These principles of the relation of the winds to atmospheric pressure hold good without exception over all the world. They were first definitively stated in America twenty-five years ago; but Professor Buys Ballot of Utrecht first drew attention to them in Europe, and the law expressing them is now generally recognised as Buys Ballot's law.

In ordinary circumstances in our latitude, the winds are generally regulated by the differences in pressure induced by contrasts between continents and oceans. Where the air becomes heated, an area of low pressure is produced, the warm air becoming rarefied and ascending, and the heavier cold air rushing in from the sides to supply its place. In winter, the weather over these islands is controlled to a great extent by the winds which sweep round a large area of depression which exists over the Atlantic, the mean centre of which is about midway between the continents of Europe and America, in the latitude of the Orkney Islands. This depression is the result of the contrast produced between the comparatively warm air over this portion of the Atlantic and the much colder air over the northern portion of Europe and America, which is continually flowing in to supply the place of the lighter and constantly ascending warm air. The winds sweeping round this centre strike our shores from the south-west. This depression is not stationary, but is continually shifting over a large but well-defined area, and it gives rise to many subsidiary eddies, or small cyclone systems as they are called, which sometimes skirt our coasts, or travel over these islands, bringing with them the storms of wind and rain and sudden changes of the wind with which we are familiar. In spring, the prevailing winds from the east and north-east, so much dreaded by many, are the result of a large cyclonic system formed by the sudden increase of temperature over middle and southern Europe, as the sun's rays gain strength and the days lengthen. The temperature is not yet sufficiently high to bring in the air from off the Atlantic, as happens when the season is further advanced, so that the cold air rushes in from the polar regions in a huge eddy, striking our coasts from the east and north-east, and bringing in its train all the attendant miseries which make our English spring a time to be dreaded by the weak and ailing.

A knowledge of the general principles which direct the flow of our prevailing winds is, however, only of general assistance in enabling us to forecast the weather which we experience in these islands. This is governed and produced to a great extent by the development of subsidiary centres of depression in and between the great cyclonic systems. These generally approach our shores from the west, travelling in a north-easterly direction; and they are responsible for most of the variable weather with which we are so familiar. They generally carry with them a certain well-defined course of weather. The readings of the barometer taken simultaneously at many places over a wide area on a system such as that

now controlled by the Meteorological Office, enables us to determine the approach and development of these small cyclonic systems, and so to forecast with a certain degree of confidence the weather likely to be experienced in a certain district from twelve to twenty-four hours in advance. Most of the disturbing influences reach us from the west; and as the west coast of Ireland is the extreme limit to which our stations reach in that direction, we can receive only very short notice of their approach. This is one of the principal reasons why, with the means at present at our disposal, we cannot expect to make our weather science as perfect as in a country such as America, where the central office receives warnings from stations dispersed over the face of a vast continent. Nevertheless, we have made great advances since 1861, when the first weather forecasts were prepared and issued in this country by the Board of Trade, under the superintendence of the late Admiral Fitzroy. The forecasts at that time, although admitted to be of considerable utility to the country, were thought to be scarcely accurate enough to justify their continuance upon the system then in operation, and they were discontinued in 1866.

In the following year, the Meteorological Office was constituted upon its present footing, and the daily publication of forecasts has continued down to the present. Considering that —judging from the forecasts published daily in the newspapers—the chances of a successful forecast are on the average about seventy-nine per cent. for ordinary weather, while the percentage of successes is slightly higher in the case of storm warnings, it is evident that the Meteorological Office is capable of rendering important service to the community at large. Every morning, the central office in London receives telegraphic reports from fifty-three stations. It also receives thirteen reports every afternoon, and nineteen each evening. Besides the numerous well-placed observation stations in the British Islands, there are twenty-three foreign reporting stations, extending along the entire western coast of Europe, from which information is received, in accordance with arrangements made with the meteorological organisations in Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Germany, Holland, and France. The morning observations are made at all the British stations at eight A.M. Greenwich time, and are transmitted direct to the Meteorological Office, where they are received between nine and ten o'clock. Thus are given the barometrical and thermometrical readings at the various stations at eight A.M.; the direction and force of the wind, and the state of the weather, together with any changes of importance which may have been noticed in the course of the preceding day. From these reports, weather charts are made out, forecasts of the weather are prepared and issued to the evening papers in London and the provinces; and a telegraphic résumé of the weather, or, if necessary, intelligence of storms, is despatched to various points on our coasts and to foreign countries. The forecasts for the morning daily papers are issued at half-past eight P.M. on the previous evening. They are prepared from reports received from twenty-six home and six foreign stations; but although these are the most widely distributed and read of any issued from the office, they are much less complete than the eight A.M. forecasts.

The *Times* publishes every morning with the forecasts the weather chart issued by the department. This chart shows the condition and movements of the atmosphere over the British Isles and the vicinity; the distribution of pressure; the temperature, state of the sea, and the force and direction of the winds blowing within the area at six P.M. on the previous day.

The familiar dotted lines termed isobars, which are such a feature in weather maps of this sort, are lines at all places along which the barometer stands at the same height. Except where their regularity is broken by the existence of subsidiary disturbances, these lines extend in gradually widening circles around a centre of depression, the barometer always standing highest along the outside curve, and gradually and regularly falling towards the centre; so that if we could view our atmosphere from above one of those centres of depression, we would see a deep hollow, with sides sloping downwards to the centre, towards which the revolving air was being gradually indrawn, like water in an eddy.

At intervals, we receive warning across the Atlantic, from the *New York Herald* weather bureau, respecting storms which are crossing the Atlantic towards our coasts, and which are often described as 'likely to develop dangerous energy' on their way. Although many of those warnings are subsequently justified, or partially justified, it must not be supposed that these are storms which have left the American continent on their way to us, and that it has been possible to calculate their course across the Atlantic and predict the time of arrival upon our coasts. Mr Clement Ley, Inspector to the Meteorological Council, tells us that it is not yet satisfactorily shown that storms cross the Atlantic from America, and he presumes that arrangements must be effected by which the logs of passing steamers may be consulted in America as to the character of the weather experienced in crossing from this country; and from the information received in this manner, it is possible to arrive at conclusions respecting the direction and character of storms travelling towards this side of the Atlantic, and to anticipate their arrival by telegraph, the warning being flashed beneath the ocean in time to reach us long before the storm itself.

The variety and complexity of the phenomena which have to pass under careful observation render the science of the weather an exceedingly difficult one to study, more especially as, up to the present, we have done little more than master its fundamental principles. The time ought not, however, to be far distant when we shall have the means at our disposal to enable us to forecast the weather with a nearer approach to certainty than we can attain at present. The results already obtained by the Meteorological Office are certainly encouraging, and it must be remembered that, in attempting to forecast the weather in this country, it labours under two serious disadvantages. The first is our geographical position, which at present precludes us from obtaining any but the shortest notice of weather approaching from the west—the point from which most of our weather comes. The other drawback is of a pecuniary nature, and it is to be regretted

that it prevents us from testing to the full limit the usefulness of the Meteorological Office. It may be argued that, in this country, storms are seldom so sudden or disastrous as to justify us in maintaining at a very much larger outlay an organisation which would enable us to be warned of their approach. It is, however, only necessary to take into account the enormous losses in life and property occasioned every year by the weather in shipwreck alone, in order to appreciate what might be the value to the nation of a properly organised system of weather science, did it only succeed in reducing, even by a small percentage, the annual number of wrecks on our coasts.

BY MEAD AND STREAM.

BY CHARLES GIBBON.

CHAPTER LIV.—POOR COMFORT.

MADGE awakened from the reverie into which she had fallen, to find Aunt Hessy's kind eyes resting on her inquiringly and with a shade of sorrow in them. She, however, instantly awoke, brightened and spoke with cheerful confidence, although there was a certain note of timidity in her voice indicating that she had not yet quite recovered from the effects of the scene in her bedroom.

'You see, aunt, how wickedly Philip has been deceived, and that I was right to trust Mr Shield.'

'Yes, but—Mr Beecham?'

Madge's cheeks flushed, the smile disappeared, and the head was lifted with something like impatience. It seemed as if the pronunciation of Beecham's name in that questioning tone revealed to her the full significance of Wrentham's insinuations—that she was not acting fairly to Philip.

'I have told you, aunt, that he is Mr Shield's friend, and that he is doing everything that can be done to help Philip out of his difficulties. You cannot doubt that whatever I may do is for the same object.'

'Ah, child, I never doubted thee. My doubt is that whilst desiring to do right thou may'st have done wrong in giving the trust to a stranger thou 'rt afraid to give to those that love thee.'

'Mr Beecham will himself tell you before the week is out that he gave me such proofs of his friendship as would have satisfied even you.'

'Well, well, we shall say no more, child, till the time comes; but never expect goodman Dick to be patient with what he thinks unreasonable. See what a handle this rogue Wrentham—I always felt that he was a rogue—has made of thy name to help him in cheating and bamboozling Philip! Take my word, we may turn our toes barely an inch from the straight path at starting, but we'll find ourselves miles from it ere the end if we do not make a quick halt and go back.'

'I have only held my tongue,' said the girl quietly enough, but the feeling of offended innocence was there.

'Holding the tongue when one should speak out is as bad as telling a book of lies—worse, for we don't know how to deal with it.'

'I should be less sorry for vexing you, aunt,' said the niece, 'if I did not know that by-and-by you will be sorry for having been vexed with me.'

'So be it.—But now let us finish clearing up the room, and we'll get the bedstead down in the morning. Dr Joy says that Mr Hadleigh is not nearly so much hurt as was thought at first, and that they may be able to move him in a day or two.'

When the arrangements for turning the sitting-room into a bedroom had been completed—and there were nice details to be attended to in the operation, which the dame would intrust to no other hands than her own and her niece's—Madge went in search of Pansy.

Her sudden appearance in the kitchen interrupted the boisterous mirth which was going forward. When she inquired for Pansy Culver, there was an abashed look on the faces of those who had permitted the girl to go without inquiring whither; but Jenny Wodrow answered saucily:

'She got into a state when I was talking about Caleb Kersey, and slipped out before any of us could say Jack Robinson.'

The silent reproof in the expression of Madge's tender eyes had its effect even on this self-assertive damsel. Jerry Mogridge hobbled up to his young mistress.

'I'll find her for you, Missy,' he said cheerily, for he was in the happy state of mind of one who has enjoyed a good meal and knows that there is a good sleep lying between him and the next day's toil.

They went out to the yard, and Jerry, opening the door of the dairy, thrust his head into the darkness with the invocation: 'Come out ov here, Pansy Culver; what are you doing there? Missy wants you.' There was no answer, and after groping his way amidst cans and pails standing ready for the morning's milk, he returned muttering: 'She ain't there anyhow. I'll get the lantern, Missy, and we'll soon find her, so being as she ha'n't gone to her father's.'

Whilst Jerry went for the lantern, the moon began to light the snow-covered ground, and Madge discovered Pansy in the doorway of the stable. She was leaning against the door as if support were necessary to save her from falling. Madge put her arm round the girl, and drawing her out from the shadows into the moonlight, saw that the face was white as the snow at their feet, and felt that the form was shivering with agitation more than with cold.

'I knew it would upset you, Pansy; and intended to tell you myself, but wanted to do it when we were alone.'

'It doesn't matter, Missy,' answered the girl through her chattering teeth; 'but thank you kindly. There's no help for it now. I've been the ruin of him, and standing out here, I've seen how wicked and cruel I've been to him. I knew what he was thinking about, and I might have told him not to think of it—but I liked him—I like him, and I wish they would take me in his place. They ought to take me, for it was me that drove him to it.'

'Hush, hush, Pansy,' said Madge with gentle firmness; 'Caleb is innocent, and will be free in a few days. It was only some foolish business

he had with Coutts Hadleigh which brought him under suspicion.'

'Yes, yes, but it was about me that he went to speak to Mr Coutts—and Mr Coutts never said anything to me that a gentleman might not say. Only he was very kind—very kind, and I came to think of him, and—and—it was all me—all me! And you, though you didn't mean it, showed me how wrong it was, and I went away. And if Caleb had only waited, maybe—maybe. . . . I don't know right what I am saying; but I would have come to myself, and have tried to make him happy.'

This hysterical cry showed the best and the worst sides of the girl's character. For a brief space she had yielded to the vanity of her sex, which accepts the commonplaces of gallantry as special tributes to the individual, and so had misinterpreted the attentions which Coutts would have paid to any pretty girl who came in his way. She had been rudely startled from her folly, and was now paying bitter penance for it. She took to herself all the blame of Caleb's guilt, and insisted that she should be in jail, not him.

Madge allowed her feelings to have full vent, and then was able to comfort her with the reiterated assurance of Caleb's innocence, which would be speedily proved.

The fit being over, Pansy showed herself to be a sensible being, and listened attentively to the kindly counsel of her friend. She agreed to follow her original plan, namely, to see her father in the morning and then return to Camberwell to devote her whole energies to the task of reclaiming her grandfather from his foolish ways and bringing him out to Ringsford. Madge was certain that this occupation would prove the best antidote to all Pansy's unhappy thoughts and self-reproaches. Meanwhile it was arranged that Pansy should not have Jenny Wodrow for her bedfellow.

Affairs at the farm had gone on uncomfortably from the moment Dick Crawshay expressed displeasure with his niece. She made what advances she could towards reconciliation; but she did not yet offer any explanation. He was obliged to accept her customary service as secretary; but it was evident that he would have liked to dispense with it. Neither his appetite nor his slumbers were disturbed, however; and he slept soundly through the night whilst the fire was raging at the Manor. It was not until the wain with its load of milk-cans had started for the station that he heard from Jerry Mogridge the report of what had occurred.

Then yeoman Dick mounted his horse and rode at full speed to Ringsford to offer what help it might be in his power to render, grumbling at himself all the way for not having been sooner aware of his neighbour's danger. Finding Mr Hadleigh in the gardener's cottage, where there was want of space and convenience, the farmer with impetuous hospitality invited the whole family to Willowmere. The invalid could not be removed until the doctor gave permission; but Caroline and Bertha were at once escorted to the farm. Miss Hadleigh remained at the cottage to assist the housekeeper in nursing her father: she was moved to do so by a sense of duty as well as by the knowledge that Alfred Crowell would come out as soon as he heard of the disaster, and he would expect to find her there.

In the bustle and excitement of the first part of the day there was only one person who thought much about Philip and of the effect this new calamity might have upon him in his present state. As the afternoon advanced, everybody was wondering why he neither came nor sent any message. The arrival of Pansy relieved Madge on this and other points; and she was happily spared for that night the pain of learning that Philip did visit the gardener's cottage without calling at Willowmere.

Postman Zachy delivered two welcome letters in the cold gray light of the winter morning. Both were from Austin Shield—one for Mrs Crawshay, the other for Madge. The first simply stated that his old friend might expect to see him in a few days, and that he believed she would have reason to give him the kindly greeting which he knew she would like to give him. The second was longer and contained important information.

'Be patient and trust me still,' it said. 'You have fixed the week as the limit of your silence: before the time is out I shall be at Willowmere. Philip has acted in every way as I would have him act under the circumstances, except in the extreme mercy which he extends to the man Wrentham; but he pleads that it is for the sake of the poor lady and child whose happiness depends on the rascal, and I have been obliged to yield. At the last moment Wrentham attempted to escape, and would have succeeded but for the cleverness of the detective, Sergeant Dier.

'Be patient, and have courage till we meet again.'

'Be patient—have courage:' excellent phrases and oftentimes helpful; but was there ever any one who at a crisis in life has found the words alone satisfactory? They by no means relieved Madge of all uneasiness, although she accepted them as a token that her suspense would soon be at an end. In one respect she was keenly disappointed: there was not a hint that the proofs she had given Mr Shield of Mr Hadleigh's innocence of any complicity in his misfortunes had been yet acknowledged to be complete. Had that been done, Philip would have forgotten half his worries. Mr Shield was aware of that—he must be aware of it, and yet he was silent. She could not help thinking that there was some truth in Mr Hadleigh's view of the eccentricity of his character.

THE NEW MEDIÆVAL ROOM AT THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

One of the rooms at the British Museum, left vacant by the removal of the Natural History Collection to South Kensington, has lately been re-opened, under the title of the Mediæval Room, with a collection of curious objects, many of which possess strong personal as well as antiquarian interest. The articles shown range from the twelfth century downwards. Some of them have already been on exhibition in another part of the building; but the majority are now publicly

shown for the first time. The various items have been carefully arranged and labelled by Messrs Franks and Read, the curators of the Ethnological Department, the fullness of the appended descriptions more than compensating for the temporary lack of a catalogue.

Among the curiosities of more modern date is a silver-mounted punch-bowl of Inveraray marble, formerly the property of the poet Burns, and presented by his widow to Alexander Cunningham. Not far distant rests the Lochbuy brooch, a massive ornament four inches in diameter, said to date from about the year 1500, and to have been fashioned out of silver found on the estate of Lochbuy, in Mull. Its centre is a large crystal, surrounded by upright collets bearing pearls of considerable size. It was long preserved as a sort of heirloom in the Lochbuy family, but passed out of it by the marriage of a female representative, and in course of time became part of the Bernal Collection, whence it was acquired by the British Museum. Hard by it is a handsomely carved casket, made of the wood of Shakspeare's mulberry tree, and presented in 1769, with the freedom of the town of Stratford-on-Avon, to David Garrick. The majority of the exhibits, however, belong to very much earlier periods. There is a choice display of horn and tortoiseshell snuff and tobacco boxes, two of the latter—duplicates, save in some unimportant particulars—bearing the arms of Sir Francis Drake, and the representation of a ship in full sail. We are told that boxes of this same pattern are frequently offered to collectors as having been the personal property of the great admiral; but an inscription on one of the specimens here exhibited shows that they were actually made by one John Obrisset in 1712.

An ordinary-looking piece of rock-crystal in one of the cases claims to be the veritable 'show-stone' or divining crystal of Dr Dee, the celebrated astrologer and alchemist of Queen Elizabeth's time. Dee's own account of the origin of the show-stone was as follows. He declared that one day in November 1582, while he was engaged in prayer, the angel Uriel appeared to him and presented him with a magic crystal, which had the quality, when steadfastly gazed into, of presenting visions, and even of producing articulate sounds. These sights and sounds, however, were only perceptible to a person endowed with the proper mediumistic faculty. This the doctor himself unfortunately lacked; but such a person was soon found in one Edward Kelly, who was engaged as the doctor's assistant, and produced 'revelations' with Joseph-Smith-like facility. Indeed, his revelations had more than one point in common with those of the Mormon apostle, for it is recorded that on one occasion he received a divine command that he and the doctor should exchange wives, which edifying little family arrangement was actually carried out, with much parade of prayer and religious ceremonial. It seems probable that Dee really believed in the manifestations, and was himself the dupe of his unscrupulous associate. Kelly was accustomed to describe what he saw and heard in the magic crystal, and Dr Dee took notes of the mystic revelations. These notes were, in 1659, collected and published in a folio volume by Dr Meric Casaubon, an eminent scholar of that day, who appears to have believed that the revelations were really the work of spirits, though of doubtful character. From these notes it would appear that Dee was possessed of two, if not more, divining crystals of various sizes. After his death, a stone, said to be one of these, came into the possession of the Earl of Peterborough, and thence into that of Lady Elizabeth Germaine. It subsequently fell into the hands of the then head of the House of Argyll, by whose son, Lord Frederick Campbell, it was presented to Horace Walpole. For many years it formed part of the Strawberry Hill Collection, and there was appended to the leather case in which it was contained a manuscript note, in Walpole's own handwriting, describing it as 'the black stone into which Dr Dee used to call his spirits,' and recording the above facts respecting it. On the dispersion of the Strawberry Hill Collection in 1842, the stone in question is said to have been purchased, at the price of thirteen pounds, by Mr Smythe Pigott; and at the sale of that gentleman's library in 1853, to have passed into the hands of Lord Londesborough. As to the later history of this particular stone, we have no information; but it is clearly not identical with the one in the British Museum. Horace Walpole's is described as being a 'black stone.' Others add that it was in shape a flat disk, with a loop or handle, and it is generally believed to have been a highly polished piece of cannel coal. The one in the British Museum more nearly resembles the descriptions given of Lady Blessington's crystal, employed for a similar purpose by Lieutenant Morrison, the Zadkiel of 'almanac' celebrity. It is a ball, about two inches in diameter, of rather dark rock-crystal, and, as Mr Read informs us, has been in the possession of the British Museum for nearly a century. Assuming, however, that, as stated in Casaubon's notes, Dr Dee used two or more magic specula, this may of course have been one of them.

This mystic crystal is appropriately flanked by a collection of oriental talismans, some in metal, for suspension from the neck; others of agate or chalcedony, engraved with charms and cabalistic signs, for reproduction on wax or parchment. Here also are a couple of bezoar stones, formerly much esteemed as possessing occult medical virtues, particularly as an antidote to poison. The genuine bezoar stone is a calculus found in the stomach of the goat or antelope. The specimens here shown are artificial, being compounded from a recipe in the possession of Sir Hans Sloane. They claim, however, to have all the virtues of the genuine article, which we think extremely probable! They have a peculiar aromatic smell, which probably assisted the belief in their hygienic properties.

In another of the cases we find post-mortem casts of the faces of Charles II. and Oliver Cromwell. A third, anonymous when acquired by the Museum, has since been identified as that

of Charles XII., king of Sweden. The musket-wound in the temple, by which he fell, is plainly observable. Not far distant are a leathern 'black-jack' and a couple of 'chopines,' the latter, however, not being, as French scholars might be inclined to suppose, the measure of that name, but a sort of stilt about sixteen inches in height, with a shoe at the upper end, and formerly worn by the Venetian ladies. Shakspeare alludes to this queer article where he makes Hamlet say, addressing one of the female players, 'By'r Lady, your ladyship is nearer heaven than when I saw you last, by the altitude of a chopine.' Here, too, are a couple of the mallets and a ball used in the old game of pall-mall. The present specimens were found in the house of Mr Vulliamy, situated in the street of the same name, which adjoins the ancient Mall. The ball is of wood, about two and a half inches in diameter; and the mallets, save that their heads are bound with iron, are almost precisely similar to those used in croquet at the present day.

There are sundry curious ivories, among them being a drinking-horn made out of a single tusk, elaborately carved, and mounted with copper-gilt. It bears the inscription:

> Drinke you this, and thinke no scorne
> Although the cup be much like a horne.

It bears the date 1599, and is in general appearance like a fish, with a sort of scoop, or spoon-bowl, projecting from the mouth. There are indications that it was originally fashioned as a horn for blowing, but was afterwards converted to its present purpose. A small tablet of the same material represents 'Orator' Henley preaching. On the floor in the centre of the building, presumably Henley's chapel in Lincoln's Inn Fields, is seen an inscription indicating that the notorious Colonel Charteris lies buried there. Immediately in front of the preacher stands a bear on his hind-legs, holding a staff; and the congregation are represented with horns, exaggerated noses, heads of animals, and other deformities. The preacher appears to be uttering the words, 'Let those not calumniate who cannot confute.'

In another part of the room is a choice collection of ancient watches, pocket dials, and timepieces of various descriptions, some of very eccentric character. There are oval watches, octagon watches, and cruciform watches; watches in the form of tulips and other flowers. There is a dial in the form of a star, and another in the shape of a lute. A gilt clock, of considerable size, in the form of a ship, with elaborate mechanical movements, is said to have been made for the Emperor Rudolf II. A pocket dial shown has a special interest, as having belonged to Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex, some time favourite of Queen Elizabeth. This dial bears the arms of the ill-fated earl, together with an inscription showing that it was made by one James Kynvyn, in 1593.

Astrolabes, nocturnals, and other astronomical instruments, English and foreign, are largely represented. There are ancient chess and backgammon boards, with men carved or stamped in divers quaint fashions; and a number of drinking-cups in bronze, rock-crystal, and silver, among those of the last material being a small goblet of graceful fashion long known as the 'Cellini' cup, but believed to be in truth of German workmanship. An elegant tazza of rock-crystal, mounted with silver-gilt, has a medallion portrait of Queen Elizabeth in its centre; but whether it actually belonged to the Virgin Queen is uncertain.

The connoisseur in enamels will here find a large and varied collection, ranging from the *cloisonné* of the Byzantine to the *champ levé* of the early Limoges school, and the surface-painting of later artists. Some of the specimens shown are extremely beautiful; indeed, this collection alone would well repay the trouble of a visit. One of the earlier specimens, a plate of German enamel, represents Henry of Blois, Bishop of Winchester, and brother to King Stephen. Among the more curious specimens of this ancient art are sundry bishops' crosiers of various dates, and a couple of 'pricket' candlesticks, in which the candle, instead of being dropped into a socket in the modern manner, is impaled upon an upright point.

A small *pietà* of the sixteenth century, placed in one corner of the room, deserves a special mention. The figures are in wax, skilfully draped with real silk and lace. Such a combination has usually a tawdry appearance, but it has no such effect in this instance. The name of the modeller has not been handed down to us, but he was unquestionably a true artist. The look of death on the Saviour's face, and the heart-broken expression of the Madonna as she bends over to kiss his blood-stained brow, are almost painfully real. The power of the representation is the more remarkable from its small size, the whole group being only about eight inches square.

In a collection numbering many hundreds of items, it is obviously impossible even to mention more than a very small proportion of the whole. We have spoken more particularly of such as have some personal or historical association connected with them; but on the score of antiquity alone, such a collection as this must be full of interest to thoughtful minds. Who can gaze upon these relics of the distant past without yearning to look back into the far-off times when all these things were new? What would we give to see, 'in their habit as they lived,' the men who fashioned these ancient timepieces, who drank from these crystal cups, and played tric-trac on these quaint backgammon boards? It needs but small imagination to call up Burns and his boon-companions carousing around the marble punch-bowl, with 'just a wee drap in their e'e;' but who shall name the knights who wore this iron gauntlet or that *repoussé* breastplate? Their 'bones are dust, their good swords rust,' and yet here is part of their ancient panoply, well-nigh as perfect as when it left the armourer's anvil four hundred years ago. Truly, they did good work, these mediæval artificers. The struggle for existence was not so intense; they did not hurry, as in these high-pressure days. Believing, with old George Herbert, that 'we do it soon enough, if that we do be well,' they wisely took their time, caring little to do quick work, so long as they did good work. And so their handiwork remains, *monumentum ære*

perennius, a standing memorial of the good old time when 'art was still religion,' and labour was noble, because the craftsman put his heart into his work.

ONE WOMAN'S HISTORY.

A NOVELETTE.

BY T. W. SPEIGHT.

CHAPTER V.

Five minutes later, Archie Ridsdale burst abruptly into the room. 'Here's a pretty go!' he exclaimed. 'Read this, please, dear Madame De Vigne,' putting a telegram into her hand.

Madame De Vigne took it and read: '"From Beck and Beck, Bedford Row, London."'

'The guv's lawyers,' explained Archie.

'"To Archibald Ridsdale, *Palatine Hotel*, Windermere.—We are instructed to request you to be at our office at ten A.M. to-morrow, to meet Sir William Ridsdale."'

Mora looked at him as she gave him back the telegram.

'The last train for town,' said Archie, 'leaves in twenty-five minutes. My man is cramming a few things into a bag, and I must start for the station at once.'

'Were you not aware that your father had arrived from the continent?'

'This is the first intimation I've had of it. You know how anxiously I've been expecting an answer to the second letter I wrote him nearly a month ago.'

'It would seem from the telegram that he prefers a personal interview.'

'I'm glad of it for some things. He has never refused me anything when I've had the chance of talking to him, and I don't suppose he will refuse what I shall undoubtedly ask him to-morrow.'

Madame De Vigne shook her head. 'You are far too sanguine. Sir William knows already what it is you want him to do. He knew it before, when—when'——

'When he sent Colonel Woodruffe as his plenipo. to negotiate terms with the enemy—meaning you,' said Archie, with a laugh. 'A pretty ambassador the colonel made!'

Madame De Vigne, who had risen and was gazing out of the window again, did not answer for a little while. At length she said: 'Archie, while there is yet time, before you see your father to-morrow, I beg of you once more seriously to consider the position in which you will place yourself by refusing to break off your engagement with my sister. That Sir William will sanction your marriage with Clarice, I do not for one moment believe. What father in his position would?'

Archie, when he burst into the room, had omitted to close the door behind him. It was now pushed a little further open, and, unperceived by either of the others, Clarice, dressed for walking, stepped into the room.

'Naturally, he must have far higher, far more ambitious views for his only son,' continued Madame De Vigne. 'As the world goes, he would be greatly to blame if he had not. So, Archie,' she said, as she took both his hands in hers, 'when you leave us to-night, I wish you clearly to understand that you go away unfettered by a tie or engagement of any kind. You go away as free and untrammelled as you were that sunny afternoon when you first set eyes on my sister. I speak both for Clarice and myself.'

Here Clarice came quickly forward. 'Yes—yes, dear Archie, that is so,' she exclaimed. 'You are free from this hour. I—I shall never cease to think of you, but that won't matter to any one but myself.'

'Upon my word, I'm very much obliged to both of you,' answered Archie, who was now holding a hand of each. 'I don't know whether to laugh or be angry. A nice, low, mean opinion you must have formed of Archie Ridsdale, if you think he's the sort of fellow to act in the way you suggest.' Then turning to Clarice, he said: 'Darling, when you first told me that you loved me, you believed me to be a poor man—poor in pocket and poor in prospects. That made no difference in your feelings towards me. There was then no question of a rich father coming between us—and I vow that neither he nor any one else in the world *shall* come between us! I love and honour my father as much as any son can do; but this is one of those supreme questions which each man must decide for himself.'

'I have said my say—the raven has croaked its croak,' said Madame De Vigne with a little shrug, as she crossed to the other side of the room. 'You are a wilful, headstrong boy, and I suppose you must be allowed to ruin yourself in your own way.'

'Ruin, indeed!' exclaimed Archie as he drew Clarice to him. 'I don't in the least care who looks upon me as a ruin, so long as this sweet flower clings to me and twines its tendrils round my heart!' And with that he stooped and kissed the fair young face that was gazing so lovingly into his own.

'Ah—boys and girls—girls and boys—you are the same all the world over,' said Madame De Vigne with a sigh.

'And you won't be able to go to the picnic to-morrow,' remarked Clarice plaintively.

Nanette appeared. 'The carriage is at the door, sir. The driver says he has only just time to catch the train.'

'I'm going to the station, dear, to see Archie off,' said Clarice to her sister.

'Good-bye—for a little while,' said Archie, as he took Madame De Vigne's hand. 'The moment I have any news, you shall hear from me; and in any case, you will see me back before we are many days older.'

'Good-bye—and good-bye. Above all things, don't forget the love and obedience you owe your father, and remember—the moment you choose to claim your freedom, it is yours.'

'Ah, dear Madame De Vigne'——

She interrupted him with a slight gesture of her hand. 'Do not think me hard—do not think me unkind. I have to remember that I am this girl's sister and mother in one.'

'But'——

'Not another word.' She took his head in both her hands and drew it towards her, and kissed him on the forehead. 'Bon voyage! Dieu

vous protège. The prayers of two women will go with you.'

There was a tear in Archie's eye as he turned away. Nanette was standing by the open door. A moment later, and the young people were gone.

Madame De Vigne stepped out into the veranda and waved her handkerchief as the carriage drove off.

'He will marry her whether Sir William gives his consent or not,' she mused. 'He is in youth's glad spring-tide, when the world is full of sunshine, and the dragons that beset the ways of life seem put there only to be fought and overcome. Well—let me but see my darling's happiness assured, and I think that I can bear without murmuring whatever Fate may have in store for myself.' She stepped back into the room, and as she did so, Nanette opened the door once more and announced—'Colonel Woodruffe.'

A slight tremor shook Madame De Vigne from head to foot. She drew a long breath, and advanced a step or two to meet the colonel as he entered the room.

'I told you that I should come,' said Colonel Woodruffe, with a rich glow on his face as he went forward and held out his hand.

'And you are here,' answered Madame De Vigne, who had suddenly turned very pale.

'Did you not expect me?'

'Yes,' she answered, as for a moment she looked him full in the eyes.

She sat down on an ottoman, and the colonel drew up a chair a little distance away. He was a tall, well-built, soldier-like man, some thirty-eight or forty years old.

'You know the purpose that has brought me?' he asked.

'I have not forgotten.'

'Two months ago I had the temerity to ask you a certain question. I, who had come to judge you, if needs were to condemn, had ended by losing my heart to the only woman I had ever met who had power to drag it out of my own safe keeping. You rejected my suit. I left you. Time went on, but I found it impossible to forget you. At length I determined again to put my fortune to the proof. It was a forlorn hope, but I am an old soldier, and I would not despair. Once more I told you all that I had told you before; once more I put the same question to you. This time you did not say No, but neither did you say Yes. To-day I have come for your answer.' He drew his chair a little closer and took one of her hands. 'Mora, do not say that your answer to-day will be the same as it was before—do not say that you can never learn to care for me.'

She had listened with bent head and downcast eyes. She now disengaged her hand, rose, crossed to the window, and then came back. She was evidently much perturbed. 'What shall I say? what shall I say?' she asked half aloud.

The colonel overheard her and started to his feet. 'Let me tell you what to say!' he exclaimed.

She held up her hand. 'One moment,' she said. Then she motioned to him to be seated, and herself sat down again.

'Has it never occurred to you,' she began, 'to ask yourself how much or how little you really know about the woman whom you are so desirous of making your wife? Three months ago you had not even learnt my name, and now—even now, how much more do you know respecting me and my antecedents than you knew the first day you met me?'

'I know that I love you. I ask to know nothing more.'

'You would take me upon trust?'

'Try me.'

She shook her head a little sadly. 'It is not the way of the world.'

'This is a matter with which the world has nothing to do.'

'Colonel Woodruffe—I have a Past.'

'So have all of us who are no longer boys or girls.'

'It is only right that you should know the history of that Past.'

'Such knowledge could in nowise influence me. It is with the present and the future only that I have to do.'

'It is of the future that I am now thinking.'

'Pardon me if I scarcely follow you.'

'How shall I express to you what I wish to convey?' She rose, crossed to the table, and taking up a book, began to turn its leaves carelessly over, evidently scarcely knowing what she was about. 'If—if it so happened that I were to accede to your wishes,' she said—'if, in short, I were to become your wife—and at some future time, by some strange chance, some incident or fact connected with my past life, of which you knew nothing, and of which you had no previous suspicion, were to come to your knowledge, would you not have a right to complain that I had deceived you? that I had kept silence when I ought to have spoken? that—that'——

'Mora—Mora, if this is all that stands between me and your love—between me and happiness, it is nothing—less than nothing! I vow to you'——

'Stay!' she said, coming a step or two nearer to him. 'Do not think that I fail to appreciate your generosity or the chivalrous kindness which prompts you to speak as you do. But—I am thinking of myself as well as of you. If such a thing as I have spoken of were to happen, although your affection for me might be in nowise changed thereby, with what feelings should I afterwards regard myself? I should despise myself, and justly so, to the last day of my life.'

'No—no! Believe me, you are fighting a shadow that has no substance behind it. I tell you again, and I will tell you so a hundred times, if need be, that with your Past I have nothing whatever to do. My heart tells me in accents not to be mistaken that you are a pure and noble-minded woman. What need a man care to know more?'

'I should fail to be all that you believe me to be, were I not to oppose you in this matter even against your own wishes.'

'Do you not believe in me? Can you not trust me?'

'Oh, yes—yes! I believe in you, and trust you as only a woman can believe and trust. It is the unknown future and what may be hidden in it, that I dread.' She crossed to the chimney-

piece, took up the letter, gazed at it for a moment, and then went back with it in her hand. 'Since you were here five days ago, I have written this—written it for you to read. It is the life-history of a most unhappy woman. It is a story that till now has been a secret between the dead and myself. But to you it must now be told, because—because—oh! you know why. Take it—read it; and if after *that* you choose to come to me—then'——

Not a word more could she say. She put the letter into his hand, and turning abruptly away, crossed to the window, but she saw nothing for the blinding mist of tears that filled her eyes.

Colonel Woodruffe, with his gaze fixed on the letter, stood for a moment or two turning it over and over in his fingers. Then he crossed to the fireplace. In a stand on the chimney-piece were some vesta matches. He took one, lighted it, and with it set fire to the letter, which he held by one corner till it was consumed. Madame De Vigne had turned and was watching him with wide-staring eyes.

'"Let the dead Past bury its dead,"' said the colonel gravely, as the ashes dropped from his fingers into the grate. 'Your secret shall remain a secret still.'

''Tis done! I can struggle no longer,' said Madame De Vigne to herself.

The colonel crossed to her and took one of her hands. 'Nothing can come between us now,' he said. 'Now you are all my own.'

He drew her to him and touched her lips with his. All her face flushed rosy red, and into her eyes there sprang a light of love and tenderness such as he had never seen in them before. Never had he seen her look so beautiful as at that moment. He led her back to the ottoman and sat down beside her.

'Tell me, dearest,' he said, 'am I the same man who came into this room a quarter of an hour ago—doubting, fearing, almost despairing?'

'Yes, the same.'

'I began to be afraid that I had been changed into somebody else. Well, now that the skirmish is over, now that the fortress has capitulated, suppose we settle the terms of victory. How soon are we to be married?'

'Married! You take my breath away. You might be one of those freebooters of the middle ages who used to hang their prisoners the moment they caught them.'

'We are prepared to grant the prisoner a reasonable time to make her peace with the world.'

Madame De Vigne laid a hand gently on his sleeve. 'Dear friend, let us talk of this another time,' she said.

'Another time then let it be,' he answered as he lifted her hand to his lips. 'Meanwhile'——

'Yes, meanwhile?'

'I may as well proceed to give you a few lessons in the art of making love.'

'It may be that the pupil knows as much of such matters as her teacher.'

'That has to be proved. You shall have your first lesson to-morrow.'

'Merci, monsieur.'

'By Jove! talking about to-morrow reminds me of something I had nearly forgotten.' He started to his feet and pulled out his watch. 'Now that you have made me the happiest fellow in England, I must leave you for a little while.'

'Leave me?' she exclaimed as she rose to her feet.

'Only for a few hours. On my arrival here I found a telegram from my brother. He has been staying at Derwent Hall, near Grasmere. To-morrow he starts for Ireland. We have some family matters to arrange. If I don't see him to-night, we may not meet again for months. I'm sorry at having to go, but you won't mind my leaving you till to-morrow?'

'Can you ask? Do you know, I'm rather glad you are going.'

'Why glad?'

'Because it will give me time to think over all that has happened this evening. I—I feel as if I want to be alone. You are not a woman, and can't understand such things.'

Again his arm stole round her waist. The clock on the mantel-piece struck the hour. Mora disengaged herself. 'Twilight seems to have come all at once,' she said. 'You will have a dark drive. It is time for you to go.'

'More's the pity.'

'To-morrow will soon be here; which reminds me that we have arranged for a picnic to-morrow at High Ghyll Force.'

'You will be there?'

'Clarice and Miss Gaisford have induced me to promise.'

'If I should happen to drive round that way on my return, should I be looked upon as an intruder?'

'As if you didn't know differently from that!'

'Then possibly you may see me.'

'I shall expect you without fail.'

'In that case I will not fail.—My driver will be wondering what has become of me.'

'Good-night,' said Mora impulsively.

'Harold,' he said softly.

'Harold—dear Harold!' she answered.

'My name never sounded so sweet before,' exclaimed the colonel as, with a parting embrace, the gallant wooer quitted the apartment.

'Heaven bless you, my dearest one!' she murmured as the door closed. Then she sank on to a seat and wept silently to herself for several minutes. After a time she proceeded to dry her eyes. 'What bundles of contradictions we women are! We cry when we are in trouble, and we cry when we are glad.'

Nanette came in, carrying a lighted lamp. She was about to close the windows and draw the curtains, but her mistress stopped her. After the hot day, the evening seemed too fresh and beautiful to be shut out. Nanette turned down the flame of the lamp till it seemed little more than a glowworm in the dusk, and then left the room.

'How lonely I feel, now that he has gone,' said Mora; 'but to-morrow will bring him again—to-morrow!'

She crossed to the piano and struck a few notes in a minor key. Then she rose and went to the window. 'Music has no charms for me to-night,' she said. 'I cannot read—I cannot work—I cannot do anything. What strange restlessness is this that possesses me?' There was a canary in a cage hanging near the window. It chirruped

to her as if wishful of being noticed. 'Ah, my pretty Dick,' she said, 'you are always happy so long as you have plenty of seed and water. I can whisper my secret to you, and you will never tell it again, will you? Dick—he loves me—he loves me—he loves me! And I love him, oh, so dearly, Dick!'

She went back to the piano and played a few bars; but being still beset by the same feeling of restlessness, she presently found her way again to the window. On the lawn outside, the dusk was deepening. The trees stood out massive and solemn against the evening sky, but the more distant features of the landscape were lost in obscurity. How lonely it seemed! There was not a sound anywhere. Doubtless, several windows of the hotel were lighted up, but from where Mora was standing they were not visible. Dinner was still in progress; as soon as it should be over, the lawn would become alive with figures, idling, flirting, smoking, seated under the trees, or promenading slowly to and fro. At present, however, the lady had the whole solemn, lovely scene to herself.

She stood gazing out of the window for some minutes without moving, looking in her white dress in the evening dusk like a statue chiselled out of snowy marble.

'My heart ought to beat with happiness,' she inwardly communed; 'but it is filled with a vague dread of something—I know not what—a fear that has no name. Yet what have I to fear? Nothing—nothing! My secret is still my own, and the grave tells no tales.'

Suddenly a breath of air swept up from the lake and shook the curtains. She looked round the dim room with a shudder. The tiny tongue of flame from the lamp only served, as it were, to make darkness visible. She made a step forward, and then drew back. The room seemed full of weird shadows. Was there not something in that corner? It was like a crouching figure, all in black, waiting to spring upon her! And that curtain—it seemed as if grasped by a hidden hand! What if some one were hiding there!

She sank into the nearest chair and pressed her fingers to her eyes. 'No—no—no!' she murmured. 'These are only my own foolish imaginings. O Harold, Harold! why did you leave me?'

Next moment the silence was broken by the faint, far-away sound of a horn, playing a slow, sweet air. Mora lifted her head and listened.

'Music on the lake. How sweet it sounds. It has broken the spell that held me. It seems like the voice of a friend calling through the darkness. I will walk down to the edge of the water. The cool air from the hills will do me good.'

There was a black lace scarf hanging over the arm of a couch; she took it up and draped it over her head and round her throat and shoulders. Her foot was on the threshold, she was in the act of stepping out into the veranda, when she heard a voice outside speaking to some other person. The instant she heard it she shrank back as though petrified with horror.

'That voice! Can the grave give up its dead?' she whispered as though she were asking the question of some one.

Next moment the figures of two men, one walking a little way behind the other, became distinctly outlined against the evening sky as they advanced up the sloping pathway from the lake. The first of the two men was smoking, the second was carrying some articles of luggage.

The first man came to a halt nearly opposite the windows of Madame de Vigne's sitting-room. Turning to the second man, he said, with a pronounced French accent: 'Take my luggage into the hotel. I will stay here a little while and smoke.'

The second man passed forward out of sight. The first man, still standing on the same spot, took out another cigar, struck a match, and proceeded to light it. For a moment by the light of the match his features were plainly visible; next moment all was darkness again.

But Madame De Vigne, crouching behind the curtains of the dimly lighted room, had seen enough to cause her heart to die within her.

'The grave *has* given up its dead! It is he!' her blanched lips murmured.

Some minutes later, Clarice Loraine, on going into the sitting-room, found her sister on the floor in a dead faint.

AN EDUCATIONAL PIONEER.

It would be difficult to find a more unique or more interesting educational body than the so-called Brothers of the Christian Schools. Founded some two hundred years ago by the venerable John Baptist de la Salle, on lines which the best schools of to-day have not hesitated to adopt, the influence of this Institute has spread over all the civilised, and even to some regions of the uncivilised world. Its extension to Great Britain is but of recent date, and only seven schools have as yet been inaugurated. The thoroughness and practical value of the instruction given are mainly due to a strict adherence to the 'object' lesson principle.

Hitherto, we have been accustomed to associate this with the Kindergarten ideas of Pestalozzi and Froebel; but although their efforts to lighten the intellectual labours of the young were mainly instrumental in bringing 'playwork' to its present perfection, recent researches have shown that the venerable Dr de la Salle in his educational plan strongly urged that pupils should be taken to exhibitions and so forth, where their masters could give practical illustrations of special studies. Zoological or botanical gardens were in this way to be visited, that the uses and benefits of certain animals or plants might be demonstrated; and school museums, herbaria, geological, mineralogical, and other collections were afterwards to be formed by the pupils themselves. And not only did De la Salle institute object-teaching, but he was also the first to introduce class methods. Before his time, children were for the most part taught individually, or, where this was not so, large numbers were collected in one room, each in turn going to the teacher to have separate instruction, whilst the others were allowed to remain idle, free to torment one another or the little victim at the master's table. Great care was taken by De la Salle in examining and placing the children committed to his care in the classes best fitted for them; and the success

of his method was so great, that the numerous schools opened by the Brothers under his direction soon became overcrowded.

His great object was to reach the poor, and to train them to a knowledge of a holy life and an independent livelihood. The opposition he met with was at times very great. The ire of professional writing-masters was first aroused; the poor had necessarily been debarred from learning to write, because only the well-to-do could afford the stipulated fees, and writing-masters were therefore employed to do all the correspondence of those who could not write. So, when De la Salle undertook to teach every child who came to him what had been in some senses a secret art, their fury vented itself in an opposition so overpowering that they drove the Brothers from their schools in Paris and threw their furniture into the streets. The opposition was only temporary, however; and as time passed, fresh schools were opened, not only in France and her colonies, but in every European country, and many parts of America, as well as in one or two districts of Asia and Africa.

The Institute of the Brothers of the Christian Schools, though nominally Roman Catholic, is truly catholic in its widest sense, for, besides admitting children of every religious denomination, secular learning is admirably provided for. Their greatest successes have perhaps been achieved in the art of writing and drawing, as applied to all technical industries and art products. One illustration of the results of their method of teaching writing in a remote region where the pupils are not the easiest to train, may be cited as an example. When the treaty of commerce between France and Madagascar in 1868 was about to be signed, Queen Ranavalona was much struck by the beautiful caligraphy of the copy presented to her by the Chancellor of the French Consulate, and she determined that hers should not be inferior. The pupils in all the chief schools in the island furnished examples of handwriting to the queen's prime-minister, but without satisfying her taste. At last, an officer who had seen the Brothers' schools suggested that one of their pupils should compete. A young boy, Marc Rabily-Kely, sent in some beautiful specimens of different styles of writing; and the copying of the treaty was at once intrusted to him. When the two copies were presented side by side, a murmur of applause went round at the sight of Queen Ranavalona's copy, and all cried out: 'Resy ny vasoha' (The whites are beaten). This is only one instance among many, and shows how much can be done by systematic training in the art of writing, a subject much neglected in the majority of schools.

But De la Salle did not stop short at educating the poor; he was the first to found training colleges for masters, and the first to institute regular boarding-schools in which everything relating to commerce, finance, military engineering, architecture, and mathematics was taught, and in which trades could be learned. Besides these, he founded an institution in which agriculture was taught as a science. At St Yon, where the first agricultural school was started, a large garden was devoted to the culture of specimens of fodder-plants, injurious plants, grain, plants peculiar to certain soils, fruits and flowers. The students of to-day study all this, and in addition to working on model farms, visit all the best farms around, are sent with special professors to attend certain markets and sales of live-stock, and have special field-days for practically studying botany, geology, and entomology. The innovations introduced by De la Salle extended to other matters than practical education. Before French boys in his day were allowed to study their own language, they were obliged to learn to read Latin, and thus years were sometimes spent in acquiring a certain facility in reading a language they never understood. De la Salle changed all this, in spite of repeated opposition, and succeeded in making the vernacular tongue the basis of their teaching instead of Latin. Owing to this change, the poor scholars progressed much more rapidly than those in other schools, and the Brothers' Institutes were soon far ahead of all the elementary schools of their day. The way in which they have held their position even till to-day is shown by the results of the public examinations in Paris during the last thirty-five years. Out of sixteen hundred and thirty-five scholarships offered during this time, pupils of these schools have obtained thirteen hundred and sixteen. This in itself is an enormous proportion; but it is even greater than it appears, when we consider that seculars had more schools, fewer pupils per teacher, and thus a better chance to advance the individual scholar, and as a rule, a richer class of scholars to select from. These scholarship examinations have recently been discontinued, though not until after the Brothers' pupils were excluded from competition in consequence of the so-called 'laicisation' of schools in 1880, after which the Brothers of Paris gave up their government schools and opened voluntary ones.

The whole educational scheme of De la Salle was admirably complete; but perhaps the most interesting feature of the whole—now that we are familiarised with his systems for teaching special subjects by their spread in their original or a modified form to most European countries—was his very simple plan for enforcing discipline. He was always loath to believe unfavourable accounts of any pupil, and in the first place took pains to discover whether the failings were the result of the misdirection of those in authority or of the pupil's own wilfulness. When there was evidently a necessity for punishment, the culprit was put in a quiet and fairly comfortable cell. Once shut in alone, his notice was attracted to stands obviously intended for flowers, to empty cages and other things which reminded the little prisoner that there were good and beautiful enjoyments for those who deserved them. One of the first questions the boys generally asked was why there were nails for pictures, cages for birds, &c., and yet neither pictures nor birds. In answer, they were told that as they improved they would be supplied with all these good things; that if they left off using profane or bad language, a bird would be put in the cage; that as soon as they became industrious and worked well, their prison vases would be adorned with flowers; that when they acknowledged their previous wrong-doing, pleasant pictures would be hung on the panels; that when their repentance was seen to be sincere, they would rejoin their schoolfellows; and

that in time they would be allowed to go back to their families.

The system worked so well, and is still found to succeed so thoroughly, that it is almost a wonder it has not become more general. It has certainly many advantages over the plan of giving boys so many hundred lines to write, which is a mere task, soon forgotten, and benefiting no one. But as there are only seven schools, and those of very recent foundation, in England, we may perhaps still have to wait before hearing that this discipline is at all general. In the meantime, all interested in the training of the young might derive valuable hints from studying this and other methods initiated by the pioneer of popular education not only in France, but in all Europe.

THE MISSING CLUE.

A TALE OF THE FENS.

CHAPTER I.—THE ARRIVAL AT THE 'SAXONFORD ARMS.'

If any misanthropic subject of His Most Gracious Majesty King George II. had wished to withdraw himself from the bustle of public life and turn recluse in real good earnest, he could scarcely have chosen a district more likely to suit his retiring taste than the country in the vicinity of Saxonford. Scarcely aspiring to the dignity of a village, the place so named was merely a cluster of cottages formed upon the edge of a rough highway leading apparently to nowhere. In ancient times this spot had been of somewhat more importance, for it was here that a religious house of no inconsiderable size had flourished. But those days had long passed away; and in 1745 the only remnant of the monastery which survived the depredations committed by man and the all-effacing hand of Time was a gray skeleton tower, a silent witness to its departed conventual magnificence. Being erected, as was usually the case with fen settlements, upon a rise of comparatively high land, the remains commanded a view of an almost unbroken horizon. Standing at some distance from the hamlet which had arisen round the monastic ruin was a quaint dilapidated structure, known to the scattered natives of those parts as the *Saxonford Arms*. Whatever might have been the causes that induced the architect to build such an inn—for it was by no means a small one—in so lonely a part, must remain a matter of conjecture. A visitor was almost unknown at the old inn. There it stood, weather-beaten and time-worn as the gray old tower which overlooked it, and much more likely to tumble down, if the truth be told.

At the time we speak of, the scene appeared unusually calm and beautiful, for the day was drawing to an end, and it was close upon sunset, a period which is seldom seen to so much advantage as in the low-lying districts of the fens. The weather had been unusually hot, and the sinking sun shed a warm glow over a tract of well-browned country, making its rich hues seem richer still. In the glassy water of the river, the vivid sky was reflected as in a mirror, while the tall tops of the sedge-rushes that bordered it were scarcely stirred by a breath of air. A rotten timber bridge, which might have been erected in the time of Hereward, spanned the stream at a short distance from the old inn; crossing this, the road dipped down and led the way between patches of black peat, cultivated land, and unreclaimed watery morass, straight towards the south.

A small party of strong sunburnt fen labourers were seated on the rough benches in front of mine host's ancient house of entertainment, some of them swarthy, black-bearded men, others with light tawny hair and blue eyes. True types of the hardy race were they; their strong, uncovered brown arms, which had all day long been working under a baking sun, upon a shadeless flat, telling a tale of sinewy power that came not a jot under the renowned strength of their mighty ancestors. Mine host himself, a ruddy-faced man of middle age, was there too, smoking a long well-coloured pipe, and gazing in a thoughtful way across the long stretch of fen, over which the shades of night were steadily creeping.

'What be ye gaping at, master?' quoth one of the brawny labourers, as the landlord shaded his eyes with his hand and endeavoured to make out some indistinct object.

'What 're ye looking after, Hobb?' asked another one in a bantering tone. 'Can't ye believe your own eyes, man?'

'Nay, Swenson, I can't,' returned mine host, lowering his hand and turning to the person who addressed him. 'I want a good pair sadly.'

'You 're like to get 'em staring over the fen in that way, my boy!' remarked Swenson with a hoarse laugh.

'Lend me your eyes here, Harold,' went on the innkeeper. 'Take a squint across that bank and tell me what you see.'

'What be the good o' askin' me?' returned the man. 'I can't tell a barn-door from a peat-stack at fifty yards' distance.'

'I 'll tell ye, Dipping,' cried a young sunburnt giant, starting up from the bench on which he had been sitting. 'Where is 't?'

'You see yon tall willow?'

'Him as sticks up there by the dike?'

'Ay. Look out there to the left o' it, across the fen, and tell me what ye see.'

The fellow's blue eyes were directed with an earnest gaze towards the distant spot which the landlord pointed out; and then he turned sharply round and exclaimed: 'It be two horsemen.'

'Are ye sure?' asked mine host, as he bent his brows and vainly tried to make out the far-off speck.

'Quite sure,' was the reply. 'They 're coming up the road by the old North Lode.—There; now they 're passing One Man's Mill.'

'I see 'em!' exclaimed Swenson, pointing towards a solitary windmill, the jagged sails of which formed a slight break in the long line of misty flatness.

'Perchance they be travellers, and will want beds for the night,' said mine host, roused to action by the mere possibility of such an event occurring. 'I will see that the place is got ready for them.'

'Hobb Dipping is soon counting his chickens,' remarked one of the uncouth fenmen, laughing,

as the landlord of the *Saxonford Arms* disappeared.

'Ay, it's like him all over,' rejoined Swenson, while he gathered up some implements and prepared to go.—'Are ye coming with me, Harold?'

'No, my boy; I'm agoing to stop and see who yon horsemen may be. News are scarce in these parts. If you're off now, why, good-night to ye.'

Swenson nods, bids the man good-night, and then strides off in the direction of the old gray tower. The major part of the loiterers go with him; but three or four still linger, looking along the misty road, and waiting as if in expectation of something.

A light up in one of the windows of the inn tells that Hobb Dipping is preparing his best room for the reception of the approaching travellers, in case it should be needed; and a savoury smell of hot meat which issues forth through the open doorway of the hostel makes the few hungry watchers that remain feel inclined to seek their own supper-tables. At length mine host has finished his task, and the most presentable apartment that the house contains is ready for instant occupation if necessary. Honest Hobb Dipping gazes wistfully out of a rickety diamond-paned window, and thinks that his labour must have been in vain. The moon is rising from the shadow of a thick bank of vapour, its dim red outline as yet but faintly seen through the misty cloud. It is getting late; the travellers must have passed by the bridge, and ridden along the flood-bank. 'If they know not the way well,' mutters Dipping to himself, 'they'll lose themselves in the fen for certain. An awkward path that be, specially binight, with a damp fog rising.'

At this moment, a clatter of horses' hoofs breaks the silence, and two horsemen canter over the shaky timber bridge and draw up in front of the old inn. Mine host bustles about shouting a number of confused directions; the one youthful domestic which the place boasts of running helplessly to and fro and doing nothing. The foremost rider, suddenly leaping from his horse, strides into the inn, and flings himself into a chair, ordering a private room and supper to be made ready at once.

Honest Dipping hurries about, unused to strangers of distinction, bringing in liquor and glasses, meat, platters and knives, besides a quantity of other things that are not wanted, the stranger meanwhile having taken possession of the room up-stairs which had been hurriedly prepared for him.

Presently follows the gentleman's servant, a short muscular fellow, with a sullen, lowering countenance; and a short conversation takes place between the man and his master.

'Are the horses put up, Derrick?'

'Yes, sir.'

'And the pistols?'

'Here they are, Sir Carnaby.'

'Loaded, of course?'

'Ay, sir, both of them.'

'Right! Now, what think you of this part? Is it not quiet enough for us? I never was in such a dead-alive wilderness before; and taking that into consideration, I fancy it is possible to last out a few days even in this ghastly shanty. After that, I shall ride to Lynn and take ship, for, as I live, the country is getting too hot to hold me.'

Derrick gave vent to a sound resembling a grunt, and muttered a few words containing seemingly some disparaging reference to the 'king over the water.'

'Hush, you fool!' exclaimed his master in a low whisper; 'you should know better than to speak of what does not concern you. Be wise, and hold your tongue.'

'Your pardon, Sir Carnaby,' replied Derrick; 'it shall not be spoken of again.'

'And mind, Derrick, in case we should be inquired after, let the rustic boors know that I am Mr Morton, a landowner from somewhere or other. You, Derrick, are John Jones; so mind and answer to your name. D'ye hear?'

The attendant's face relaxed into a sly grin as he answered: 'I hear, sir.'

The truth is, Mr Morton—or to call him by his proper name, Sir Carnaby Vincent—was a young baronet of good family, and reputed to be enormously rich. In consequence of his being mixed up in some disturbances occasioned by the Jacobite party, he had found it necessary, at a previous period, to avoid the cognisance of the authorities. But a certain nobleman having interested himself in the youthful plotter's behalf, the affair was hushed up, and Sir Carnaby returned to society once more. Having a relish for all kinds of intrigue, besides being of too excitable a temperament to exist long in a state of quiet, the madcap young fellow again entered heart and soul into the intrigues of Prince Charles' followers, and this time succeeded only too well in attracting notice. A warrant was issued for his apprehension; and Sir Carnaby once more had to seek safety in flight, taking with him a quantity of valuable papers, and the blessings of all his companions engaged in the perilous cause. He was accompanied by only one person, his servant Derrick, a rough but doggedly faithful retainer, who had followed the fortunes of his house for nearly thirty years. Derrick himself cared not a jot for the Jacobite party to which Sir Carnaby was so attached; his first thought was to follow his master, and share the dangers which he might have to encounter. Their retreat from the metropolis was safely effected, much to the satisfaction of the baronet, who was really seriously alarmed at this second unlucky discovery. From London they journeyed through Cambridgeshire, Sir Carnaby's plan being to lie quiet for a few days in the heart of the fens, then afterwards proceeding to some obscure seaport on the borders of the Wash, to take sail for a foreign land, where he could best forward the fortunes both of himself and his hapless Prince.

CHAPTER II.—THE JACOBITE.

'Where did you place the saddle-bags, Derrick?' asked Sir Carnaby, when Hobb Dipping had quitted the old wainscoted apartment in which his distinguished visitor was about to partake of supper.

Speech was a gift which nature had bestowed very sparingly upon the attendant; moreover,

he was possessed of a rough, unmelodious voice. Pointing towards a chair in one corner, he slowly ejaculated: 'There, sir—underneath.'

'Good!' said Sir Carnaby, seating himself at the table.—'By the way, Derrick, I think it would be just as well to look after the innkeeper: his glances are a trifle too curious to please me. When I have finished my supper, you had better descend into the public room and try to ascertain his opinion of us.'

'Right, sir,' replied the attendant.

'Come from behind my chair, you varlet,' said the baronet, motioning him at the same time with his hand. 'Draw up to the table and break your fast with me; we shall gain time by so doing.'

Derrick sat down respectfully at the farther end of the board, and gazed in a thoughtful way at a dark patch of sky which could be seen through the diamond-shaped panes of glass in a window opposite him.

'You seem in no hurry to refresh the inner man,' remarked Sir Carnaby. 'What are you thinking of, Derrick?'

'A dream, sir.'

'A what?'

'A dream, sir,' repeated Derrick—'one I had last night.'

'Well, as your mind appears to be somewhat uneasy,' remarked Sir Carnaby, with a slight smile playing over his features, 'I should recommend open confession as being the proper thing to relieve it.'

'There's little enough to tell, sir,' said Derrick; ''twas only a bit of dark sky up there that brought it back to me.'

'Well,' said Sir Carnaby simply.

'It seemed to me,' continued the attendant, 'as if I was riding alone, holding your horse by the bridle. The moon was up, and the sky looked the same as it does out there. I can remember now quite plain that I felt kind of troubled, but what about, I know just as little as you, sir.'

'Is that the whole story?' asked Sir Carnaby with a laugh. 'Well, I can tell you, good Derrick, so far as riding alone goes, your prophecy is likely to prove a true one, though I certainly don't intend you to carry off my horse with you.—See here; this is something more important than a heavy-headed dream. You must start to-morrow for the Grange. Be in the saddle early, and don't spare your spurs.'

'Am I to go alone, sir?'

'Certainly. The journey has no object beyond the delivery of this letter; and as inquiry is sure to be pretty rife concerning me, I shall stay where I am and await your return.'

Derrick received the sealed envelope which was handed to him with a gruff but respectful 'Right, sir,' and then relapsed into his customary silence.

'I shall leave it to your discretion to find out the way,' said Sir Carnaby. 'Of course you will go armed?'

The attendant opened his coat without speaking and touched the hilt of a stout hanger which he wore at his side.

Sir Carnaby smiled. 'Yes,' he said; 'you are ready enough to play at blood-letting; but that sort of thing is best avoided. Let your movements be as quiet and speedy as possible; and when you reach your destination, seek out Captain Hollis by means of that address. Give the note into his hands, then make haste back. I shall have other work for you when you return.'

'More plots,' thought Derrick, but he merely uttered a grunt and pocketed the letter.

'This room,' continued the baronet, 'seems to be parlour and bedchamber in one. So far well. If there should be any occasion to consult me again before you start, one rap at this door will be quite sufficient to wake me. I am a light sleeper.'

'Anything more, sir?'

'Nothing more to-night; you have all my orders for the present.—Good-night, Derrick.'

'Good-night, sir.'

When the last faint clank of Derrick's boots has ceased to ring upon the staircase, Sir Carnaby Vincent rises and locks the door, glancing outside first, to see that no one lurks without. This being done, he carefully bars the shutters over the window, looks inside two cupboards which the room contains, and then having ascertained that he is not likely to be overlooked, draws forth the afore-mentioned saddle-bags. A strange look of anxiety passes over the fugitive's face as he plunges his hand into one of them, and brings out a small, shallow, oaken box, black with age. Its contents are apparently of no little value, for the lid is secured by two locks, and a corresponding number of blotchy red seals, upon which may be deciphered the impression of a crest. Sir Carnaby turns the box over and examines its fastenings, then rises and walks slowly round the room, as if in search of something. His manner at this moment is most strange, and the light step with which he treads over the old flooring does not awaken enough creaking to disturb a mouse. Four times round the room he goes, with a curious expression on his face which would puzzle even a skilful physiognomist to interpret, then stooping down, he places the box on the floor and appears to listen.

THE MUSK-RAT OF INDIA.

FROM AN ANGLO-INDIAN.

THE musk-rat is from six to eight inches long, of a slatish-blue colour, with a long movable snout, and diminutive eyes. Its skin is very loose, and quite conceals the extremities, only allowing the feet to be seen. This formation occasions the peculiar pattering of its run. The tail, broad at its base, is pinkish and bare of everything except a few hairs; ears are diminutive. Loathed and detested by all, this creature leads a charmed life; only a few dogs will kill it, and then there is always sneezing and a little foaming afterwards. Cats follow but won't touch it; it is, moreover, equally avoided by more aristocratic rats and mice. As the animal runs along the wall of the room, it emits a kind of self-satisfied purr, which, if alarmed, breaks into a squeak, and immediately the scent-bottle is opened. If there is light to see the tiny creature, you will observe it scanning with its nose all parts of the horizon in search of what caused the alarm; the eyes apparently being unequal to the task.

Musk-rats have a singular habit of always running along the walls of a room, never crossing from one wall to the other; hence, as they are not swift movers, they are easily overtaken, and a blow from a cane instantly kills the animal. Traps are of little use in capturing these creatures; and if one is captured, that trap is for ever useless as regards ordinary rats and mice, which won't approach it after being contaminated. 'Muskies' are omnivorous and very voracious. During the rains, the insect world is on the wing. If at this season you place a night-light on the ground near the beat of a musk-rat, you will be amused at watching its antics in trying to catch some of the buzzers round the light, or those crawling up the wall, and will be surprised at its agility. The captives are ruthlessly crunched, and the animal never seems satiated; at the same time its enjoyment is evinced by its purring. Woe betide him should another musky invade this happy hunting-ground! War is at once proclaimed, and immediately the two are fighting for their lives, squeaking, snapping, biting, rolling over and over, and all the time letting off their awful scent-bottles. You, in the comparative distance, just escape the disgusting odour; but the insect invasion catch it full, and quickly leave the scene. And so the fight goes on, until you happily catch both the combatants with one blow of your cane, and the stinking turmoil ceases; and having thrown open the doors to ventilate the room, you are glad to retire to rest.

I was awakened one night at Arrah by the squeaking and stench of two musk-rats, which were in mortal combat near my bed. Quietly rising and seizing my slipper, I smote the combatants a wrathful blow, to which one succumbed, and the other escaped through the venetian. I then lay down again, but only to hear the hateful p-r-r-r-r of 'musky,' who had come to look after his dead brother. Seizing him, he carried him off to the venetian, and there dropped him with a squeak, as I rose to my elbow. Bringing the dead rat back and laying my slipper handy, I again lay down. Very soon I heard the disgusting purr and saw the dead musky being carried off; and now the slipper was true, and both muskies lay prone.

Apropos to this, if you throw out a dead rat or mouse, he is at once swooped upon by a kite or crow; but both these scavengers will avoid a dead musk-rat; the kite will swoop and pass on as if he had not noticed the odour, whilst our old friend the crow will alight at a safe distance, and with one eye survey the dead shrew. Perhaps in that glance a whiff from the scent-bottle reaches him, for he hops off a yard or two, caws, and then rubs his beak once or twice on the ground. Then he takes an observation with the other eye, caws, and flies up into the overhanging nína tree. No one will touch the dead musk-rat; even those faithful undertakers, the burying-beetles, avoid him.

Now, what is the scent of the musk-rat like? When I was last at home in 1875, I went into a greenhouse on a hot summer day, and found it given up to the musk-plant. 'Muskies! muskies!' I exclaimed, as I fled from the stifling, dank, and fetid atmosphere. Get up that combination—a hot day, a dank, humid, and suffocating greenhouse given up to the musk-plant, and you will have the full effect of only one full-blown musky. The odour of the plant, heavy when close, is delicate when diffused; the scent of the musk-rat, on the other hand, is heavy when diffused, and insupportable when near. The marvellous diffusibility of this odour is illustrated in many ways. It has long been maintained that the musk-rat has only to pass over a closely corked bottle of wine to destroy its contents. I have tasted sherry so destroyed, and at the same time have placed corked bottles of water in the runs of musk-rats without any defilement. The odour won't permeate glass, so the bottle of sherry must have been contaminated by a defiled cork. Place a porous water-goblet (*soorâhí*) in the run of a musk-rat, and defilement is secure; and if that goblet endures for a hundred years, it will during that century affect all water which may be put into it. These animals seem to enjoy communicating their disgusting odour to surrounding objects. It doesn't follow that mere contact conveys it, for I have often handled these animals without contamination; but there is undoubtedly—setting aside the scent-bottle as a means of defence—an instinctive marking of objects for purposes of recognition, sheer mischief, or for the easing of the secretion organ.

Another anomaly pertains to this animal: though so disgusting to others, it is not so to itself; and it is one of the tidiest and most cleanly of animals. Its nesting arrangements, too, are very peculiar; nothing is more greedily utilised than paper, which it tears up. Some years ago, I lived in a boarded house, and used to be nightly worried by a pattering and purring musky dragging a newspaper towards a certain corner. Arrived there, it disappeared down a hole and pulled the paper after it—that is, as much as would enter the hole. If I gently removed the paper, the inquisitive nose would appear ranging round the hole, and shortly after, the animal itself in quest of the paper. I had the boarding taken up, and there, in a paper nest, lay five pink and naked muskies, all heads, with hardly any bodies, and quite blind.

I cannot find one redeeming trait in the character and conduct of *Sorex cærulescens*, and I must admit that he is an ill-favoured beast, and of questionable utility.

A DAY IN EARLY SUMMER.

A little wood, wherein with silver sound
A brooklet whispers all the sunny day,
And on its banks all flow'rets which abound
In the bright circle of the charmèd May:
Primroses, whose faint fragrance you may know
From other blooms; and oxlips, whose sweet breath
Is kissed by windflowers—star-like gems which blow
Beside pale sorrel, in whose veins is death;
Larch-trees are there, with plumes of palest green;
And cherry, dropping leaves of scented white;
While happy birds, amid the verdant screen,
Warble their songs of innocent delight.
Surely they err who say life is not blest;
Hither may come the weary and have rest.

J. C. H.

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THE STORY OF A VAST EXPLOSION.

The greatest physical convulsion of recent times occurred on the morning of the 27th of August last year, the scene of the catastrophe being a small island in the Sunda Straits, which separate Sumatra and Java. It is a region which there is much reason to regard as one of the intensest foci of volcanic activity on the earth's surface. The main facts connected with this event, although slow in coming to hand, are now fairly within the records of science. Krakatoa, the volcanic island which a year or two ago was seven miles long by five broad, is about thirty miles from the Java coast. When surveyed in 1868–69, the island was found to be clothed from base to summit with a luxuriant growth of forest and tropical vegetation, but uninhabited. A few weeks prior to the eruption, the volcano, which had been dormant for two centuries, gave signs of an awakening. On the 20th of May several shocks, accompanied by loud explosions and hollow reverberations, startled the inhabitants of the towns of Batavia and Buitenzorg, about ninety miles distant.* These disturbances continued for the next three months with more or less activity. On the 11th and 18th of August the energy of the volcano increased, and there were symptoms of a crisis. On the 26th and the night following, several eruptions took place, until the climax was reached on the following morning. The submarine base of the mountain then seems, according to all available evidence, to have literally 'caved in.' This was apparently accompanied by an influx of the sea into the molten interior, the instantaneous development of superheated steam, and then an explosion which, for its colossal energy, is unparalleled in the annals of volcanic outbreaks.

The enormous power of this eruption can only be adequately understood by its effects; these we now briefly summarise. The explosion itself, according to Dr Verbeek, one of the Dutch Commission appointed to investigate the nature and results of this catastrophe, caused the north part of the island to be blown away, and to fall eight miles to the north, forming what is now named Steer's Island. Moreover, the north-east portion of the island of Krakatoa was also hurled into the air, passed over Lang Island, and fell at a distance of seven miles, forming what is now known as Calmeyer Island. In proof of this, we have the fact elicited by the newly made marine survey of the Straits, that '*the bottom surrounding these new islands has not risen.*' This would have been the case had they been upheaved in the usual way. Not only so, but the bottom round these new islands shows a slightly *increased depth* in the direction of the submarine pit, nearly one thousand feet deep, which now marks the place the peak of Krakatoa occupied prior to the convulsion. But out of the midst of this deep depression there rises 'like a gigantic club' a remarkable column of rock of an area not more than thirty-three square feet, which projects sixteen feet above the surface of the sea. The southern part is all that is now left of the island of Krakatoa, and this fragment on its north side is now bounded by a magnificent precipitous cliff more than two thousand five hundred feet high. It has been thought by some, however, that the first portion of the island was blown away on the evening of August 26th, and that on the following morning the larger mass, answering to Calmeyer Island, was shot out by an effort still more titanic.

The shock of the explosion was felt at a distance of four thousand miles, being equal to an area of one-sixth of the earth's surface—that is, at Burmah, Ceylon and the Andaman Islands to the north-west, in some parts of India, at Saigon and Manila to the north, at Dorey in the Geelvink Bay (New Guinea) to the east, and throughout Northern Australia to the south-west. Lloyd's agents at Batavia, in Java, stated that on the eve of this vast explosion, the detonations

* The eruption of May was noticed in a previous article (Nov. 24, 1883).

'grew louder, till in the early morning the reports and concussions were simply deafening, not to say alarming.' So violent were the air-waves, due to this cause, that walls were rent by them at a distance of five hundred miles, and so great the volume of smoke and ashes, that Batavia, eighty miles off, was shrouded in complete darkness for two hours. Nearly four months after the eruption, masses of floating pumice, each several acres in extent, were seen in the Straits of Sunda.

Paradoxical as it appears, the sound was sometimes better heard in distant places than in those nearer the seat of disturbance. This singular effect has been thus explained—assuming, for example, the presence of a thick cloud of ashes between Krakatoa and Anjer, this would act on the sound-waves like a thick soft cushion; along and above such an ash-cloud the sound would be very easily propelled to more remote places, for instance, Batavia; whereas at Anjer, close behind the ash-cloud, no sounds, or only faint ones, would be heard. Other explanations seem to be less probable, though not impossible.

Dr Verbeek states that within a circle of nine and a-half miles' radius (fifteen kilomètres) from the mountain, the layers of volcanic ash cover the ground to a depth of from sixty-five to one hundred and thirty feet, and at the back of the island the thickness of the ash-mountains is in some places even from one hundred and ninety-five to two hundred and sixty feet, and that the matter so projected extends over a known area of seven hundred and fifty thousand square kilomètres (285,170 square miles), or a space larger than the German Empire with the Netherlands and Belgium, including Denmark and Iceland, or nearly twenty-one times the size of the Netherlands. Moreover, he calculates that the quantity of solid substance ejected by the volcano was eighteen cubic kilomètres, or 4·14 *cubic miles*. To give some idea of the enormous volume this represents, we may take the following illustration: the largest of the Egyptian pyramids has upwards of eighty-two millions of cubic feet of masonry; it would therefore take about *seven thousand three hundred and sixty of such structures* to equal the bulk of matter thrown out by this eruption. Some of this matter was found to contain smooth round balls from five-eighths to two and a-quarter inches in diameter, and composed of fifty-five per cent. of carbonate of lime.

As may well be imagined, the final outburst by its awful energy gave rise to a succession of air-waves. These we now know went round the earth more than once, and recorded themselves on the registering barometers or barograms at the Mauritius, Berlin, Rome, St Petersburg, Valencia, Coimbra (Portugal), and other far-distant places. At some points, as many as seven such disturbances were noted; other instruments not so sensitive gave evidence of five, by which time the wave had pretty well spent itself.

Having collected the observations made at all the chief meteorological stations, General Strachey recently read a paper before the Royal Society which, in his opinion, conclusively shows that an immense air-wave started from Krakatoa at about thirty minutes past nine A.M. on August 27th. Spreading from this common centre, the wave went three and a-quarter times round the globe, and those parts of it which had travelled in opposite directions passed through one another 'somewhere in the antipodes of Java.' The velocity of the aërial undulations which travelled from east to west was calculated at six hundred and seventy-four miles per hour, those moving in the reverse direction at seven hundred and six miles per hour, or nearly the velocity of sound.

But another effect of the eruption was a series of 'tidal waves,' so called—although the term is objected to because not strictly scientific—which, like the air-wave, passed round the world. Whether this was synchronous with the final explosion, it is not possible to say. The highest of these seismic sea-waves, which was over one hundred feet high, swept the shores on either side of the Straits, and wrought terrible destruction to life and property. More than thirty-five thousand persons perished through it; the greater part of the district of North Bantam was destroyed, the towns of Anjer, Merak, Tjeringin, and others being overwhelmed.

The initial movement of this destructive agent was undoubtedly of the nature of a negative wave; but the best testimony to this is lost, since those who witnessed it were its victims. The sudden subsidence of so large an area of the sea-bottom in the Straits caused the sea to recede from the neighbouring shores. This negative wave was, however, seen by Captain Ferrat from his vessel, as she lay at anchor at Port Louis. He states that towards two P.M. he saw the water in the harbour roll back and suddenly fall four or five feet; and that, a quarter of an hour afterwards, the sea returned with great violence to its former level, causing his own and other vessels to roll terribly. The best witness of this remarkable phenomenon, however, is Captain Watson, of the British ship *Charles Ball*. His vessel was actually within the Straits, and he states that he and his helmsman 'saw a wave rush right on to Button Island, apparently sweeping right over the south part, and rising half-way up to the north and east sides fifty or sixty feet, and then continuing on to the Java shore. This was evidently a wave of translation and not of progression, for it was not felt at the ship.' This latter movement, beyond question, must have coincided with the great 'tidal wave' above mentioned, and which was felt at Aden, on the Ceylon coast, Port Blair, Nagapatam, Port Elizabeth, Kurrachee, Bombay, and half-way up to Calcutta on the Hooghly, the north-west coast of Australia, Honolulu, Kadiall in Alaska, San Celeto near San Francisco, and the east coast of New Zealand.

In this as in most other cases of volcanic disturbance, electrical phenomena were observed. One vessel in particular, while passing through the Sunda Straits, exhibited 'balls of fire' at her masthead and at the extremities of her yardarms. Further, it was noticed at the Oriental Telephone Station, Singapore, a place five hundred miles from Krakatoa, that on raising the receiving instrument to the ears, a perfect roar as of a waterfall was heard; and by shouting at the top of one's voice, the clerk at the other end of the wire was able just to hear something like articulation, but not a single sentence could be understood. On the line to Ishore, which includes a submarine cable about a mile long, reports like pistol-shots were heard. These noises were

considered due to a disturbance of the earth's magnetic field, caused by the explosion, and reacting on the wires of the telephone.

We have now to refer to what has been a much debated question. From about September to the beginning of the present year, remarkable coronal appearances and sunglows were noticed in different parts of the world, and especially the somewhat rare phenomena of red, green, and blue suns. Observers such as Norman Lockyer, Dr Meldrum, and Helmholtz maintained that the phenomena were due to volcanic dust at a great altitude; others, and notably meteorologists, rejected this hypothesis, and urged that the coloured suns were due to unusually favourable atmospheric conditions, such colours being probably due to the refraction and reflection of light by watery vapours. But the theory that volcanic dust caused these appearances is fast gaining ground, if it be not already an incontrovertible fact. The spectroscope has shown that dust of almost microscopic fineness floating in the air caused the sun to appear red. Such dust has already fallen, and the microscope reveals the existence in it of salt particles. This, then, is fairly conclusive evidence of the volcanic origin of such dust. That ash particles were actually carried very far in the upper air-currents, has already appeared from snow which fell in Spain and rain in Holland, in which the *same components* were found as in the Krakatoa ashes. Dr Verbeek estimates that the height to which this fine matter was projected 'may very well have reached' forty-five to sixty thousand feet.

In a letter addressed to the *Midland Naturalist* by Mr Clement Wragge, of Torrens Observatory, Adelaide, South Australia, and dated July 17, 1884, the writer remarks that recently, when there were magnificent sunsets, he obtained 'a perfectly sharp, clean spectrum without a trace of vapour-bands.' And further, he is strongly of opinion that the Krakatoa eruption is the primary cause of these wondrous pictures in the Kosmos.

There can now be little doubt but that the green and blue suns and exceptional sunsets observed in Europe, India, Africa, North and South America, Japan, and Australia, were due to the Krakatoa eruption. The enormous volume of volcanic dust and steam shot up into the higher atmospheric zones by this convulsion are adequate to furnish the chromatic effects above mentioned.

But we have better evidence still: these peculiar solar effects followed a tolerably straight course to one which was in fact chiefly confined to a narrow belt near the equator; the data now collected show that on the second day after the eruption they appeared on the east coast of Africa, on the third day on the Gold Coast, at Trinidad on the sixth, and at Honolulu the ninth day. Finally, in a paper read by Dr Douglas Archibald at the late British Association meeting at Montreal, it was stated that 'observations showed that the dates of the sunglows began *earlier* in Java, then apparently spread gradually away, the dust being so high as to be in the upper currents, of which we know little. These sunset glows were not seen before the eruption. . . . The dust appeared to have travelled at a uniform rate, over two thousand miles daily.' 'The topic,' says Mr S. E. Bishop, writing from Honolulu, 'is an endless one. Many ask what is the cause of frequent revivals of the red glows, such as the very fine one of August 19. It seems merely to show an irregular distribution of the vast clouds of thin Krakatoa haze still lingering in the upper atmosphere. They drift about, giving us sometimes more, sometimes less, of their presence. It is also not unlikely that in varying hygrometric conditions the minute dust-particles become nuclei for ice crystals of varying size. This would greatly vary their reflecting power, and accords with some observations of Mr C. J. Lyons, showing that the amount of red glow varies according to the prevalence of certain winds.' Further facts are coming to hand respecting this great natural convulsion.

BY MEAD AND STREAM.

CHAPTER LV.—SWEET ARE THE USES OF ADVERSITY.

Soon after reading Mr Shield's letter, Madge walked to Ringsford with Pansy. There had been a thaw during the night, and the meadows and the ploughed lands were transformed into sheets of dirty gray, dirty blue, and reddish slush, according to the character of the soil, dotted with patches of snow like the ghosts of islets in a lake of puddle. But the red sun had a frosty veil on his face; by-and-by this puddle would be glazed with ice, and the heavy drops of melting snow which were falling slowly from the trees would become glittering crystal pendants to their branches.

The two girls, their cheeks tingling with the bite of the east wind, tramped bravely through the slush, with no greater sense of inconvenience than was caused by the fact that they would be obliged to perform the journey by the road instead of taking the short-cut through the Forest.

They spoke little, for each was occupied with her own troublous thoughts; Pansy did not know much of the sources of her friend's anxieties, and Madge had already exhausted the consolation she could offer to her companion. On arriving at Ringsford they found Sam Culver attending to his plants and greenhouses as methodically as if the mansion stood as sound as ever it had done and the daily supply of fruit and flowers would be required as usual.

Madge left Pansy with her father, and went on to the cottage. In the kitchen she found Miss Hadleigh fast asleep in the gardener's big armchair. She would have left the room without disturbing her, but at that moment Miss Hadleigh yawned and awakened.

'Don't go away; I am not sleeping.—Oh, it's you, Madge. Isn't this a dreadful state of things? I haven't had a wink of sleep for two nights, and feel as if I should drop on the floor in hysterics or go off into a fever.'

Miss Hadleigh had been relieved by a good many 'winks' during the period specified, although, like many other nurses, she was convinced that she had not closed her eyes all the time. Madge accepted the assertion literally, and was instantly all eagerness to relieve her.

'You must get away to Willowmere at once, and take a proper rest. You are not to refuse, for I will take your place here and do whatever may be required. You are looking so ill, Beatrice, that I am sure Philip and—somebody else would consider me an unfeeling creature if I allowed you to stay any longer.'

'But it is my duty to stay, dear,' said Miss Hadleigh a little faintly, for she did not like to hear that she was looking ill.

'And it is my duty to relieve you. Besides, Dr Joy has given us some hope that it may be safe to remove your father to our house to-day; and then you will be there, refreshed and ready to receive him.'

'I suppose you are right—I am not fit for much at present,' said Miss Hadleigh languidly; 'and you can do everything for him a great deal better than I can. But I must wait till Philip comes—he promised to be here early.'

'You have heard from him, then?'

'Heard from him!—he was here last night as soon as he could get away from that nasty business he has been swindled into by our nice Uncle Shield. He ought to have taken poor papa's advice at the beginning, and have had nothing to do with him.'

This was uttered so spitefully, that it seemed as if there were an undercurrent of satisfaction in the young lady's mind at finding that the rich uncle who would only acknowledge one member of the family, had turned out a deceiver.

Madge was astonished and chagrined by the information that Philip had been out on the previous evening and had made no sign to her; but in the prospect of seeing him soon, she put the chagrin aside, remembering how harassed he was at this juncture in his affairs. There should be no silly lovers' quarrel between them, if she could help it. She would take the plain, commonplace view of the position, and make every allowance for any eccentricity he might display. She would help him in spite of himself, by showing that no alteration of circumstances could alter her love, and that she was ready to wait for him all her life if she could not serve him in any other way. To be sure, he had said the engagement was at an end; and Uncle Dick had not yet said that it was to stand good. But she loved Philip: her life was his, and misfortune ought to draw them nearer to one another than all the glories of success—than all the riches in the world.

When he came, there was no sign of astonishment at her presence in the temporary refuge of his father: he seemed to accept it as a matter of course that she should be there. Neither was there any sign that he remembered the manner in which they had last parted. To her anxious eyes he seemed to have grown suddenly very old. The frank joyous voice was hushed into a low grave whisper; the cheeks and eyes were sunken; and there was in his manner a cold self-possession that chilled her. Yet something in the touch of his hand reassured her: love was still in his heart, although the careless youth, full of bright dreams and fancies, was changed into the man, who, through loss and suffering, had come to realise the stern realities of life.

They were for a time prevented from speaking together in private because the doctors had arrived only a few minutes before Philip, and he waited to hear their report. Dr Joy came out of the invalid's room with an expression which was serious but confident.

'Our patient goes on admirably,' he said. 'You need have no fear of any immediate danger; and in six months there will be only a few scars to show the danger he has passed through. I am to stay here for a couple of hours, and then I shall know whether or not we can move him to Willowmere. By that time, too, I expect the ambulance we wrote for last night will be here.—And you, Miss Hadleigh, you really must take rest. I insist upon it. You will not make your father better by making yourself ill. Go and get to bed. Philip and Miss Heathcote will do everything that is necessary, and I shall be their overseer.'

Philip went to the stables to tell Toomey to bring the carriage round for his sister. As he was crossing the little green on his way back to the cottage, Madge met him. Although he had not observed her approaching, his head being bowed and eyes fixed on the ground, he took the outstretched hands without any sign of surprise, without any indication that he understood the cruel significance of the 'good-bye' which had caused them both so much pain. Whatever hesitation she might have felt as to the course she was to pursue was removed by his first words.

'You want to speak to me, Madge,' he said in a tone of gentle gravity; and then with a faint smile: 'I am better than when you saw me last, for I am free from suspense. My position is clear to me now, and I feel that a man is more at ease when the final blow falls and strikes him down, than he can be whilst he is struggling vainly for the goal he has not strength enough to reach. It is a great relief to know that we are beaten and to be able to own it. Then there is a possibility of plodding on to the end without much pain.'

She was as much alarmed by this absolute surrender to adversity as she had been by the strange humour which had prompted him to say that she was free.

'Yes, Philip, I want to speak to you,' she said tenderly, and a spasmodic movement of the hand which grasped hers, signified that the electric current of affection was not yet broken. She went on the more earnestly: 'I am not going to think about the foolish things you have said to me: I am going to ask you to give me your confidence—to tell me everything that has happened during the last two days. Tell it to me, if you like, as to your friend.'

'Always my friend,' he muttered, bending forward as if to kiss her brow, and then drawing slowly back, like one who checks himself in the commission of some error.

'Always your friend,' she echoed with emphasis, 'and therefore you should be able to speak freely.'

'There is not much to tell you. The ruin is more complete than even I imagined it to be, and the fault is mine. Your friend—I ought to say our friend—Mr Beecham has made a generous offer for the business, and, with certain modifications, will allow it to be carried on under my management. This relieves us from immediate

difficulties; and in a short time Mr Shield expects to have recovered sufficiently from his recent losses to be able to assist me in redeeming all that has been lost.'

'What gladder news could there be than this?' she exclaimed with cheeks aglow and brightening eyes; 'and yet you tell it as if it gave you no pleasure. Philip, Philip! this is not like you—it is not right to be so melancholy when the future is so bright.'

'Is it so bright? Are you forgetting how long it must be before I can repay Mr Shield? before'——

He was going to say, 'before I can ask you to risk your future in mine, and what changes may take place meanwhile!'

The earnest tender eyes were fixed upon him, and they were reading his thoughts, whilst she appeared to be waiting for him to complete the interrupted sentence. She saw the colour slowly rising on his brow, and knew that he was feeling ashamed of the doubt implied in his thought.

'I want to tell you something,' she said in her quiet brave way, 'and I hope—no, I *believe* that it will take one disagreeable fancy out of your head. I know that you did not mean what you said to me on that dreadful evening.'

'What else could a ruined man say?' (This huskily and turning his face aside.)

'He could say that he trusted his friends. Even Uncle Dick is angry with you for imagining that your misfortune could make any difference in his feelings towards you. And for me, you *ought* to say . . . but there, I am not going to speak about what you ought to say to me; I am only going to tell you what I shall do.'

He looked quickly at her, and the eager inquiry on his pale face rendered the words 'What is that?' superfluous.

'I shall wait until you come for me; and when you come, I shall be ready to go with you where you will, whether you are poor or rich. No matter what anybody says—no matter what *you* say, I shall wait.'

'O Madge!'

He could say nothing more; the man's soul was in that whisper. Their hands were clasped: they were looking into each other's eyes: the world seemed to sink away from them; and the woman's devotion changed the winter into summer, changed the man's ruin into success.

He drew her arm within his; and they walked past the blackened walls of the Manor, and along the paths where they had spent so many pleasant hours during his recovery from the accident with the horse, to the place where he had thrown off the doctor's control and got out of the wheel-chair.

'I am not so sorry now for what has happened,' were his first words. 'It is worth losing everything to gain so much.'

'But you have not lost everything, Philip.'

'No; I should say that I have won everything. I am glad to have saved Wrentham from penal servitude, for his frauds have enabled me to realise the greatest of all blessings—the knowledge that come what may you can make me happy.'

'And I am happy too,' she said softly, their arms tightening as they walked on again in silence.

By-and-by he lifted his head, and seemed to shake the frost from his hair.

'The doctor said I ought to have rest. I have got it from you, Madge. I can look straight again at the whole botheration—thank you, my darling.' (A gentle pressure on his arm was the answer, and he went on.) 'The arrangement offered by Beecham is a very good and kind one, which will enable me in course of time to clear myself whilst carrying out my scheme; we can take a small house; Mr Shield will live with us, and we must try to make him comfortable. Then we need not wait for the end of next harvest, unless you still insist'——

'No, Philip; when you bid me come to you, I am ready.'

CIGARS.

It has been abundantly shown by various writers that the Indians of North America as well as elsewhere looked upon tobacco as having a divine origin, as being a peculiar and special gift designed by the 'Good Spirit' for their delectation, and that it held a prominent place in their visions of a future life in the 'happy hunting-grounds.' In the present day, there seems to be an ever increasing dependence on—we might almost say slavery to—the plant, whose soothing influences are called in quest to counteract the effects of this high-pressure age. There are not a few of its devotees who are quite at one with Salvation Yeo in *Westward Ho*, who, when speaking of tobacco, says: 'For when all things were made, none was made better than this; to be a lone man's companion, a bachelor's friend, a hungry man's food, a sad man's cordial, a wakeful man's sleep, and a chilly man's fire. There 's no herb like unto it under the canopy of heaven.' We do not, however, propose to discuss the opposing views held by the smoker and the anti-smoker, but intend to restrict ourselves to some remarks on the manufacture of cigars, which have been suggested by a recent visit to the West Indies.

Of the endless varieties of cigars which are met with in various tropical localities, the majority are used for local consumption, and only find their way into England in very small quantities. The bulk of our cigars are either Havana or Manila, European or British, and of these it has been computed that considerably over two hundred million are consumed annually in the United Kingdom. It is evident, therefore, that the manufacture of this luxury is a business of great magnitude, irrespective of the other forms of tobacco used; and if we remember that the duty obtained from tobacco of all kinds puts nearly nine millions per annum into the national exchequer, it becomes possible to realise how much the comfort and happiness of a large number of Her Majesty's subjects depend on the products of the tobacco crop.

An Havana cigar of a good brand is deservedly looked upon as the *crême de la crême* of cigars; but, unfortunately, the number of good makers as well as the possible production of first-class cigars is necessarily limited. Thus the manufacture of the 'Villar y Villar' brand is stated to be never more than twenty-five thousand daily; while that of 'Henry Clays' is fully three times as many. For some time back there has been a deterioration in Havanas, which has

been variously accounted for. It is asserted that, from the exhaustive nature of the crop, guano or other artificial stimulants are largely used, and that the flavour of the leaf has suffered in consequence. Besides, owing to the increasing demand, tobacco has been grown on poor land unsuitable for the production of the finest leaf, and even has been largely imported into Cuba for the manufacture of 'genuine' Havanas. To those, however, who cannot afford to buy the best brands, it is satisfactory to know that a new source of supply is being opened up with great energy. The climate and soil of some parts of Jamaica very closely resemble those of Havana, and are well suited for the growth of the finest leaf. As the Jamaica planters open up their virgin soil, it is safe to predict that with growing experience they will improve in their manufactures, while already they produce a cigar which compares favourably with any but the best of Cuban make.

British cigars, like all other varieties, may be good, bad, or indifferent. By British we mean cigars manufactured in this country from the imported leaf; and as English capital can command the markets, there is no reason why the best tobacco should not be obtainable for importation. Using the same quality of leaf, a cigar can be produced in this country at a much lower cost than if imported ready made. We venture to think, notwithstanding popular prejudice, that a good British cigar is preferable to an inferior foreign make. Pay a fair price, and you will get a good article—home made, in spite of the Spanish labels, which are always used either from affectation or in order to deceive the ignorant. Much is heard about adulteration by means of cabbage-leaves, &c.; but we believe that it is almost unknown in this country. The fact that inferior tobaccos are so very cheap makes fraud both unlikely and unnecessary. Adulteration, however, is not unknown on the continent, where cigars can be obtained six and ten for a penny; but the duty of five shillings per pound is fortunately a bar to their importation into Great Britain. It is needless to say more about continental cigars than we do about all cheap cigars, and that is to recommend smokers to avoid them.

The manufacture of the finished article requires highly skilled labour, and long practice gives the workman an amount of accuracy and dexterity in producing cigar after cigar, alike in shape and size, with a rapidity that is truly wonderful. After the leaves have been properly cured, they are sorted according to size and colour. The centre rib is then extracted, an operation requiring great care. Each workman is seated before a flat board, and is supplied with a bunch of perfect leaves and a pile of broken tobacco. With his fingers, he quickly rolls up some broken pieces, inclosing them in one of the less perfect leaves, forming what is called 'the bunch.' This he proceeds to cover with the wrapper or perfect leaf, which he has already cut with his knife to the required size. The most difficult part of the process has now to be completed, namely, closing in the point. This he does by modelling it with his fingers, quickly twisting the wrapper round it, and fixing the end with a drop of gum. With one sweep of his knife—his only implement—he trims the broad end, and the cigar is ready to be carried to the drying-room, afterwards to be sorted and packed in boxes.

It is easier to know a good cigar when you smoke one than to describe the points by which a good cigar may be selected. A good cigar, however, should have a good wrapper or exterior; it should have a faint gloss, not amounting to greasiness, due to the essential oil contained in it; and it should have a fine hairy 'down' on its surface. In addition to this, it should be firmly rolled, and yet not be hard, or it will not draw well. When lighted it should burn evenly, and not to one side; it should carry a two-inch ash without endangering your coat, and if laid aside for three or four minutes, should still be alight when taken up again. It is worth remembering the golden rule known to the lovers of the fragrant weed, namely, when holding a lighted cigar, always to keep the burning end turned upwards, so that the smoke may escape into the air—never downwards, as that causes the smoke to pass through the body of the cigar.

In concluding these brief remarks, it may not be amiss to say a word or two about the markings which will be found on the boxes, and about which a good deal of ignorance exists. On most boxes there are four distinct markings, which have each their own significance. First comes the brand proper, which consists either of the maker's name or of some fancy name adopted by the firm; such, for example, as Partagas, Villar y Villar, Intimidads, Henry Clays, &c. The quality of the tobacco is next indicated by Flor Fina, first quality; Flor, second quality, &c. Various names, such as Infantes, Reinas, Imperiales, &c., are used to represent the size or shape of the cigar. The fourth mark gives us an idea of the strength or colour of the tobacco contained in the box; and for this purpose the following terms are used—Claro, Colorado claro, Maduro, &c. To attempt to give any advice to our readers as to the best brands to buy would be beyond the scope of this paper. Experience will soon teach them what to accept and what to avoid; what suits their tastes and their pockets, and what does not.

ONE WOMAN'S HISTORY.

CHAPTER VI.

'PHEW! There's not a breath of air in this valley. One had need be a salamander to appreciate a morning like this. But what a lovely nook it is—eh, Mac? Quite worth coming half-a-dozen miles to see.'

'That it's very pretty, I'll not attempt to deny; but still'——

'By no means equal to what you could show us t' other side of the Border,' said the vicar with a twinkle. 'That's understood, of course.'

The time was the forenoon of the day following the evening on which Madame De Vigne had been so startled by the sudden appearance of one whom she had every reason to believe had died long years before.

The scene was a small but romantic glen. Over the summit of a cliff, at the upper end of a rocky ravine, a stream, which took its rise among

the stern hills that shut in the background, leapt in a cascade of feathery foam. After a fall of some fifteen or twenty feet, it reached a broad, shallow basin, in which it spread itself out, as if to gather breath for its second leap, which, however, was not quite so formidable as its first one. After this, still babbling its own liquid music, it fretted its way among the boulders with which its channel was thickly strewn, and so, after a time, left the valley behind it; and then, less noisily, and lingering lovingly by many a quiet pool, it gradually crept onward to the lake, in the deep bosom of whose dark waters lay the peace for which it seemed to have been craving so long.

A steep and somewhat rugged pathway wound up either side of the glen to the tableland at the summit, overhung with trees and shrubs of various kinds, with a rustic seat planted here and there at some specially romantic point of view. Ferns, mosses, flowers, and grasses innumerable clothed the rocky sides of the ravine down almost to the water's edge. At the foot of the glen the stream was spanned by a quaint old bridge, on which the vicar and Dr M'Murdo were now standing. It was the day of the picnic of which Madame De Vigne had made mention to Colonel Woodruffe, and the party from the *Palatine* had driven over in a couple of wagonettes, which, together with the hampers containing luncheon, were stationed in a shady spot a quarter of a mile lower down the valley.

'Look, Mac, look!' exclaimed the vicar, 'at those two speckled darlings lurking there in the shadow of the bridge. I must come and try my luck here one of these days.'

'You look just a bit feckless this morning without your rod and basket.'

'Where was the use of bringing them? No trout worth calling a trout would rise on a morning like this, when there's not a cloud in the sky as big as one's hand, and not breeze enough to raise a ripple on the water. I've brought my hammer instead, so that I shan't want for amusement. Ah, Mac, what a pity it is that you care nothing either for angling or geology!'

'I could not be fashed, as we used to say in the North. Every man to his likes. I've got a treatise in my pocket on *The Diaphragm and its Functions*, just down from London, with diagrams and plates. Now, if I can only find a shady nook somewhere, I've no doubt that I shall enjoy myself with my book for the next two or three hours quite as much as you with your rod or hammer.'

'So that's your idea of a picnic, is it?' The question came from Miss Gaisford, who had come unperceived upon the two friends as they were leaning over the parapet of the bridge. 'To bury yourself among the trees, eh,' she went on, 'and gloat over some dreadful pictures that nobody but a doctor could look at without shuddering? Allow me to tell you that you will be permitted to do nothing of the kind. You will just put your treatise in your pocket, and try for once to make yourself sociable. Perhaps, if you try very hard, you may even succeed in making yourself agreeable.'

'My poor Mac!' murmured the vicar as he settled his spectacles more firmly on his nose.

The doctor said nothing, but his eyes twinkled, and he pursed up his lips.

'I have arranged my plans for both of you,' said Miss Pen with emphasis.

'For both of us!' they exclaimed simultaneously.

'Yes. Lady Renshaw'——

'O-h!' It was a double groan.

'Don't interrupt. Lady Renshaw will be here presently. As soon as she appears on the scene, you will take charge of her. I have special reasons for asking you to do this, which I cannot now explain. You will amuse her, interest her, keep her out of the way, and prevent her generally from making a nuisance of herself to any one but yourselves, till luncheon-time.'

'My dear Pen,' began the vicar.

'My dear Miss Gaisford,' pleaded the doctor.

'You will do as you are told, and do it without grumbling,' was the little woman's reply as she shook a finger in both their faces. 'I've arranged my plans for the day, and I can't have them interfered with.'

'My dear Pen,' again persisted the vicar, in his mildest tones, 'that your plan is a perfectly admirable one, I do not for one moment doubt, only, as you know very well, I am not and never have been a ladies' man, and that in the company of your charming sex I'm just as shy at fifty-five as I was at eighteen. But with Mac here the case is altogether different. All doctors know how to please and flatter the sex—it's part of their stock-in-trade, so that Mac would be quite at home with her ladyship; whereas I—well, the fact is I had made up my mind to walk as far as'——

'Blackstone Hollow,' interrupted his sister, 'in order that you might have another look at that big trout about which you dream every night, but which you will never succeed in catching as long as you live.'

'The traitor! eh, Miss Penelope?' cried the doctor. 'This is neither more nor less than prevarication—yes, sir, prevarication—there's no other word for it—and you the vicar of a parish, whose example ought to be a shining light to all men! Septimus Gaisford, I'm ashamed of you! As for Lady Renshaw'—— He ended with a snap of his fingers.

'Neither of you is afraid of her. Of course not,' remarked Miss Penelope. 'You would scorn to acknowledge that you are afraid of any woman. But why run any risk in the matter? Why allow her ladyship to attack you separately, when, by keeping together and combining your forces, you would render your position impregnable?'

'Impregnable!' both the gentlemen gasped out.

Miss Gaisford's merry laugh ran up the glen. 'What a pair of delicious, elderly nincompoops you are!' she cried. 'Septimus, you dear old simpleton, haven't you discovered that this woman would like nothing better than to bring you to your knees with an offer of marriage?'

'Good gracious, Pen!' cried the vicar with a start that nearly shook the spectacles off his nose.

'Doctor, did you not see enough of her ladyship's tactics last evening to understand that her plan with you is to induce you to believe that she has fallen in love with you? and when one

of your sex gets the idea into his head that one of our sex is in love with him, why, then, a little reciprocity of sentiment is the almost inevitable result.'

'The hussy!' exclaimed Mac. 'I should like her to be laid up for a fortnight and let me have the physicking of her!'

'I noticed that she did press my arm rather more than seemed needful, when we were walking last evening by the lake,' remarked the vicar.

'And I remember now that she squeezed my hand in a way that seemed to me quite unnecessary, when she bade me good-night on the steps of the hotel.'

'Gentlemen, let there be no jealousy between you, I beg,' said Miss Pen with mock-solemnity. 'If you decline to combine your forces, then make up your minds which of you is to have her ladyship, and let the other one go and bewail his sorrows to the moon.'

'By the way, who *is* Lady Renshaw?' asked the vicar. 'I never had the pleasure of hearing her name till yesterday.'

'Her ladyship is the widow of an alderman and ex-sheriff of London, who was knighted on the occasion of some great event in the City. Her husband, who was much older than herself, left her very well off when he died. That pretty girl, her niece, who travels about with her, has no fortune of her own, and one of her ladyship's chief objects in life would seem to be to find a rich husband for her. At the same time, from what I have already seen of her, it appears to me that Lady Renshaw herself would by no means object to enter the matrimonial state again, could she only find a husband to suit her views.'

'A dangerous woman evidently. We must beware of her, Mac,' said the vicar.

The doctor shook his head. 'My dear friend, your caution doesn't apply to me,' he said. 'Lady Renshaw is just one of those women that I would not think of making my wife, if she was worth her weight in gold.'

They had begun to stroll slowly forward during the last minute or two, and leaving the bridge behind them, were now presently lost to view down one of the many wooded paths which intersected the valley in every direction.

But a few minutes had passed, when Lady Renshaw and Miss Wynter appeared, advancing slowly in the opposite direction. They halted on the bridge as the others had done before them.

'What a sweetly pretty place!' exclaimed Miss Wynter. 'I had no idea it would be half so lovely. I could wander about here for a week,' adding under her breath, 'especially if I had Dick to keep me company.'

'Pooh! my dear; you will have had quite enough of it by luncheon-time,' responded her aunt, who had seated herself on the low coping of the bridge with her back to the view up the glen.

'I always thought you were an admirer of pretty scenery, aunt.'

'So I am—when in society. But now that we are alone, there's no need to go into ecstasies about it. On a broiling day like this, I would exchange all the scenery of the Lakes for an easy-chair in the veranda, a nice novel, and the music of a band in the distance.' Then, as if suddenly remembering something, she gazed around and said: 'By-the-bye, what has become of Mr Golightly?'

'I saw him strolling in this direction a few minutes ago,' was the innocent answer. 'I have no doubt that he is somewhere about.'

'Now that Archie Ridsdale has been called away, you will be able to give him the whole of your attention. There seem plenty of quiet nooks about where you will be able to get him for a time all to yourself. He certainly seems excessively infatuated, considering how short a time he has known you, and I should not be a bit surprised if that waterfall were to lead him on to make violent love to you before you are six hours older.'

'Aunt!'

'Oh, my dear, I've known stranger things than that happen. When a susceptible young man and a pretty girl sit and watch a waterfall together, he is almost sure before long to begin squeezing her hand, and then what follows is simply a question of diplomacy on her part.'

'If—if—in the course of a few days—Mr Golightly were to propose?'——

'He may do it this very day for aught one can tell. He seems infatuated enough for any thing. When he does propose, you will accept him—conditionally. You will take care to let him see that you care for him—a little. You have known him for so short a time that really you scarcely know your own feelings—&c., &c. Of course, before finally making up your mind, we must have some more definite information as to the position and prospects of the young man, and what his father the bishop has in view as regards his future. Besides, Mr Archie Ridsdale may possibly be back in the course of a day or two.'

'But in what way can Archie's return affect me?'

'You stupid girl! have I not already told you that Sir William is nearly sure to refuse his consent, and that Archie's engagement with this Miss Loraine may be broken off at any moment. Then will come your opportunity. Archie seemed very fond of you at one time, and there's no reason why he should not become fond of you again. Young men's fancies are as changeable as the wind, as you ought to know quite well by this time.'

Bella only shrugged her shoulders and sauntered slowly over the bridge.

The expression of Lady Renshaw's face changed the moment she found herself alone, and her thoughts reverted to a topic over which they had busied themselves earlier in the day.

'So this high and mighty Madame De Vigne—this person whom nobody seems to know anything about—could not condescend to come in the same wagonette with us poor mortals! She and her sister must follow in a carriage by themselves, forsooth! Last evening, when we got back from the lake, she had retired for the night; this morning, she breakfasted in her own room. I feel more convinced than ever that there's some mystery about her. If I could but find out what it is! Of course, in such a case it would become my duty at once to communicate with Sir William.'

Miss Wynter came back over the bridge, but much more quickly than she had gone. 'Oh, look, aunt!' she exclaimed; 'I declare there's D—— I mean Mr Golightly, standing yonder, gazing at the water, and all alone.'

Lady Renshaw took a survey of the young man through her glasses. Feeling safe in his disguise, Richard had now discarded some portions of the clerical-looking costume he had worn yesterday, and was attired this morning more after the style of an ordinary tourist.

'You had better stroll gently along in the same direction,' remarked her ladyship. 'Poor young man, he looks very lonely!'

'But I can't leave you alone, aunt.'

'Never mind about me. Besides, I see that dear vicar and Dr M'Murdo coming this way.'

Lady Renshaw turned to greet Miss Gaisford and the two gentlemen, who were still a little distance off.

'Here they come. To which of my two admirers shall I devote myself to-day?' she simpered. 'Why not endeavour to play one off against the other, and so excite a little jealousy? It is so nice to make the men jealous. Poor dear Sir Timothy never would be jealous; but then he was so very stupid!'

Miss Gaisford was the first to speak. 'We were just wondering what had become of you, Lady Renshaw.'

'I lingered here to drink in this fairy scene. It is indeed too, too exquisitely beautiful.'

'If they would only turn on a little more water at the top of the cliff it would be an improvement,' answered Miss Pen.—'Septimus, you might inquire whether they can't arrange it specially for us to-day.'

'My dear!' protested the vicar with mild-eyed amazement.

'Maybe, like myself,' remarked the doctor, 'your ladyship is a worshipper of beautiful scenery?'

'O yes. I dote on it—I revel in it. After I lost poor dear Sir Timothy, I went to Switzerland, in the hope of being able to distract my mind by travel. Those darling Alps, I shall always feel grateful to them!'

'What did the Alps do for you, Lady Renshaw?' queried Miss Pen with the utmost gravity.

'They gave me back my peace of mind; they poured consolation into my lacerated heart.'

'Very kind of them—very kind indeed,' answered Miss Pen drily.

Lady Renshaw threw a quick, suspicious glance at her. 'What a very strange person!' she murmured. The vicar's sister was a puzzle to her. It could not be that she was covertly making fun of her, Lady Renshaw! No; the idea was too preposterous.

Dr Mac had not gone about for fifty years with his eyes shut. He had discovered that many persons, both male and female, who plume themselves on their knowledge of the world and their shrewdness in dealing with the common affairs of life, are yet as susceptible to flattery, even of the most fulsome kind, and just as liable to be led away by it into the regions of foolishness, as their far less sophisticated fellow-mortals. What if this woman, with all her worldly-mindedness and calculating selfishness, were one of those individuals who may be dexterously led by the nose and persuaded to dance to any tune so long as their ears are judiciously tickled? A peculiar gleam came into the doctor's eyes as these thoughts passed through his mind. He cleared his voice and turned to her ladyship.

'It appears to me, Lady Renshaw,' he began, 'speaking from a professional point of view, that you are gifted with one of those highly-strung, super-sensitive, and poetical organisations which render those who possess them peculiarly susceptible to all beautiful influences whether of nature or of art. Hem.'

'How thoroughly you understand me, Dr M'Murdo!' responded her ladyship, beaming on him with one of her broadest smiles.

The vicar took off his spectacles and proceeded to rub them vigorously with his handkerchief. 'Mac, you are nothing better than a barefaced humbug,' he whispered to himself.

'It would seem only natural, my dear madam,' resumed the unblushing doctor, 'that a temperament such as yours, which throbs responsive to beauty in all its thousand varied forms as readily as an Æolian harp responds to the faintest sigh of the summer breeze, should—should find an outlet for itself in one form or other. Have you never, may I ask, attempted to pour out your thick crowding fancies in verse? Have you never, while gazing on some such scene as this, felt as if you could float away on—on the wings of Poesy? Have you never, in brief, felt as if you could only find relief by rushing into song? Hem.'

The poor vicar fairly gasped for breath.

'Yes, yes; that is exactly how I have felt a thousand times,' gushed her ladyship. 'At such moments I seem to exhale poetry.'

'Dear me! rather a remarkable phenomenon,' murmured Miss Pen.

'I long to be a dryad—or a nymph—or one of Dian's huntresses in some Arcadian grove of old.'

'A nymph! Hum,' remarked the vicar softly to himself.

'But I have never yet ventured to—to'——

'Gush into song,' suggested Miss Pen.

'To attempt to clothe my thoughts in rhythmic measures,' went on her ladyship with a little wave of the hand, as though deprecating interruption, 'although I have often felt an inward voice which impelled me to do so.'

'Let me advise you to try, my dear madam,' resumed the doctor with his gravest professional air. 'If I may be allowed to say so, you have the eye of a poet—dreamy, imaginative, with a sort of far-away gaze in it, as though you were looking at something a long way off which nobody but yourself could see.'

'Ought I to listen to these things in silence?' asked the vicar of himself with a sudden qualm of conscience.

'You are a great, naughty flatterer, Dr M'Murdo,' said the widow, shaking a podgy finger archly at him.

'Madam, that is one of the points on which my education has been shamefully neglected.'

She turned with a smile. 'I trust that our dear vicar is also a worshipper of the beautiful?'

'With Lady Renshaw before my eyes, it would be rank heresy to doubt it,' stammered the dear old boy with a blush that would have become a lad of eighteen.

'Pass up one, Septimus,' whispered his sister in his ear.

'If you talk to me in that strain, I shall begin to think you a very, very dangerous man,' simpered her ladyship.

'There's a charming view of the lake from an opening in the trees a little farther on,' remarked Dr Mac. 'Would not your ladyship like to walk as far?'

'By all means, though I am loath to tear myself from this exquisite spot.'

'We shall find our way back to it later on.'

'With your permission, I will leave you good people for a little while,' remarked Miss Pen. 'I've other fish to fry.'

Her ladyship stared. 'What an excessively vulgar remark!' was her unspoken thought.

Miss Gaisford turned to her. 'Lady Renshaw, I must intrust these two young sparks into your hands for a time.'

'You could not leave us in more charming captivity,' remarked the gallant doctor.

The vicar, as he fingered the hammer in his pocket, looked imploringly at his sister, but she pretended not to see.

'Au revoir, then, dear Miss Gaisford,' said her ladyship in her most affable tones.

'Au revoir, au revoir.'

As the three went sauntering away, the vicar lagging a little behind the others, Miss Pen heard the doctor say: 'You know the song, Lady Renshaw, *When I view those Scenes so charming*,' after which nothing but a murmur reached her ears.

She turned away with a little laugh. 'The doctor will fool her to the top of her bent. Who would have thought that high-dried piece of buckram had so much quiet fun in him?—And now to look after my hampers. If I trust to the servants, by luncheon-time the ice, like Niobe, will have wept itself away, the corkscrew will have taken a ramble on its own account, the vinegar and salt will have gone into housekeeping together, and the mustard will be making love to the blanc-mange. My reputation is at stake.'

AMERICAN NEWSPAPERS ON THEMSELVES.

It has been fairly proved in previous numbers of this *Journal* that so long as advertising continues, a newspaper can rarely be altogether dull, for the curiosities of the advertisement columns often exhibit strange freaks and fancies of human nature, which may afford amusement when the news columns are at their grimmest and dreariest. But the place of all others which may be regarded as the headquarters of the advertising genius is the land across the Atlantic, and the papers which are the medium of the greatest enterprise in this line are the *Tribunes* and *Suns* of the United States; and most entertaining of all are the announcements by which the American journals draw attention to their own brilliant pages. An English newspaper directory is not very attractive, except to the business portion of the community; but an American publication of the kind is of a much more amusing character; and in two bulky and comprehensive volumes, an indomitable transatlantic publisher has issued a universal gazetteer, wherein the newspapers of every part of the globe may be studied.

In the first place, it is enough for an English paper, as a rule, to state the town and county it represents; but young America must do more than this, if readers outside her various regions are to estimate the value of her press. Jacksonville or Euteroga must be set forth as indisputably the most thriving city in the richest district of the most prosperous State. Magnolia, advertisers are 'notified,' is a 'flourishing town with more than twenty-five business-houses;' Augusta 'is growing and has a bright future;' Westfield is 'a thriving town of above a thousand inhabitants,' clearly affording scope for a large circulation.

Manchester (United States), we learn, in a sentence racy of the soil, 'is a large, live, and growing city, makes one hundred and seventy-nine miles of cloth per day, can build fifteen locomotives a month, and fifty steam fire-engines a year, and an endless variety of other products of skill and industry.' Another rising spot has 'fourteen grocery, three hardware, and five dry goods stores, four tailor-shops, six butcher-shops, two banks, four hotels, three grist-mills, two stave-factories, foundry, planing-mills, &c., and six churches, one of which cost about sixteen thousand dollars, and has a spire one hundred and forty-eight feet high.' But this edifice is outdone in a third town which 'points with just pride to its magnificent iron bridge, costing over forty thousand dollars, and other evidences of public enterprise.' Middle Loup Valley is, we are told, 'one of the largest and most productive valleys in the State, which is from its picturesque scenery and fertility of soil poetically called the "Rhine of America."' Another touch of poetry is come across unexpectedly: 'A belt of fire from thousands of coke ovens surrounds Mount Pleasant, the centre of the great Connellsville Coke County, and the place where the *Times and Mining Journal* is published;' and there is a rhythmical swing about the remark that the *Honey Grove Independent* 'is published in the land where cotton grows rank and tall, and where cattle grow fat in the wild prairies.' But Honey Grove with its cattle is nothing to Hancock County, where 'the people have become so corpulent, that the druggists are all becoming independently rich from the sale of Allen's Anti-Fat;' and the Blue Grass Valley of Kentucky 'is famous all over the world for its handsome women, thoroughbred horses, rich soil, and fine climate.'

To be worthy of a land like this, the newspapers also possess rare attractions for readers and advertisers, the latter especially. They are 'alive and growing' 'newsy! pithy! spicy!' one is a 'paper for all mankind,' another 'overflows with local gossip,' and a third 'discusses public questions with lively respectability, and feeds its readers with no less than four and often five columns of spicy local matter each week;' a fourth has 'everything first-class;' you can get 'a bright and newsy wide-awake local paper,' or 'a live thirty-two column weekly;' and the *Eaton Rapids Journal* will be found, appropriately to its name, 'a live paper in a live town.' Yet more richly descriptive is the account of the 'red-hot local paper that feeds twenty thousand people

every week and makes them fat; advertisements can reach millions of hungry minds through this medium.' Again, we learn that 'Life on the ocean wave is nothing compared with reading the *Plymouth Pantograph*.' The *Sacramento Bee* is 'the spiciest, ablest, most brilliant, and most independent journal published on the Pacific coast;' while for 'talking large,' honourable mention should also be accorded to one of Cincinnati's lights, which is 'the best paper ever published. All its news is first-hand from upwards of fifteen hundred reporters and correspondents in every part of the United States and Europe.'

But these are mere outward characteristics and generalisations. Politics denote more distinctly the paper's line of action, whether 'stalwart Republican,' 'sound Democratic,' or 'Independent in all things, neutral in nothing.' Independence is the cry of many; they are 'bold and fearless,' express a hatred of party, rings and ringsters. 'Now in its third volume,' exults one banner of freedom, 'and has never halted by the way nor wearied of the fight. Always ready to take up the cause of the poor and oppressed, and never ready to surrender its independence to party, clique, or ring.' 'Has no axe to grind other than the advancement of every social reform,' a second patriot proclaims. 'Therefore it hits a head whenever that head is seen in opposition to true advancement.' For the extremes of party violence we must go to a Southern journal, which does not, it may well be hoped, 'speak as the masses of our people feel and talk;' if it does, so much the worse for the people. 'If the Yankees,' this rodomontade begins, 'want to know the real sentiments of our people; if they want to have a realising sense of the utter madness of trying to govern the grand old sovereign States of the Confederacy, they will close their ears to the lying professions of our policy-bumming politicians and subscribe to the *Bartlett News*.' Perhaps some such rant as that of the *Bartlett News* a certain *Labor Standard* had in view while stating itself to be 'not a blowing, blustering, black-mail sheet which has to be read in private because its contents are unfit to be seen in the family,' but 'a clean live weekly paper, devoted entirely to the interests of the working-classes.'

A Texan organ 'will seek to be a photograph of all the resources and needs of Texas; a mirror of her markets; a barometer of pure principles, sound public faith, and private honour. Democratic, but conservative, independent and outspoken in the exalted interests of just criticism—no panderer to partisan men or measures, whether right or wrong!' This is independence with a vengeance, ahead even of the gazette which 'favours immigration, morality, and the Christian religion; and unflinchingly opposes shams, rings, rogues, and enemies to the people. It exposes villainy and crime wherever found, and hence is read by the more intelligent classes of people in the field where it circulates.'

The conjunction of immigration and the Christian religion reminds one of the much bemourned lady who 'painted in water-colours and of such is the kingdom of heaven.' But there is a still more frank linking together of things temporal and spiritual in the 'only Democratic out-and-out paper in Western Iowa,' which sails under the motto, more Yankee than reverent, 'Fear God, tell the truth, and make money;' the editor further announcing that if he 'is allowed to live under a Republican administration another year, he will carry your advertising at five cents per line, fifty dollars per column, or furnish his paper for one dollar fifty cents per year.'

The *Horseheads Journal and Chemung Co. Greenback* 'exposes rascality everywhere, and aims to give something to interest and instruct everybody every week,' from which it may be surmised that the *Horseheads Journal and Chemung Co. Greenback* is happier in its object than in its title. Many of these 'wide-awake and spicy' representatives of Western culture are not remarkable for the elegance of their names, the admixture of Indian and American resulting in some curious compounds, such as the *Petrolea Topic*, the *Klickitat Sentinel*, the *Katahdin Kalendar*, the *Waxahachie Enterprise*, and the *Coshocton Age*. Yankee, pure and simple, reigns in the *Weekly Blade*, *Jacksonian*, *Biggsville Clipper*, *People's Telephone*, and *New Haven Palladium;* but there is a charm of euphony about the *Xenia Sunlight* and *Golden Globe*, and the brevity which may be the soul of wit in the *Call*, *Item*, *Plaindealer*, and *Editor's Eye*.

The editors, as is well known, come much more to the front than is the case in England; they do not remain the invisible and mysterious 'we' of the editorial sanctum; their names are frequently advertised with those of the publishers, occasionally, indeed, accompanied by a portrait or other additional recommendation; one paper 'is edited by two of the ablest newspaper men in the State, and it will be hard to find a better team in the editorial harness.' 'The most important feature,' we learn, 'of the *Free Press* is its funny squibs by the editor, "Driftings from Dreamland," which are original and spicy;' and as appropriately named, surely, is 'a humorous department, "Tea and Toast,"' to be found in another print. A Texas editor offers 'upon justifiable encouragement to visit any county or city in Texas or Mexico and make a statistical "write-up" of their every interest and advantage,' indicative of lively and reliable information for intending immigrants; and a *Highland Recorder*, with an affection for the Land o' Cakes one can but sympathise with, says that 'every page breathes of Clan-Alpine freshness.'

Great stress is laid upon the home-printing of the small journals—'no patent outside or inside;' 'almost every sentence is of home manufacture, little clipping is done;' 'the only paper that does all its work at home,' &c. A further noticeable feature is the frequent use of certificates and testimonials as to circulation from public and private individuals or from contemporary prints, or of self-recommendations such as that of the paper which 'has a very fine list of country subscribers,' or of the journal 'published by a genuine Jayhawker,' which 'goes to every post-office in the northern part of the State.'

It is when we come to the direct announcements to advertisers, however, that we get perhaps the queerest hints from our American cousins. 'Advertising rates cheerfully furnished' appears frequently; 'Advertisers love it' is a short and sweet statement regarding one paper; 'Should be

patronised by every live advertiser;' 'Advertisers, do you want some return for your money? Read our inducements,' say others. Then, 'The modesty of the publishers deters them from mentioning the peculiar merits of the *Courier* as an advertising medium'—a modesty rivalled by the remark, 'Rates of advertising so low that we are almost ashamed to announce them,' which differs from the standpoint of a third, 'Advertising rates held high enough to make a living for the publisher;' and the latter appears upon the whole to be the more general sentiment, as may be testified by 'Don't send offers under price,' 'We only advertise *for money*.' The last sentence alludes to a species of exchange evidently less popular among the publishers than with their clients. 'No advertising solicited,' says the *Westfield Pantograph*, 'except for cash, or what may be as good. No space to give away or let at half-price.' More decisive is the *Calhoun Pilot*, which 'is choice in the admission of advertisements in its columns, and those it does admit, "due bills" of no character will settle for them. Must be in hard cash quarterly in advance, unless good references are given. Save your paper and postage, ye advertisers who have nothing to offer us for our space than your wares and due bills. We don't want 'em. We have a good article to retail, and nothing but the almighty dollar will buy it. But,' adds the *Pilot* more amiably, 'while this is strictly our rule, our rates are low, and we give value received for all the lucre you place in our possession.' Still more downright is the declaration, 'No three-cornered patent pills, second-hand clothing, skunk-hunting machines, or hand-organs taken in payment for advertising.' 'The *News* publishes no dead ads., and gives no puffs;' 'No half-cash advertisements accepted, no swindling or bogus patrons wanted.' 'Dead-beat, swindling advertisers,' sarcastically announces the *Troy Free Press*, 'can have their matter chucked carefully into the stove by sending them to our office. Our space is for sale, and must be paid for at living rates.' But there is encouragement for honest advertisers given by a *Clipper-Herald* through whose columns announcements 'go to that class of people who are honest and intelligent and who pay for what they get;' and in an equally straightforward assertion elsewhere, the *mens conscia recti* of the editor rises superior to grammar into the realms of wit: 'Has a good circulation among a prompt-paying class of people—these be facts!'

Facts or not, there is a distinctive character about Jonathan's advertisements equal to some of the fiction with which he has supplied us.

THE MISSING CLUE.

CHAPTER III.—THE EVENTS OF A NIGHT.

DOWN-STAIRS in the public room, the faithful Derrick is engaged in a seemingly interesting conversation with mine host Hobb Dipping and two or three other jolly good fellows, who are all drinking at his expense. No sign yet had the attendant discovered that had served to arouse his suspicions. No word had been spoken which in any way showed that the natives of this desolate place were anxious to know more about his master or himself. A suspicion of danger often arouses our fears and doubts when there is perhaps the smallest occasion for either. The honest countrymen troubled themselves much less about the matter than even the worthy host, who was happily indifferent to everything but the fact that Mr Morton and his servant were rare and profitable customers. The lumbering knot of labourers at length departs, and mine host locks and bars the door; while Derrick, not a little fatigued with the harassing events of the day, is left standing alone, surveying a row of empty benches which the retiring fenmen have just quitted. Burly Hobb comes back puffing and blowing, his red face glowing like the setting sun, and his bald skull spotted with perspiration through the exertion he has undergone in securing the strongly built outer door.

'Landlord, I'm going to bed,' says Derrick, who has suddenly returned to his original gruffness.

'Very good, sir,' is the reply of the host, who forthwith trims and lights an atom of a lamp which he fishes out of a cupboard by the fireplace. 'I hope you will sleep well, sir.'

Derrick's eyes are watching the innkeeper from under his beetling brows, and he answers gruffly: 'I hope so.'

'I've heard it said,' goes on the loquacious host, 'that a good sleep is worth a fortune to an over-tired man. I see nothing to prevent you sleeping well here, sir.'

'Not much likelihood of being roused in the night, eh?' remarks the attendant.

'Why, no, sir,' answers Dipping, wondering what motive his guest could have in asking such a question. 'There's no one to disturb you here, unless, indeed, it be your master himself.'

'Many visitors here?' inquired Derrick, as old Hobb leads the way up the dusky, creaking staircase with the flickering lamp in his hand.

'None at all, sir,' replied the landlord in a melancholy tone. 'There never is any one here—leastways, very, very seldom. I haven't had a visitor stopping in this house for a matter of—I can't rightly say how long; but I know it's a mortal long while, for since my poor wife died'——

'Is this my room?' interrupts Derrick, as the innkeeper halts before a solid-looking black door at the head of the staircase.

'It is,' answers old Dipping. 'You are pretty close to your master, sir.'

'I know,' is all that the attendant deigns to say, as he pushes open the door and enters with the light, leaving the landlord to stumble down-stairs in the dark as best he may. Having carefully fastened the door, Derrick sets down the light, and approaches the window with the intention of getting a breath of fresh air. The casement is somewhat hard to unfasten, and when at length he succeeds in opening it, the lamp which he has brought is blown out under the sudden influence of a gust of air which is admitted. No matter; he does not want it. The night-breeze is cool and refreshing, a favourable contrast to the hot stifling room below, and Derrick, as he leans upon the window-ledge, begins to appear more contented and at ease. All afterglow of the twilight has long disappeared, and the moon is shining with a sickly light upon a low layer of mist which

covers the marshy flats. Above the thin watery fog which has arisen from the sluggish stream and enshrouded the village as in a winding-sheet, the great shattered tower of the monastery rises ghostlike and dim, while the silence of the vast solitude is unbroken by a single sound. Even Derrick is not insensible to the peculiar beauty and stillness of the scene, and he lounges there, humming a tune, and watching the silvery trickle upon the watery marsh long after mine host has retired to rest. At length he closes the casement and divests himself of his heavy boots. Tired as he is, he does not attempt to remove his clothes. The man had seen a deal of sharp service, and experience had taught him long ago that in cases where he might be wanted at any moment, it were better to sleep in them. He merely places his pistols within reach, and then throwing himself upon the bed, endeavours to sleep.

Every one knows what it is to arrive at that dreamy state of semi-unconsciousness when the weary senses, failing at once to engage the attentions of the drowsy god, find a sort of relief in a long train of most disconnected thought. It was thus with Derrick. The fatigues of the day had proved too much for even that hardy individual, so that, instead of falling at once into a sound refreshing sleep, he was drowsily conning over the different events which had occurred, his rambling imagination colouring them with a variety of indistinct pictures and incidents. These weird fancies at length grew fainter and fainter, and the attendant was fast sinking into slumber, when suddenly, and as it seemed without a cause, he awoke. Through the casement the moon was staring down upon him like a pale still face, and the greater part of his recumbent person lay bathed in its cold light. All was still; there seemed not the slightest reason why he should be thus aroused. The silence was profound, and the very beating of Derrick's heart sounded like a hammer thumping time in his head. Scarcely knowing what he does, he sits up on the edge of his bed and listens. Yes; he was not mistaken, there seemed to be a faint noise approaching the old inn—a low measured tramp. The hammer-like beating grows louder as Derrick, with every nerve strained to the utmost pitch, silently rises and once more opens the casement. There can be no mistake now; some persons are approaching; and in that low tramp, distant as it is, he recognises the marching of a body of soldiers. He closes the window softly, and taking his heavy riding-boots in his hand, unfastens the door, and glides softly along the gallery towards his master's apartment. Owing to the pitchy darkness in which the gallery is enveloped, he experiences some difficulty in groping his way without stumbling; but reaching the further end at last, he feels his way to his master's door and gives the required signal. It is answered with unexpected suddenness, the door being instantly thrown open, and Sir Carnaby appearing on the threshold. He is fully dressed, like Derrick; he has not even removed his outer clothing, and in his hand is a short broad-bladed knife. The saddle-bags lie upon the table, and a portion of their contents, discernible by a dim night-light, is scattered about; but the black box is gone.

In a very few words, the trusty henchman explains what is the reason of his coming, and urges his master to hold himself in readiness to escape, should it be necessary. Sir Carnaby looks at him while he speaks as if he does not quite understand his hurried explanation; but when the attendant has finished, he looks around the room with an anxious air, and then says: 'If it be so, Derrick, we must get off somehow as quickly as we can. This window, I think, looks towards the back of the house. Can you not manage to descend into the courtyard and get out our horses? Lead them down the bank of the stream towards that tall beacon by the dike. You must remember the place; we remarked it as we passed the mill on our journey here.'

'I remember the place, Sir Carnaby; but I am not going to make off there, and leave you alone here.'

'I shall be safe enough, I tell you, Derrick,' said the baronet as he hastily motioned to the attendant to go. 'I cannot come yet; I cannot; it is impossible.'

'I will wait below, then,' is the stubborn reply of his servant, who is already half out of the window.

'Derrick,' says Sir Carnaby, laying his hand upon the attendant's shoulder, 'do what I tell you. I cannot come now; and if you wait below for me, as you say, we shall both be discovered. More lives than our own depend upon your obeying me at this moment. Go, as I tell you, and wait for me by the beacon; and I will join you as soon as I possibly can.'

The man clasps his master's hand, and, with something like tears in his eyes, makes his way to the ground. The fugitive baronet has no emotion expressed on his countenance, for he fears not for himself; his thoughts are centred upon that black box which has now so strangely disappeared. With the broad-bladed knife still in his hand, he goes towards a corner of the room, kneels down, and appears to busy himself with the planking of the floor.

Fortunately for himself, Derrick had found his way to the shed where the horses had been stabled; and his efforts to saddle and bring them out had proved successful. The great gates leading out of the courtyard of the old inn were fastened; but this did not deter the attendant's movements for an instant. Leading the horses through a gap in the fence at the back of the *Saxonford Arms*, he crossed a small cultivated inclosure, and emerged from the cover of a hedge upon the open highway. Stopping for a moment to listen, he plainly distinguished the measured tramp of soldiers approaching the inn, mingled with the low peculiar clank of arms and accoutrements. One circumstance which particularly alarmed Derrick was that the sound plainly came from the direction in which he had to go. There was no time for thought, however; the warning tramp which broke the stillness of the night came nearer and nearer, and over the old timber bridge which crossed the stream came a dim file of figures—eleven of them. Derrick could easily count the number as they passed over the bridge and came straight towards the old *Saxonford*

Arms, their fixed bayonets flashing and glittering in the moonlight.

There was but one course he could take; he must move forward and pass them. No opportunity for making a detour, for the military were not one hundred yards from the house, and the attendant knew that he had been seen. Muttering a prayer for his master's safety, Derrick put the horses to a slow trot, and advanced towards the soldiers with a feeling of fear at his heart which he had never before experienced. He had not covered half the distance before a sharp word of command came from the front, and a line was drawn up across the road, evidently with the intention of disputing his further progress. A dash for it now; delay meant capture both for himself and his master. Digging spurs into his horse's sides, the attendant laid the flat of his broad blade over the flanks of Sir Carnaby's charger which he led, and tore down the road like a whirlwind. It was all over in a minute. A sheet of flame shot forth as the bold horseman broke through the line, and then, without a check, he found himself ascending the steep bank close against the bridge. The soldiers, however, who had taken the initiative, had no intention of letting their suspected quarry escape. Before Sir Carnaby's servant could head the bank, he was surrounded, and a hoarse cry to stop and surrender came from his pursuers. In this they had mistaken their man. Derrick entertained no such idea. He indeed hoped that the firing would alarm his master, and allow him time to make his retreat in safety; but not a thought had he of yielding. Once more clapping spurs to his horse, and striking right and left with his drawn blade, the attendant partially succeeded in clearing himself from the press.

At this moment, a random shot from one of the military dropped his master's horse, which he had been leading. Derrick had scarcely time to disengage his arm from the bridle before the poor animal went crashing down, breaking the worm-eaten railing of the bridge like matchwood, and throwing one of his assailants headlong into the stream below. In the confusion, Derrick received a bayonet-wound in the left arm, and he was nearly pulled from his saddle; but shaking himself free with almost superhuman strength, he applied his spurs, and galloped across the old bridge for dear life.

Although there appeared to be no attempt at pursuit, Derrick did not judge it prudent to ride straight for the spot where he hoped to meet his master. After making a considerable circuit, the trusty henchman, faithful to the last, reined in his reeking steed, and gazed across the flat misty space in the direction of the *Saxonford Arms*. The silence, however, was as complete as when he had sat at that open window looking over the fen. Not a soul was anywhere near him. Putting his horse once more in motion, the man rode slowly along the bank until he reached the place of rendezvous. It was as he both feared and suspected. Sir Carnaby was not there. He must wait. The clear night clouded, and the hours passed by, but yet his master came not. Derrick might wait until the crack of doom, but he never would meet his master again on earth. The devoted courage of the servant was useless now, for, pierced by a musket bullet, Sir Carnaby Vincent lay lifeless across the stairs of the old *Saxonford Arms*.

CHAPTER IV.—AFTER FIFTEEN YEARS.

It wanted but a few days to Christmas 1760—a seasonable Christmas, and in keeping with that festive season of the year. Snow and sharp north-east winds had been plentiful for nearly a week past. The flat country all around the time-honoured cathedral city of Fridswold had been covered with a vast sheet of drifted snow, which had found its way into every nook and crevice, filling up all the ditches and dikes until they were level with the surrounding country. The minster tower was embellished with an innumerable number of white patches, and the minster roofs were hidden under a thick covering of frozen snow. It was evident that King Christmas had things to his liking this time, and was bent upon enjoying his own particular time in his own particular way. Meanwhile the wind roared on, roared and whistled, and whisked the sharp frozen snowflakes round and round, dashing them, as if in impotent rage, against the sturdy walls of the minster. The air was so thick that, although the hour was not late, darkness had set in with a density that obscured every object from view, while the tolling of the great vespers-bell was drowned by the distracting uproar of the elements.

It was during one of the uncertain lulls which occurred from time to time, that a figure emerged from the protecting shelter of one of the cathedral buttresses, and wrapping himself in the folds of a horseman's cloak, strode hastily forward, evidently intending to take advantage of the brief calm and reach some haven of shelter. Scarcely a single person was to be seen in the deserted streets, through which the blast tore with such mad fury that the buffeted wayfarer staggered again. Visions of glowing fires, dry clothes, and comfortable shelter rose before his imagination as he passed a brightly lighted window. But there was no stopping for him; he must on and fight this tough battle with the pitiless wind as best he may. His destination is at length reached. The weather-beaten traveller descends a couple of steps, passes through an open doorway, and emerges from the outer darkness into a warm, cosy-looking bar—his clothes half-frozen, and crusted with patches of snow. He is apparently known here, for he is instantly relieved of his cloak and hat by a neat-looking damsel, who up to the present moment has been engaged in a light and refreshing flirtation with a large, hot-visaged man lounging before the fire.

'Sharp weather this, sir,' remarked that worthy, slightly moving from his place.

'Sharp indeed!' returned the other in a deep voice, as he shook some loose particles of snow from his person.

'Ah, this'll be a bad time for many people,' was the next remark the large man ventured upon.

A muttered exclamation dropped from the lips of the last comer, but was too indistinct to be heard.

'There 'll be many a person remember this night,' continued he of the fiery countenance, with an insane notion that he was getting along capitally.

The individual addressed turned sharply round, fixing a pair of dark eyes upon the other's face, but he did not speak.

Somewhat discouraged, the large man paused for a minute ere he spoke again. The person he seemed so wishful to converse with was a tall, handsome, young fellow, dressed in a sort of half-military costume, and with a bold dashing look, sufficient in itself to attract notice. By his side was a silver-hilted rapier, the ordinary weapon of a gentleman of the day; and the martial look of the wearer was sufficient proof that he would be prompt to use it in any emergency. Seemingly not satisfied with the long inspection he had thought fit to take, our red-faced friend once more endeavoured to enter into conversation; but the gentleman, after giving the maid some orders, quitted the room.

'Is that gentleman staying in the house, Peggy, my dear?' asked the red-faced one of the waiting-maid.

'Yes; he came here last night,' replied the girl, who was perfectly ready to resume the aforesaid flirtation, which had been interrupted by the entrance of the visitor.

But the man with the fiery face now seemed to be persistently interested in the stranger. 'What may his name be, Peg?' he asked in a tone of affected carelessness.

'That 's no business of yours, Mr Goff,' retorted the damsel a trifle tartly, for the swain's indifference somewhat nettled her.

'Now, Peggy, my chuck, don't get crusty,' said the big man in wheedling accents. 'What 's that you 've got in your pretty hand?'

'It 's the gentleman's hat,' replied the fair maid, somewhat relaxing. 'I 'm going to dry it by the fire with his cloak. They 're sopping wet, now the snow 's melted on them.'

'He 's not likely to lose his headpiece, whoever he may be,' remarked Mr Goff. 'I can see "R. Ainslie" on the lining quite plain, as you 're holding it now.'

'You seem to take a deal of interest in the gentleman,' laughed Peggy as she turned the hat away.

'It 's mighty little interest I take in any one except you, my beauty,' returned Mr Goff. 'I only thought the young fellow looked wonderful weary and tired like.'

'He looked that yesterday,' said Peggy, warming to the subject. 'I felt quite sorry for him when he rode up. It wasn't fit weather to turn a dog out in.'

'And he 's been out again to-day?' hazarded the big man.

'Yes,' replied Peggy, depositing the hat and cloak in front of the roaring blaze. 'He went out early on foot, leaving his horse in the stable, and we saw nothing more of him till two o'clock. He came back then, and ordered something to eat; but, as I 'm a living creature, I think he scarcely touched it. After that, he went out again, and did not return till just now.'

'It seems wonderful curious,' said Mr Goff slowly, as he buttoned up his coat and prepared to go—'seems wonderful curious that a young gent should go on in that fashion. When I see 'em a-doing so, I always have a sort of notion that they 've got something on their minds, and are going to act rash.'

'That 's your experience, is it?' said the girl with a laugh. 'I don't think much of it.'

'Possibly not,' returned the other. 'Good-night.'

A SOLITARY ISLAND.

THE government of Iceland have commissioned Mr Thoroddsen to undertake systematic explorations of that island, with a view to investigating its physical features and describing its natural history. While on a visit to Grimsey, a small island twenty-two miles due north of Iceland, he found it inhabited by eighty-eight human beings, debarred from all communication with the mainland, excepting once or twice every year, when, at great risk, the natives contrived to visit the mainland in their small open boats.

After describing the flora and meteorology of this secluded islet, Mr Thoroddsen informs us that the 'pastor of the island, M. Pjetur Gudmundsson, has for many years been engaged in exceedingly careful meteorological observations on behalf of the Meteorological Institute of Copenhagen. This most worthy gentleman, living here in conspicuous poverty, like a hermit divorced from the world, though he has the comfort of a good wife to be thankful for, is not only regarded as a father by his primitive congregation, but enjoys, moreover, the reputation of being in the front rank among sacred poets in modern Iceland.

'The inhabitants derive their livelihood for the most part from bird-catching, nest-robbing, and deep-sea fisheries. The precipices that form the eastern face of the island are crowded with myriads of various kinds of sea-fowl. On every ledge the birds are seen thickly packed together; the rocks are white with guano, or green-tufted with scurvy-grass; here everything is in ceaseless movement, stir, and flutter, accompanied by a myriad-voiced concert from screamers on the wing, from chatterers on domestic affairs in the rock-ledges, and from brawlers at the parliament of love out at sea, the surface of which beneath the rocks is literally thatched at this time of the year with the wooing multitudes of this happy commonwealth. If the peace is broken by a stone rolled over the precipice or by the report of a gunshot, the air is suddenly darkened by the rising clouds of the disturbed birds, which, viewed from the rocks, resemble what might be taken for gigantic swarms of bees or midges.

'The method adopted for collecting eggs is the following: Provided with a strong rope, some nine or ten stalwart men go to the precipice, where it is some three hundred feet high, and one of the number volunteers or is singled out by the rest for the perilous *sig*, that is, "sink" or "drop," over the edge of the rocks. Round his thighs and waist, thickly padded generally with bags stuffed with feathers or hay, the *sigamadr*, "sinkman" or "dropman," adjusts the rope in such a manner that he may hang, when dropped, in a sitting posture. He is also dressed in a wide smock or sack of coarse calico, open at the breast, and tied round the waist with a belt,

into the ample folds of which he slips the eggs he gathers, the capacity of the smock affording accommodation to from one hundred to one hundred and fifty eggs at a time. In one hand the sinkman holds a pole, sixteen feet long, with a ladle tied to one end, and by this means scoops the eggs out of nests which are beyond the reach of his own hands. When the purpose of this "breath-fetching" sink is accomplished, on a given sign the dropman is hauled up again by his comrades. This, as may readily be imagined, is a most dangerous undertaking, and many a life has been lost over it in Grimsey from accidents occurring to the rope.

'For the pursuit of the fishery, the island possesses fourteen small open boats, in which the men will venture out as far as four to six miles cod-fishing; but this is a most hazardous industry, owing both to the sudden manner in which the sea will rise, sometimes even a long time in advance of travelling storms, and to the difficulty of effecting a landing on the harbourless island.

'Now and then the monotony of the life of the inhabitants is broken by visits from foreigners, mostly Icelandic shark-fishers, or English or French fishermen.

'Of domestic animals the islanders now possess only a few sheep. Formerly there were five cows in the island; but the hard winter of 1860 necessitated their extermination, and since that time, for twenty-four years, the people have had to do without a cow! Of horses there are only two at present (1884) in the island! Strange to say, the health of the people seems on the whole to bear a fair comparison with more favoured localities. Scurvy, which formerly was very prevalent, has now almost disappeared, as has also a disease peculiar to children, which, in the form of spasm or convulsive fit, used to be very fatal to infant life in former years.

'Inexpressibly solitary must be the life of these people in winter, shut out from all communication with the outer world, and having in view, as far as the eye can reach, nothing but arctic ice. The existence of generation after generation here seems to be spent in one continuous and unavailing arctic expedition. The only diversion afforded by nature consists in the shifting colours of the flickering aurora borealis, in the twinkling of the stars in the heavens, and the fantastic forms of wandering icebergs. No wonder that such surroundings should serve to produce a quiet, serious, devout, and down-hearted race, in which respect the Grimsey men may perhaps be said to constitute a typical group among their compatriots. However, to dispel the heavy tedium of the long winter days, they seek their amusements in the reading of the Sagas, in chess-playing, and in such mild dissipations at mutual entertainments at Christmas-time as their splendid poverty will allow.'

FORESTRY AND FARMING.

At one of the evening lectures in connection with the late Edinburgh Forestry Exhibition, Mr J. Meldrum spoke of the 'Johore Forests' which are situated in the Malayan Peninsula between the British settlements of Singapore and Malacca. The greater part of the interior, he said, consisted of a virgin forest, and abounded in timber trees of a large size, no fewer than three hundred and fifty specimens of which were to be seen in the Forestry Exhibition. About three hundred kinds awaited the advent of the papermaker, who would be able to convert them into useful wood-pulp at a very low cost. Railways were required to make this wealth of timber available for commercial purposes.

Another lecture by Mr Cracknell at the model of the Manitoba Farm embodied some interesting information regarding the Canadian north-west. The Bell Farm in Qu'appelle he described as the largest farm in the world. There were eight thousand acres under crop, five thousand under wheat, and a portion of the remainder under flax. From this farm, ten thousand bushels of wheat had been exported at a good price last year; and this year's crop was estimated to be forty per cent. better. The estimated wheat acreage this year in Manitoba is three hundred and fifty thousand; and in the north-west territories sixty-five thousand, with an estimated yield of twenty-three bushels an acre. There was thus a total of four hundred and fifteen thousand acres, and nine million five hundred and forty-five thousand bushels; but deducting two million seven hundred and sixty thousand bushels for home consumption and seed, there remained a surplus of six million seven hundred and eighty-five thousand bushels. There is little consolation here for the British farmer, who finds wheat-growing at the present low prices positively unremunerative.

A LOVE-THOUGHT.

If thou wert only, love, a tiny flower,
And I a butterfly with gaudy wings,
Flitting to changing scenes each changing hour,
Careless of aught save that which pleasure brings—
Not even I could leave the lowliest glade
That held thy loveliness within its shade.

If thou wert but a streamlet in the vale,
And I a sailor on a stormy sea,
Flying through whirling foam beneath the gale,
Chartless in all that wild immensity—
Thy murmuring voice would echo in my soul
Through howling storm or crashing thunder-roll.

If, darling, thou wert but a far-off star,
And I a weary wanderer o'er the plain,
Unwitting of celestial worlds afar,
And knowing naught of all the shining train—
My glance would single out thy ray serene,
Though blazing suns and planets rolled between.

Yet, dear one, thou art these to me, and more:
My flower, whose radiance passeth all decay;
My streamlet of sweet thoughts in endless store;
My star, to guide my steps to perfect day;
My hope in earth's dark dungeon of despair;
My refuge 'mid life's weary noonday glare.

H. Ernest Nichol.

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SCOTTISH DEER-FORESTS.

Deer-stalking has for many a long year been looked upon as the king of sports; and in Scotland, a large area of land has from an early period been occupied by the red-deer and the roebuck. At the present time, as far as has been ascertained by a recent inquiry under Royal Commission, the extent of all the deer-forests in Scotland amounts to about two millions of acres. It is only, however, right to say that the land devoted to these animals could not be more profitably employed. It has been affirmed by practical men that it is scarcely possible to feed even one hardy black-faced sheep on less than six acres of such land, so scant is the herbage. Indeed, some intelligent farmers maintain that it will take a hundred and sixty acres of forest-land to graze a score of these sheep. No person who is even tolerably familiar with the deer-districts of Scotland will gainsay this. The contour, altitude, and climate of a deer-forest quite unfit it for agricultural purposes—the range of ground occupied by these stately animals is of the most miscellaneous description: hill and dale, moor and morass, mountain and glen, with every here and there rocky precipices, and small groups of trees naturally planted, and chiefly of the hardy native birch. In the three chief deer-counties of Scotland, the cultivable area is singularly small in proportion to their total extent. Taking Argyll, Inverness, and Ross-shire as examples, only three hundred and eighty-seven thousand five hundred and ninety-eight acres are to be found under cultivation, out of an area which covers six million eight hundred and twenty-three thousand and two acres, leaving nearly six and a half millions of acres to be inhabited by sheep, deer, and grouse, and as the site of lochs, rivers, and mountains, and sterile places on which nothing grows and nothing can live.

No authentic statistics are collected in Scotland of the deer which are annually slain in the way of sport; but we are enabled from records which appear from time to time in the public prints, to estimate the number of stags which are killed in the different forests. In the county of Inverness—which may be called the deer-county of Scotland *par excellence*, in the same way as Perthshire is looked upon as being the representative grouse-producing county of the kingdom—probably about sixteen hundred stags are annually killed. The figure which represents the number of deer in all Scotland, counting animals of all ages, must be very considerable, seeing that, as stated in evidence before the recent Royal Commission, it yields to the sportsman's rifle four thousand six hundred and fifty stags per annum, and a nearly equal number of hinds. Scrope the deer-stalker, when writing his celebrated work some fifty years since, estimated that in the Forest of Athole, which at that date contained an area of over fifty-one thousand acres, there would be, young and old, between five and six thousand deer. Calculating on that data, there ought now to be found on the two million acres of land at present given over to stags and hinds and their calves, as many as two hundred and twenty-five thousand animals of the deer kind. Each stag which succumbs to the prowess of the stalker has been estimated to cost fifty pounds to the lessee or proprietor of a deer-forest. At that rate, the four thousand six hundred and fifty stags annually killed in Scotland represent a sum of two hundred and thirty-two thousand five hundred pounds paid in the form of rent and other items of expenditure which are yearly incurred. As to the rent paid for particular deer-forests, it varies considerably according to extent and amenities. Some forests contain a large area of ground; and although the rental per acre looks trifling enough—ranging as it probably does from ninepence to double, or in some instances to treble, that sum—the amount soon accumulates and becomes important. For an area of twelve thousand acres, a thousand pounds will frequently be paid. Many Scottish forests are, however, rented at double that sum;

and not a few at an even larger rent. In the county of Inverness, for example, there are a dozen which yield a total amount of fully thirty-three thousand pounds, including five of three thousand pounds and upwards, and one of nearly six thousand pounds, of yearly rent. In the counties of Ross, Argyll, Aberdeen, and Perth there are also many forests which command a high price. In the first-named county, we could name twenty that fetch an aggregate annual rent of upwards of thirty-three thousand pounds, or an average of nearly seventeen hundred pounds; while it is no secret that an American gentleman pays a yearly rental for deer-ground in Inverness and Ross of nearly eleven thousand pounds.

Deer-stalking has been denominated 'the pastime of princes;' and it is a sport that calls for pluck, patience, and endurance on the part of those who undertake it. From daybreak to sundown has been often spent in circumventing the monarch of the mountain; and often, after a hard day's work, the noble hart has got the better of his pursuers, and found his way to a place of safety. The deer is difficult of access, being a most suspicious and wary animal, with a wonderfully acute power of scent and sense of hearing. The antlered stag has to be watched from afar with a powerful telescope, the anxious stalker and his gillies requiring to be circumspect in all their movements. As an intelligent forester told the writer: 'You have to creep on your stomach like a serpent; you have to crouch as you go like a collier at work; while to make sure of your prey, you may have to make a tour of a couple of miles, even though you are just about within range. You must force your way through the morass, and must, if necessary, walk for a few hundred yards up to your middle in water—that is all in the way of business, sir, when you go deer-stalking. A slight rustle, the displacing of a stone on the mountain-side as you laboriously creep or climb to overlook your quarry, and your chance is gone; the deer being perhaps miles away before you can realise the fact that you have disturbed him.'

These words contain an epitome of the work of deer-stalking. A stag will note a man a long way off, and will, when he does so, most probably at once take alarm and run for his life. The sense of smell which has been bestowed on these animals is wonderful; wind carries the scent to them unbroken, and whenever they have 'got the wind,' as it is called, of man, or any other source of disturbance, they are sure to move off to a place of safety. When once a herd of deer is disturbed, they will take themselves away to a distance; and it is generally a considerable time before they settle down again to rest or feed in quietness. The red-deer is excessively shy, and, as we have been trying to show, easily frightened. The melancholy note of a flying plover, the crowing of a cock-grouse, or the bustling past of a mountain hare, will sometimes cause him to gallop in a state of alarm for a mile or two before he pauses to see what has happened; and consequently, it is generally the policy of the devoted deer-stalker to discourage the rearing of grouse or hares in his deer-forest. The desire for possessing 'fine heads' causes some of the best specimens of the tribe to be shot at an early stage of the season, a stag-royal being a prize greatly coveted. It is a somewhat curious feature of the economy of a forest that so few horns are found. The deer sheds its horns every year; but what becomes of most of those that are shed is not very accurately known, the number found not being in anything like proper proportion to the number that must be shed. The horns, as a general rule, are given to the foresters who find them, as a perquisite; and therefore it may be taken for granted they are well looked after; or their scarcity may be partly due to the fact of their being eaten by the deer themselves after being shed! This, to a certain extent at least, seems certainly to be the case.

It has been said of the Highland sports of deer-stalking and grouse-shooting, that as they never can be made to 'pay' in a commercial sense, so they never can be vulgarised. The deer-forests in particular are sure to remain select; it is only men who have an annual income of many thousands who can afford to indulge themselves in the 'pastime of princes.' As regards the produce of these vast areas of ground—the venison—it can hardly be said to have a marketable value. To produce a haunch at table on the occasion of a dinner-party is with some persons a matter of ambition; but table venison, except in Highland shooting-lodges and hotels, is generally obtained from park-bred fallow-deer, especially fed for the purpose, and which in its season commands a very high price. Red-deer venison—that is, a haunch from a Highland hart or hind—can only be assigned a secondary place in the cuisine. Happily, some sportsmen have discovered that venison does not require to be kept till it has begun to decay before it can be brought to table, but can be used to the greatest advantage in the space of two or three days after being killed, when its flavour is excellent and the flesh presumably nutritious. The deer can also be cut into chops, such cuts being delicious. Among sportsmen who thus utilise their venison we may be allowed to name the father of them all—Horatio Ross. There is, however, some probability that the Scottish red-deer may yet cut a better figure at table than it has ever done, and pains are being taken, we understand, to fortify the various breeds. The deer is a rather local animal, and therefore there must be in the various herds a certain amount of in-breeding; and to counteract the deterioration which must result from such a circumstance, Sutherland stags were some time ago placed in the forests of Ross and Cromarty with gratifying results; the Queen, it was some time ago stated, had forwarded some red-deer from Windsor to be crossed with the deer of the Duke of Portland in the county of Caithness; and various gentlemen well known in the deer-forest world of the Highlands have recently followed these examples. It is to be hoped we may learn in time how these experiments have succeeded.

In conclusion, we have only to remark, that it is a fortunate circumstance for the owners of Highland estates that they can be rented for deer-forests. In no other way could the proprietors obtain so good an income from their

lands. Those engaged in the sport of deer-stalking year by year expend a large amount of money; they give remunerative employment to many hundred persons, and have done much in many instances to improve the moral as well as the material circumstances of the people by setting those employed by them a good example. As to the question whether it would be more profitable to feed sheep or deer, that must be left to settle itself by the inevitable operation of economic law. It is a question of rental; persons having moors and forests in their hands, naturally enough let them to those who offer most money for them. It has been accurately ascertained by the Royal Commission of Inquiry into the Crofting System, &c., that all the deer-forests in Scotland—comprising about two million acres—are capable of throwing on the market only about four hundred thousand sheep per annum; and as there are in the United Kingdom nearly thirty million sheep, it is at once seen how comparatively meagre is the displacement of sheep by the Scottish deer-forests.

BY MEAD AND STREAM.

CHAPTER LVI.—UPHILL.

She knew and he knew that they were something more to each other on that white winter day than they had ever been before. What the degree of the 'something more' might be, neither Madge nor Philip attempted to calculate. They were conscious of it, and that was enough: yet both wondered how there could be this sense of closer alliance, when, looking back, they remembered how often they had thought that nothing on earth could decrease or increase their affection. They were learning the priceless lesson that *Love* grows in suffering where mere passion quickly withers and dies, and frequently turns to hate.

An honest, promptly spoken word had saved them from folly—cleared the mist from his eyes, and scoured the misery out of both hearts. And it was Madge who spoke this magical word, as it is the loving woman—God bless her—who always does. But then, says the cynic, 'the loving woman' is so rare that she may be freely allowed all possible praise: vanity and interest have generally much more to do in linking men and women than affection. Read your newspaper, note the lives of those around you, count the sores which the four walls of every house conceal, and then you will know how rare she is.—Go, cynic; we will shut our eyes and dream the beautiful dream of all romance, that women are fair, self-sacrificing, and loyal in their love.

Madge was insensible of any special heroism in taking the common-sense view of her duty to Philip and acting upon it. So now, the happy end being achieved, she turned calmly to think of what they had to do for others.

As they walked back towards the cottage, she spoke about Caleb Kersey, and the perilous position in which he was placed by the accusation of Coutts, supported as it was by the servant's unintentionally exaggerated account of the prisoner's conduct at the door of the Manor a few hours before the fire was discovered. She learned with satisfaction that Philip had not forgotten his unlucky foreman.

'I have been to the court,' he said, 'and Caleb is remanded for a week, in order to collect further evidence as to his movements on that night, and to see how my father progresses.'

'How did he look? What did he say?'

'He looked as if he did not care what befell him; he said nothing more than that he was innocent, and I am sure of it. The poor fellow has been cruelly upset by Pansy's conduct, and he has got into this scrape because he could not take warning in time that Coutts was too cautious a man to become his rival.'

'But will he be able to prove his innocence?'

'I hope so; and the next examination will enable us to form a clearer idea of his chances than we can at present. Coutts has had a slight disappointment in a business transaction, and is merciless towards Caleb. I suppose he is relieved to find some one to vent his spleen on.'

Philip smiled faintly, and she was glad to see even the least sign of his returning to his natural good-humoured way of viewing life. He did not explain to her that the business transaction in which Coutts had failed was his attempt to secure a snug place in Mr Shield's will by ousting his brother.

'Whatever we settle to do,' Mr Shield had said with a shrewd twinkle in his eyes, and referring to Coutts, 'don't let that gentleman into our plans.'

Mr Beecham, with a grave bow, had acquiesced in this counsel, the wisdom of which Philip could not dispute, although he was not at the moment acquainted with the details of his brother's design.

'Don't see the dodge?' continued Shield brusquely. 'It's plain as daylight. He wanted to get you into a hole, reckoning that the rich uncle would give him your place. He expected that bill would do it; for if he didn't know from the first that it was a forgery, he believed it was, and made sure of getting his own and more out of the rich relative somehow. But when he heard of things going wrong, and being sharp enough to see that other people had their eyes open as well as him, he got too anxious to hedge to be able to carry out his scheme as he intended. Didn't quite miss his mark either, though'—this was uttered like a growl of disappointment—'for, thanks to you, he has got his own; but he'll get no more.'

Philip remembered with what cynical frankness Coutts had explained the ethics of business which guided him; but, until now, he had always imagined there was more talk than practice in it. He certainly never suspected him of being capable of putting such theories into practice with a friend and relative. Pat upon this reflection, one of Coutts's favourite apothegms recurred to him—'There are no friendships in business.' He owned with chagrin that the theories of Wrentham and Coutts were identical, although the former was not so careful in utilising them as to succeed.

The brothers rarely met at this time, and then only exchanged a passing 'How do you do?' After Mr Hadleigh's removal to Willowmere, Coutts arranged with Dr Joy to send for him if there should be any marked change for the worse in the patient's condition.

'He wants quiet, you say,' was the observation

of this smart young man of business; 'and there is no use in my trotting out here when I can do nothing. You'll let me know if anything is required.'

He was punctual as ever in his attendance at the office; lunched and dined at his club, where he spent the evening playing billiards or cards, with an occasional diversion to one of those shady places to which 'baccarat' was the fatal lure. But Coutts did not lose; even here his usual caution protected him. He did not want to see Philip at present; for although his money was safe, he felt mortified by his inability to penetrate the mystery of the bill, and by the consciousness that he had failed most egregiously in the attempt to ingratiate himself with Mr Shield.

Philip paid a brief visit daily to the farm, but it was very brief; and in that first week of anxiety, Madge and he spoke little of themselves or of their future. There was no need: everything was understood between them now, and they were too deeply engaged in earnest duties to allow themselves any relaxation until the immediate crisis in their affairs had been passed.

At the works, Philip laboured with all his might to pull things straight, and he had frequent occasion to wish that he might have had the assistance of Caleb Kersey. Mr Beecham, however, was at his elbow, encouraging him with words of hope and sage advice. The accounts of various firms as represented in their invoices were largely reduced in consequence of Wrentham's confessions. In most cases it turned out that two sets of invoices had been prepared: one set gave the real amounts which were to be paid to the dealers; the other set gave the sums which Philip had to pay. The explanation given was that Wrentham had represented himself as the buyer, and was therefore at liberty to charge whatever price he could get when he sold.

Even in the first transaction which Philip had entered into, namely, the purchase of the land, a bold attempt had been made to mulct him in a sum equal to double its value. He had, however, absolutely refused to listen to the terms proposed; and Wrentham had been obliged to content himself with what most people would have considered a very satisfactory commission of twenty per cent.

The details of these frauds—or should they be called merely 'sharp practice?'—were forced from Wrentham as much by the terror of Bob Tuppit's threat to give evidence in the matter of the forged bill as by gratitude for the generosity of Philip and his uncle. One by one the accounts were amended as far as they could be; and the amendment represented a considerable amount.

Wrentham gave his information with the air of a man who has simply failed in what promised to be a good speculation. Two things distressed him—he had been found out, and he had lost the whole of the money he had schemed so elaborately to obtain, by mistakes on the turf and the Stock Exchange. One important item, however, was safe. Despite his gambling infatuation, he had invested the proceeds of the forged bill in sound securities, so that the whole amount was recoverable. Yet the man was so insensible to the criminality of his proceedings, that he was secretly regretting the loss of the pleasure and excitement he might have purchased with this money, if he had not been fool enough to desire to have a nest-egg.

In this week of hard work and anxiety to Philip and Madge, Caleb Kersey was again called on to answer the charge of malicious incendiarism. The doctors were able to give a satisfactory report of Mr Hadleigh's progress; and that was so much in the prisoner's favour. All the rest told heavily against him, especially his apparent indifference as to the result of the trial, which some honest country-folk regarded as signs of the hardened sinner, who had caused so much disturbance in the country by his demands for higher wages and better housing for the agricultural labourers.

He admitted the general accuracy of the statement made by Coutts regarding their interview; whilst he refused to give any information as to the grounds of their quarrel. He affirmed, however, that after the door of the Manor had been closed against him, he had speech with Coutts's father, who, on hearing his complaint, had directed him to be at the house early in the morning, and promised that justice should be done him. He further admitted that it was true that he had only reached his lodgings in the village a few minutes before the first alarm of fire was raised.

On his own showing, there seemed to be no alternative for the magistrate but to commit him for trial.

At this point, Mr Jackson, of Hawkins and Jackson, solicitors, who was acting for the prisoner by the instruction of some friends, called forward that astute detective, Sergeant Dier. He had been engaged for several days investigating into the origin of the fire; and he was now prepared with evidence which would not only establish the prisoner's innocence, but would show that he had behaved heroically on the occasion, and was in fact the man who at the peril of his own, had saved the life of Mr Lloyd Hadleigh, the proprietor of Ringsford.

The face of Sergeant Dier was a picture of good-humoured satisfaction; whilst preserving a proper degree of professional firmness and equanimity, as the case was developed in court. Mr Jackson's sharp visage was aglow with self-complacency, as if he would say, 'I alone have done it.'

First there was the testimony of Mr Hadleigh, written down at his bedside by a duly qualified gentleman—to the effect that he had made an appointment to meet the prisoner as the latter had affirmed, and for the purpose mentioned by him. Next Philip gave the man an excellent character for intelligence, sobriety, and honesty. He was followed by half-a-dozen witnesses who had seen Caleb's brave rescue of Mr Hadleigh when no one else would dare to attempt it.

Last came a housemaid, who confessed what she had been too much frightened to confess before. She had been sitting up late writing a letter (to her sweetheart of course—these things occupy a great deal of time), and hearing voices downstairs, she had gone into the passage, curious to discover the cause of the disturbance. As she

was retreating hastily, she upset a paraffine lamp; but in her eagerness to get back to her room, she did not observe any signs of fire, or think of any danger until she heard the alarm.

The result of this evidence was a severe reprimand to the girl, and the instant discharge of Caleb Kersey without a stain on his character, and with a high compliment from the bench on the gallantry he had displayed in the rescue of Mr Hadleigh.

Caleb thanked His Worship, and retired, but not before Mr Jackson had whispered that it was a question whether he had not grounds for an action against Coutts Hadleigh. Poor Caleb neither understood nor heeded this suggestion in his present state of mind. He wanted to get away from the place. He was stopped, however, by Philip, who grasped his hand warmly, and asked him to come back to the works.

'Thank you kindly, sir; but it may not be. I am bound to cross the water, and seek some place where I can forget the old land and—the old friends.'

'Hoots, man, what clavers,' exclaimed the gardener, stepping forward. 'You should not be headstrong. There's as good living in the auld country as in the new, if you would seek it in the right way.'

A kindly hand pressed Caleb's arm, and a soft voice said in a tone of intense relief:

'I am glad you are safe.'

Caleb pressed Pansy's hand in his own, and held it firmly for a few seconds.

'I'm obliged to you,' he said quietly, although huskily. 'I wish you well.'

And with that he forced his way through the group of friends and disappeared.

HOME-NURSING.

BY A LADY.

FOURTH ARTICLE.

HAVING fully considered the choice and management of a sick-room, we now turn to those personal cares essential alike to the patient's comfort and well-being.

We have already spoken of the need of absolute cleanliness in the sick-room; and as regards the patient himself, it is hardly possible to overestimate the importance of scrupulous attention to every detail affecting the purity of his immediate surroundings. Not only should bed and body linen be kept fresh and clean, but everything that has become soiled in using must at once be removed from the room. It is a very common practice in home-nursing to make a collection of dirty things, to be carried downstairs when any one is going; in this way, I have known a room to be fouled for hours, the patient being considered whimsical for complaining of odours not perceptible to his nurse. Now, any such complaint should receive immediate attention, and a nurse should never rest satisfied till she has discovered and remedied the evil. It not seldom happens that the patient's sensitive condition makes him extra quick to discern such warning of danger; and the nurse who really desires to do her duty, instead of taking offence, will gladly avail herself of the help thus given; for it must be borne in mind that as surely as smoke indicates fire, so surely does a bad smell indicate a foulness of air, which will never be remedied till the cause has been removed. Remembering this, it will be seen how foolish is the practice of drowning unpleasant odours by the indiscriminate use of disinfectants; these have their special value—their proper sphere we shall consider in dealing with infectious diseases; but in ordinary illness, they are apt to be used simply as a covering-up of evils which demand entire and immediate removal.

As regards personal cleanliness, many people still retain the old-fashioned fear of washing, which used to condemn the patient to a state of dirt, equally uncomfortable and injurious. Of course, care and discrimination are needful, and if there is any doubt on the matter, it is better to ask the doctor's opinion; but as a rule, daily washing of face, neck, and arms is possible in all cases fit for home-nursing; in addition, the legs and feet should be washed about every other day; and whenever practicable, a weekly bath should be given. For the daily wash, tepid water and a piece of flannel suit most patients best; but where cold sponging is a refreshment, it may be used, provided due care is taken to avoid a chill.

In cases where there is great feebleness, much care must be exercised in washing the patient and changing his body-linen. Before beginning, the nurse should see that the room is properly warmed, and that *all* she is likely to need is ready to hand; she must be careful that no draught shall reach her patient, and that he does not get a chill through unnecessary dawdling; at the same time, she must not hurry him, so as to increase the fatigue.

Any amount of washing is tiring to the very weak, and therefore toilet operations had better begin soon after breakfast. If possible, the body-linen should be changed at the same time. It is a good plan to keep two sets of under-linen going, so that the same may not be worn day and night. If the patient perspires much, the linen must be dried and warmed each time of changing; it is not enough that it has been once aired; every time it becomes damp the same process must be repeated. The same thing applies to towels, which are so often put away damp and used again without airing; no wonder that illness, resulting from cold, shivering or a fit of coughing, not seldom follows the washing process, whilst the simple precaution of using a towel well aired and warmed would do away with the discomfort.

Sometimes lying in bed produces great irritability of the whole skin, and the patient shrinks from any attempts at washing. In such cases, a soft sponge should be used, in one direction only, and that downwards; and a nice way of drying a sensitive part is to lay the towel smoothly over the place and pass the hand over the towel three or four times, very much as though drying a wet page with blotting-paper.

During the process of bit-by-bit washing, the bedclothes must be protected by a piece of mackintosh or thick towel; but should they become wetted, they must be changed at once, for even if not damp enough to do serious injury, there is sure to be some amount of discomfort; and everything, however small, that causes annoyance must

be looked upon as a drawback to recovery, and treated accordingly.

In addition to the regular washing, any portion of the patient's body that becomes accidentally soiled must be at once cleansed; and whenever the confinement to bed becomes lengthy, the back and shoulders should be washed every day with warm water and soap, thoroughly dried, and lightly dusted over with finely powdered starch. The patient must also be prevented from remaining too long in one position; and if too weak to move himself, it will be part of the nurse's care to turn him from side to side every three or four hours. Where this is impracticable, pressure must be relieved by the use of cushions, those with a hole in the middle being most useful for the purpose. If these precautions are not taken, the most prominent bones, exercising undue pressure on soft parts, will cause them to give way, the skin will become tender and inflamed, and if not stopped in time, a painful wound, difficult to relieve or cure, will be the result. I have known cases where these wounds have caused infinitely more distress and pain than the patient's actual disease; and yet, with few exceptions, it is only a question of care and attention. So true is this, that a trained nurse looks upon such wounds as a disgrace, and is constantly on her guard against them; but the inexperienced nurse neglects this necessary watchfulness, simply through ignorance of the danger to be avoided. But forewarned should be forearmed; and by taking care to avoid dirt, pressure, and creases in the bedding, even the most inexperienced stand a good chance of success in this most troublesome part of nursing. At the same time, if, in spite of care, any portion of the skin reddens or becomes sensitive, the doctor should at once be informed of the fact, for this is one of the best examples of the old saying, 'Prevention is better than cure,' and it is too late to cry out when the mischief is done.

If the patient is too weak to sit up and use a toothbrush, a piece of lint should be tied to the end of a small stick such as a penholder, and wetted with water to which a little Condy's fluid has been added; with this, the nurse can easily clean the teeth and gums. Brushing the hair requires a certain amount of tact and gentleness; with female patients the hair is apt to get into a troublesome tangle, unless plaited up loosely and tied at the ends. Sometimes moistening the brush with toilet vinegar will be liked, and in not a few cases gentle brushing has a soothing effect. I remember one instance where, under this influence, and this alone, restlessness would subside into quiet, leading to refreshing sleep. The same effect may sometimes be produced by sponging the face and hands with tepid water, with or without the addition of a little vinegar or Eau de Cologne; and again, in other cases, letting the hands lie in a basin and gently pouring cold water on them will be found grateful. It is well worth a nurse's while to study her particular patient's taste, and to find out some such simple method of relieving the weariness and monotony of illness.

To lift a helpless patient is by no means an easy task to inexperience, and should never be attempted without help. When the patient is utterly helpless, two long poles or broom-handles will be needed; these must be tightly rolled round in the under sheet and blanket, and the patient can then be moved, as in a stretcher, by four bearers.

To move a patient from side to side, the draw-sheet alone is needed. Rolling one end close to the body, the nurse goes round to the other side of the bed, and by taking hold of the rolled-up part, will be able to turn the patient gently over with perfect ease. Where the draw-sheet is not being used, it is a good plan to let a heavy patient lie on a strong roller-towel, which can be used as above; and if two people grasp it firmly on each side, they will be able to move the patient up and down in bed without fatigue or injury. This plan is especially useful in dropsy, when the patient becomes a dead, heavy weight, and is often restless to a painful extent.

In many cases, a patient, otherwise helpless, will be able to move at least his position by the use of a strong towel or cord tied to the foot of the bed. Hospital-beds are almost invariably provided with a cord and handle for the patient to grasp; but a better thing still is a netted hammock, a simple contrivance consisting of a piece of netting—of twine or coarsest knitting-cotton—four yards long by one and a half wide, the loops at each end being drawn up with tape; these tapes are tied to the foot of the bed; and the netting not only serves as a cord, but, thrown over the patient's head and drawn out across his shoulders and back, forms a most easy, comfortable support. I have seen patients sitting up thus, who had mournfully declared it an impossibility, and whose delight at the change of position was a thing to be remembered.

In grasping any part of a patient's body, be very careful not to take hold with the finger-ends; the whole hand should be used, and the fingers slightly spread out; anything like a hesitating touch is exasperating, and indeed hesitation in any way must be carefully avoided in dealing with the sick. It is well to remember that a certain amount of work has to be done, and a certain amount of noise must follow; make up your mind how much, and go to work thoroughly, quickly, and quietly; quiet, though, must be natural, not laboured; the tiptoe, whispering style is torture to sensitive nerves; a firm, even tread and a distinct way of speaking should be cultivated; the latter, especially, will make all the difference to a patient's comfort. To be constantly on the strain to hear is by no means soothing; and whispered conversation as to the patient's condition must never be indulged in. Some people, realising this, will go out of the sick-room, to carry on low-toned consultations just outside the door and within hearing of the patient, who involuntarily strains every nerve in the endeavour to catch what is being said. Such treatment is even worse than unnecessary noise, and all discussion relating to the patient must be carried on where there is no possibility of his hearing it. It is a safe rule to avoid detailing the patient's symptoms to relatives or friends; sensitive, delicate minds are often made to suffer unnecessarily, from the consciousness that sick-room details are being made the subject of curious inquiry and remark.

It not seldom happens that in delirium, or extreme weakness, the patient will let out some

cherished secret, and this should be as jealously sacred to the nurse as though the confidence had been voluntary, the only allowable violation being when the revelation made throws any light upon the patient's illness; in such a case, the doctor must be told; and this brings us to a most important point—the relations between doctor and nurse, a point which is seldom understood by the inexperienced.

The nurse's responsibility is great; she has many duties to perform, some of them apparently slight, yet really of vital importance; but at the same time, she is only acting under orders, and when those orders have been faithfully carried out, her responsibility ends; it therefore follows, that whatever her private opinion, she must never alter the treatment without the doctor's express permission, and whatever she may think, she should never, by word or deed, seek to lessen the patient's confidence in the patient's doctor. It sometimes happens that injudicious friends suggest remedies of their own, and insist upon their being used; any such interference should be at once reported to the doctor, for how else can he form a right opinion as to the patient's condition? Yet so often is this overlooked, that, I believe, in many home-nursed cases the doctor's treatment is never allowed fair-play; and I have even known a prescription, that had been torn up by the doctor as unsuitable, carefully pieced together after his departure, and used. Perhaps in no other point is there such a marked difference between the trained and untrained nurse. The former has been taught that her power lies in obedience; the latter, ignorant of her very ignorance, ventures to meddle in matters which, had she but a little more knowledge, she would understand to be beyond her.

Not a little of the nurse's value depends on her ability to give the doctor a proper report of how matters have been going during his absence. A patient will often pull himself together and even feign convalescence for the doctor's visit, which is necessarily brief; whilst the nurse, spending hours with him, sees every varying mood and symptom; at the same time, she must remember that the doctor does not want her opinion, but asks only *facts*, which will enable him to draw his own conclusions. From this it will be seen that the nurse needs to understand what to notice and how to report her observations.

As to what to notice—each illness has its specific symptoms, about which the doctor will make special inquiries, and he will also expect to hear what effect has followed the use of remedies; but in addition to these, there are general symptoms to be taken account of in all illness. Amongst those most frequently overlooked by the inexperienced nurse, are: *The appetite*, whether good, failing, fanciful, or voracious. *The skin*, whether moist or dry, hot or cold; and whether sensitive to touch. *Sleep*, its character and duration; whether quiet, disturbed, broken, or uninterrupted, and whether the same by day and night. *Posture*, whether the patient lies very flat, or likes to be raised, or prefers to keep on one side; in going to sleep, the easiest attitude will be chosen, and any marked change in this respect should be noticed. *Temper and spirits*, whether equable or variable, moody, cheerful, excitable, calm, depressed, or inclined to tears. *Countenance*, whether liable to changes of complexion or expression.

When visitors are allowed, the effect upon the patient should be noted; and at any cost, in serious cases, those whose influence is depressing or exciting must not be admitted.

A nurse should also, without being fussy, keep an eye to any fresh symptoms that may appear, and duly report them; but nothing is more worrying than to be constantly teased with such questions as: 'Are you in pain?' 'Do you feel better now?' 'Will you let me look at your tongue?' Those who have endured the martyrdom, know what it means, and know, too, how little information can be gleaned by such methods. Let a nurse be sympathising by all means, but let her sympathy show itself in caring for her patient's wants, and in efforts to save him from worry as well as from pain.

I remember a trained nurse who was deeply hurt at being told that a bell would be placed within her patient's reach, in case he wanted anything at night. 'Thank you, ma'am,' was her reply; 'my patient will not need to ring.' Nor did he, thanks to his nurse's constant care to anticipate his wants. A nurse thus watchful, will be quick to notice any change in her patient; but it is quite one thing to notice, and another to give a faithful report of what has been observed; and I would urge every inexperienced nurse to be very particular in jotting down at once all that strikes her attention. The simplest way of doing this is to keep a sort of diary of all that happens. Take a piece of writing-paper, keep one side for day and one for night, write the date at the top, crease it down the middle, and note on one half, all the patient takes and does, and on the other, anything you think demands notice. The following is a specimen of the sort of chart I mean.

October 4.

A.M.		A.M.	
8.	Cup of tea and toast.		
10.	Four ounces milk.	10.	Milk taken with difficulty and dislike.
11.	Medicine.		
11.15.	Poultice to chest and back.		
11.30.	Slept twenty minutes.	11.30.	Turned on right side before going to sleep.
12.	Four ounces beef-tea.		
12.30.	Mrs A. called, stayed quarter of an hour.		
		12.45—1.30.	Excited and depressed by Mrs A.'s call.

Are visitors to be allowed?

The reverse side might read thus:

October 4.

P.M.		P.M.	
8.	Four ounces milk.		
9.	Jacket poultice.		
9.30.	Dozed half-hour.	9.30.	Skin hot and dry, face flushed; woke excited and restless.
10.	Opiate as directed.		
10.45.	Slept two hours.	11.30.	Began to perspire, expression tranquil; woke refreshed.
12.45.	Four ounces milk.		

To keep such a chart properly requires some practice, but it is the only way of insuring accuracy, and it will also save a good deal of questioning on the doctor's part, a glance being enough to show him how matters stand.

At the bottom of the first page, it will be noticed there is a question, which, unless so marked, would very likely be forgotten; and whenever the nurse is in any difficulty or uncertainty, she must never hesitate to ask for guidance. The doctor will not expect perfection from inexperience, and even if he does not volunteer information, will certainly not object to answering reasonable questions. Of course, there is a great deal of difference in this as in all things, and there are doctors who take for granted that everybody knows certain things, of which even the intelligent, who have not had their attention called to nursing, may be quite ignorant. But even when this is the case, the nurse's object being her patient's good and not the support of her own dignity, if she is not sure of her ground, it is her duty to ask for instruction.

ONE WOMAN'S HISTORY.

CHAPTER VII.

A FEW minutes later, Madame De Vigne and her sister came slowly up the glen from that part of the valley where the wagonettes had been left behind. Presently Clarice paused and gazed around.

'It looks exactly as it did that day last summer when we were here,' she said. 'We might have been away only a few hours.'

'And then, as now, you had no Archie to bear you company.'

'I did not know him then; and yet it seems now as if I must have known him all my life. I suppose that just about this time he will be engaged with Sir William and those dreadful lawyers. And he has to go through all this for the sake of me—of me, Mora!'

'He would go through a hundred times more than that for your sake, dear.'

'I often feel as if I don't deserve to be loved so much. I hope there will be a telegram when we get back to the hotel. He promised to send one as soon as he had any news; but, suppose his news should be bad news!'

'At your age you ought always to look at the sunny side of your apple.'

'Thanks to you, dear, I have never had occasion to look at any other,' answered the girl with a caress in her voice. 'And to-day I *will* try not to be down-hearted. I will try to hope for the best.' They went forward a few paces in silence, and then Clarice suddenly said: 'What a selfish girl I am! Tell me, dear, is your headache any better?'

'A little. I will sit awhile under the shade of this tree. This seems as pretty a spot as any. Perhaps by-and-by I may try to do a little sketching.'

She sat down on a rustic seat that had been placed on a jutting spur of rock nearly fronting the waterfall. The seat was partly hidden from chance passers-by by a screen of shrubs, ferns, and natural rockwork.

'There! What a head I've got!' exclaimed Clarice with something of dismay in her voice.

'Mr Ridsdale thinks it a very pretty head. But what's your trouble now?'

'I've left your sketch-book behind in the wagonette.'

'Is that all?'

'It will not take me more than ten minutes to fetch it.'

'It is of no consequence—not the slightest,' answered Madame De Vigne a little wearily.

'I prefer to fetch it. Some one will be prying into it who has no business to. Besides, I recollect something that I want to say to Miss Penelope.'

'As you please, dear.'

'You don't mind my leaving you?'

'Not in the least.'

'I shall not be long away,' cried Clarice as she turned and took the road that led down the valley.

The shadow on Mora De Vigne's face deepened the moment she was left alone. She was very pale this morning, and she had that look about the eyes which tells of a sleepless night. Beyond her sister and Nanette, no one knew of her fainting-fit of the previous night. Miss Gaisford had not failed to notice the change in her looks, but had asked no questions: she was assured that when the proper time should arrive she would be told all that it was intended she should know.

'Alone at last! For a little while I can drop my mask,' she said with the same weariness in her voice. 'Is it not like the act of a crazy woman to come here to-day, among all these happy people?—I! Oh, the mockery of it! And yet to have stayed all day indoors under the same roof with *him*, not knowing from minute to minute what to expect, would have been worse than all. And then, Harold promised to meet me at this spot—the man whom I love—the man who loves me. Alas! alas! he can never more be "Harold" to me after to-day.'

She rose and went forward to the edge of the rock, and stood gazing at the waterfall with eyes that knew not what they were looking at.

'What to do?—what to do?' she sighed. 'The same question that kept knocking at my heart all through the long, dreadful, sleepless night; and here, with the summer sunshine all about me, it seems no nearer an answer than it was then. Sometimes I think that what I saw and heard can have been no more than a hideous nightmare fancy of my own. But no—no! That voice—that face!' She shuddered, and pressed her fingers to her eyes, as if to shut out some sight on which she could not bear to look.

Presently, she moved slowly back to the rustic seat and sat down.

'Has he tracked me?' she asked herself. 'Does he know that I am here, or is his presence merely one of those strange coincidences such as one so often hears tell of? If I only knew! If he has tracked me, why did he not make it his business to see me last night or this morning? What if he does *not* know or suspect? I must not go back to the hotel. I must not give him a chance of seeing me. I must make some excuse and go away—somewhere—straight from here. But first I must wait and see Harold and—and

bid him farewell. What shall I say to him? What *can* I say?'

Her heart-stricken questionings were broken by the sound of voices a little distance away. She turned her head quickly. 'Clarice and a stranger!' she exclaimed. 'And coming this way!' A spasm of dread shot through her. What if this stranger were another messenger of evil come in search of her?

And yet he looked harmless enough. He was a rather tall, thin, worn-looking man of sixty-five years or thereabouts. He was dressed in a high-collared swallow-tailed coat, pepper-and-salt trousers, and shoes. His carefully brushed hat, of a fashion of many years previously, had, like the rest of his attire, seen better days than it would ever see again. He had short white whiskers, and rather long white hair, which straggled over his coat collar behind. His thick, bushy brows were still streaked with black; and his eyes, which were very large and bright, seemed to require no assistance from spectacles or glasses of any kind.

'Here is your sketch-book, dear,' said Clarice as she came up. 'This gentleman is Mr Etheridge, Sir William Ridsdale's secretary,' she added.—'Mr Etheridge, my sister, Madame De Vigne.—Mr Etheridge has travelled all the way from Spa, bringing with him an important letter from Sir William addressed to his son. The hotel people sent him on here after us.'

'But'—— began Mora, half rising from her seat.

'I have already explained to Mr Etheridge that Mr Archie was summoned by telegraph yesterday to meet his father in London this morning. It seems very strange.'

Mr Etheridge smiled a little deprecatingly, and resumed his hat, which he had doffed on being introduced to Madame De Vigne.

'No doubt, ladies,' he said, 'it must appear strange to any one who is unacquainted with the peculiarities of Sir William. After writing the letter which I have in my pocket, and sending me off with it post-haste, he no doubt changed his mind (Sir William very often does change his mind), and set off for London with the intention of seeing Mr Archie in person, and never troubled himself more about me and the letter. Just like him—just like him.'

'And what do you propose to do now, sir?' asked Madame De Vigne.

'My plan is a very simple one, madam. I shall telegraph to London that I am here, and here I shall stop till I receive further instructions.'

'You must be somewhat tired after your long journey, Mr Etheridge,' suggested Clarice.

'Well—well. So—so. But I'm an old traveller, and it don't matter.'

'Luncheon won't be ready for some time; but if you would like some refreshment at once, I'——

'Not at present, thank you—not at present.' Then he added: 'This seems a very pretty spot; and with your leave, I'll just ramble about and look round me a bit.'

'Do so by all means, Mr Etheridge,' said Madame De Vigne kindly, 'only don't forget to be in time for luncheon.'

Clarice hesitated a moment, and then she said: 'There's a charming view of the lake a little farther on; if you would like to see it, I will show you the way.'

'Thank you. Nothing would please me better. Only, I don't want to be a trouble.'

'O Mr Etheridge, it will be no trouble!'

That gentleman made Madame De Vigne an old-fashioned bow, and moved a few steps away.

'You won't mind my leaving you for a little while?' said Clarice to her sister.

'Not in the least. Besides, I'm not in a talking mood this morning.'

'It would be unkind to leave Mr Etheridge all alone.'

'Of course it would. So now run off, and do your best to entertain him.'

'This way, Mr Etheridge, please,' said Clarice. And with that the two went off together, crossing the bridge and taking the same path that had been taken a little while previously by Lady Renshaw and her two cavaliers.

'The transparent diplomacy of a girl in love!' said Madame De Vigne as her eyes followed her sister's retreating figure. 'Not having her sweetheart with her to talk to, she must needs talk about him to some one else. Happy, happy days!' She turned away with a sigh. 'And now? Shall I sit here and wait for Harold, and try to think what I shall say to him? No; I cannot rest anywhere till the worst is over. He may be here at any moment. I will walk to the top of the hill and watch for him as he comes up the valley. O Harold, Harold, won only to be lost in one short hour!'

She took a narrow footpath to the right, which wound upwards through the trees and undergrowth to a small plateau, from which the whole of the valley was visible.

'I did not think that I should be so fortunate as to have you all to myself for so long a time this morning.'

The speaker was Mr Richard Dulcimer, and it need scarcely be said to whom his words were addressed. They had been wandering about the glen at their own sweet will, penetrating into all sorts of odd nooks and corners, and now, emerging from the shade of the trees, found themselves on a small rocky table close to the shallow basin into which the stream fell and broke when it took its first leap from the summit of the cliff. It was a pretty spot, and just then the two young people had it all to themselves.

'You have my aunt to thank for that,' answered Miss Wynter, as she seated herself daintily on a fragment of rock. 'It was she who sent me to you.'

'Dear old damsel! I could almost find in my heart to kiss her,' answered Richard as he deposited himself at his sweetheart's feet and drew the brim of his straw hat over his eyes to shade them from the sun.

'But of course she believes you to be a bishop's son.'

'Which I am, so far as having a bishop for a godfather goes. Otherwise—woe is me!—I'm only a poor beggar of a quill-driver in the Sealing-wax Office. Why wasn't Providence kind to me? Why wasn't I born with a rich father, like Archie Ridsdale?'

'Why weren't we all born with rich fathers?'

'That would have been much nicer, if it could have been so arranged.'

'I don't at all see how you are going to extricate yourself from the awful scrape you have got into.'

'I am not aware that I 'm in any awful scrape, so far.'

'But you will be, when my aunt finds out what a wicked impostor you are.'

'Her ladyship's anger doesn't matter two farthings to me. It's her influence over you that I 'm afraid of.'

'Her influence over me!'

'The lessons she is continually preaching—the maxims she is for ever dinning into your ears.'

'Yes; I know she looks upon it as a sacred duty which I owe to Society that I should marry myself to the highest bidder.'

'And you?' asked the young man as he sat up, pushed back his hat, and gazed into the pretty face above him.

She was drawing figures aimlessly with the point of her sunshade in the gravel. For a moment or two she did not answer; then she broke out with an emphasis that was full of bitterness: 'What would you have? What can you expect? From the day I left school, and even earlier than that, the one lesson that has been instilled into my mind is, that I must marry money—money. Even my mother—— But she is dead, and I will not speak of her. And since then, my aunt. I am a chattel—a piece of bric-à-brac in the matrimonial market, to be appraised, and depreciated, and finally knocked down to the first bidder who is prepared to make a handsome settlement. I hate myself when I think of it! I hate everybody!' Sudden passionate tears sprang to her eyes; she dashed them away impatiently.

'Not quite everybody, *ma belle*,' said Mr Dulcimer as he possessed himself of one of her hands. 'There is one way of escape that you wot of,' he added in a lower voice.

She turned on him with a flash: 'By marrying you, I suppose?'

'Even so, *carissima*.'

'A government clerk on three hundred pounds a year.'

'With another hundred of private income in addition.'

'A truly munificent income on which to marry!' she answered, not without a ring of scorn, real or assumed, in her voice as she withdrew her fingers from his grasp. 'I think I know the kind of thing it implies. A stuffy little house in Camden Town or Peckham Rye—wherever those localities may be. Perhaps even furnished apartments. One small servant, not overclean. No opera, no brougham in the Park, no garden-parties, no carpet-dances, no more flirtations with nice young men. Locomotion by means of a twopenny 'bus or tram.; long, lonely days without a soul to talk to; now and then an order for the theatre; *au reste*, my husband's buttons to sew on and his socks to keep in repair. Oh, I can guess it all!'

A tinge of colour had flickered into Dick's cheeks while she was speaking, but it now died out again. He was quite aware that nothing would delight her more than to tease him till he should lose his temper; therefore, he answered as equably as before: 'Evidently Lady Renshaw's lessons have not been quite thrown away on you.'

One of her little feet began to tap the ground impatiently. 'It seems to me, Mr Richard Dulcimer, that the best thing you can do is to take the next train back to town.'

'Shan't do anything of the kind.'

'You are a very self-willed young man.' To judge from her tone, she might have been twice his age. It is a way her sex sometimes have.

'Obstinate as a mule,' answered the philosophic Richard.

'Suppose I tell you that I have had enough of your society? Suppose I order you to leave me here and at once?'

'Shan't go.'

'Well, of all'—— She rose abruptly. 'How much longer are you going to keep me here?' she demanded in an injured tone, as though he were detaining her against her will.

'Not one minute longer than you wish,' he answered as he sprang to his feet. 'Suppose we cross the stream.'

'Cross the stream?'

'By means of these stepping-stones. They are here for that purpose.'

'Oh!' With a slight accent of dismay. 'Thank you very much, Mr Dulcimer, but I 'd rather not.'

'Everybody crosses by them—except, perhaps, a few superfine young-lady tourists who think more of wetting their boots and frills than of'——

'Monster! Lead the way.'

'Lend me your hand.'

'Certainly not.'

Without another word, Dick stepped lightly from stone to stone till he reached the middle of the stream. There he halted and turned. Bella, not to be outdone, stepped after him on to the first stone and from that to the second; then all in a moment her courage seemed to desert her. 'Dick, Dick, I shall slip into the water,' she cried. 'I know I shall.'

Dick grinned. He had been addressed as 'Mr Dulcimer' only a minute before. He went back and held out his hand, which Bella clutched without a moment's demur. Having assisted her as far as the middle of the stream, he came to a stand.

'Why don't you go on?' she demanded.

Dick ignored the question. 'These stepping-stones, or others like them,' he remarked didactically, 'are said to have been here for hundreds of years. There is an old local rhyme in connection with them which is known to all the country-folk about. Listen while I recite to you that ancient rhyme.'

'I am getting dizzy; I shall fall,' remarked Bella, who, however, still kept tight hold of his hand.

Dick took no notice, but began:

> 'Listen! listen! Every lass
> That o'er these stepping-stones doth pass,
> She shall clasp her sweetheart's hand,
> On the midmost stone shall stand,
> And shall kiss him then and there'——

'Oh, indeed,' remarked Miss Wynter with a scornful sniff.

Dick continued :

'But should she her lips deny,
Then shall she unwedded die,
And he wed another fair :
Listen, maids—beware ! beware !

'That is the midmost stone, *ma petite*, on which you are standing.'

Miss Wynter tossed her head. 'Perhaps, sir, if you have quite done attitudinising, you will allow me to cross.'

'*Avec plaisir*—when you have paid the customary toll.'

'The what?' with a drawing together of her pretty eyebrows.

'The toll. When you have done that which every girl does who crosses the stepping-stones with her sweetheart.'

'You are not my sweetheart.'

'But you are mine, which comes to the same thing.'

'I will go back.'

'You dare not.'

'I will'——

'Go forward? You dare not.' And with that he withdrew his hand.

Bella, finding herself without support, gave vent to a little shriek, whereupon Dick put out his hand again, at which she clutched wildly. Richard was hard-hearted enough to laugh.

'This is mean—this is cowardly—this is contemptible!' cried Bella with flaming eyes.

'It is—but it's nice.'

'I hear voices. There's some one coming!'

'Let them come.'

'And find me in this ridiculous predicament? Never!'

'Not for worlds,' assented Mr Dulcimer in his sweetest tones.

Bella gave vent to a little laugh : she could not help it. One of Dick's arms found its way round her waist. The situation was embarrassing. If she were to push him away, she might slip into the water. Their faces were not far apart. Suddenly she protruded hers and touched his cheek lightly with her lips. 'Wretch! There, then!' she said. 'And there,' quoth the unabashed suitor, as he returned the toll, twofold. 'And *there!*' she added a moment after, as, with her disengaged hand, she gave him a sounding box on the ear.

Dick laughed and rubbed his ear. 'For what we have just received'—— he said, and then grasping both her hands, he helped her across the remaining stepping-stones to the opposite bank of the stream.

ARTIFICIAL JEWELS.

The trade in artificial jewels has become very extensive during the last half-century, and the chemical experiments in which various qualities of imitation diamonds, rubies, sapphires, and emeralds are produced have been recently carried on with an astonishing amount of success. It is becoming more and more difficult, even to the eye of the expert, to distinguish readily between the real and the false gem, when they do not shine in too close proximity.

The most distinctive feature of the real stone is its hardness, though even this quality has been imitated with considerable success. The term 'hardness' is used by the lapidary and mineralogist to denote the power of one stone to scratch another ; it must not be considered as the power of resisting a blow, for many crystalline stones which are very hard are also easily fractured. The diamond, which will scratch any other stone, can be more easily broken than many stones which are less hard. After the diamond come the ruby and sapphire, which are the next hardest stones ; then emeralds, topazes, and quartz or rock-crystal ; and finally, a number of other stones, and glass or artificial stones.

The beautiful 'French paste' which imitates the diamond so well, is a kind of glass into which a certain quantity of oxide of lead is introduced. The more lead it contains the more brilliant is the artificial stone ; but the lead gives softness—so much so, that we have known such artificial gems to become, by friction with other harder substances, quite dull on the surface after being worn for some time.

But the latest chemical experiments on the production of artificial stones for use in jewellery point very clearly to the fact that further success in this direction is likely to be forthcoming before long. The imitation of the natural gems by means of various silicates and oxides has already attained to a great degree of perfection, and no doubt this ingenious branch of industry must interfere considerably with the trade of the dealer in real precious stones. We can already purchase a capital 'diamond' for about half-a-crown ; and the imitation of the ruby and the emerald is far easier, and more successful, than that of the diamond.

Careful choice in the substances to be melted together, good and effective cutting, and careful artistic setting, have gone a long way to reproduce, artificially, the brightness, brilliancy, and colour of the real stone. Chemical analysis shows the sapphire to be pure alumina, as it has shown the diamond to be pure carbon ; but it does not account for its colour, which is partly due to an optical effect, and depends upon a peculiar molecular arrangement. This stone possesses the singular property known as *dichroism*—that is, it shines with two colours, blue and red. In a well-cut stone, a red cross often appears in the midst of the sapphire blue. The ruby is also pure alumina, and its vivid red colour, like the blue of the sapphire, is thought by some to be due to a peculiar optical effect. In fact, no chemical analysis has been able to account quite satisfactorily for the red colour of the ruby or the blue colour of the sapphire, for pure alumina is quite white, and the sapphire, as we have seen, shows two colours. This peculiar optical effect noticed in the ruby and sapphire has, strange to say, been accidentally reproduced not long since by a French chemist, M. Sidot, who has been making some experiments on artificial stones. He has produced a kind of glass by melting phosphate of lime at a great heat, and the product possesses the blue colour of the sapphire

with the remarkable *dichroism* before alluded to. The experiment is so curious, that a few lines may be devoted to it here.

By the action of heat on what is termed 'acid phosphate of lime,' it is transformed into 'crystallised pyrophosphate;' and when heated to a still higher temperature, it passes into the vitreous or glassy state. It is supposed that in this condition it loses some of its phosphoric acid by volatilisation, and passes into the state of 'tribasic phosphate.' Such is the technical explanation of the changes which occur. The phosphate of lime glass is produced by taking this substance in a moist acid state, and heating it in an iron pot to a dark red heat. During this operation it is worked about with an iron rod, in order to prevent it swelling up and passing over the edge of the iron crucible. The dark red heat is continued until the whole mass has become glassy and transparent. At this moment it is run into another crucible, in which it is heated to a white heat that is kept up for about two hours, being stirred rapidly with a rod the whole time. At the end of this period the molten mass is allowed to remain perfectly quiet for about an hour, and is then run out of the crucible, either on to a metallic slab or into a metal mortar. It is necessary to avoid too rapid a cooling. The product may thus be run out into a sheet, like plate-glass. A small sheet of such a nature was obtained by M. Sidot in one of his experiments: it measured about three inches across, by a quarter of an inch thick, and was large enough to be cut into a considerable number of beautiful artificial sapphires.

The ruby and sapphire have also been closely imitated in another way by Fremy and Feil, two French chemists; and the chief interest in this process is the fact that the artificial stones possess essentially the chemical composition of the real ones. To produce these, equal weights of alumina and red-lead are heated to a red-heat in an earthenware crucible. A vitreous substance is formed, which consists of silicate of lead, and crystals of white corundum. To convert this corundum into the artificial ruby, it is necessary to fuse it with about two per cent. of bichromate of potassium; whilst, to obtain the sapphire, a little oxide of cobalt, and a very small quantity of bichromate of potassium, must be employed. The stones so produced possess at least very nearly the hardness of the real stones, as they scratch both quartz and topaz.

The French 'paste' which imitates the diamond so closely is a peculiar kind of glass, the manufacture of which was brought to a great degree of perfection some fifty years ago by Donault-Wieland of Paris. The finest quality of paste demands extreme care in the choice of materials and in melting, &c. The basis of it, in the hands of the expert manufacturer just named, was powdered rock-crystal or quartz. The proportions he took were—six ounces of rock-crystal; nine ounces two drams of red-lead; three ounces three drams of pure carbonate of potash; three drams of boracic acid; and six grains of white arsenic. The product thus manufactured was extremely beautiful, but rather expensive, compared with the prices now charged for artificial jewels. It has never been surpassed in brilliancy. But of late years the greater purity of the potash and lead oxide used, and the improvements in the furnaces and methods of heating them, have all tended to reduce the price of the 'diamonds' thus manufactured.

THE MISSING CLUE.

CHAPTER V.—THE COLONEL'S DAUGHTER.

MEANWHILE, the subject of the previous conversation is seated in a private room before a merry crackling fire, small reflections of which lurk here and there in the dark polished oak with which the walls are panelled. Everything in the apartment has an extremely comfortable appearance save its living occupant, and his features wear an expression totally at variance with his surroundings. He is twisting a crumpled note between his fingers; while, judging from the expression with which he regards it, his feelings can scarcely be of an agreeable nature. The offending epistle is written in a bold decided hand, which harmonises well with the short and haughty tenor of its contents. As a perusal of this may enable the reader more clearly to understand the ensuing narrative, a copy is here inserted:

Colonel Thorpe presents his compliments to Lieutenant Ainslie, and in reply to that gentleman's letter of this morning, begs to state that any overtures from him relating to Miss Thorpe will receive an absolute negative. It is also requested that Lieut. A. will discontinue his visits to Coombe Hall, as Col. T. wishes him distinctly to understand that this decision is final.

Dec. 22, 1760.

The exasperated recipient of this ungracious piece of writing makes a movement as if to consign it to the hungry blaze which is roaring up the chimney; but checking himself ere the action is performed, he places the missive in a side-pocket, and falling back in his chair, resigns himself to a long train of unenviable reflections.

Next morning, the sun, first a dull crimson, and then yellow as a copper ball, slowly mounted above the horizon and pierced cloud and vapour with its struggling rays. Snow-clad roofs and chimneys, whose quaint outlines could scarcely be distinguished from the leaden sky a short time before, now became flooded with a rich golden light, contrasting strangely with the blue mist that lingered in the shadows. As yet, it was only the high gables and towers which had caught the cheering beams; the streets and lesser thoroughfares were gloomy, dark, and silent, while ruts and gutters were fast bound with King Frost. The good people of Fridswold had not the reputation of being early risers, and with a few exceptions, the streets were almost totally deserted; but our friend who figured last night as a guest at the *George*, at least appeared to be no sluggard, for he was out, and walking quickly along, the iron-tipped heels of his riding-boots bringing forth a smart click from the frost-hardened ground.

Lieutenant Ainslie was not bent upon sight-seeing; he had other matters to attend to.

The wintery beauties of the early morning seemed completely lost upon the young officer, and he passed the great west front of the minster—all flecked with 'hoary flakes'—without bestowing so much as a glance upon it. His course was continued until the irregular outskirts of the town were left behind, when a large imposing red-brick mansion came within sight. The grounds which surrounded it were separated from the public highway by a substantial wall of rough masonry; while parallel with this wall extended a belt of fine trees, now leafless, and shivering as if with cold. Keeping to the road until a turn shut out the palatial residence from view, the young officer, after a hasty look around him, vaulted the wall, and then shaped his way across the white stretch of private ground.

Slowly and uncertainly he proceeded, often stopping to look back, and more than once referring to his watch as well as to a dainty note, the writing of which was in a delicate female hand. At length, after many turnings and much doubtful wandering, he emerged from the underwood and entered upon a small cleared inclosure containing a rustic summer-house, now fretted with a glittering network of snow and ice. Into this the lieutenant stepped, frequently looking out in a furtive manner from the narrow doorway, as if in expectation of some one.

After a long interval of anxious expectation, certain sounds were heard which seemed to indicate the approach of a human being. The soldier sprang eagerly forward, and then as quickly shrunk back again. A slight crackling of dry twigs was followed by a hoarse cough, and the cough was followed by the unwelcome appearance of a red-faced man with a gun upon his shoulder, but fortunately not passing in the direction of the arbour. The lieutenant knew him at once. It was the fiery-faced man whom he had seen at the inn the previous evening. 'Ah,' said he to himself, 'I see it all. Colonel Thorpe's gamekeeper—sent down last night to play the spy upon me. It is well he has not seen me now.'

Not many minutes afterwards, a young lady burst into the arbour, with a little cry, half of fear and half of pleasure. It could be nothing more nor less than a lovers' meeting after all.

The lovers' first tender greetings over, they seated themselves side by side in the little arbour, and talked to each other in a low voice. The state of alarm in which she evidently was, sent a brighter flush of colour to her lovely face, and enhanced in her lover's eyes the graces of her person.

Some twelve months before the present meeting, Colonel Thorpe made a sudden resolve to spend the winter in London; and fearing to leave this his only daughter out of his sight for any length of time, he determined to take her with him also. The season was a tolerably gay one; but the colonel, an austere man, though much in request at the houses of titled and wealthy friends, cared little for society, and constantly refused invitations both on behalf of himself and his daughter. Such a high pressure of circumspection could not last for ever. Receiving an earnest request from Lady Hardy—a friend of many years' standing—that they would honour a fashionable entertainment with their presence, Colonel Thorpe somewhat relented, and meeting Amy's wistful gaze with a smile which he intended to be severely pleasant, he told her to prepare herself to accompany him on the following Thursday. At this intelligence the young lady was naturally delighted; and even her severe parent condescended to relax and bring himself to converse about the forthcoming ball. This agreeable demeanour he sustained until about the middle of the festive evening, when, as if by magic, his spirits suddenly lowered to freezing temperature. He had observed that a well-favoured, handsome young gallant had danced three times with his daughter in the course of the evening. Now, the crusty old colonel did by no means approve of this, and was not aware that his daughter had more than once met the same young gallant since coming to London. In answer to inquiries which he made as to the unknown partner of his daughter, he learned that his name was Ainslie, that he was a subaltern in the Guards, and the only son of a widow lady of title, once wealthy, but now reduced in circumstances. His informant added, that though the young officer was not rich, he was of prepossessing manners—a piece of information which scarcely appeared to afford gratification to the master of Coombe Hall. Immediately upon receipt of this news the angry colonel sought out Miss Thorpe from among the dancers, and after bidding a hasty adieu to his hostess, drove away with his daughter from the house.

Colonel Thorpe's temper was not improved when, on the day following the ball, he received a call from Ainslie; but in a short political conversation which ensued, the visitor—strangely enough—contrived to advance in his good graces considerably. Still, the colonel, who was habitually suspicious, did not encourage the young officer. He had only the doubtful satisfaction of knowing that the penniless son of Sir Henry Ainslie, deceased, was a suitor for his daughter's hand.

'Amy,' he said to himself, 'must return to Coombe Hall. The wiles of this dangerous young man can be kept at a safe distance there.'

But railways were as yet things of the future, and the weather became an unexpected ally in Ainslie's favour, the colonel's departure being thus delayed for fully a week. During this time Reginald contrived to see Miss Thorpe several times, as well as to ingratiate himself with her father, who listened to his visitor's conversation and wit with a mingled feeling of approval and distrust. The time passed quickly; and when Reginald parted from Amy Thorpe it was with many protestations of eternal devotion, to which that young lady replied with equal warmth. Colonel Thorpe wished Ainslie a formal 'Good-bye,' and the lovers were separated from each other for a weary space of ten months.

The interval was not unfraught with change. Reginald had the good fortune to be raised in rank, and now entered upon his full grade of lieutenant. Since the departure of Amy Thorpe he had endeavoured to keep up a correspondence with her; but the age in which they

lived, though practically a fast one, was slow enough in some respects, and the means of communication were so unsatisfactory, that long intervals elapsed between an interchange of letters.

At the close of October 1760, the tidings of King George II.'s death became known throughout the greater part of the kingdom; and following closely upon the spreading of this intelligence came a letter from Amy to Reginald, containing the joyful news that Colonel Thorpe was on his way to London to attend the opening of parliament by the new king, and that his daughter was coming with him. Ainslie, after the expiration of a few days, presented himself at Colonel Thorpe's former apartments, where the first person he encountered was that worthy officer himself, stiff, irritable, and in a decidedly unpleasant temper. Their conversation commenced with a formal exchange of civilities, and Reginald seated himself on the chair which was pointed out to him, calm and unruffled in countenance, but with a heart which he had steeled and prepared for the worst.

Colonel Thorpe was glad that Lieutenant Ainslie had called, as he wished to have some serious conversation with him. There had been a—in fact there had been a correspondence kept up with his daughter, an interchange of letter-writing and—and that sort of thing, which must be discontinued.

'Am I to understand, sir,' said the young officer, with difficulty repressing his growing wrath—'am I to understand that you wish me to resign all pretensions to Miss Thorpe's hand?'

The colonel did not exactly say that; he said the correspondence must be discontinued for—for a time. If at some future date Lieutenant Ainslie could show satisfactory proofs that he would be able to maintain his daughter in a position of comfort and dignity consistent with that in which she had been brought up, he (Colonel Thorpe) might feel disposed to listen to any advances Lieutenant Ainslie thought proper to make. Till then, all interchange of sentiment must cease. That was all; Colonel Thorpe had nothing further to say.

Ere another week had passed, during which the lovers met but once, the colonel's apartments were again vacant, and Reginald Ainslie was wondering at what remote period of his life he should again see Amy Thorpe. Poverty was the bane of the young soldier, and the monotonous round of barrack-life was by no means the royal road to wealth. Reginald, however, had for some time been meditating over a deep-laid purpose, the object of which was to recover an ancient property which his immediate ancestors, by their Jacobite proclivities, had forfeited. On obtaining leave of absence, therefore, shortly before Christmas, he set out for Fridswold, and made a series of excursions to Coombe Hall, to lay before his beloved Amy all his hopes and fears, and to receive from her encouragement in his momentous quest. But his proposed visit had been put a stop to by the colonel's letter, and now this secret meeting in the arbour was the next expedient of the faithful pair.

For a while, the joy of meeting was so great that all other things were forgotten; but Reginald could not long shut his eyes to the barrier which destiny and the will of Colonel Thorpe had placed between the lovers. He was still poor; he was not yet able to fulfil the colonel's stipulation. But he had hopes, and these he could now breathe into Amy's sympathetic ear.

'What would you say, Amy, if I were to tell you that I am the bearer of good tidings?'

'I should say the news might be too good to be true,' replied Miss Thorpe. 'O Reginald, it cannot be; you do not mean it?'

'I do, Amy,' answered the lieutenant. 'For what purpose do you suppose I undertook this journey?' he added, after a pause, and turning so as to face his fair companion.

The girl's blue eyes opened to their fullest extent, and she answered in a slight tone of wonderment: 'To see me. Was it not so, Reginald?'

'It was, dearest,' said the lieutenant; 'but if I were to say that I came in search of you alone, my words would be false.'

'Then pray, sir, may I not know your other reason?' inquired Amy laughingly. 'Have you an appointment to meet some other distressed damsel in these lonely parts?'

'Nothing of the kind,' replied Ainslie, more earnestly than the question seemed to warrant. 'You alone, Amy, I came to see, and it is principally on your account that I am about to journey farther.'

'On my account!'

'Yes, Amy, yours; this journey is all for your sake. I will explain myself. For some time past, I have been urged to take a singular step by one who believes that our lost wealth may be actually regained. The idea is a vague and most likely a visionary one, and had I never met you, Amy, it is probable that the task of unravelling this coil might not have been essayed. It was Colonel Thorpe who clenched my half-hearted resolution by informing me that I must not hope to call you mine until possessed of sufficient affluence to maintain you in a position equal to that in which you had been brought up. Those words struck home. I instantly formed a fixed determination, and am now about to follow it up, for which purpose I intend to start this very afternoon.'

'This afternoon!' echoed Amy. 'Why so soon, Reginald? You have been here no time at all. When did you arrive?'

'The day before yesterday,' replied Ainslie. 'But do not blame me, dearest, for not seeing you before. I repaired to Coombe Hall almost directly after I got here, hoping to see both you and your father, and having no thought that admittance would be refused.'

'O Reginald, I am so sorry!' faltered the girl. 'What could I do? Did they really refuse to admit you?'

'They did,' answered the young officer. 'But I am perfectly aware it was no fault of yours. I then wrote to your father, asking permission to see you, telling him that I had some expectation of recovering what my parent so unfortunately lost, when I hoped to be able to maintain you in a manner worthy of our ancient house. But two hours afterwards, my letter was returned!—yes, returned, Amy, and with it was inclosed a note from your father forbidding me to enter the house or seek an interview with his daughter.

I disobeyed the latter part of his injunction, and have succeeded, darling, in meeting you once more.'

As we intend to follow Reginald in his quest, it is needless to repeat here the story of his hopes as he hastily unfolded them in the ears of Amy Thorpe; enough that, after remaining together as long as, or perhaps longer than prudence enjoined, the two tore themselves asunder, with thrice-repeated vows of fidelity and affection. The remembrance of their tender parting was to Reginald in after-years like a strain of sweet, bygone music passing through his memory.

That very evening the young lieutenant quitted Fridswold. His way lay in a different direction from that leading to Coombe Hall, and the farewell glance he gave back only showed him the black bulk of the minster towering above a mass of smoky chimneys. The suburbs of the town were speedily left behind, and soon a prospect lay before Reginald's eyes which for savage desolation he had never seen surpassed. Extending as far as the eye could reach, stretched a dreary waste of flooded fields, black peat, broken ice, and frozen sedge, dotted at remote intervals with a few scanty willows. The wind was rising again, bringing up with it heavy clouds, and its moaning voice rustled among the patches of alder and withered rushes like a low, dying murmur. Taking warning by these signs, Reginald urged his horse forward to a quicker pace than hitherto, riding swiftly and eagerly into the gathering darkness of the night.

THE RING-TRICK.

A CURIOUS COINCIDENCE.

SOME four years ago I was one of the many hundreds of somewhat aspiring youths who were seeking positions as Civil servants under our government. In order better to work up for the very difficult examinations which it is necessary to pass in order to gain these positions, I had joined the evening classes of a well-known London college. These classes were held twice in every week, and it was on my way to one of them from my home—I live in a northern suburb of the metropolis—that the events I am about to relate took place.

I had alighted, at about five o'clock on an autumn evening, from a train at the King's Cross terminus of the Great Northern Railway, and was proceeding along the Euston Road, when, having half an hour to spare, I turned off to the right to enter Euston Station. As I passed under the heavy stone portico just to the south of this immense depôt, I observed a man about two yards in front of me, who, just as I noticed him, came to an abrupt halt and stooped down. So suddenly, indeed, did he do this, that I stumbled over him, and tendered an apology for what was not my error. As he regained his vertical position, he spoke to me, and said in a confidential tone: 'Did you see that?'

I asked him what he meant.

'Why, this diamond ring. I nearly trod on it. Just look here.' And he showed me what was apparently a gold diamond ring; and then went on to say, that if I had seen it, I should have my share of the find; or that, as he was a poor man, and as it might arouse suspicion for the ring to be found in his possession, and since, as he could not get rid of it, it would be useless to him, he would sell it to me for a trifle.

I was not at that time—owing, I suppose, to my ignorance of London ways—so cautious as I am now; and thinking, from the various government stamps upon the ring, that it was indeed a valuable one, I told him I would think about it, if the diamond were a good one.

'Come up here,' said he, pointing to some back street, 'and let us see if it will cut glass.'

I walked with him in the direction he indicated, and with much coolness he tested the stone upon a shop-window. Surely enough, it made a deep incision in the glass.

'Well,' I said, feeling now tolerably convinced of the genuineness of the ring, 'I would give you ten shillings for it, but I unfortunately have a few pence only in my pocket.'

'Ah, that's a pity. Do you live far from here?'

'Yes,' I replied; 'some twelve miles at least.'

'Ah, well, there you are, you see; that's a pity, because you are a gentleman, and the ring would be all right with you; but I am only a poor messenger—at this moment I am on one of my errands—earning a pound a week, and if I tried to sell it, people would suspect me. However, since you say you have not enough money, I will keep the ring and attempt to get rid of it. At anyrate, we'll part friends. Come and have something to drink with me.'

I refused, for the man was not of a very attractive appearance, being dreadfully pock-marked and squinting in his right eye. So we said good-evening and separated, he to carry out his errand, I to walk on into Euston terminus.

On relating the adventure to my friends, we came to the conclusion that the man was an impostor, and had purposely dropped the ring and stooped to pick it up immediately in front and for the sole edification of myself, evidently hoping that I should purchase it—probably a sham one—from him.

Two years after the above had occurred, my business—I had abandoned the idea of the Civil service—led me one evening along that wondrous thoroughfare the Strand. Proceeding westwards, about midway between the Temple Bar memorial and Charing Cross, I collided somewhat violently with a man immediately in front of me, who had stooped with the evident intention of picking up something off the ground. He turned round sharply and exclaimed: 'Did you see that?' at the same time showing me a gold diamond ring, which he stated he had found on the pavement, and on which he had nearly trodden.

I will not weary the reader with a verbatim account of the conversation which then ensued. Suffice it for me to say that I had recognised in the man before me the pock-marked and squinting hero of the Euston Road of two years before. In order, however, further to convince myself that my impressions as to this were correct, I, apparently taking interest in what he had found, allowed him to do and say, act for act and word

for word, all that he did and said on the first occasion of my meeting him. He tested the diamond by cutting glass; said he was a poor messenger earning a pound a week; was even then on one of his errands; thought that the discovery of such a ring in his possession would excite suspicion; and—— Well, I neither need, nor will I, rewrite the whole of the first portion of this narration, for what now took place was its precise counterpart.

I taxed the swindler with having played the same rôle at Euston Station, two years previously.

He replied, in the most naïve manner: 'Ah, then I was in Liverpool.' But he was, I suspect, somewhat astonished to find out that I knew him. Again did he ask me to drink with him and to part friends.

It is almost needless to add, that though I might have done the latter, I certainly did not do the former, he being evidently a swindler. And so we separated for the second time, he disappearing up one of the tributary streets of the Strand, I proceeding about my business.

It struck me as being very wonderful that this man, whose profession it doubtless was to entrap people—young and unsuspecting—in the manner I have described, should have on two separate occasions, between which there was an interval of two years, singled out myself as an intended victim to his fraud, since I am but one of tens of thousands of the youth daily to be remarked walking in the London streets. The remarkable blunder of the impostor proves how correct is the well-known proverb, 'A liar should have a good memory;' and the facts here narrated may perhaps serve to put others on their guard against the wiles of London street swindlers.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

INVESTIGATIONS ON LIGHTS AND LIGHTHOUSES.

For some time past a series of observations and experiments have been carried on under the auspices of a Committee of the Elder Brethren of the Trinity House, at the South Foreland, chiefly relating to the measurement of lights by means of a photometer—the invention of Mr Vernon Harcourt—the standard light of which burns with wonderful regularity and uniformity. The Committee are now engaged on a still more interesting series of observations, which are made from the sea, and which will more nearly concern sailors. These experiments and observations for testing the capabilities of various lights will be peculiarly remarkable, as craft of almost all descriptions will be enlisted in this work: the mail-packets, the Peninsular and Oriental liners, pilot vessels of different nationalities, trading-ships, and French cruisers. The electric light, of course, is immensely superior to either gas or paraffine oil; but even this, from its whiteness and dazzling brilliancy, has not been found to be so very much better, in thick hazy weather, than either oil or gas, the reddish-yellow of the latter perhaps showing better through the haze of a sea-fog than the white glare of the former. All these points will, however, be carefully gone into, and every sort of test applied to discover the best and safest light to direct mariners to and by our coasts; and when all is completed, the Committee will record their useful labours in a full Report to the Board of Trade, a document which will possess peculiar interest for all who have at heart the welfare of ships and sailors.

LEVEL-CROSSING GATES.

Level crossings on railways have always been considered dangerous to the public, and are generally looked upon with disfavour; and yet, in certain places and positions, it is next to impossible to avoid them. Therefore, wherever a level crossing exists, gates must be provided to arrest the traffic on the road when a train approaches the crossing; and it is clear that the more perfect the arrangement for the opening and closing of the gates, the better for the safety of the public. An ingenious proposal has been made in France to call in the powerful aid of electricity for the purpose of opening and closing gates of this description. The gates are kept closed across the line by a catch governed by an electro-magnet. An approaching train, by a simple arrangement, is made to close the electric circuit at a stated distance from the gates, and the catch is therefore released and the gates are opened and kept open for the passage of the train. When the last carriage has passed, the circuit is broken and the gates are made to shut, when they are kept closed by the catch already referred to. The same current also rings a bell to give warning of the approach of the train.

A HAWTHORN STORY.

Pink and white in snowy shower,
  Shade and light and leaf and thorn,
From the orchard gate the hawthorn bloom
Through diamond lattices scented the room,
  When a child of the summer was born.

Golden green and creaking swing—
  Boy and girl are playmates now.
'Swing me higher—up to the sky!'
'Nay; then I should lose you,' he made reply,
  Under the hawthorn bough.

Oh, perfume sweet!—*she* pulled the branch;
  Flowers on her face fell tenderly;
At the orchard gate, 'Good-night, dear love!'
Light in the lattice and stars above,
  And 'Take this bloom from me.'

Summer again, and a last good-bye,
  Fair head resting in sunset ray;
Beyond the window and western glow
Fancy flutters to long ago:
  'Bring me one hawthorn spray.'

Childhood's blossom and last good-bye—
  'Ah! think of the dawn in the Fatherland!'
Earthly morning—by flower-strewn bed,
Manhood's tears from a drooping head
  Trickling on still cold hand.

Oh! fragrance of the hawthorn tree,
  Where'er his lonely footsteps fly,
Arise and waft her memory sweet;
White blossoms whisper: 'White souls meet
  Beyond the last good-bye!'

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CURIOSITIES OF THE BANK OF ENGLAND.

Considering the world-wide reputation of the Bank of England, it is remarkable how little is generally known as to its internal working. Standing in the very heart of the largest city in the world—a central landmark of the great metropolis—even the busy Londoners around it have, as a rule, only the vaguest possible knowledge of what goes on within its walls. In truth, its functions are so many, its staff so enormous, and their duties so varied, that many even of those who have spent their lives in its service will tell you that, beyond their own immediate departments, they know but little of its inner life. Its mere history, as recorded by Mr Francis, fills two octavo volumes. It will be readily understood, therefore, that it would be idle to attempt anything like a complete description of it within the compass of a magazine article. There are, however, many points about the Bank and its working which are extremely curious and interesting, and some of these we propose briefly to describe.

The Bank of England originated in the brain of William Paterson, a Scotchman—better known, perhaps, as the organiser and leader of the ill-fated Darien expedition. It commenced business in 1694, its charter—which was in the first instance granted for eleven years only—bearing date the 27th July of that year. This charter has been from time to time renewed, the last renewal having taken place in 1844. The original capital of the Bank was but one million two hundred thousand pounds, and it carried on its business in a single room in Mercers' Hall, with a staff of fifty-four clerks. From so small a beginning has grown the present gigantic establishment, which covers nearly three acres, and employs in town and country nearly nine hundred officials. Upon the latest renewal of its charter, the Bank was divided into two distinct departments, the Issue and the Banking. In addition to these, the Bank has the management of the national debt. The books of the various government funds are here kept; here all transfers are made, and here all dividends are paid.

In the Banking department is transacted the ordinary business of bankers. Here other banks keep their 'reserve,' and hence draw their supplies as they require them. The Issue department is intrusted with the circulation of the notes of the Bank, which is regulated as follows. The Bank in 1844 was a creditor of the government to the extent of rather over eleven million pounds, and to this amount and four million pounds beyond, for which there is in other ways sufficient security, the Bank is allowed to issue notes without having gold in reserve to meet them. Beyond these fifteen million pounds, every note issued represents gold actually in the coffers of the Bank. The total value of the notes in the hands of the public at one time averages about twenty-five million pounds. To these must be added other notes to a very large amount in the hands of the Banking department, which deposits the bulk of its reserve of gold in the Issue department, accepting notes in exchange.

All Bank of England notes are printed in the Bank itself. Six printing-presses are in constant operation, the same machine printing first the particulars of value, signature, &c., and then the number of the note in consecutive order. The paper used is of very peculiar texture, being at once thin, tough, and crisp; and the combination of these qualities, together with the peculiarities of the watermark, which is distributed over the whole surface of the paper, forms one of the principal guarantees against imitation. The paper, which is manufactured exclusively at one particular mill, is made in oblong slips, allowing just enough space for the printing of two notes side by side. The edges of the paper are left untrimmed, but, after printing, the two notes are divided by a straight cut between them. This accounts for the fact, which many of our readers will doubtless have noticed, that only one edge of a Bank-note is smooth, the other three being comparatively ragged. The printing-presses are

so constructed as to register each note printed, so that the machine itself indicates automatically how many notes have passed through it. The average production of notes is fifty thousand a day, and about the same number are presented in the same time for payment.

No note is ever issued a second time. When once it finds its way back to the Bank to be exchanged for coin, it is immediately cancelled; and the reader will probably be surprised to hear that the average life of a Bank-note, or the time during which it is in actual circulation, is not more than five or six days. The returned notes, averaging, as we have stated, about fifty thousand a day, and representing, one day with another, about one million pounds in value, are brought into what is known as the Accountant's Sorting Office. Here they are examined by inspectors, who reject any which may be found to be counterfeit. In such a case, the paying-in bank is debited with the amount. The notes come in from various banks in parcels, each parcel accompanied by a memorandum stating the number and amount of the notes contained in it. This memorandum is marked with a certain number, and then each note in the parcel is stamped to correspond, the stamping-machine automatically registering how many are stamped, and consequently drawing immediate attention to any deficiency in the number of notes as compared with that stated in the memorandum. This done, the notes are sorted according to number and date, and after being defaced by punching out the letters indicating value, and tearing off the corner bearing the signature, are passed on to the 'Bank-note Library,' where they are packed in boxes, and preserved for possible future reference during a period of five years. There are one hundred and twenty clerks employed in this one department; and so perfect is the system of registration, that if the number of a returned note be known, the head of this department, by referring to his books, can ascertain in a few minutes the date when and the banker through whom it was presented; and if within the period of five years, can produce the note itself for inspection. As to the 'number' of a Bank-note, by the way, there is sometimes a little misconception, many people imagining that by quoting the bare figures on the face of a note they have done all that is requisite for its identification. This is not the case. Bank-notes are not numbered consecutively *ad infinitum*, but in series of one to one hundred thousand, the different series being distinguished as between themselves by the date, which appears in full in the body of the note, and is further indicated, to the initiated, by the letter and numerals prefixed to the actual number. Thus $\frac{25}{O}$ 90758 on the face of a note indicates that the note in question is No. 90758 of the series printed on May 21, 1883, which date appears in full in the body of the note. $\frac{69}{N}$ in like manner indicates that the note forms part of a series printed on February 19, 1883. In 'taking the number' of a note, therefore, either this prefix or the full date, as stated in the body of the note, should always be included.

The 'Library' of cancelled notes—not to be confounded with the Bank Library proper—is situated in the Bank vaults, and we are indebted to the courtesy of the Bank-note Librarian for the following curious and interesting statistics respecting his stock. The stock of paid notes for five years—the period during which, as before stated, the notes are preserved for reference—is about seventy-seven million seven hundred and forty-five thousand in number. They fill thirteen thousand four hundred boxes, about eighteen inches long, ten wide, and nine deep. If the notes could be placed in a pile one upon another, they would reach to a height of five and two-third miles. Joined end to end they would form a ribbon twelve thousand four hundred and fifty-five miles long, or half-way round the globe; if laid so as to form a carpet, they would very nearly cover Hyde Park. Their original value is somewhat over seventeen hundred and fifty millions, and their weight is about ninety-one tons. The immense extent of space necessary to accommodate such a mass in the Bank vaults may be imagined. The place, with its piles on piles of boxes reaching far away into dim distance, looks like some gigantic wine-cellar or bonded warehouse.

As each day adds, as we have seen, about fifty thousand notes to the number, it is necessary to find some means of destroying those which have passed their allotted term of preservation. This is done by fire, about four hundred thousand notes being burnt at one time in a furnace specially constructed for that purpose. Formerly, from some peculiarity in the ink with which the notes were printed, the cremated notes burnt into a solid blue clinker; but the composition of the ink has been altered, and the paper now burns to a fine gray ash. The fumes of the burning paper are extremely dense and pungent; and to prevent any nuisance arising from this cause, the process of cremation is carried out at dead of night, when the city is comparatively deserted. Further, in order to mitigate the density of the fumes, they are made to ascend through a shower of falling water, the chimney shaft being fitted with a special shower-bath arrangement for this purpose.

Passing away from the necropolis of dead and buried notes, we visit the Treasury, whence they originally issued. This is a quiet-looking room, scarcely more imposing in appearance than the butler's pantry in a West-end mansion, but the modest-looking cupboards with which its walls are lined are gorged with hidden treasure. The possible value of the contents of this room may be imagined from the fact that a million of money, in notes of one thousand pounds, forms a packet only three inches thick. The writer has had the privilege of holding such a parcel in his hand, and for a quarter of a minute imagining himself a millionaire—with an income of over thirty thousand per annum for life! The same amount might occupy even less space than the above, for Mr Francis tells a story of a lost note for thirty thousand pounds, which, turning up after the lapse of many years, was paid by the Bank *twice over!* We are informed that notes of even a higher value than this have on occasion been printed, but the highest denomination now issued is one thousand pounds.

In this department is kept a portion of the

Bank's stock of golden coin, in bags of one thousand pounds each. This amount does not require a very large bag for its accommodation, but its weight is considerable, amounting to two hundred and fifty-eight ounces twenty pennyweights, so that a million in gold would weigh some tons. In another room of this department—the Weighing Office—are seen the machines for detecting light coin. These machines are marvels of ingenious mechanism. Three or four hundred sovereigns are laid in a long brass scoop or semi-tube, of such a diameter as to admit them comfortably, and self-regulating to such an incline that the coins gradually slide down by their own weight on to one plate of a little balance placed at its lower extremity. Across the face of this plate two little bolts make alternate thrusts, one to the right, one to the left, but at slightly different levels. If the coin be of full weight, the balance is held in equipoise, and the right-hand bolt making its thrust, pushes it off the plate and down an adjacent tube into the receptacle for full-weight coin. If, on the other hand, the coin is ever so little 'light,' the balance naturally rises with it. The right-hand bolt makes its thrust as before, but this time passes harmlessly *beneath* the coin. Then comes the thrust of the left-hand bolt, which, as we have said, is fixed at a fractionally higher level, and pushes the coin down a tube on the opposite side, through which it falls into the light-coin receptacle. The coins thus condemned are afterwards dropped into another machine, which defaces them by a cut half-way across their diameter, at the rate of two hundred a minute. The weighing-machines, of which there are sixteen, are actuated by a small atmospheric engine in one corner of the room, the only manual assistance required being to keep them supplied with coins. It is said that sixty thousand sovereigns and half-sovereigns can be weighed here in a single day. The weighing-machine in question is the invention of Mr Cotton, a former governor of the Bank, and among scientific men is regarded as one of the most striking achievements of practical mechanics.

In the Bullion department we find another weighing-machine of a different character, but in its way equally remarkable. It is the first of its kind, having been designed specially for the Bank by Mr James Murdoch Napier, by whom it has been patented. It is used for the purpose of weighing bullion, which is purchased in this department. Gold is brought in in bars of about eight inches long, three wide, and one inch thick. A bar of gold of these dimensions will weigh about two hundred ounces, and is worth, if pure, about eight hundred pounds. Each bar when brought in is accompanied by a memorandum of its weight. The question of quality is determined by the process of assaying; the weight is checked by means of the weighing-machine we have referred to. This takes the form of an extremely massive pair of scales, working on a beam of immense strength and solidity, and is based, so as to be absolutely rigid, on a solid bed of concrete. The whole stands about six feet high by three wide, and is inclosed in an air-tight plate-glass case, a sash in which is raised when it is desired to use the machine. The two sides of the scale are each kept permanently loaded, the one with a single weight of three hundred and sixty ounces, the other with a number of weights of various sizes to the same amount. When it is desired to test the weight of a bar of gold, weights to the amount stated in the corresponding memorandum, *less half an ounce*, are removed from the latter scale, and the bar of gold substituted in their place. Up to this point the beam of the scale is kept perfectly horizontal, being maintained in that position by a mechanical break; but now a stud is pressed, and by means of delicate machinery, actuated by water-power, the beam is released. If the weight of the bar has been correctly stated in the memorandum, the scale which holds it should be exactly half an ounce in excess. This or any less excess of weight over the three hundred and sixty ounces in the opposite scale is instantly registered by the machine, a pointer travelling round a dial until it indicates the proper amount. The function of the machine, however, is limited to weighing half an ounce only. If the discrepancy between the two scales as loaded is greater than this, or if on the other hand the bar of gold is more than half an ounce less than the amount stated in the memorandum, an electric bell rings by way of warning, the pointer travels right round the dial, and returns to zero. So delicate is the adjustment, that the weight of half a penny postage stamp—somewhat less than half a grain—will set the hand in motion and be recorded on the dial.

The stock of gold in the bullion vault varies from one to three million pounds sterling. The bars are laid side by side on small flat trucks or barrows carrying one hundred bars each. In a glass case in this vault is seen a portion of the war indemnity paid by King Coffee of Ashantee, consisting of gold ornaments, a little short of standard fineness.

One of the first reflections that strike an outsider permitted to inspect the repository of so much treasure is, 'Can all this wealth be safe?' These heaps of precious metal, these piles of still more precious notes, are handled by the officials in such an easy-going, matter-of-course way, that one would almost fancy a few thousands would scarcely be missed; and that a dishonest person had only to walk in and help himself to as many sovereigns or hundred pound notes as his pockets could accommodate. Such, however, is very far from being the case. The safeguards against robbery, either by force or fraud, are many and elaborate. At night the Bank is guarded at all accessible points by an ample military force, which would no doubt give a good account of any intruder rash enough to attempt to gain an entrance. In the event of attack from without, there are sliding galleries which can be thrust out from the roof, and which would enable a body of sharpshooters to rake the streets in all directions.

Few people are aware that the Bank of England contains within its walls a graveyard, but such is nevertheless the fact. The Gordon riots in 1780, during which the Bank was attacked by a mob, called attention to the necessity for strengthening its defences. Competent authorities advised that an adjoining church, rejoicing in the appropriate

name of St Christopher-le-Stocks, was in a military sense a source of danger, and accordingly an Act of Parliament was passed to enable the directors to purchase the church and its appurtenances. The old churchyard, tastefully laid out, now forms what is known as the Bank 'garden,' the handsome 'Court Room' or 'Bank Parlour' abutting on one of its sides. There is a magnificent lime-tree, one of the largest in London, in the centre of the garden, and tradition states that under this tree a former clerk of the Bank, *eight feet high*, lies buried. With this last, though not least of the curiosities of the Bank, we must bring the present article to a close. We had intended briefly to have referred to sundry eventful pages of its history; but these we are compelled, by considerations of space, to reserve for a future paper.

BY MEAD AND STREAM.

CHAPTER LVII.—THE SECRET IN THE OAK PARLOUR.

At Willowmere, the rapidity with which Mr Hadleigh regained strength astounded Dr Joy, and delighted the patient's nurses, Aunt Hessy and Madge.

'Wonderful nerve, wonderful physique he must have,' whispered Dr Joy admiringly on the fifth day; 'and yet, according to all accounts, he did not study the economy of either in the course of his life. Well, well; we do come across extraordinary constitutions occasionally, and his is one of them.'

The peculiarity of the case was that, after the first shock, the patient was perfectly calm, and showed not the remotest symptom of delirium. He understood everything that passed around him, and when permitted, talked quietly about the fire, and listened attentively to all that was related to him regarding it.

He heard with pleased surprise the account of how Caleb had rescued him, and said to Madge: 'I must do something for that man; but it will have to be by your hand, for he is evidently resolved to accept nothing from mine.'

'We will have to find out where he is, before we can do anything for him. He intended to go to Australia; but the day after he regained his freedom, he wrote to Philip saying that he had altered his mind, and was going to the United States.'

'Why did not Philip keep him here?'

'He tried to persuade him to remain, but could not. Poor Caleb, he does not know what a sorry heart he has left behind him.' Here she checked herself, feeling that she was entering upon delicate ground. 'He sent good wishes to you, and to all of us, and promised to write again to Philip, so that we may have an opportunity of serving him yet.'

'He is a headstrong fellow,' said Mr Hadleigh; 'and I hope he may not ruin his own prospects by his too great eagerness to secure the independence of his neighbours. You see, Miss Heathcote, he is one of those unhappy people who have reached the stage of education in which they discover that they have certain rights, without having got education enough to recognise the responsibilities which these rights entail. Well, we must wait till we have news of him. . . . Has my safe been dug out of the ruins yet?'

That was a question he had been asking daily from the moment when he comprehended the disaster which had befallen him; and the answer had been hitherto always the same: 'Not yet.' At length came the information that the safe had been found, and was apparently little damaged by its ordeal of fire.

Then Mr Hadleigh bade Philip take his keys and bring him from the safe a little deed-box marked '*L. H. Private.*' When Philip returned with the box, his father had been moved into the Oak Parlour, where he was reclining in a big armchair, supported by down cushions. A cheery fire with one of Madge's oak-logs was blazing on the hearth, raising the temperature of the apartment to summer heat.

When the box was placed on the table beside him, he desired to be left alone until he should ring a hand-bell which was within his reach. He had caused Philip to place the key in the box, and for a space he remained motionless, staring at it, as if hesitating to touch again the spring of emotions which he had intended should be there shut up from him for ever. His eyelids drooped, and in spite of the bright glow of the fire, a shadow fell on his pale face.

'Yes, I thank God that I am spared to do this thing,' he muttered at length. 'Let the secret die with me—it was a cruel as well as a selfish wish that prompted me to reveal it to them. What matter to me how they may hold me in their memory? They may think of me as that which circumstances made me appear, not as what I wished to be. What matter? The dead are beyond earthly pain and passion. I shall not stretch my hand from the grave to cast the least shade of regret over their lives.'

He slowly took from the box the two packets he had so carefully sealed and put away on the night of the fire. The one was addressed to Madge as Mrs Philip Hadleigh; the other, to his son Philip, with the injunction that he, after reading, was to decide whether or not to show it to his wife. The paper addressed to Madge, he took up and held in the long thin scarred hands as if it were a thing capable of feeling. He broke the seal and took the paper from the envelope, performing the operation mechanically, whilst the far-away look was in his eyes, and the Something he had sought but could not reach was fading from his vision altogether. His was the kind of expression with which one who knows he is doomed watches the last sunset displaying its brief, changing glories on the horizon. The broad streams of gleaming amber and opal are quietly transfused into the pensive gray of twilight, and the darkness follows.

'They must never know.'

He made a movement as if to drop the paper into the fire, paused, and his eyes rested on the writing, although they did not distinguish the words. And there was no need; for they only represented in a feeble way thoughts which were always present to his mind.

'I must speak'—such were the written words—'or I shall lose all self-restraint. You cannot be harmed by what is put down here. Perhaps

you will never see it; you certainly shall not until after my funeral, and then you may be able to understand and think none the less kindly of me for this confession.

'You have seen me in my darkest moods, and you have wondered at my melancholy—wondered why I who had been granted such a large measure of what the world esteems prosperity should find no contentment in it. I have partly explained the cause to Philip: I could not explain it to you.

'With bitter reason I early learned to believe that money—mere money—was the source of all earthly happiness. I was mistaken, and found out my mistake too late. I should have been content, perhaps happy in a way, if I could have gone on to the end without the knowledge that the want of Love is the only real sorrow which can enter into man or woman's life. But there was nobody to lead me out of the miserable conviction which took possession of my mind as I watched those dearest to me fall one by one, not with the merciful swiftness of soldiers in battle, but in the lingering torments of soul and body which come to those who are poor.

'Left alone, I looked around. The whole world was my enemy, to be conquered by force and stratagem. Any man may be rich, I said, who has a clear head and no conscience; who is willing to abandon all sentiment, forego all trivial pleasures, and give himself absolutely to the service of the world's idol. I gave myself to the idol; and wealth came to me in increasing stores year by year, month by month, day by day.

'At first, the sense of my victory sufficed; but soon there came the consciousness that this was not happiness; it was the successful working of a machine. I craved for something more, but did not know what it was. My wife's affection, I knew, belonged to another: I had married her with that knowledge. I tried to win the friendship of my children; but the girls had learned to regard me with a kind of fear, Coutts with indifference, and Philip was the only one who could speak to me with frankness. His generous nature comforted me, but did not fill up the void in my life.

'I was still seeking the Something which was necessary to me, and at length I found it in You. . . . Yes, you taught me what love was—I loved you with all the fervour of youth. My years, my experience of the world intensified the love which I had never known before. I was prepared to sacrifice all my possessions, all my hopes, for you.

'Do not start away and cast the paper from you; I have made the sacrifice.

'At the same moment in which the treasure that would have made life beautiful was revealed to me, there was also revealed the impossibility of its ever becoming mine. I was like a seaman who is shipwrecked and sinks within sight of land. I will not try to tell you through what pain I passed to the recognition of the duty Love imposed—to help forward your happiness in any direction in which you might think it lay. I will not try to tell you with what agitation I learned for the first time, what must have become known to me long before, had it not been for the morbid isolation in which my days were passed, that you and Philip were betrothed.

'My first desire then was to bring about your union as speedily as possible, believing that I should find my peace in having the privilege of calling you daughter. Meeting your uncle Crawshay in the market-place, I took him to a private apartment in the inn and endeavoured to explain my wishes. I must have spoken stupidly, for he misunderstood me, and fancied that the proposal was on my own account. His misconception startled and confused me, and he left me in great indignation.

'I thought of following him to Willowmere and explaining; but the effort already made had tried me so much, that not feeling sure of what awkwardness of speech or what irrepressible sign of emotion might betray my secret, I determined to let matters take their course, whilst my task should be to keep Philip at home and to hasten the marriage. You know how earnestly I strove to carry out that resolution.

'You and Philip will be happy. You two have found in time the golden key of life, and in your happiness I shall find mine at last. I want to live till then; and, after, I shall pass away content.'

The invalid seemed to arouse from a sad and yet pleasing dream, for there was a faint smile on his worn face, and the eyes seemed to brighten as with the consciousness of victory—that greatest of all victories, the conquest of self.

He rang the hand-bell, and Madge herself promptly answered the summons.

'It is you I wanted, my child. . . . How good and patient you have been with me—Madge. Take notice, I am to call you henceforth, Madge, my child.'

'And I shall call you father,' she said tenderly, taking one of his hands and stroking it affectionately.

He was silent for a few moments; then lifting his head, he drew her towards him and kissed her with strange solemnity on the brow.

'Yes, my child,' he said calmly, 'that is the name which commands a portion of your love—and you will give me a little of it?'

'A great deal of it—you may be sure of that,' she answered, blushing slightly, and thinking how could she do otherwise than give a great deal of love to Philip's father.

'You give me more comfort than you know, my dear daughter. Now take this paper and place it on the fire, so that I may see it burn to ashes.'

She obeyed unquestioningly; and he watched the flame stretching its white fingers round the secret which was to die with him; saw the paper curl into black and white films; and then he drew a long breath of relief.

'They can never know now,' was his mental exclamation. 'Thank God it is done, and by her hand.'

There was a little while of dreamy silence, during which Madge stood by his side, holding his hand, and anxiously noting every change on his countenance. The changes were rapid and curious as those of a kaleidoscope: now there was pain; again a stern frown, as if checking some rebellious spirit, and anon a serene smile of resignation and content. With this latter expression he looked up to her.

'Call Philip.'

The son was immediately in attendance.

'I hope you are not exerting yourself too much, sir,' was his anxious observation.

'O no; I am wonderfully strong this afternoon, and am taking advantage of the renewed strength to put some matters straight, which being done, will relieve my mind, and so give me the better chance of a speedy recovery. But it is as well to be prepared for the worst; and therefore I wish to have the satisfaction of handing you this packet in Madge's presence. You will learn from it that when I took from you the portion of my fortune which would have been yours in the ordinary course of events, I gave it to your future wife. I did not intend you to know this until after my death; but as your uncle has come to grief, I am desirous of relieving your mind as soon as possible from any fear of the future; and I should have been glad to have helped Austin Shield out of his difficulties, for your mother's sake—but he would refuse any help that came from me.—What is that?'

The exclamation was caused by one of the oak panels facing him slowly moving aside and revealing the form of a man.

MORE USES OF PAPER.

THE place of timber in construction bids fair to be taken by papier-mâché, and it may claim to rival iron itself in the multiplicity of its industrial applications. Besides the advantage of its cheap construction, papier-mâché is not affected by changes of temperature, does not crack, like wood or plaster, and is never discoloured by rust. It can be bronzed, painted, polished, or gilded, made heavy or light as required, and possesses greater adaptability for quick removal or adjustment than most other materials. Its uses in architecture seem to have no limit, as has been shown by building and completely furnishing a dwelling-house entirely of this material. According to report, a huge hotel is about to be constructed in America in which paper will take the place of stone and brick. The fourth paper dome in the United States and, it is thought, in the world, will crown the new Observatory at Columbia College, in New York. A trade journal remarks that besides the paper dome at the Troy Polytechnic, there is a second at West Point, and a third at Beloit College. That at West Point is said to be the largest, but that at Columbia College the best in construction and arrangement. The method used in the manufacture of the paper is kept a secret, the makers using a patented process. The dome is made in sections—twenty-four in number. They are bent over towards the inside at the edges and bolted to ribs of wood. The shell, though very thin, is as stiff as sheet-iron. On one side of the dome is the oblong opening for the telescope, and over this a shutter, also of paper, but stiffened with wood-lining, which slides around on the outside of the dome. The whole dome is so light that the hand can turn it.

As regards the uses of papier-mâché in Europe, we hear of a complete church being built in Bavaria, having columns, walls, altar, roof, and spire all of this material. Some of the most tasteful halls on the continent and in this country are finished in it in preference to wood. Mantels, mirrors, frames, and gilded chandeliers are of its composition. Pedestals, newels, vases, furniture, and ornaments of all kinds, no less than floors and staircases, gas-pipes, and even chimney-shafts, can be made of it. In Breslau, a chimney-shaft fifty feet high is said to have been made of paper-pulp chemically impregnated so as to resist combustion.

Incombustible as well as water-proof paper is now no novelty, and has before been alluded to in this *Journal;* but an account of some further experiments in this line has since reached us. M. G. Meyer of Paris recently exhibited to the 'Société d'Encouragement pour l'Industrie nationale' specimens of an incombustible paper capable of taking on inks of various shades, and also paintings, and preserving them even in the fire of a gas-flame. It was stated by him that the papers and documents shown had been for four hours in a pottery furnace, and had displayed undoubted fire-resisting properties. Paper of this indestructible nature should be in good demand for wills, deeds, and account-books, &c. It is also suitable for wall-covering, and ought, we should think, to be of great value for theatrical decorations and scenery. The latter can be rendered uninflammable by using this inventor's material as well as his incombustible colours. While on the subject of decoration may be mentioned the new kind of satin paper recently brought out for this purpose. It is made by covering common paper with adhesive size, and sprinkling dyed asbestos powder on its moist surface. Asbestos readily takes up all colours, especially those of aniline, so that some very rich effects can be produced.

Paper curtains, counterpanes, sheets, and so forth, are said to have been among the objects of interest at the Sydney Exhibition; and so there is no reason to doubt the report that table-napkins of the same adaptable substance are regularly supplied at the cheap dining-rooms of Berlin. The napkins are of tissue-paper with a coloured ornamental border—not only because paper is cheaper than diaper, but as a protection against pilfering. Indeed, so common are paper table-napkins said to be at Berlin, that the manufacturers advertise them regularly in the newspapers at the rate of about nine or ten a penny.

When we think of the extraordinary uses to which paper is applied, it is not so startling to learn that this material may even enter into the composition of our post-prandial cigar. If we are to believe the newspapers, millions of cigars are annually manufactured in Havana without so much as a single fibre of tobacco-leaf being utilised in the process of their fabrication. The great straw-paper factory in New York State has for some time been making a peculiar sort of extremely thin fine paper, which it has been discovered is used for making cigars. This we are told is thoroughly soaked in a solution composed of tobacco refuse boiled in water, then dried and pressed between stamps, which impart to it the appearance of the finest leaf so exactly as to defy detection even on the part of the experienced in such matters. Of these paper-leaves are fabricated the spurious cigars alluded to, which are exported from Cuba to all parts of the world as genuine tobacco. The cost of their production

is nothing in comparison with the prices at which they are disposed of. A slight difference in weight between the genuine and the spurious cigar of identical brand and size, affords, it is stated, the only certain means of detecting this fraud, so alike in appearance are the weeds of real tobacco and their counterfeit presentments in straw-paper.

As delicate sheets of paper can be made to serve for steel or iron, it is easily understood that school-slates can be manufactured from similar apparently unpromising beginnings. They are made of white cardboard, covered with a film formed by the action of sulphuric acid on tissue-paper. This covering, according to an American journal, is probably a modification of celluloid. The slates can be used with a lead-pencil or with ink; and to remove the marks, the slate is washed with cold water. A special ink is also prepared for use with these white slates. Another form of slate is made by coating the white cardboard with water-glass. It may be used with lead-pencils or coloured crayons. When the surface becomes soiled, the water-glass may be rubbed off with sand-paper, and a new film may be put on with a sponge or brush dipped in water-glass.

To the number of paper-making materials now in use must be added an old weed of the nettle species, not of the stinging kind. From the bark of certain shrubs, also, several kinds of Japanese paper are made. The strongest and commonest is made from the bark of the mitsuma. A paper of superior quality is likewise made from the kozu, a small tree of the mulberry family, imported from China. The inner bark of both shrubs is washed and dried, softened in steam and boiling water, and afterwards beaten with staves until a fine paste is formed. This paste mixed with water is then made into paper in the ordinary way.

A new use of cedar-bark has been undertaken at New Bedford, Massachusetts. The Acushnet paper-mill at that point is, it appears, nearly completed, and was built for the express purpose of manufacturing pulp and paper from cedar-bark. This, we are told, is the first enterprise of the kind ever undertaken. The bark is taken from shingle butts that are sixteen inches long, and are bundled for shipment like laths. The new mill will work up three cords of bark a day. The first product will be for carpet linings; but the paper is said to be equally adapted to other purposes.

A new method of preparing soluble wool from tissues in which wool and cotton are combined has been discovered. When subjected to a current of superheated steam under a pressure of five atmospheres, the wool melts and falls to the bottom of the pan, leaving the cotton, linen, and other vegetable fibres clean and in a condition suitable for paper-making. The melted wool is afterwards evaporated to dryness, when it becomes completely soluble in water. The increased value of the rags is said to be sufficient to cover the whole cost of the operation.

With the use of the papyrus, as is well known, the Egyptians were early acquainted, and its manufacture was a government monopoly, as paper-making is to this day at Boulak, the river-port of Cairo. The remarkable aptitude for paper-making displayed by the Boulak Arabs is an hereditary accomplishment. The Daira paper manufactory in the suburb of Boulak regularly employed, we are told, more than two hundred hands before the late war, almost all natives. Most of the paper turned out is for packing purposes; but thousands of reams of good writing and printing paper are also manufactured. The writing-paper is made specially for Arabic writing; and what is produced in excess of the requirements of the country is exported eastward, partly to Arabia, and a small portion even to India. Though linen and cotton rags are used in this factory, the interior of the stalk of the sugar-cane furnishes an endless supply of paper-making material. In the production of what is called 'straw' paper in Europe, the *hilfa* grass plays a very important part. The Daira factory at Boulak enjoys a monopoly of this industry in Egypt; and in connection with it is the National Printing Office, also under the control of the same administration.

In conclusion, some reference may be made to a published work entitled *The Paper Mill Directory of the World*, which will appear annually. It contains a complete catalogue of all the paper and pulp mills on the globe. The total number of mills existing is four thousand four hundred and sixty-three. The German Empire, with over eleven hundred, heads the list in point of numbers, the United States following very closely. Then we have France with considerably more than five hundred, Austro-Hungary, England, Italy, Russia, Spain, Sweden, Canada and Norway, the remainder being scattered over various parts of the world. It appears that the mills in the United States are capable of turning out seven million some odd hundred thousand pounds-weight, in round numbers, of pulp and paper daily. Over a million pounds is produced in Massachusetts alone.

ONE WOMAN'S HISTORY.

CHAPTER VIII.

At the very time Mr Dulcimer was assisting Miss Wynter across the stepping-stones, the stranger whose unexpected appearance the previous night had so startled Madame De Vigne was pacing leisurely up the valley in the direction of the waterfall.

When, on inquiring for Madame De Vigne at the hotel that morning, he was told that she had gone out for the day with a picnic party, his suspicious nature at once took the alarm. Might she not by some means have discovered his presence in the hotel? he asked himself; and might not this story of the picnic be nothing more than a subterfuge, by means of which she would obtain a start of several hours in her efforts to escape from him? He at once ordered a fly and set off in pursuit. On reaching the place where the wagonettes had been left, he found that if he persisted in his search for Madame De Vigne, he would be compelled to do the rest of the distance on foot. He disliked walking, but in this case there was no help for it; accordingly, he set out on his way to the glen with such grace as there might be in him.

He was a man to all appearance about forty

years of age—he might be a little older; but his figure was still as lithe and active as that of many a man of twenty. He had jet-black hair, and his closely cropped beard and moustache were of the same hue. He had large, white, carnivorous-looking teeth, and small black eyes as piercing as gimlets, with now and then a strange, furtively suspicious look glancing at you out of their corners. His features were aquiline, rather finely cut, and his complexion sallow. By the majority of people he would have been accounted a fairly handsome man. He was fashionably dressed, but it was after the fashion of a Parisian dandy, not that of a London swell; and there is a vast difference in the styles of the two.

When he had passed through the wicket which gave admittance to the glen and was within a few yards of the bridge, he paused and gazed around. Not a creature was to be seen, for, before this, Dick and Bella had gone on a further journey of exploration and were no longer visible.

'So! This must be the place where they told me that I should find her,' said the stranger to himself in French. 'But she is not here. Well, I can wait.' He advanced a few yards farther up the glen. 'We could not have a better place for our meeting. There will be no one to overhear what we shall have to say to each other. Ah, *ma chère* Mora, what a surprise for you! How enchanted you will be to find that your brave Hector is not dead, as they wrote and told you he was, but alive, and burning to embrace you! What happiness for both of us!'

He had been climbing slowly up the ravine, and by this time he had reached the spot where Mora had been sitting but a short time before. Her sketch-book attracted his eye; he took it up and opened it.

'Hers! Here is her name. She cannot be far away. A man's head—a likeness evidently. The same again—and yet again. I must find out the name of this monsieur. I shall have much pleasure to introduce myself to him.' A slight noise startled him. He shut the book and raised his eyes. 'Ah! here comes my angel,' he exclaimed. '*Sacre bleu!* she is handsomer than ever.'

For the moment Mora did not perceive him. When she did, she put a hand quickly to her heart and gave a great gasp.

'Ah!' What a volume of meaning that little word conveyed!

Monsieur De Miravel—for such was the name he now chose to be known by—advanced a step or two smilingly, and bowed with all a Frenchman's grace. '*Me voici!*' he said. 'Hector—thy husband—not dead, but alive and'——

She stopped him with an imperious gesture. 'Wretch—coward—felon!' she exclaimed, and her voice seemed to express the concentrated passion and hatred of years. 'I could never quite believe that I had been fortunate enough to lose you for ever. I had a presentiment that I should some day see you again. Why have you followed me? But I need not ask. It is to rob me again, as you robbed me before. *Voleur!*'

She stood before him drawn up to the full height of her magnificent beauty, her bosom heaving, her eyes dilating, her head thrown slightly back, her clenched hands hanging by her sides, her shoulders a little raised. Even the scoundrel whom she had addressed could not help admiring her as she towered before him in all the splendour of her passion.

A small red spot flamed on either cheek, but his voice had still a smile in it when next he spoke. 'Ah ha!' he said. 'You are still the same charming Mora that you always were! You still call me by the same pretty names! How it brings back the days of long ago!'

'How much money do you want of me?' she demanded abruptly. 'What price do you expect me to pay that I may rid myself of your presence?'

'Softly, *ma chère*, softly. I have not been at all this great trouble and expense to discover you, without having something to say to you. I want to talk what you English call business.'

'Name your price and leave me.'

'Taisez-vous, je vous prie. You are here, and you must listen to me. You cannot help yourself.'

Madame De Vigne bit her lip, but did not reply.

De Miravel sat down, crossed his legs, leant back a little, and looked up at her with half-shut eyes. 'Five years ago,' he began, 'you received a certain letter in which you were informed that I was dead. That letter, by some strange error, was forwarded to the wrong person. It was not I, your husband, who was dead, but another man of the same name—another Hector Laroche. When the mistake was discovered, you had left the place where you had previously been living, and no one knew what had become of you. Two years ago I found myself in Paris again. When I had arranged my private affairs, which had suffered during my long absence, I began to make inquiries concerning the wife from whom I had been so cruelly torn, and whom my heart was bleeding to embrace.'

'*Menteur!*' ground out Mora between her teeth.

He waved, as it were, the epithet aside with an airy gesture of his hand, and continued: 'For a long time I could hear nothing concerning her, and I began to fear that I had lost her for ever. But at length a clue was put into my hands. I discovered that, in consequence of the death of a relative, my incomparable wife had come into a fortune of twelve thousand francs a year—that she had changed her name from Madame Laroche to that of her aunt, Madame De Vigne, and that she and her sister had gone to make their home in England. Naturally, I follow my wife to England, and here, to-day, *me voici!*'

'Your price—name your price,' was all that the lady deigned to answer.

'Pardon. I am not in want of money—at present. It was my wife whom I sought everywhere, and now that I have found her, I do not intend ever to leave her again.'

'Liar and villain!'

'Doucement, je vous prie. Listen! I am no longer so young as I once was. I have travelled—I have seen the world—I am *blasé*. I want a home—I want what you English call my own fireside. Where, then, should be my home—where should be my fireside, but with my wife—the wife from whom I have been torn for so many cruel years, but whom, *parole d'honneur*, I have never ceased to love and cherish in my heart!'

'Oh! this is too much,' murmured Mora under her breath, the fingers of one hand griping those of the other like a vice. The tension was becoming greater than she could bear.

'But there need be no scandal, no éclaircissement among my dear wife's English friends,' went on De Miravel with the same hard, set smile. 'I have thought of all that. Madame Laroche is dead—Hector Laroche is dead. In their place we have here, Madame De Vigne, a charming widow; and Monsieur De Miravel, a bachelor not too antique to marry. Monsieur De Miravel has known and admired Madame De Vigne before her marriage to her late husband. What more natural than that he should admire her still, that he should make her an offer of his hand, and that she should accept it? So one day Madame De Vigne and Monsieur De Miravel are quietly married, and, *pouf!* all the respectable English friends have dust thrown in their eyes!'

For a moment or two Mora stared at him in silence; then she said in a low voice: 'And you propose this to me!—to me!'

'Sérieusement, ma chère—sérieusement. It is a beautiful little scheme.'

'If you will not take your price and leave me, I at least can leave you,' she answered in low, determined tones. 'No power on earth can compel me to live with you for a single hour as your wife, and no power shall. I would sooner drop dead at your feet.'

The Frenchman bent his head and sniffed at the flower in his button-hole. When he lifted his face again there was a strange expression in his eyes, which his unhappy wife remembered only too well, and caused her to shudder in spite of herself. She felt that the scorpion's sting of what he had to say to her was yet to come. When he next spoke, there was the same cold, cruel glitter in his eyes that travellers tell us is to be seen in the eyes of a cobra at the moment it is about to strike.

'Mademoiselle your sister—what a beautiful young lady she is!' he said, speaking even more softly than he had done before, and balancing his cane on a couple of fingers as he spoke. 'I saw her this morning for the first time. She is to be married in a little while to the son of a rich English *milord*. Is it not so? *Eh bien!* I wonder what this rich *milord*, this Sir William, would say, and what the young gentleman, his son, would say, if they were told that the sister of the charming Mademoiselle Clarice was the wife of a *déporté*—of Hector Laroche, a man who had worked out a sentence of penal servitude at Noumea. Of course the rich Sir William would at once take Monsieur Laroche to lunch with him at his club, and the young gentleman would present him with a little cheque for five or six thousand francs; and he would be asked to give the bride away at the wedding, and he would sign his name in the register, thus—"Hector Laroche, *ex-déporté*, number 897."'

For a moment or two it seemed to Mora as if earth and heaven were coming together.

'So, fiend! miscreant! that is your scheme, is it?'

'I have shown you my cards,' he answered with a shrug. 'I have hidden nothing from you. So now, *chère* Madame De Vigne, you have only to give your promise to marry your devoted De Miravel; and the moment you do that, Hector Laroche dies and is buried out of sight for ever, and neither Sir William nor his son will know that such a *vaurien* ever existed.'

'Leave me—leave me!' she exclaimed in a hoarse whisper.

He glanced at her keenly. It was evident that just at present she could bear no more. It was not his policy to drive her to extremities. He rose from his seat.

'I will go and promenade myself for a little while,' he said. 'In half an hour I will return.'

He raised his hat as he might have done to a duchess. She stood a little aside, to let him pass, but did not allow her eyes to rest on him for a moment. He turned and took the path which led up the ravine.

Mora sank down wearily on the seat he had vacated. At that moment she felt as if she would have been grateful for the earth to open and swallow her up. She was appalled at the blackness of the gulf to the edge of which her husband had just dragged her. What should she do? Whither should she turn? To whom should she look for help? Alas! in all the wide world there was no one who could help her—least of all the man whose strong protecting love had seemed but yesterday as though it were able to shield her from every harm.

'I am in the coils of a Python that will slowly but surely strangle me,' she said. 'Yes—death alone can release me. And only yesterday I was so happy! If I could but have died at the moment Harold pressed his lips to mine! Why does he not come? I must tell him everything—everything. And after that?' She shuddered, and rose to her feet. 'And he loves me so much!' she said with a heart-broken sigh. 'Poor Harold! Poor Harold!'

Scarcely conscious of what she was doing, she turned and took the same path that she had taken before when she went to watch for Colonel Woodruffe's coming up the valley. Her one burning desire now was to see him; beyond that, her mind at present refused to go.

'I am afraid that as an ambassador the colonel was a failure.'

The speaker was Mr Etheridge, and it was to Clarice Loraine that his remark was addressed.

Mr Etheridge had had pointed out to him and had duly admired the view so much extolled by the young girl, and the two were now slowly sauntering back to their starting-point. By this time Clarice felt herself quite at ease with her companion, so much so, indeed, that in her prettily confidential way she had told him all about how Archie and she became acquainted, how they grew to love each other, how Archie proposed and was accepted, and how surprised they all were afterwards to find that he was a baronet's son. Then she went on to tell him of Archie's letter to his father, the first result of which was Colonel Woodruffe's visit at the vicarage.

'Well, and what happened after the colonel's visit?' continued Mr Etheridge.

'Archie wrote again, twice; but there came no answer till yesterday, when he received the telegram which summoned him to meet his father in London.'

'Supposing Sir William should refuse his consent, what would the result be in that case?'

'That is more than I can tell,' she answered with a little trembling of her lips. 'But before Archie left us, my sister told him that he went away a free man—that if his father were opposed to the marriage, we should look upon his promise as if it had never been given; and that if we never saw him again, we should know the reason why, and never blame him in our thoughts.'

'And you agreed with what your sister said?'

'With every word of it.'

'That was very brave of you. But what had Mr Archie to say to such an arrangement?'

'He laughed it to scorn. He said he would do all that lay in his power to win his father's consent, but that—that'——

'In any case, he would hold you to your promise, and come back and claim you for his wife? Mr Archie would find himself a very poor man if Sir William were to cut off his allowance.'

'That is a prospect which does not seem to frighten him in the least.'

'But doubtless it would not be without its effect upon you, Miss Loraine. You would hardly care to tie yourself for life to a pauper.'

'O Mr Etheridge, what a strange opinion you must have formed of me! I would marry Archie if he had not a sovereign to call his own.'

'The charming imprudence of a girl in love. Then you would marry him in opposition to his father's wishes?'

'Now you ask me a question that I cannot answer. That, and that only, would cause me to hesitate.'

'Why should the wishes of a selfish valetudinarian—of a man whom you have never seen—cause you to hesitate, or be allowed to come between you and the happiness of your life?'

'Ah! but could I ever be really happy with the knowledge for ever in my mind that I had been the cause of separating a father from his son, and that by becoming Archie's wife I had blighted the fairest prospects of his life? And then, perhaps—who can tell?—after a time he might become a little tired of me—men do sometimes tire of their wives, don't they?—and then he might begin to remember and regret all that he had sacrificed in marrying me; and that, I think, would nearly break my heart.'

The old man laid his hand caressingly on her arm for a moment. 'Well, well, we must hope for the best,' he said. 'We must hope that Sir William will not prove a very flinty-hearted papa.'

She smiled up gratefully in his face. 'Tell me, Mr Etheridge, is Sir William a very terrible person to have to do with?'

He broke into a little laugh. 'Terrible, miss? No; hardly that, I think; but eccentric, if you please. The fact is that Sir William is one of those men of whom it can never be predicated with certainty what view he will take, or what conclusion he will arrive at, with regard to any matter that may be brought before him. He has an obnoxious habit of thinking and deciding for himself, and is seldom led by the opinions of others. Yes, undoubtedly Sir William is a very eccentric man.'

They had got back to the bridge by this time. 'Why, I declare, yonder comes Colonel Woodruffe!' exclaimed Clarice. 'I am *so* pleased—and so will Mora be.'

'Evidently the colonel is a favourite,' said Mr Etheridge drily.

'Of course he is. Everybody likes Colonel Woodruffe. But probably you know him already, Mr Etheridge?'

'I have met him occasionally at Sir William's house. I have no doubt he would remember me if you were to mention my name.'

'I will go and speak to him, if you will excuse me for a few moments.'

Clarice sped quickly across the bridge. Mr Etheridge sat down on the parapet and fanned himself with his hat.

The colonel, who had been gazing round him in some perplexity, hurried forward the moment he perceived Miss Loraine.

'Good-morning, Colonel Woodruffe,' said the girl as she held out her hand. 'I am delighted to find that you have discovered us.'

'Your sister told me that you were all to be at High Ghyll to-day, so I have driven round in search of you. But where are the rest of the party?'

'Gone in search of the picturesque, I have no doubt. Mora was here a little while ago; and see'—pointing with her finger—'yonder are her sketch-book and shawl, so that she cannot be far away.'

The colonel had been gazing over Clarice's shoulder at Mr Etheridge. 'Whom have you yonder?' he asked. 'I seem to know his face.'

'Such a dear old gentleman!—Mr Etheridge, Sir William Ridsdale's secretary.'

'Sir William Ridsdale's secretary!' echoed the colonel with an air of stupefaction.

'Yes; he recognised you the moment he saw you. He says that he has met you occasionally at Sir William's house.'

'Oh, indeed! But what has brought him here, may I ask?'

'He has come all the way from Spa with a letter for Archie from his father. But when he reached here this morning, he found that Archie had been telegraphed for last evening to meet his father in London.—It seems very strange, doesn't it? But then, as Mr Etheridge says, Sir William is a very eccentric man.'

'Very eccentric, indeed,' responded the colonel absently.

'So that of course accounts for it.—But yonder comes Mora.'

The colonel turned eagerly. 'Then, with your permission, I will leave you to Mr Etheridge.'

'We shall see you at luncheon, of course?'

'You may rely upon me not to miss that,' answered the colonel with a laugh.

Clarice kissed her hand to her sister, and then went back to Mr Etheridge. She wanted to afford the colonel an opportunity for a *tête-à-tête* with Mora, so she at once proposed another ramble to Mr Etheridge, who assented with alacrity.

The moment Colonel Woodruffe drew near Mora De Vigne, he saw that something was amiss.

She looked an altogether different woman from her whom he had parted from only a few hours before with a tender light of love and happiness in her eyes. His heart misgave him as he walked up to her.

'What has happened?' he asked in anxious tones as he took her hand. 'What has wrought this change in you? Your hand is like ice.'

She gazed up into his face for a moment or two without speaking, with a dumb, pitiful wistfulness in her eyes, that affected him strangely. Then she said: 'Why did you not read the letter which I gave you last evening?'

He gazed at her for a moment. 'You know my reasons for not reading it. But why do you ask that now?'

'Because, if you had read it, you would have saved me from having to tell so much to-day, which, in that case, you would have known yesterday.'

'Pardon me, but you speak in enigmas.'

'You have read of earthquakes, although you may never have felt the shock of one. One minute all is fair, bright, and beautiful; the next, there is nothing but ruin, disaster, and death. Since I saw you yesterday, the foundations of my life, which I thought nothing could ever shake more, have crumbled into utter ruin around me.'

'How can that be, while I am here to guard and cherish you? Yesterday, you gave me your love—your life. What power on earth can tear them from me?'

'Ah me! Listen, and you shall learn.'

She sat for a few moments with bent head, as if scarcely knowing how to begin. The colonel was standing a little way from her, one of his arms twined round the slender stem of a sapling.

'What I am about to tell you is the life-story of a most unhappy woman,' she said, lifting her head and gazing sadly into his eyes. 'My father was an Englishman, who was engaged for many years in business near Paris. I was educated in a convent, as girls are educated in France. I had left the convent about a year, and was keeping my father's house—my mother having died meanwhile, and my sister being away at school—when a certain Monsieur Laroche became a frequent visitor. Before long, my father told me that his affairs were deeply involved. Laroche was the only man who could or would save him, and that only on condition that I became his wife. I was little more than a child in worldly knowledge; I knew that in France the question of a girl's marriage is always settled by her parents; so, although I already detested the man, I yielded to my father's entreaties, and became Madame Laroche. Within a year, my father died—by his own hand.'

'My poor Mora!'

'Whatever wreck of property he left behind, my husband contrived to obtain possession of. But before that time, I knew him to be an inveterate gambler, and worse! Of my life at that time I care not now to speak. Can there be many such men as he in the world—such tigers in human form? I hope not.

'Some time after, when my life had become a burden almost greater than I could bear, there came news of the death of my godmother, and that she had left me a legacy of two thousand pounds. The money had not been six hours in my possession, before my husband broke open my bureau and robbed me of the whole of it, together with my own and my mother's jewels. I was left utterly destitute. A few months later came the war, the siege of Paris, and the famine. Oh! that terrible time. I often live it over again in my dreams even now.'

'And you have gone through all this!' said the colonel.

'I had no tidings of my husband till the war was over,' resumed Mora. 'Then came news indeed. He had been detected cheating at cards—there had been a quarrel—the lights had been blown out, and the man who had accused him had been shot through the heart. My husband was tried, found guilty, and condemned to a long term of penal servitude.'

'A happy riddance for you and every one,' remarked the colonel with a shrug.

'I had friends who did not desert me in my extremity. I gave lessons in English, and so contrived to live. One day there came an official notification that my husband was dead. He had died in prison, and had been buried in a convict's grave. Was it wicked to feel glad when I read the news? If so, then was I wicked indeed.'

'No one but a hypocrite could have pretended to feel otherwise than glad.'

'My sister was with me by that time. I never told her the history of my marriage, and my husband she had never seen. She knew only that I had been deserted and was now a widow. Our quiet life went on for a time, and then, by the death of an aunt, I came into possession of a small fortune. I changed my name, as requested in my aunt's will, and after a little while Clarice and I came to England. The rest you know.'

The colonel looked puzzled. 'Pardon me,' he said, 'if I fail to see why you have thought it needful to tell me to-day that which I did not wish or ask to be enlightened about yesterday.'

'I have told you this to-day because yesterday, a little while after you left me, I saw—my husband.'

'Your husband!—But how'—— He stared at her as though he could not say another word. Mora was now the calmer of the two.

'The letter which I received five years ago informing me of his death was sent to me in error. Another man bearing the same name as my husband—a *déporté* like him, had died; and somehow one convict would seem to have been mistaken for the other.'

'O Mora, Mora, and am I then to lose you!' cried the colonel.

She did not speak; but at that moment all the anguish of her soul was revealed in her eyes.

Involuntarily he moved from the place where he had been standing and sat down by her side.

'And I love you so dearly!—so dearly!'

'And I you!' she answered scarcely above a whisper. 'I may tell you this now—for the last time.'

Their hands sought each other, touched and clasped. In the silence that ensued, the leaves seemed whispering among themselves of that which they had just heard; while the stream

went frothing and fuming on its way like some wordy egotist who cares for nothing save his own ceaseless babble.

'And this miscreant has tracked you?' said the colonel at length.

'He was with me but just now. He may return at any moment.'

'Such vermin as he have seldom more than one thought, one want—Money. I am rich, and if'——

Mora shook her head. 'He wants more than money.'

'Ha!'

'You do not know Hector Laroche. As I said before, he is a tiger in human form. He loves gold; but he loves still better to have under his claws a writhing, helpless, palpitating victim, whom he can torture and play with and toss to and fro at his pleasure, over whose agonies he can gloat, and whose heart he can slowly vivisect and smile while he does it.'

'And he would make such a victim of you?'

'He has done it once, and he would do it again. He is now passing under a false name. What he demands is, that instead of claiming me as the wife whom he married several years ago, I shall go through a second form of marriage with him under the name he is now known by, and that by such means the dark story of his former life shall be buried for ever.'

'There is no law, human or divine, that can compel you to accede to so monstrous a demand,' exclaimed the colonel in tones resonant with indignation.

'As I said before—you do not know the man. Should I refuse to accede to his wishes, he threatens to go to Sir William Ridsdale—for with his usual diabolical ingenuity, he has found out all about Clarice's engagement—and say to him: "Are you aware that your son is about to marry a person whose sister is the wife of a *déporté*—of a man who has undergone a term of penal servitude?" And, O Colonel Woodruffe! if he does that—if he does that, what will become of my poor Clarice!'

'A scheme worthy of the Foul Fiend himself!' exclaimed the colonel as he sprang to his feet.

There was a painful pause. The colonel was thoroughly taken aback by what he had just heard. At length he said slowly: 'Surely—surely there must be some way of escape.'

Mora shook her head. 'I know of none,' she answered simply.

A few moments later, there was a noise of approaching footsteps. The colonel drew a pace or two farther away.

CHRISTMAS TREES.

THEIR SHADY SIDE.

THE few words I am about to write upon the subject of Christmas Trees for children may perhaps be best illustrated by what originally gave rise to these remarks—namely, the first festivity of the kind attended by my own juveniles. It was given by a friend, whose rooms were narrow in proportion to the numbers of small people she expected, and seniors were therefore not included in the invitations. I was asked, however, to go on the morning of the party to inspect the tree when it was set up and loaded with its treasures. A goodly array they surely formed. Toys of every kind, most of them very costly; for my friend had been regardless of expense. He calculated that eighty pounds would scarcely cover the outlay upon the articles provided. When I considered how easy to please in their playthings children often are; how tenderly the battered doll or dilapidated horse is sometimes cherished; how the sixpenny toy with the charm of novelty upon it, will put out of favour its guinea predecessor—for children, unlike adults, do not estimate things because of their money value—I could not help thinking this was a sad waste of money. The delicate machinery of those expensive mechanical toys would also run great risk of being put out of order or broken among the crowd of eager children, with no parents present to guard them from injury. Altogether, the gorgeous Christmas tree seemed destined to be 'a thing of beauty and of joy' for a very short time indeed.

The eventful evening arrived, and great was the excitement. My small daughter was a pretty child, and very comely she looked in her dainty lace-trimmed frock and pink ribbons, when, with her young brother, she came fluttering into my boudoir; nurse, proud and pleased, escorting the pair and carrying their wraps. With true feminine instinct, the little damsel betook herself to the tall pier-glass, surveying her finery therein with much satisfaction. 'I daresay,' she said, turning round after a prolonged gaze, 'that I shall be the nicest-dressed little girl at the party!'

'No, indeed—that you won't,' promptly interposed nurse. 'Don't you go to think such a thing, dear. You'll see, when you get into the room, there'll be a-many little ladies just as nice as yourself, perhaps even nicer.' Which speech was a sacrifice of candour on the part of nurse, who was given to regard her young charge as being as good as the best, though she felt called on by duty to nip vanity in the bud.

The morning after a night's dissipation is generally a trying one, when excitement has passed off and reaction set in. Late hours and hot rooms, fruits and pastries and unwholesome liquids at times when healthy slumbers would otherwise have been the order of the night, are apt to have a damaging effect upon the temper. The present occasion was no exception to the rule. My children were not looking their happiest when they appeared carrying a load of things which they laid roughly down and proceeded to turn over with a listless air.

'What lovely toys!' I exclaimed. It was truly an *embarras de richesses*. There were treasures that, if gradually bestowed, would have driven the recipients wild with delight. 'What fortunate young people you are!' I added, examining the glittering heap that they were surveying so discontentedly. 'Don't you think so?'

'The little B——s got much better things!' they murmured.

'This doll, so beautifully dressed'——

'Ah, if you had seen the one Mary got!' pouted the little girl, pushing with her foot the despised doll. 'It opened and shut its eyes, and had a pearl necklace and embroidered shoes.

And Mary was so conceited and disagreeable about it; and so ill-natured, she'd scarcely let me look at it. I hate Mary B——!'

'You were great friends with her,' cried the young brother, 'until she got that better doll; and you were just as conceited, too, about your own, until hers cut it out.'

'Oh, *you* needn't talk, after the way you behaved to poor little Fred H——. Would you believe it, mamma? he quarrelled with that poor child—a little mite of a fellow, not half his size—hustling and bullying him, and wanting to drag away his book that he got for a prize.'

'No; I did not want to drag it away from him. Don't tell stories. 'Twas to be an exchange. I got a ridiculous toy-horse—a little rubbishy thing, only fit for a baby like him; and he said he would take it and give me the book—a lovely *Robinson Crusoe*, that he couldn't read. And then the stupid little fellow howled when I went to get it from him.'

'And you flew into a rage, and smashed the toy; and the governess said it was a shame, and'——

'Oh, come!' I said, interrupting recriminations that were getting angry, and putting a stop to the dispute.

It was not the moment for impressing moral truths upon the young pair; but while deferring these to a more fitting opportunity, I made my own reflections upon Christmas trees in general and this party in particular.

It was plain that envy, hatred, and much uncharitableness had resulted from it—feelings latent, alas! in our poor human nature, that need not premature development. Discontent too, and rivalry and greed were, it would seem from the nature of the entertainment, liable to be aroused in childish breasts. So I locked away the disparaged prizes, until later on, when the satiety produced by a glut had passed off and envious comparisons were forgotten.

We had merry gatherings of small people at wholesome hours, and happy little feasts, and games and romps in every-day clothes. But this was my children's first—and last—Christmas Tree.

THE MISSING CLUE.

CHAPTER VI.—HOBB DIPPING BEWILDERED.

Mine host of the *Saxonford Arms* sits in his lonely back-parlour, looking thoughtfully into the fire, and taking alternate whiffs and pulls from a clay pipe and a beer-jug which stands on the table at his elbow. During the past week, no traveller has entered Hobb Dipping's ancient house of entertainment, and the worthy man was beginning to wonder whether it was within the bounds of possibility that any one would ever enter it again. For several days the snow had been drifting up against his front-door, and for over a week the howling wind had stormed and beat against the walls of the old inn. True, the wind had dropped somewhat during the night; but Jerry—the man-of-all-work, and old Dipping's special informant upon all matters—had reported that the snow-drift was 'alarmin' deep in places;' while, if he needed any confirmation of this statement, he had but to turn his eyes towards the windows and gaze over the frozen waste which extended on every side.

Hobb Dipping was an old man now, and fifteen years had whitened his hair since the fatal night when Sir Carnaby Vincent was shot by the military in his house. The innkeeper's thoughts had apparently at this moment been dwelling upon that catastrophe, for he muttered to himself: 'Fifteen years! I shouldn't ha' thought it!' at the same time looking gloomily at a well-thumbed scrap of paper which he was turning over between his fingers. 'Fifteen years!' muttered old Dipping, who was enveloped in a thick volume of smoke, consequent upon his exertions with the clay pipe aforesaid—'fifteen years, an' no one's guessed it yet. Why, what fools we all be!'

'Hi, master!' says Jerry, popping his head in through the doorway. 'Here's a gentleman come; wants to know if he can be put up for a night or two.'

Old Hobb peeped through a little latticed window into the courtyard, and saw a gentleman of military aspect sitting motionless in his saddle amidst a thin cloud of falling snow. It is Reginald Ainslie.

'Why do you keep the gentleman waiting out there?' is the indignant exclamation of mine host, who seems to be endowed with sudden energy. 'Put up for a night or two! Of course he can; for a month, if he likes. Show the gentleman in, and then go attend to his horse.'

When the man has disappeared, old Dipping bustles out of the room to find something to tie over his head, before he dares to venture into the cold biting air. On his return, he finds his visitor has thrown aside his heavy riding-cloak, and is reclining in an armchair, with every appearance of fatigue expressed in his attitude and countenance. Jerry whispers that the gallant must be right bad, for it was all he could do to help him out of the saddle. 'And his nag ain't much better,' he goes on. 'They ha' come a long bad road this day, I'll warrant.'

Dismissing his vassal hastily, Hobb Dipping pours out a mug of strong spiced ale, and presents it to his visitor.

'I ask your pardon, sir,' said the old man, 'for letting you wait such a while outside; the snow lies so thick that I did not hear the sound of your horse's hoofs.'

Before honest Dipping could finish his speech, he was startled by his visitor making a quick movement and catching eagerly at the scrap of paper which the landlord had a short while ago held in his hand, and which, on rising to receive the traveller, he had laid on the table. There was a short uncomfortable pause, while Reginald eagerly turned over the object in his hand. 'How did you come by this?' he at length gasped out, the tone of his voice expressing great eagerness and anxiety.

Hobb Dipping's first thought was to hollo for Jerry, having some idea that his strange visitor's head must be turned; his second, was to try and remember where he had placed his spectacles.

'My sight is bad, sir,' he said as he fumbled in his pockets. 'I can scarcely make out what you be askin' of.'

'This—this piece of paper!' exclaimed Ainslie,

thrusting forward the identical scrap which old Hobb had been examining at the time of his arrival.

'It come here by accident, sir,' answered old Hobbs slowly and unwillingly.

'Was left here, eh?'

'Just so, sir—it were.'

'How long ago?'

'Well, sir, it's something between fifteen and sixteen year.'

'Gracious powers!' vociferated Ainslie, striking his fist on the table. 'I believe the man was right.'

The landlord stretched out one hand implor-ingly towards his excited visitor.

'What now?' inquired Reginald, who was vainly endeavouring to peruse the writing with which the paper was covered.

'I want you to give me back that paper, sir.'

'Be good enough, landlord, to leave it with me for the present, and bring me something to eat!'

Old Hobb looked wistfully at the scrap of paper which his visitor was handling, and proceeded to the larder, with considerable misgiving expressed on his countenance. When mine host at length returned, he found his guest a trifle more com-posed. Reginald Ainslie was still poring over the mysterious piece of paper; but it was evi-dent, from his disappointed mien, that he was considerably perplexed.

'Landlord,' he said in a low voice, when the arrangements for his meal were complete, 'close the door!'

Hobb Dipping obeyed, and then stood waiting, as if for further orders.

'Sit down,' said the lieutenant.

The landlord seated himself in silence, and watched his visitor. After a few minutes had passed in silence, Reginald Ainslie laid down his knife and fork and leaned back in his chair.

'Is your name Dipping?'

'It is so, sir.'

'Will you please to tell me,' continued Ainslie, 'the particulars of how you became possessed of this scrap of paper?'

Old Hobb waxed extremely uncomfortable under the visitor's fixed gaze; he scratched his bald skull, looked wistfully round the room, and then asked in an affrighted whisper: 'Be you anything to do with the magistrates, sir?'

Reginald shook his head.

'If you're not, sir,' went on the landlord, evidently very much relieved, 'would you mind first letting me know your reason for askin' those questions?'

'My reason for asking them,' answered Reginald, 'is because your reply may prove to be of serious importance to me. I have ridden a long way, a very long way, and solely on pur-pose to communicate with the landlord of this inn upon a subject which may prove the means of benefiting us both.—Do you remember a gentleman named Sir Carnaby Vincent?'

Hobb started a little at the abruptness of the question, but answered: 'Ay, sir, that I do. And haven't I good cause to remember him? That bit of paper, sir, I have always fancied belonged to the poor gentleman. I found it on the stairs while the red-coats were searchin' his room; they must ha' passed it somehow.'

'That was on the night when he was shot here—was it not?'

'You seem to know pretty much about it, sir,' remarked the host, with an inquisitive look. 'I ain't going to deny the fact; it did happen on that night. But excuse me being so bold, sir; you must have been quite a young chap at that time; you can't recollect it, surely?'

'I remember nothing about the matter myself,' replied Ainslie, 'nor have I been in this part before. But Sir Carnaby's attempted escape, and the fatal result, were officially reported to the government and to his friends. You think that this scrap of writing belonged to Sir Carnaby Vincent?'

'Yes, sir; though I didn't know his name till I learned it from the soldiers, after all was over.'

'Why did you not deliver this up to them, when you discovered it on the stairs?'

'Well, you see, sir, it was like this,' replied old Hobb unwillingly. 'I was sorry for the poor gentleman, besides being angry with the soldiers. But little they cared about that. So I thought as how I'd just keep it to myself, in case the man-servant who got off should venture here again. Thinks I: "I'll give it up to him, and disappoint the other parties a bit for what they've done in my house."—I hope your honour won't inform against me!' suddenly exclaimed the old man, who began to have an idea that he was disclosing somewhat more than was prudent to a total stranger.

'My intentions are quite the opposite, I assure you,' said Reginald, eager to set his informant's mind at rest. 'Go on; pray, do not stop.'

'Well, sir,' resumed Dipping, 'as I said, I kept the paper, thinking that I might chance to drop across the man-servant. But though one of the labourers spoke to him that morning, I never see him again; and here I have been keeping this bit of writin' over fifteen year without being able to make out what it means or anything about it. I should ha' burnt it soon, I fancy.'

'Burnt it!' exclaimed Reginald. 'What mad-ness!'

'Can you read it, sir?' inquired old Hobb in a curious tone.

'Read it! No, I cannot; worse luck. Chinese looks quite easy compared with the jumble of letters which are set down upon this scrap of paper.—Has any one seen it besides myself?'

'Only one or two persons, sir,' answered Dipping—'I didn't want the tale to get abroad—an' when they see it, they turned it over just the same as you're a-doing now: they none of 'em could make it out.'

'What became of the other papers?' suddenly demanded Ainslie, looking up, and desisting from the occupation of gnawing his thumb-nail.

'There were none others as I know of, sir,' replied old Dipping. 'A pair of saddle-bags, I think, was took—my memory ain't quite so good as it used to be. But this I do know for certain—there were no papers found except this one little bit. The soldiers swore hard, and said that the man who got off had taken 'em with him.'

'Did it never occur to you that the attendant acted most strangely on that occasion?' asked Ainslie.

'Ay, sir, I have thought of that many a time,' answered mine host, scratching his head. 'It was a queer thing for him to do—to be sure it was. The man certainly was not running away cowardly-like, to leave his master in the lurch; he would never have hampered himself with the other horse in the way he did, and then go and cut his way through the middle of the redcoats. He might have got off t' other way through the village without riskin' his blessed neck. It's my opinion, sir, an' always was, that he did it to take the fire off on himself, while Sir Carnaby got away over Long Fen on foot. Very creditable it must ha' been on him, sir; an' had he drawn the redcoats away for a few minutes longer, the poor gentleman would have been clean away. He was nearly down at the foot of the stairs when they challenged him. It being dark, and getting no answer back, they blazed away. I let the soldiers in myself, or they would have beat the door down. But when they called out they would fire at the gentleman if he did not speak, I yelled to 'em not to do murder in my house. But it were too late,' said old Hobb, sternly knitting his brows—'it were too late. God help me! what could I do? I couldn't stop it.'

'It was no fault of yours, my man!' said Ainslie, seeing that the old fellow faltered; 'and do not imagine for an instant that you will get into any trouble by telling me all this. To set your mind easy on that score, I may as well inform you at once that Sir Carnaby Vincent, who so unfortunately lost his life here, was my uncle.' Reginald paused for a moment to watch the effect which this announcement had upon his listener, and then went on once more. 'The affair,' said he, 'which brings me here is of the greatest secrecy, and whatever consequences may result from my taking this step, I strictly require of you that no word of it shall ever be mentioned hereafter.'

'Trust me for that, sir,' returned the landlord: 'it shall never pass my lips to any one.'

Directing mine host to draw his chair nearer to the fire, Reginald Ainslie commenced a narration which is sufficiently long to warrant its being the subject of another chapter.

CHAPTER VII.—REGINALD'S STORY.

'My father,' said the lieutenant, 'was a gentleman of great property, and a close friendship existed between him and the brother of his wife—Sir Carnaby, to wit. They became mixed up with a discontented body of people named Jacobites; and a short time before the unhappy affair which we have been talking about, two warrants were issued for their apprehension. My father was seized at once; but Sir Carnaby Vincent contrived to make his escape for a time, till at length he closed his flight at this place. You know what happened when he and his servant arrived here; they were surprised by a party of military, who had received notice of their movements; and my uncle was shot dead. His attendant fortunately escaped, and returned, after a short time had elapsed, to our family with the sad news. The proceedings against my father, Sir Henry Ainslie, were suspended through want of sufficient evidence, and he was allowed to come back to his home, only to die shortly afterwards, broken both in spirits and in circumstances. Before his death, he made an appalling disclosure to my mother, the sum of it being this—that, trusting to the ultimate success of the revolution which he had been hoping to raise, both he and Sir Carnaby had heavily mortgaged their estates, and placed all their available money at the service of the king that was to be. Where this large amount had been placed, or to whom it had been intrusted, it is now impossible to say, for my father breathed his last ere he could impart any additional information. The consequences of this act proved most disastrous. Our mansion and estates were immediately seized upon; and beyond a small income which my mother possessed in her own right, we were left with scarcely any means of support. From the scanty information we could gather from Sir Carnaby's attendant, it was considered not at all improbable that the disposal of this wealth had been intrusted to his master; and subsequent inquiries proved that he had actually taken with him in his flight a number of valuable papers and documents. What these papers referred to, it is equally impossible to say; but there has always existed among us a strong impression that they related to the immense sum which had been advanced upon the family estates.'

'Well, sir,' exclaimed old Hobb, when the narrative had arrived at this stage, 'you don't suppose that the gentleman brought all that lump of money here?'

'Not the money exactly,' answered Reginald, smiling. 'I don't credit my plotting relative with being such a fool as to carry that about with him.'

'The soldiers found but little in them saddle-bags, an' he brought nought else with him; I can swear to that,' said Dipping obstinately.

'My good man,' returned Ainslie, 'the documents I refer to might have been carried about his person.'

'Nothin' was found on the body when it was searched, before being buried; I remember that right enough, sir,' persisted old Hobb.

'That is the very point I wished to come to,' said the lieutenant triumphantly. 'You are sure that no papers of any kind were discovered on his person?'

'Quite sure, sir,' replied Dipping emphatically.

'Then just listen to what I have to say,' continued Reginald, speaking in an impressive voice and fixing his eyes upon the landlord's countenance. 'The man-servant who accompanied Sir Carnaby to this place swears that his master corresponded with no single person during his flight; moreover, that he handled the saddle-bags you have just now been speaking of, several times, and remembers to have noticed that one of them contained a small black box.'

The wondering expression on old Hobb's face had considerably increased by this time.

'We have now got to a critical point in my story,' continued the lieutenant. 'Derrick—the man who accompanied Sir Carnaby hither—told me he was the first to hear the sound of the approaching military, and that, being apprehensive of danger, he stole along the gallery with

the intention of waking his master. When Sir Carnaby opened the door of his room, the man was surprised to find him fully dressed. Hurried as their conference must have been, Derrick was sharp enough to notice that his master had been using some sort of a knife, and that the black box which he had before seen that night on the table, had now disappeared, and that the saddle-bags were empty. However, all persuasion could not induce my unfortunate relative to flee, which in itself appears to be very strange. He told his attendant that he would follow him if he would take the horses to the place agreed upon—that more lives than his own depended upon his not leaving the place at once, and several other things equally incomprehensible. Derrick at last unwillingly consented to obey his instructions, and left the house, wondering much at his master's conduct. The two, as you know, never met again.—This man,' resumed Ainslie, after a pause—'this man, Derrick, always expressed a belief—a strange one, truly—that Sir Carnaby was so anxious for the safety of the contents of that precious saddle-bag, that he would not retire to rest until he had placed it in a secure hiding-place. He might possibly have just been concluding his task as the attendant arrived at his door with the alarming news; at anyrate, it seems not at all unlikely that his object in sending the man to a rendezvous was in order to gain time, while he made a desperate attempt to unearth again this mysterious box prior to escaping from the inn with it. Or, it is quite possible that my uncle, being startled by the report of firearms, resolved to let this precious property, which would implicate so many persons, remain in its place of concealment, trusting, in the event of his escape, to return and secure it once more.'

'Do you mean to say that the gentleman hid it in this very house?' gasped the landlord, with considerable astonishment depicted on his countenance.

'That is what I think.'

'Well, well!' exclaimed the old man, 'to think that I should ha' slept an' eaten an' drunk within them blessed walls for fifteen year, with—who knows—half a million of property hidden about the place unbeknown to me! Suppose there had been a fire, sir.'

'It is fortunate there has not been one,' replied Reginald.

'Am I to understand that you wish to search the house?' inquired old Hobb, whose imagination was fired with a variety of wild speculations, among which the probable discovery of a strong case of bullion figured not the least conspicuously.

'The whole house!—certainly not,' answered Reginald with a faint smile. 'I am afraid that would waste too much valuable time. What I want first is a bed for the night.'

'There's the room which Sir Carnaby himself had: your honour wouldn't have no objection to that?'

'Certainly not,' said Ainslie. 'The knowledge that the room has some unpleasant circumstances connected with it will not affect me in the least. I shall sleep as soundly in that apartment as in any other.'

'Very good, sir.' And mine host was about to leave the apartment, when his visitor arrested him. 'One word more, Mr Dipping.'

'Certainly, sir.'

'I have placed complete confidence in you,' said Ainslie, 'and have intrusted to your keeping a secret, the importance of which you must be well aware of. I wish you to guard it carefully. You have kept *that* secret fairly enough,' pointing to the scrap of writing; 'try if you cannot keep this one too.—Do you understand?'

The landlord intimated that he would do as his visitor wished, and then departed, leaving Reginald to digest such thoughts as this conversation had called up.

The twilight was by this time gray, and very little light remained, while a few solitary objects that could be seen through the dimmed glass in the old casements, looked shadowy and opaque. With the exception of one small lamp, which Hobb Dipping had placed upon the table, the room was but imperfectly lighted by the flickering fire. Outside, the snow was silently falling, not thickly, but in large steady flakes. The wind had dropped, and with it the whirling drift, while the old walls of the *Saxonford Arms* had ceased to groan and creak.

'Sir,' said Hobb, reappearing once more, 'the room's ready. Shall I show you the way?'

Reginald motioned to the landlord to lead on, and they passed out together into a dark draughty passage.

'This here's the staircase, sir,' remarked old Dipping, who was in advance, bearing the light; 'and that be the very place where the poor gentleman fell.'

The landing before them was lighted by a gray ghostly window, which faded into insignificance on the approach of the landlord's yellow, flaring lamp. When this apparition was passed, there came three shallow steps up, then a short dusky gallery, and Reginald Ainslie found himself in the room with which his departed relative had had so mysterious a connection.

'This, sir,' said old Hobb, extending his right hand somewhat after the manner of a travelling showman—'this, sir, is Sir Carnaby's room.'

'Well, landlord,' said Reginald, 'I think I need detain you no longer.'

Bidding mine host good-night, Ainslie carefully fastened the door, and then sat down before the fire, to ponder over his strange situation, ere consigning himself to rest for the night.

WOUNDER AND HEALER.

(THE IDEA TAKEN FROM AGOUB'S TRANSLATION OF AN ARABIC SONG.)

THY witching look is like a two-edged sword
To pierce his heart by whom thou art surveyed;
Thy rosy lips the precious balm afford
To heal the wound thy keen-edged sword has made.

I am its victim; I have felt the steel;
My heart now rankles with the smarting pain;
Give me thy lips the bitter wound to heal—
Thy lips to kiss, and I am whole again.

DAPHNIS.

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IN BROMPTON CEMETERY.

'In Memory of Theodore. Died November the 20th, 18—, aged three years.' I am not going to tell you about the tragedy this little life represented, and how much suffering and how many tears lie buried with my darling. I put all that away—all useless regrets, all vain repining, when I laid him under two great pine-trees, looking straight to the south, where the morning sun peeps earliest in faint yellow streaks, and the broad arms of the firs are ever held lovingly over the little head, and shelter away alike the drifting snow and summer heat—where the thrushes and blackbirds sing their matins and vespers. They and the pink chaffinches, and bold-eyed sparrows, come half-timidly, half-hardily, with their little shy feet, close to mine, where I sit alone by my lamb—Rachel weeping for her dead.

As time, God's true physician, softened my grief, and yet drew me to spend many hours where all was buried that could have pieced together a broken life and broken heart, I became gradually interested in the great company of the dead lying round, and anxious to learn some word of the lives and histories, even of those whose birth and death-date make up all the world shall ever write of them.

Right and left of my baby lie an old man and a young girl; he, a wealthy, honoured merchant, who had lived ninety years of prosperous and successful existence. His tomb is of gray marble; the letters are cut well and deeply; all its cold grandeur is perfectly kept up in unsurpassed cleanliness and order; but no one ever comes to put a flower on his grave. The other grave, young Bessie's, is also neglected, though in a different way. The letters are fading fast from the crooked headstone; and the ivy that has crept round it is so tangled, that before long the little tomb will be quite covered. Bessie was sixteen years old, and went to her rest in the glowing July of 1851, when the fairy palace of Hyde Park, sparkling in its glory, promised, but did not fulfil, the commencement of a long reign of peace and good-will to all the nations of the earth. Where are now those, I wonder, who left Bessie here!

Hard by lies many a different life from the maid's and the merchant's. Brompton is essentially a military cemetery, where sleep the veterans of the Peninsula, the Crimea, and India, and the Cape. Truly, when the last réveille sounds, no more gallant hearts shall answer to the call than our dead English soldiers.

Close to my baby are Sir John Garvock and Sir James Anderson, the last under a pyramid of cannon-balls; and on this February day, warm and breezy, with flying rain-clouds, driving off the fogs that for days past have hovered like unclean birds over London, there comes a wail of fifes and muffled drums. The trees are dripping with water, the grass is sodden, but through its muddy surface, here and there, are peeping green blades—fresh promises of spring. Shrill over the long damp walks under the yews comes the *Adeste Fideles*. It is 'a soldier's funeral,' the gardener tells me—two Guardsmen from the Tower, who were drowned last week, having fallen into the river in the fog. The procession winds slowly into view—the muffled drums, the gay uniforms, the coffins, each covered with a black and white pall, and heaped with wreaths. On each coffin lie the dead man's bayonet and shako. The chaplain commits earth to earth; and the volleys flash over our brothers departed, and with cheery strains the band is back again into the world.

Next in number to the soldiers lie the actors, with whom Brompton has ever been a favourite burying-ground. Here is one of the greatest actresses of our day, Adelaide Neilson, whose 'glorious eyes' closed—for us—too soon; for her, just as a first gleam of happiness and repose was dawning upon a stormy, clouded life. The 'beautiful gifted' is 'resting' under a tall hewn cross of roughened marble. The noble head of Mellon the composer, conspicuously placed, looks out upon us from a grove where lie Nellie

Moore, the 'Lancashire lass;' T. P. Cooke, the sailor-actor; Keeley, Leigh Murray, and Planché, whose coffin may be seen through the iron gates of the catacombs. Albert Smith is here too. Near Mellon rests a lady whose story and recollections must have been interesting—one Sarah Agnes, who died in 1846, 'widow of General Count Demetrius de Wints, elected Prince of Montenegro on the 1st of August 1795.' I know nothing of this page of the history of Montenegro; but for Sarah Agnes, it was, as Bismarck said of the election of young Battenberg, 'something to be remembered.'

Sydney Lady Morgan is here too, and makes us think of the Wild Irish Girl, with her harp and green fan and *mode* cloak, her quarrels with her publishers, and her endless vanities, from the concealment of her age, to the blue satin gown which made her 'the best dressed woman in the room;' her ceaseless tormentings of the staid sensible husband, who won her so hardly and loved her so patiently. One wonders if that unquiet spirit sleeps soundly, and why her novels—novels that brought the Dublin actor's daughter from obscurity to be a leader of the fashion she loved so dearly—should now be hardly remembered even by the fact, that one beguiled the last hours of Pitt.

Jackson the pugilist, whose tomb by Baily, with its couching lion, is one of the most conspicuous objects here, represents a science that is now moribund. Near him is the humble grave of one of the sextons of the cemetery, who a year or two ago was crushed by the falling-in of the warm yellow gravel of the grave he was digging.

. . . . .

The year has rolled away; it is Christmas eve; the snow is crisp and sparkling in the low December sun, and groups are thronging in with wreaths and crosses and bouquets, to tell their dear ones they are not forgotten, and that to-morrow the vacant place by the fireside will be haunted by

> The touch of a vanished hand,
> And the sound of a voice that is still.

Near the Brompton gate, where the porter, smiling, good-natured giant, stands holding the gate open for loiterers like me—sleeps a dear old friend, long passed away—an Indian doctor, the kindest heart for young people, the most interested in their pleasures, I ever knew. A Scotchman from Skye—even in his eightieth year with strength unfailed, and the large limbs of the people of his race. 'A strong lad, Samson; sure he cam' frae Skye,' was the old woman's commentary on the hero of the Book of Judges. The merry days of girlhood on Richmond Hill and Thames, clear Marlow water, childhood treats of strawberries at Kew, rise up before misty eyes as I read your name, dear old William Bruce! Many a happy Christmas eve have we spent at your kindly table, when your dark beaming face and Scottish voice asked the 'bit lassie,' whose tall toddy glass stood untasted at her side—'Why, Miss Helena, Miss Helena, are ye doing naught for the gude o' the hoose?' He used to say the fifty years of perfect health he had spent in India were due to the nightly toddy! I believe it was the kindly heart and cheerful mind.

Lie lightly, snow; shine red, ye holly-berries; and I pass out bidding good-night to my baby, sleeping till his young eyes shall open, not on the Christmas, but on the Resurrection morn. As I go, I see that even the long-forgotten old merchant has at last been remembered, and on his grave is a scroll of immortelles and berries inscribed, 'Kind words and deeds, they never die.'

BY MEAD AND STREAM.

CHAPTER LVIII.—CLEARING UP.

Philip with amazement not unmingled with displeasure recognised Mr Beecham in the person who in this mysterious fashion intruded himself on their privacy.

Madge was for a second startled by the sudden apparition; but that feeling passed as the shadow of a swift-flying bird passes over the breast of a clear pool, and her face became bright with hope. The object which Philip had so longed for was accomplished—the distrust and enmity of Austin Shield were extinguished. Remembering about the secret recess of the Oak Parlour, and the legend of its having once served as the hiding-place of a fugitive king, she did not pause to speculate how it had been discovered, or how or why the man came to make use of it at that moment, but waited eagerly for the upshot of this singular meeting.

The invalid, resting back on his cushions, stared at the intruder with mingled emotions of astonishment, curiosity, and suspicion; then he glanced inquiringly from Madge to Philip, seeking from them the explanation at which the latter could no more guess than he.

The man himself advanced calmly.

'I must ask you to pardon the odd way in which I present myself to you, Mr Hadleigh,' he said gravely, as he bowed with respect; 'it is partly due to accident, partly to design.'

'I am your debtor, Mr Beecham,' answered Philip coldly, 'on my own account and my uncle's; but I am not conscious of anything you have done which can justify you in playing the part of a'——

'You would say the part of a spy and a hidden listener to what was not intended for my ears,' was the calm rejoinder, a smile of good-humoured approval on the kindly face. 'I have been both, but I shall not lose all your respect when you understand the position. Be patient.—I was waiting in the room until the girl who admitted me could find an opportunity of telling Miss Heathcote that I wished to see her before seeking an interview with your father. She returned immediately to say that she had been unable to deliver my message, and that they were bringing the sick gentleman in here. She left me hurriedly. I did not wish to meet Mr Hadleigh until his leave had been asked, and I could not go into the hall without meeting him.'

'Why should you avoid him?'

'There are circumstances which might have made an unexpected meeting unpleasant. I am now aware that that was my mistake. At any-rate I remembered the secret of this panel, which was explained to me years ago by old Jerry Mogridge. He was then the only one who knew it. I was aware of the misconceptions

my conduct might give rise to, but entered the place hoping to find the outlet to the garden. Some time was occupied in searching for it without success. I would have endured my ignominious imprisonment, however, had not Mr Hadleigh's voice confirmed Dr Joy's assurance that I might speak to him freely.'

He paused, as if desirous of some sign from the invalid that he might proceed. The latter assented with a slight movement of the head.

'I do not regret my awkward position, Mr Hadleigh, since it has enabled me to hear what you have said to these young people when you could have no suspicion of my neighbourhood. Your treatment of them has done as much as the proofs placed in my hands by Miss Heathcote to convince me that, in the blind passion of youth and deceived by a scoundrel, I did you gross injustice. You know me: is it too late to ask your pardon?'

There was silence. Philip, in much perplexity, was looking alternately at the two men; Madge was watching with breathless interest, the dawn of a joyful smile on her face. At length, Hadleigh:

'I trust it is never too late to ask pardon—or to grant it. There is my hand, Mr Shield.'

They clasped hands with the calmness of men who strike a mutually advantageous bargain: there was no pretence of any other feeling in the touch. But Madge placed her hands on theirs, and her face was radiant with joy.

'You are both my friends and Philip's,' she said; 'he wanted you to understand each other: he desired it and thought of it a great deal more than of the fortune you tried to tempt him with, Mr Shield.'

'I should like to understand this riddle,' Philip broke in. 'I have known you as Beecham, and another as Austin Shield.'

Beecham drew from his pocket a pencil and note-book. He wrote: 'I am the Austin Shield you have known in correspondence—as this will testify. The man you have met under my name is Jack Hartopp, who has been my faithful ally and comrade for years past. For reasons—most unhappy reasons, which shall be fully explained—I desired to test your nature before you became the husband of Madge Heathcote.'

'I recognise the writing,' said Philip, 'but am unable to comprehend what authority you can pretend to have over Miss Heathcote.'

'I will explain that,' interrupted Madge; and she did so to his entire satisfaction within a few hours.

Meanwhile, Philip was anything but satisfied. He was frowning as he put the next question:

'Then this report about the losses—the financial difficulties which prevented Mr Shield from giving me the assistance I required?'

'You have had the assistance you required: you have been rescued from the clutches of a knave, who would have duped you out of everything; you have had a lesson which will be worth thousands to you; and you have still the opportunity of carrying out your plans to what I hope will be a satisfactory issue.' Shield said this in a tone of reproach; but observing the changes on Philip's face, he proceeded with his usual kindliness of expression: 'I could never have known what genuine and generous stuff you were made of, Philip, unless I had seen you in misfortune, and found that you are ready to give up everything to support the man whose money you had lost.'

'That was my duty.'

'Yes, yes,' was the smiling interruption; 'but it was a duty from which you might easily and without discredit have excused yourself. It was, however, your brave acceptance of the duty which convinced me that she would be safe in your keeping; and to secure her happiness as far as it is in human power to do so, I was ready to sacrifice anything. I am satisfied on that point, and you know that Miss Heathcote has been satisfied for a long time.'

'Then the story which this Hartopp told me about the losses—what of that?'

'You must not blame Jack Hartopp; he acted faithfully according to his instructions; and it was only on account of his mania for drink that I was obliged to keep him out of your way as much as possible. With that pitiable drawback, he is as shrewd and brave as he is honest. To save my life and property, he has stood up single-handed against a gang of mutinous workmen on the diamond fields. He likes you, Philip, and you will soon respect him as well as like him. As to our losses, they have been heavy and sudden, owing to the failure of a gold-mining Company in which I had invested and the fall in the price of Cape diamonds. But we have still ample means to go on with comfortably.'

'Is Mr Hartopp a son of our neighbours of the Chelmer Bridge farm?' inquired Madge.

'Yes; he was in California for a time, but hearing of the diamond fields, thought he would try his luck in them. He was in a poor plight when he reached my station; but he had a hearty welcome as soon as he told where he came from. . . . And now, I should like to see Mrs Crawshay and her husband. She would have recognised me at once, and that is why I have kept out of her way.'

When, however, Madge brought him face to face with the dame, the latter had to scrutinise his visage closely for several minutes before she identified him.

'Faces change with time,' he said, as if excusing beforehand her slowness of recognition.

'And hearts too,' she answered somewhat drily.

'Not always,' was his earnest comment; and the grasp of their hands, the smile on their faces, proved that their hearts had not changed at any-rate.

'I am glad there is an end of this prank,' she said by-and-by; 'many a weary thought it has cost me, for it is the only time I have ever held anything back from Dick. But I knew thou wert meaning well, and it was not in me to thwart thee in doing what seemed to thee right, for love of Lucy. But it was a perilous adventure for all of us, and we have reason to give thanks that it ends as we would have it.'

Dick Crawshay could not easily grasp all the details of the explanations which were given him; but he quickly comprehended that Madge had been doing her best to make others happy at the risk of her conduct being much misconstrued. So he took her in his arms.

'Buss me, lass, and forget that I was ever angered with you. But it wasn't easy to keep temper when all things about the place seemed to be going contrary, and everybody was more dunderheaded than another—not to mention my temper was always known to be of the gunpowder sort, so that one spark was enough to blow up the whole place.'

'But the explosion is never very destructive,' she said with a smile and a kiss.

'Dunno how you take it, Madge, but it always leaves me somehow uncomfortable. Hows'ever, let that be, and come and see to the entries for the Smithfield Club. I'll be main vexed if we don't get a prize; they have got a clean bill of health, and I'll go bail there are no cows or steers in the country to beat them.'

He took Austin Shield as much into his favour as he had done when that person had presented himself under the name of Beecham, and consulted him about the cattle as if he had been the most famous of 'vets.' To Jack Hartopp he gave a cordial welcome, and, unwisely, opened a case of hollands, which had come from Amsterdam by way of Harwich, for his delectation.

'Never you mind,' he said in answer to the dame's remonstrance; 'there is nothing too good for a man that has been as faithful to his mate or master as Jack Hartopp has been to Shield. Clever rogues, both of 'em—and they say, and Philip says, I'm sure of a red rosette at the Smithfield show.'

There was a great gathering at Willowmere this Christmas. The huge barn was cleared for the occasion, and all the lads and lasses of the village who had ever done a day's work on the farm were invited. Gay ribbons and happy faces, lamps and candles, made the place brilliant. There was a huge bush of mistletoe and holly hanging from the centre of the roof, and Uncle Dick led his dame forward and gave her a sounding kiss under it, amidst the cheers and laughter of the lads, who whirled their lasses along to follow this gallant example.

Then the fiddles struck up *Sir Roger de Coverley*, and yeoman Dick led off the dance with his dame, both as young in heart as the youngest present, and as joyful as if they had not those long reaches of the past to look back upon. Madge and Philip followed, as if their young lives were to fill the gap between youth and age.

All the guests agreed there had never been in their recollection such a merry Christmas gathering in the county.

CHAPTER LIX.—GLIMPSES.

'Tis in ourselves that we are thus, or thus.'

The sun still bright on the hilltop; figures rising to its crest, and there halting, with hands shading their eyes, to take a glad or sad look backward.

See there; Dick Crawshay and his dame can look down and smile on the road they have travelled, although there are sundry small black patches that they would have wished away. But they can see Madge and Philip in their joyous course, waving orange blossoms towards them, laughing at the slips and hollows of the hillside, because they march hand in hand, and when the one falters, the other possesses sustaining power enough to keep both in the safe path.

'Lucky dog, that Philip!' says old Dick Crawshay, fumbling with his fob-chain. 'He has got the finest woman in the world to wife—bar my missus.'

'They are very happy,' observed the dame contentedly; 'and Austin was not so far wrong as I fancied he was, when he said that the real test of a man's nature was money. I never liked it; for losing money makes men mad or bad, and gaining it seems to do the same thing—but neither way seems to have hurt Philip much, good lad.'

And Philip and Madge were walking quietly up the hillside, halting here and there to give a friendly hand to those who were stumbling by the way. Hadleigh, sitting in his easy-chair, is glad at last, for he has found the Something which he had sought so long without avail, in the fair-haired grandchild sitting on his knee. The love that was so slow of growth in the man's heart has blossomed in this child.

In the work which Philip had started, Austin Shield with his ally Jack Hartopp was working with might and main; and the speculation promised to be not only successful in a commercial way, but also in a moral way. They had all the idea that in course of time it would come to be the universal system of work—that men should be allowed to do as much as they could, and that they should be remunerated in accordance with the results, calculated by the market value of quality and quantity. The men themselves were rapidly coming to understand that their real advantage lay not in combinations which restricted the labour of one who was quicker of wit and hand than the average labourer, but in doing their best to keep up to him, and beat him if that were possible, allowing the lazy and the stupid to fall back into their natural places.

Miss Hadleigh as Mrs Crowell was permitted all the joys she desired; for she had grand dinner-parties; her dear Alfred became an alderman, with every prospect of being chosen Lord Mayor in due course of time, and the possibility of a baronetcy attached to the office.

But look down into one of the side-paths which leads into a jungle. There is Coutts Hadleigh moving through a maze. Contrary to everybody's expectation, he has not married for money, but for a position in society. He has led to the altar the Honourable Miss Adelaide Beauchamp, the penniless daughter of a bankrupt peer. She uses his wealth in the vain effort to re-establish the position of her family. The master of the house is snubbed; and his presence is only required to attend those entertainments where the presence of a husband is supposed to give countenance and propriety to what is going forward.

On that merry racecourse down there is Wrentham, a white hat encircled by a blue veil on his head, a note-book in his hand. He is one of the most popular book-makers on the turf; and away in a quiet cottage are his wife and daughter, happy in the belief that he is engaged on important business, whilst he is drinking champagne, giving and taking the odds

on the next race. Bob Tuppit sees him often; but they pass each other without recognition. Bob is content to turn an honest penny by his juggling craft, and to bring up his family respectably.

By-and-by there comes a stranger man out of the wilderness of foreign parts. He speaks to Sam Culver. The gardener knew him at once, and was in great glee that his old pupil should have found fortune in another land. So he took him to the cottage where Pansy was waiting on her grandfather, who had been at last persuaded to give up his 'business rounds' and settle down at Ringsford.

Caleb and Pansy were only a few minutes together when they came forward to the gardener, and the light on their faces seemed to suggest the burden of the rustic song—'We'll wander in the Meadows where the May-flowers grow.'*

THE END.

ONE WOMAN'S HISTORY.

CHAPTER IX.

AMONG other visitors in search of the picturesque who had found their way to Stock Ghyll Force this morning was Mr Santelle, the stranger who had held the mysterious conversation with Jules the waiter. When half-way across the bridge, he paused to look at the waterfall, which from this point was visible in all its beauty. While standing thus, he was attracted by the sound of voices, and next moment his quick eyes had discovered Colonel Woodruffe and Madame De Vigne on a jutting point of rock half-way up the ravine. The lady he recognised, having seen her start that morning from the hotel with a party of friends; but the colonel was a stranger to him. Humming an air softly to himself, he paced slowly over the bridge and began to climb the path on the opposite side of the stream. When he had got about one-third of the way up, he reached a point where a more than usually dense growth of shrubs and evergreens shut out the view both of the waterfall and the ravine. Pausing here, Mr Santelle with deft but cautious fingers proceeded to part the branches of the evergreens till, from where he stood, himself unseen, he obtained a clear view of the group on the opposite side of the ravine. That group now consisted of three persons.

The approaching footsteps, the sound of which had put an end to the conversation between the colonel and Madame De Vigne, were those of M. De Miravel. He had spied them before they saw him. 'Ah ha! Voilâ le monsieur of the portrait!' he said to himself. 'What has my adorable wife been saying to him? She turns away her face—he hangs his head—neither of them speak. *Eh bien!* I propose to myself to interrupt this interesting *tête-à-tête.*' He advanced, raised his hat, and smiling his detestable smile, made one of his most elaborate bows. 'Pardon. I hope I am not *de trop*,' he said.—'Will you not introduce me to your friend, *chère* Madame De Vigne?'

Superb in her icy quietude—the quietude of despair—and without a falter in her voice, she said: 'Colonel Woodruffe, my husband, Hector Laroche, ex-convict, number 897.'

The fellow fell back a step in sheer amazement. 'How!' he gasped. 'You have told him'——

'Everything.'

She sat down again on the seat from which she had just risen, and grasping the fingers of one hand tightly with those of the other, turned her face in the direction of the waterfall.

Laroche's *sang-froid* had only deserted him for an instant. '*Quelle bêtise!*' he muttered with a shrug. Then becoming aware that the colonel's cold, haughty stare was fixed full upon him, he retorted with a look that was a mixture of triumph and tigerish ferocity. Turning to his wife, and all but touching her shoulder with his lean claw-like finger, he said with a sneer that was half a snarl: 'My property, monsieur—my property!'

Suddenly there came a sound of voices, of laughter, of singing. A troop of noisy excursionists had invaded the glen.

Mr Santelle had apparently seen as much as he cared to see. He let the parted branches fall gently together again, and went smilingly on his way.

CHAPTER X.

It was the forenoon of the second day after the picnic. There was thunder in the air, but the storm had not yet broken. Any moment the clouds might part and the first bolt fall. What might have been the result of the collision between Laroche and Colonel Woodruffe on the day of the picnic, but for the opportune invasion of the glen by a number of excursionists, who put privacy to flight, it is of course impossible to say. It may be also that the Frenchman read something in the colonel's eye which warned him not to proceed too far. No sooner, therefore, had the remark last recorded passed his lips, than he turned abruptly on his heel, and striking into the same winding pathway that Mora had taken earlier in the day, became at once lost to view in the depths of the shrubbery.

'Had you not better let me take you back to the hotel at once?' said the colonel to Mora after a little pause. 'You can easily make an excuse to your party for leaving them. There is an inn at the foot of the valley at which we can hire a fly.'

Mora at once assented. Now that the worst was known, now that everything had been told, her heart cried out for solitude: she wanted to be alone with her despair.

On their way they encountered Miss Gaisford, to whom Mora made some kind of an excuse. An hour later they alighted at the *Palatine.* As they stood for a moment at the door, the colonel said: 'I shall remain here at the hotel for the present, in case you should need me. No one can tell what may happen. Night or day I am at your service.'

She gazed into his eyes for a moment, pressed his hand tenderly, and was gone.

From that hour, Madame De Vigne had ceased to appear in the general sitting-room down-stairs. The bedrooms occupied by the sisters were

* The right of translation is reserved.

separated by a small boudoir. In this latter room Madame De Vigne now passed her time, and here she and Clarice partook of their meals. Miss Penelope and Nanette alone had access to their room.

Of all the people in the hotel Colonel Woodruffe alone was aware that the polite and good-looking French gentleman who called himself M. De Miravel had any acquaintance with Madame De Vigne, or had as much as spoken a word to that lady. De Miravel, to all appearance, did not know a soul in the place. He was very smiling and affable to every one, but seemed to have no acquaintances. His sole occupation—if occupation it could be called—seemed to be to lounge about the grounds and smoke. Once, it is true, he went for an hour's row on the lake, but that was all. When he and Colonel Woodruffe chanced to meet, they passed each other like utter strangers.

Another visitor who appeared not to care to make acquaintances was Mr Santelle. He took his breakfast in the public coffee-room, and dined at the *table-d'hôte;* his keen, watchful eyes saw everything and everybody, but he rarely addressed himself to any one. He was not so much *en évidence* as M. De Miravel; but with a guide-book under his arm and a field-glass slung over his shoulder, he took the steamer from place to place, and seemed bent upon seeing all that there was to be seen. Jules kept a furtive eye upon him at meal-times, but not the slightest sign of recognition passed between the two men.

When Clarice got back to the hotel on the evening of the picnic, she found a telegram from Archie awaiting her. 'Governor not yet to hand,' ran the message. 'Probably fatigue of travelling has been too much for him. May have broken journey somewhere. Can only await his arrival. Hope he will turn up in the morning. Will telegraph again to-morrow.'

Clarice handed the telegram to Mr Etheridge. That gentleman read it slowly and carefully, and handed it back with a smile. 'I think it very likely, as Mr Archie suggests, that Sir William has broken his journey,' he observed. 'But I have long thought that Sir William fancies himself more of an invalid than he really is, and that if he chose to exert himself a little more, it might perhaps be all the better for his health. But there is no accounting for the whims of these rich people. I sometimes think that a little poverty would be a good thing for some of them.'

There was more cynicism in this speech than in any that Clarice had hitherto heard from the old gentleman's lips. But it was not in her province to make any reply to it. She had never even seen Sir William, whereas Mr Etheridge had known him for years.

When not with her sister—and Mora seemed to prefer to be as much alone as possible—Clarice spent most of her time with the old man. She could talk to him about Archie, whom he seemed to have known from childhood, and could listen with unfailing interest to all that he had to tell about the eccentric baronet; while Mr Etheridge seemed quite as fond of her society as she was of his. No message, either by telegram or letter, had yet arrived for him, but he never failed to ransack the letter-rack three or four times a day. 'We can only wait,' he said once or twice to Clarice, as he turned from the rack with that faint, patient smile which she was beginning to know so well. 'Sir William is a man who can never bear to be hurried in anything.'

Next afternoon there came a second telegram addressed to Miss Loraine: 'No news of the governor yet. Most extraordinary. Would have started back to-day, but Blatchett strongly advises to remain till morning. Should there be no news by ten A.M., you may expect me at the *Palatine* in time for dinner.'

'Just like Sir William—just like him; I'm not a bit surprised,' was Mr Etheridge's curt comment when he had read the telegram.

'He must indeed be a singular man,' said Clarice. Then her eyes began to sparkle, and a lovely colour flushed her cheeks. 'Perhaps by this time to-morrow Archie may be back again,' she said, more as if speaking to herself than addressing Mr Etheridge.

In the course of these two days Colonel Woodruffe and Mr Etheridge met more than once. They talked together, walking side by side on the lawn of the hotel. The chief part of the talking, however, seemed to be done by the colonel, his companion's share of it being mostly confined to 'Yes' or 'No,' a confirmatory nod of the head, or now and then a brief question.

When Lady Renshaw got back from the picnic on Wednesday evening, and was in a position to have a quiet chat with her niece, she declared that she had not spent so pleasant a day for a long time. Dr M'Murdo was really a most agreeable, well-informed man—a man whose talents ought to make him a position in the world; and as for the poor, dear vicar, he was nothing less than charming. 'So simple-minded and unworldly, my dear. He quite puts me in mind of the Vicar of Wakefield.' Then she added by way of after-thought: 'But I cannot say that I care greatly for that sister of his. There is something about her excessively flippant and satirical—and I do dislike satirical people, above all others.'

But Lady Renshaw's real enjoyment—of which she said nothing to her niece—arose from her thorough belief that both the doctor and the vicar had been irresistibly smitten by her charms. If they were not in love, or close on the verge of it, why had they followed her about all day like two spaniels, each of them jealously afraid to leave her alone with the other? It was delightful! As she sipped a cup of tea after her return, she began to ask herself whether she might not do worse than accept this clever, well-preserved Scotch doctor. She had no doubt in her own mind that he would propose in the course of a few days. With the help of her money, he might buy a first-class West-end practice; and after that, there was no knowing what he might not rise to in the course of a few years. Seven to ten thousand a year, so she had been given to understand, was by no means an uncommon income for a fashionable doctor to make nowadays. She would think the matter over in the quietude of her own room, so that she might be prepared with her answer, when the inevitable moment should arrive.

The fact was that Dr Mac had fooled her to the top of her bent, as Miss Gaisford had prophesied he would do. Her vanity, as he soon

found, was insatiable; no compliment was too egregious for her to swallow. 'I've done my duty like a man,' he remarked with grim humour to Miss Pen at the close of the day; 'but I hope you will never set me such a task again: the creature's self-conceit is stupendous—stupendous!'

The picnic took place on Wednesday. Thursday was ushered in with wind and rain. The hills had wrapped thick mantles of mist about them, and had retired into private life. Visitors shook their heads as they peered out of the rain-streaked windows, and made up their minds to settle down for the day to novels, gossip, and letter-writing. Despite the wind and rain, Dr Mac set out for Kendal at an early hour with the avowed intention of hunting up some old friends. The vicar, too timid to tackle the widow by himself, kept to his own room, on the plea of having a sermon to compose. Miss Wynter might have been justified that day in her belief that her aunt's temper was not invariably the most angelic in the world.

Bella had enjoyed her picnic more, far more than her aunt was aware of. And yet the girl was troubled in her secret heart. Dick had never made love to her so audaciously before; in fact, the opportunity had never been afforded him; while she herself had never quite known till that day how dear he had become to her. Her training, almost from childhood, and her mode of life since her aunt had taken charge of her, had all tended to stifle the feelings natural to her age and sex, and to induce her to regard the sacrament of marriage as a mere question of pounds, shillings, and pence. Yet here, almost to her dismay, and very much to her mortification, because she felt that she could not help it, she found herself hopelessly in love with a man the amount of whose income seemed in her eyes little more than an equivalent for semi-genteel pauperism. What was to be done? Should she treat Dick after the fashion in which she had treated more than one man already? Now that she had brought him to her feet, should she turn her back on him with a little smile of triumph, and bid him farewell for ever? But then, she had never cared for those other men; while for Dick she did care very much. Whatever she might decide to do must be decided quickly. Dick, easy-going and full of fun as he might seem to be, was not a man to stand any shilly-shallying nonsense. As he stood for a moment or two on the dusky lawn with her hand in his after their return from the picnic, he had given her plainly to understand that he should expect a categorical 'Yes' or 'No' from her on Friday. And now Friday was here, and her mind was no nearer being made up than it had been on Wednesday. Not much appetite for her breakfast had Miss Wynter that morning.

As a matter of course, Mr Etheridge was introduced to Lady Renshaw. Her ladyship was very gracious indeed, when she found in what relation the pleasant-voiced, white-haired gentleman stood to Sir William Ridsdale, and that he was the bearer of a letter all the way from Spa for Mr Archie. With her usual penetration, her ladyship at once concluded in her own mind that the story about a letter for Archie was a mere blind, and that the real object of Mr Etheridge's journey was to spy out the weakness of the land. In other words, Sir William had deputed him to ascertain all that could be ascertained respecting Madame De Vigne and her sister, their mode of life, antecedents, &c.; which, under the circumstances, was no doubt a laudable thing to do. In fact, all her ladyship's sympathies were on the side of Mr Etheridge, and she would most gladly have assisted him in his task, had she only seen her way clearly how to do so. She smiled to herself more than once, as she remarked how innocently all these good people around her accepted Mr Etheridge's version of the reason of his visit to Windermere, not one of them seeming to dream that there could possibly be anything in the background. But then, it is not given to all of us to be so far-seeing as the Lady Renshaws of this world.

As she rose from the breakfast-table this Friday morning she chanced to spy Mr Etheridge pacing the lawn in front of the windows with his hands clasped behind him. He was waiting for Clarice. The two were going on a little excursion together; but not to any distance, as Clarice thought that at any moment there might come a telegram from Archie. Lady Renshaw, seeing Mr Etheridge alone, could not resist the temptation of a little private conversation with him. She might perhaps be able to glean some information as to how matters were progressing; besides which, she had another motive in view.

'I trust that you left dear Sir William quite well, Mr Etheridge?' remarked her ladyship after the usual greetings had passed.

'Tolerable, ma'am, tolerable. At the best of times his health is never very robust; but there has been a considerable improvement in it of late—or he fancies there has, which comes, perhaps, to pretty much the same thing.—Probably Sir William has the honour of your ladyship's acquaintance?'

'N–no; I have never yet had the pleasure of meeting him. You see, he has lived so much abroad, otherwise I have no doubt we should have met at the house of some mutual acquaintance in town.'

Mr Etheridge coughed a dry little cough, but said nothing.

'Dear Archie, now, and I are old acquaintances. What a fine young fellow he is! So clever, you know, and all that. I'm sure Sir William must be proud of such a son.'

'Possibly so, madam—possibly so.'

Her ladyship was anxious to touch on delicate ground, but scarcely saw her way to begin. However, it was necessary to make a plunge, and she did not long hesitate.

'Between you and me, Mr Etheridge,' she said insinuatingly, 'don't you think it a great pity that a young man with Mr Archie's splendid prospects should seem so determined to throw himself away—no, perhaps I ought not to make use of that phrase—but—to—to—in short, to take up with a young lady like Miss Loraine, who, so far as any one knows, seems to have neither fortune, prospects, nor antecedents? To me, it seems a great, great pity.' She glanced sharply at her companion as she finished, anxious to note the effect of her words.

Mr Etheridge came to a halt, apparently engaged

in deep thought for a few moments before he replied. Then he said, speaking very deliberately: 'It does perhaps seem a pity, as you say, madam, that Mr Archie should be so infatuated with this young lady, when he might do so very differently, were he so minded.'

'I was quite sure that you would agree with me,' returned her ladyship in her most dulcet tones. 'But no doubt Mr Archie will listen to reason. When Sir William places the matter before him in its proper light, and proves to him how irretrievably he will ruin himself by contracting such an alliance, he will surely see that, in his case at least, inclination must give way to duty, and that his career in life must not be frustrated by the mere empty charms of a butterfly face.'

What her ladyship meant by a 'butterfly face' she did not condescend to explain.

'As to whether Mr Archie will listen to what your ladyship calls reason is a point upon which, as matters stand at present, I am scarcely competent to offer an opinion.'

'Sly old fox!' muttered her ladyship. 'He wasn't born yesterday. But he doesn't take *me* in with his innocent looks.'

She had another arrow left. 'Then, as regards the sister of Miss Loraine—this Madame De Vigne? A very charming person, no doubt; but that is not everything. I daresay, Mr Etheridge, your experience will tell you that the most charming of our sex are sometimes the most dangerous?'

Mr Etheridge bowed, but did not commit himself further.

'On all sides I hear people asking, "Who is Madame De Vigne? Where did she spring from? Who was Monsieur De Vigne? What was he, when alive?" Question after question asked, but no information vouchsafed. Ah, my dear Mr Etheridge, where there's concealment, there's mystery; and where there's mystery, there's—there's—— Well, I won't say what there is.' Possibly her ladyship had not quite made up her mind what there was. 'In any case, Mr Etheridge,' she resumed, 'were I in your position, I should deem it imperative on me to make Sir William acquainted with everything, down to the most minute particulars. You are on the spot; you can see and hear for yourself. Of course, it would be a dreadful thing if, after Mr Archie were married to the young lady, something discreditable were to turn up—some family secret, perhaps, that would not bear the light of day; some scandal, it may be, that could only be spoken of in whispers. For Sir William's sake, if not for that of our dear, foolish Archie, everything should be made as clear as daylight before it is too late. I hope you agree with me, Mr Etheridge?'

'Quite, madam—quite.—What a splendid man of business your ladyship would have made, if you will excuse me for saying so. Sir William shall be made acquainted with everything. I will see to that; yes, yes; I will see to that.'

'He *is* a spy, then, after all,' said Lady Renshaw complacently to herself.

At this moment, Clarice emerged from the hotel. Lady Renshaw greeted her with a smile of much amiability. 'I trust that dear Madame De Vigne is better this morning?' she said. 'I have been so grieved by her indisposition. But, really, on Wednesday I myself found the heat most trying. I cannot wonder at her prostration.'

'My sister is a little better this morning, thank you, Lady Renshaw,' answered Clarice in her gently serious way. 'I trust that by to-morrow she will be well enough to join us downstairs.'

'I hope so, with all my heart,' answered her ladyship with as much fervour as if she were repeating a response at church.

After a few more words, Clarice and Mr Etheridge went their way. As her ladyship turned to go indoors, Miss Wynter, escorted by Mr Golightly in his boating flannels, emerged from the hotel. They had breakfasted an hour before her ladyship, who was a somewhat late riser. Dick had said to Bella at table: 'I want you to go on the water this morning. It's going to be a bit cloudy later on, I think, and it's just possible that the perch may be in the humour for biting.'

'As if he cared a fig about the perch!' said Bella to herself. 'The wretch only wants to get me into a boat all to himself, and then he thinks he can say what he likes to me.' She trembled a little, feeling that the crisis of her fate was at hand. She would have liked to mutiny and say, 'I shan't go,' as under similar circumstances she would have said to any other man. But with Dick, poor Dick! who had run such risks for her sake, and had done so much to win her, she felt that she could not be so cruel. Besides, she had a woman's natural curiosity to hear what he would say. 'And I needn't say "Yes" unless I choose to,' she remarked to herself; but in her heart of hearts she knew that her 'No,' if uttered at all, would be a very faint one indeed. As it was, she merely looked at him a little superciliously for a moment or two, and then quietly assented.

'I trust, dear Mr Golightly, that you are thoroughly competent to manage a boat?' remarked her ladyship, when she had been told where the young people were going.

'Rather,' answered Richard a little brusquely. 'I didn't pull stroke in the Camford Eight, seven years ago, for nothing.'

'I only spoke because I'm told that the lake is most treacherous, and that a year rarely passes without one or more fatalities.—Bella, darling, I think you ought to have taken a warmer shawl with you. The air on the water is often chilly.' Then in an aside: 'Be careful what you are about. If he proposes, only accept him provisionally. This affair of Archie Ridsdale's is by no means at an end yet.'

Bella nodded. 'Too late, aunty, too late,' she said to herself. 'I'm very much afraid that I can't help myself.'

Lady Renshaw, as she turned away, remarked to herself: 'I'm not sure that young Golightly is quite such a nincompoop as I took him to be at first. But in any case, Bella ought to be able to twist him round her finger.'

Clarice had not left her sister many minutes when Nanette entered her mistress's room carrying a note on a salver. It was simply addressed, 'Madame De Vigne.' One glance at the writing was enough. Mora remembered it too well. She

turned sick at heart as she took the note. 'You need not wait,' she said to Nanette. As soon as she was alone, she sank down on the ottoman and tore open the envelope. The note, which was written in French, ran as follows:

'I have not troubled you since our last interview. I have left you alone, that you might have time to think over what I said to you. But I have had no message from you, and this long delay begins to irritate me. I must know at once what you intend to do. I propose to call upon you at seven o'clock this evening. I need not say more.—LAROCHE.'

Madame De Vigne sat staring at the letter for some minutes, as though the reading of its contents had taken from her all power of sense or feeling. Then waking up as if from a trance, she said to herself: 'It must be done; there is no other course.' She touched the tiny gong at her elbow. Nanette appeared. 'Inquire whether Colonel Woodruffe is in the hotel,' she said. 'If he is, tell him that I should like to see him here at his convenience.'

(*To be concluded next month.*)

THE MONTH:

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

IT has long been understood that the vaults of the British Museum contained many treasures for which no space could be found in those parts of the building accessible to the public. But the removal of the Natural History Collection to its new home at South Kensington has placed a series of spacious galleries at the disposal of the authorities, and these are now being filled with the hitherto hidden antiquities. Among the most interesting of these is a collection of tablets bearing inscriptions relating to Babylonian history. One is a Babylonian Calendar, from which it would appear that in Babylon the superstition existed of certain days in the year being either lucky or unlucky. This book of fate had to be consulted before performing various acts of domestic life. The same superstition is common to the Chinese, and seems akin to the astrological fictions prevalent in Europe a few centuries back.

Mr Petrie, whose excavations at San (Zoan) have been adverted to more than once in these pages, has now returned to England, and has recently given an account of his work at a meeting of the subscribers to the Egypt Exploration Fund. He has examined more than twenty sites of ancient cities and remains, and speaks of certain ground so thickly strewn with early Greek pottery 'that the potsherds crackled under the feet as one walked over it.' He pointed out that the main object with regard to San—a city built seven years before Hebron—was to gain knowledge of the unknown period of the Shepherd kings. But the work will occupy several years, for the district to be explored covers some square miles, and the remains are in many cases lying beneath eighty feet of earth. The Exploration Fund shows a balance of two thousand pounds, a circumstance partly due to the liberality of our American cousins, who are greatly interested in the work.

It is proposed to found at Athens a British School of Archæology, the aim of which will be to promote the study of Greek art and architecture, the study of inscriptions, the exploration of ancient sites, and to promote generally researches into Hellenic life and literature. His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales is President of the General Committee, which includes a large number of distinguished representatives of our universities and schools. Sufficient money has already been subscribed to start the enterprise, but more will be required for its maintenance. Subscriptions may be sent to Mr Walter Leaf, Old Change, London, or to Professor Jebb, at the University, Glasgow.

The French Minister of Agriculture some time ago commissioned a Professor of the Collége de France to experiment upon the best method of destroying the winter eggs of the *Phylloxera*, it having been ascertained that that line of attack was the most efficient in dealing with that terrible scourge of the vineyard. After several trials, a mixture of oil, naphtha, quicklime, and water has been tested on a large scale with the most successful results. It was of course easy enough to hit upon a chemical compound which would kill the eggs, but not so easy to find one which would not destroy the vine at the same time. The remedy is not only efficient, but cheap.

For some years, Dr Jaeger, of Germany, has been preaching a new hygienic doctrine, which has quickly gained disciples in the Fatherland and in other countries as well. Under the title of Sanitary Clothing, this new creed teaches that our dress requires a far more radical change than is indicated in the philosophy of so-called dress-reformers. Here is the pith of the matter. Man being an animal, should follow the dictates of nature by wearing only clothing made from wool and similar animal products. Cotton, linen, &c., are harmful in collecting the emanations from the skin, whilst animal textures assist in their evaporation. At the same time, animal clothing is warmest in winter, and coolest in summer, and by its adoption we might count upon the same immunity from disease as is seen in well-cared-for domestic animals. By night as well as by day we must shun contact with vegetable fibres. Sheets must give place to wool and camel-hair coverings. It is obvious that, besides revolutionising the Englishman's innate regard for 'clean linen,' the general adoption of these new tenets would cause a revolution in trade, and would therefore at once court opposition; but for all this, the doctrine seems to have a considerable amount of common-sense about it.

A very pleasant and interesting ceremony was witnessed on Scarborough sands the other day, where a large collection of donkeys and ponies were assembled in review order. A few gentlemen have for the past two years subscribed for prizes to be offered at the end of each season to those drivers who can show their beasts in good condition and bearing the signs of kind treatment. This was the second distribution of the kind. There are many seaside places and other spots of popular resort where this good example might be followed with much advantage.

Lord Brabazon utters a useful note of warning when he points out, what has long been patent to

many observers, that there is a deterioration in physique of the inhabitants of the more crowded portions of our cities. Want of food, exercise, and fresh air are the causes of this decline. He points out that in this year's drill competition of School Board scholars it was clearly noticeable that those children from the poorest and most crowded districts were of shorter stature than the others. As a partial remedy for this lamentable state of things, Lord Brabazon advocates more variety in the system of education, and begs the authorities to remember that the body should be cared for as well as the brain. He pleads also that cookery, needlework, and the knowledge of a few simple rules for maintaining the body in health, will be of more value to a girl than a smattering of French, and that a boy will make a better citizen for having been trained to use his hands as well as his head in honest labour.

It is stated that a Wild Birds' Protection Act is much needed in several parts of our Indian possessions. The birds have been hunted down for the sake of their bright plumage, until in some districts certain species are almost exterminated. The frightened agriculturists are now calling out for protection for their feathered friends, for insects of various kinds are increasing to an alarming extent, and are playing sad havoc with the crops.

According to the *Building News*, another curious use has been found for paper. At Indianapolis, a skating rink has been constructed of this ubiquitous material. Straw-boards are first of all pasted together, and are subjected to hydraulic pressure, and these when sawn into flooring-boards are laid so that their edges are uppermost. After being rubbed with glass paper, a surface is obtained so smooth and hard, and at the same time exhibiting such adhesive properties, that it is well adapted for the modern roller-skates. It is also stated that in Sweden old decaying moss has been manufactured into a kind of cardboard which can be moulded in various ways for the purposes of house decoration. It is said to be as hard as wood, and will take an excellent polish.

When we read the account of some fatal gas explosion, we are always prepared to find the oft repeated tale of the foolish one who goes to look for the leak with a lighted candle. A recent explosion of this kind in Paris has led to the appointment of a Commission to determine the best manner of searching for gas-escapes. It has been now decided that an electric incandescent light fed by an accumulator—or secondary battery—shall be rendered obligatory for such operations, and suitable apparatus has been selected and approved. It now remains to be seen where the lamps are to be kept, how they are to be always charged ready for use, and whether the foolhardy folk who court explosion with a naked candle or match will ever trouble themselves at all about the provision made for their protection.

Japan has the unenviable distinction of being the one spot on this globe where earthquakes are most frequent, and therefore it may be assumed that the Seismological Society of Japan has plenty of work to do. In the last issue of the 'Transactions' of this useful body of workers, there is a good paper by Professor Milne on Earth Tremors. The study of these slight movements of our great mother is called microseismology, and a number of exceedingly ingenious instruments have been contrived for identifying and self-recording them. From the fact that earthquakes are generally preceded by great activity in the way of tremors, it is hoped that reliable means may be found of forecasting those terrible occurrences. Professor Milne supposes earth tremors to be 'slight vibratory motions produced in the soil by the bending and crackling of rocks, caused by their rise upon the relief of atmospheric pressure.' Another investigator thinks that they may be the result of an increased escape of vapour from molten material beneath the crust of the earth consequent upon a relief of external pressure. In other words, these premonitory symptoms are developed when the barometer is low.

Messrs Manlove and Company, engineers at Manchester, Leeds, &c., in calling our attention to a paragraph which appeared some months back in this *Journal* descriptive of a street-refuse furnace or 'destructor,' point out that that title was given to an apparatus of their invention some years ago, which is now in successful operation in various parts of the kingdom. Owing to the word 'destructor' not having been protected by copyright, it has been applied by other inventors to more recent contrivances.

A New Jersey capitalist has lately planted a vast area in Florida with cocoa-palms, and he expects in a few years to rival the most extensive groves of these trees in other parts. The plantation covers one thousand acres, and each acre numbers one hundred trees. They will not yield any return for the first six years; but at the end of that time a profit of ten per cent. on a valuation of two million dollars is looked for, the original cost of planting being only forty thousand dollars. The trees, we learn, will flourish only within a certain distance of the sea-coast, and each full-grown tree produces annually sixty nuts. We presume that the estimated profits take into consideration the processes of oil-extraction and fibre-dressing, which necessarily follow in the wake of cocoa-nut cultivation.

The International Health Exhibition has been even more financially successful than its predecessor 'The Fisheries,' for the total number of persons who passed its turnstiles is more than four millions, a number equal to the population of London itself. The Exhibition of Inventions which is to open next year has met with some unexpected but not unnatural opposition from some of our great manufacturers. These complain that competition with foreign countries is so keen just now that it will be a national mistake to exhibit for the benefit of others, machinery and processes which have deservedly earned for Britain a proud pre-eminence in various manufactured products. They point out that a patent is very little protection in such a case, because of the ease with which, in other countries at least, it can be infringed, and because of the difficulty and expense of tracing the delinquents. It is probable that for this reason many of our manufacturers will stand aloof, or will only exhibit such things as comprise no trade secrets.

The dwellers in a certain part of suburban

London have hitherto been in the happy possession of artesian wells on their premises, from which they could draw a never-failing supply of good water. They feared not the calls of the water-rate collector, and looked with indifference at the disputes with the Water Companies going on around them. But suddenly they have been rudely awakened from their pleasant dream of security, for their wells have run dry. An enterprising Water Company has sunk a deeper well than any of the others; and as water will insist on finding the lowest level, the smaller fountains have been merged into the big one.

No one likes to pay exorbitantly, especially for such a necessary as water, but the system of artesian wells is hardly suitable to a crowded city. In London itself, many pumps have been closed because of the dangerous contamination of the subterranean water by sewage and proximity to graveyards, &c. As a case in point, the city of New York, instead of drawing its water-supply from a hundred miles' distance—as London does from the hills of Gloucestershire—has to seek it underground. Lately, the cholera scare has frightened people into a sense of insecurity; and inquiry shows that leakage of sewers has rendered the New York water unsafe, and it has been condemned by the city Board of Health. This is of course hard upon those who have sunk wells at great expense; but we have all to learn the lesson that the individual must occasionally suffer for the public weal.

A clever imitation of amber, which it is difficult to distinguish from the genuine fossil gum, is made from a mixture of copal, camphor, turpentine, and other compounds. It exhibits attraction and repulsion on being rubbed, like real amber (*electron*), which because of the same properties has given its name to the science of electricity. It is now being largely manufactured into ornaments and mouthpieces for pipes. It will not bear the same amount of heat that genuine amber will withstand, and it softens in ether. These two tests are sufficient to distinguish it from the genuine article.

The great ship-canal between St Petersburg and the small fortified town of Cronstadt, which up to this time has been the actual port of Peter the Great's city for all vessels drawing more than nine feet of water, has at last been opened, the work of construction having occupied about six years. The canal is nearly twenty miles long, it has an average width of about two hundred feet, and is twenty-two feet in depth. Apart from its importance commercially both to Russia and the traders of other countries, who before were subject to the cost of transhipment of goods going to St Petersburg, the canal will have a strategical value. Ships of war could now retreat up the canal if Cronstadt were attacked, and could, if required, emerge from the security of the waterway fully equipped and ready for action.

That small creature called the weevil, whose depredations were always understood to be confined to grain and biscuits, has lately developed a taste for tobacco. In America, smokers have found to their disgust that both cigarettes and cigars are riddled through and through by this pest, the creature confining his attention to the choicest brands. This discovery has had a most prejudicial effect upon the cigarette trade in New York and Philadelphia. It is said that in some factories the weevil is swarming from cellar to garret.

The chairman of the Western Railway Company of France has lately volunteered a statement respecting the behaviour of the Westinghouse brake, which has been in use on that line for rather more than four years. In this statement we find a list of accidents which have been avoided by the use of the brake, and these accidents are classified under different heads, such as Collisions, Obstacles on the Line, Rolling-stock not removed in time, and so forth. Upwards of forty disasters have been clearly avoided by the prompt use of the brake. On the other hand, the brake itself will sometimes get out of order and refuse to act at the critical moment. How many accidents, we wonder, have already occurred from this cause! We may mention in this connection, that a meeting of the friends of the killed and injured in the Peniston disaster has been held, and that it has been resolved that a test action should be brought against the Railway Company concerned, on the ground that to send out a train with an insufficient brake, after the Board of Trade have for seven years laid down certain conditions, is a wrongful act. The necessary money has been raised without difficulty.

The recent exhibition of the Photographic Society was a very interesting one, the pictures shown, a large proportion of which were by amateur photographers, indicating a very high average of excellence. The modern gelatine dry-plate system, with its ease of working and its cleanliness, has attracted a number of amateurs, who, a few years back, under the old condition of things would never have dreamt of handling a camera. Indeed, aspirants to photographic fame have become so numerous of late, that a special journal, *The Amateur Photographer*, has been started in their interests, and bids fair to attain a wide circulation.

The vexed question as to how long a gelatine plate can be kept between the moment of exposure and its after-development, has been partially answered in a satisfactory manner by a certain picture in the Photographic Exhibition. It was taken in July 1880, and not developed till four years afterwards. No one would guess, from looking at it, that the plate which received the light impression had been kept so long before that impression was made visible by development.

The *Times* correspondent at the Philadelphia Exhibition gives an interesting account of the electric lighting system in that city. The Brush Company there supply arc-lights to the streets and the shops. The charge amounts to as much as fifty pounds per light per annum; but the people are content to pay this for a brighter light than gas will afford. There are no fewer than fourteen towns in the States which are lighted in this manner; and the writer of the account thinks that the English public and the English manufacturers have perhaps been rather hasty in condemning the light on insufficient grounds. We are disposed to think that the light has had a very fair trial here. Many of our railway stations and public thoroughfares have been

illuminated by electricity, and many of them have discarded it. In a word, it does not pay. With improved appliances, which are sure to appear, we may nevertheless still regard it as the light of the future.

It may interest many of our readers to know, since the ambulance classes which have been established in most of our large towns have drawn attention to the subject, that a small case or chest, containing the requisites for ready treatment of injuries, may be had for a moderate sum. This case, first introduced at the Sunderland Infirmary Bazaar by the inventor, Mr R. H. Mushens of that town, is intended for use in shipbuilding yards and large factories where accidents are likely to occur. As in many instances the life of an injured man depends on prompt and ready treatment, and as a considerable time may elapse before the appearance of a doctor, the advantage of such a handy means of assistance to employers of labour will be at once apparent. The case is twenty-one inches long, nine broad, and seven deep, and is furnished with a brass handle for carrying it about from place to place. It contains a complete set of splints; roller and Esmarch bandages for finger, hand, arm, head, and broken ribs; tourniquet for arresting bleeding; strapping-plaster; sponge, scissors, Carron oil, &c., with printed hints regarding the rendering of assistance to, and the removal of the injured. The use of such simple appliances does not do away with the necessity of the presence of a doctor, but it may save the life of the injured person, and simplify matters very much for the doctor by the time he has reached the sufferer.

THE MISSING CLUE.

CHAPTER VIII.—THE SEARCH—CONCLUSION.

Rising early in the morning, mine host's solitary guest had ventured out on foot for a walk through the village. Having passed the last of the straggling cottages, he now stood beneath the frowning portal of the ruined monastery. It was Christmas morning, and all was silent here, silent as the voices of those who built the pile which they vainly thought would have 'canopied their bones till Doomsday.' Of the stately abbey church which had once lifted its head so proudly over the fen, and beneath whose shadow slept the ill-fated baronet, but one ruined wing remained, and in this the snowdrift had accumulated to the depth of several feet. Straight from the north-east, soaring through the dark mist that gathered thickly out to the seaward, a screaming gull flapped on its way—a certain harbinger of more rough weather to come. As it passed near, the bird's discordant cry roused Ainslie from the moralising train of reflections in which he had been indulging, and turning back, he slowly retraced his steps to the *Saxonford Arms*.

Breakfast having been partaken of in the quaint old room up-stairs, mine host saw no more of his visitor for the rest of the morning. A few customers dropped in from the hamlet, and under the combined influence of strong ale and lusty singing, the company—old Hobb included—got quite merry. Dinner-time came at last, and Christmas cheer was conveyed to the solitary guest above.

More of the villagers put in their appearance during the afternoon, and the babel of tongues in the *Saxonford* bar waxed somewhat deafening. It is quiet enough up-stairs. As the evening draws on, the merry-makers gather closely round the fire, and one of them—an uncouth figure with restless eyes—relates a weird Jack-o'-lantern tale. Afterwards come more songs, finishing with a right rousing chorus, and then the company leave in a body, to return again later on for still more uproarious merriment. Old Dipping, who is now left alone, steals to the foot of the stairs and listens, inwardly hoping that his visitor has not been disturbed by the confusion and noise which for the past two hours have gone on beneath him. He does not wait there long. The sound of a door opening is heard, and then an excited voice shouts from above: 'Landlord!'

'He must be in a temper,' thinks old Hobb, as he slowly toils up the staircase and enters his visitor's dining apartment.

The lieutenant's eye is wild and his manner strange. He motions to Dipping to shut the door.

'I'm sorry, sir'—— begins the landlord apologetically.

'Sorry! What for?' interrupts Reginald. 'Look at that! Do you mean to tell me you are sorry, now?'

On the table was the black box!

Old Dipping could only stand and gape. 'Where did you find it, sir?' he at length falters out.

'Find it!' answers his excited guest. 'Why, under that loose board by the window! I've been searching here all day long with scarcely a hope of turning anything up. What a lottery life is!—Get me a knife, a hammer, anything that will wrench the lid off. Quick, man, quick!'

Old Dipping disappeared and shortly returned with a chisel, that being the only article he could find which was in any way likely to suit his visitor's requirements. Seizing upon it, Ainslie endeavoured to force the lid off the mysterious box. His efforts are for some minutes paralysed by his own precipitate violence, and old Hobb groans impatiently. At length the fastenings can resist no longer; hinges and locks give way, and the lid flies off, disclosing to view a quantity of time-coloured papers and parchments. Beneath these, at the bottom of the box, is a coarse canvas bag, which on being opened is found to contain about a score of guineas in gold. These the lieutenant tosses aside, much to the surprise of Hobb Dipping, who looks upon ready-money as being far more valuable than any papers could possibly be. Various documents are one by one read and laid aside. Many of them appear to be letters of correspondence from persons of rank, and the greater portion are expressed in language which is enigmatical to Ainslie, but which he rightly conjectures as relating to the Jacobite plots in which his scheming uncle had been engaged. Not the slightest hint can be twisted out of any one that at all refers to the subject upon which our hero had hoped to be enlightened. After all, the discovery appears to be very much like a failure.

'There—there's somethin' in that bag you've overlooked, sir,' nervously remarks the landlord, who has been watching his visitor's actions with a trembling kind of interest.

'Ay, so there is.' And a precious something it turns out to be. At the bottom of the bag which Reginald had so carelessly tossed aside is an old parchment cipher alphabet.

'Landlord,' says Ainslie, whose fleeting hopes have once more risen to a fever-heat, 'this may or may not be—I know not which—the very clue I hoped to find here. Be it so, or be it not, at anyrate this money shall go to you,' and he thrust it across the table towards the wondering innkeeper.—'No thanks,' he added, seeing that old Dipping was about to speak. 'Leave me alone now. I must be quiet.'

The landlord carefully gathers up the gold and goes out, amazed at such unlooked-for generosity.

'Now for it!'

At the top of the scrap of paper which Reginald had obtained when he first entered the house was a bold, curious kind of monogram; underneath this were two words, which, on being interpreted by means of the cipher alphabet, read as NUMBER Two. Thus far all was plain sailing; but as our agitated hero proceeded with his task, his heart sank within him, for the meaning of the translation seemed well-nigh as obscure as the document was itself. When the whole of the intricate writing which covered the paper had been followed up letter by letter, it ran in ordinary language in this style:

Read the
Second word of the first line.
Third word of the second line.
Fifth, sixth, seventh, and eighth words of the third line.
Seventh and eighth words of the fourth line.
First word of the fifth line.
First, fourth, and seventh words of the sixth line.
Fifth word of the seventh line.
Fourth and fifth words of the eighth line.
First and sixth words of the ninth line.
Second and third words of the tenth line.
Tenth word of the eleventh line.
First, second, and seventh words of the twelfth line.
Fourth, sixth, and seventh words of the thirteenth line.
Third word of the fourteenth line.
Second, sixth, and seventh words of the fifteenth line.
Sixth and seventh words of the sixteenth line.
Sixth, seventh, and eighth words of the seventeenth line.
Seventh word of the eighteenth line.
Second and sixth words of the nineteenth line.
First, second, and sixth words of the twentieth line.
Fifth word of the twenty-first line.
Eighth, ninth, tenth, and eleventh words of the twenty-second line.
Sixth and seventh words of the twenty-third line.
Second word of the twenty-fifth line.

CARNABY VINCENT.

These incomprehensible lines would have the effect of reducing the feelings of most persons to a depth of sickening disappointment. But Reginald was not to be beaten so easily. A moment's reflection convinced him that this singular table could only be the key to some letter or paper which had contained an important secret. Important it must have been, else why should such scrupulous care have been taken to effect its concealment?

What sudden half-formed thought is that which shoots across Ainslie's mind as he gazes on the monogram at the top of the paper? Quickly unfastening the breast of his coat, the young officer takes therefrom a strongly bound pocket-book, and opening it in the same hasty manner, draws forth from among a miscellaneous collection of papers the identical letter which Sir Carnaby had intrusted on the night of his death to his servant Derrick's charge.

By this letter hangs a tale. When Derrick, while still lingering in the neighbourhood of the *Saxonford Arms*, was informed of Sir Carnaby's death by a labourer who had heard the facts from the mouth of old Dipping himself, he resolved that, since he could no longer help his master, he would at least execute his last commands. In this, however, he was providentially disappointed. On arriving at the Grange, after a long and wearisome ride, he received the startling news that Captain Hollis—to whom he should have delivered the note—had been that morning arrested on a charge of high-treason. Completely foiled in his well-meant endeavours, Derrick now thought only of his own safety. Sir Henry Ainslie's country-seat on the borders of Suffolk, he chose to be his next destination; and thither the attendant went, intending to acquaint his unfortunate master's relatives of the catastrophe which had occurred. The journey was not accomplished without grievous difficulty, due in a great measure to his wounded arm. A low lingering fever followed immediately upon his arrival at the Hall; and when Derrick at length recovered sufficiently to have some sense of his situation, Sir Henry Ainslie was lying under the sod, having died while in the act of imparting to his wife a secret of which he was the sole remaining possessor. The attendant's sad tale was briefly told; but neither that nor the singular letter which he delivered, threw a spark of additional information upon the subject. Notwithstanding this, the peculiar character of Sir Carnaby's epistle warranted its being preserved; while, as Reginald grew towards manhood, and laid Derrick's tale more and more to heart, he not unfrequently carried his uncle's letter about with him, vaguely hoping that some clue might turn up which would eventually solve the mystery. This was his object in bringing it on the present occasion; and now he sits eagerly comparing the translated document with the letter which he had kept for so many years. The contents of the latter ran as follows:

DEAR SIR—

My son Harry informs me that your wager on my horse is taken. I have had much bad health lately, and have been forced to keep my bed. I have not seen your nag run in consequence, but hope to have the pleasure soon. Squire Norris left us yesterday; he only offered one hundred against Martin's thousand; but Martin was too deep for that, and in the end the bet fell through. My wine is in a bad state just now, for the cellar is all under water. I regret purchasing this house, instead of the Hall, though I dare say the latter is not half so good. I do not think we shall return to the Grange, but shall know before long; if so, I trust you will come and stay there. Hunters are hard to get; it seems as if they were all going out of the county. The Meet saw nothing of me for some time

after that accident I had, and Warton was greatly in want of help. My arm is better now; but I shall not be able to use it for some time. Remember to deliver our good wishes to the parson; may he never have cause to regret his choice.—Your sincere

C. V. Morton.

This very ordinary specimen of letter-writing was headed by a monogram similar to that which Ainslie had noticed on the scrap of paper, coupled with the words Number One. Many speculations had been made as to what these hieroglyphics might refer to, but up to the present moment their meaning has remained unsolved. Will they be solved now? Can there be any connection between the letter Derrick had failed to deliver and this incomprehensible document marked Number Two? What does the interpretation of the latter say?

Read the
Second word of the first line.
Third word of the second line.
Fifth, sixth, &c. words of the third line.

Instinctively following these directions, Reginald applied them to his unfortunate uncle's letter, and produced therefrom, to his surprise and delight, the sentence—'Sir Harry is taken.'

The meaning of this was obvious. Reginald's father, Sir Henry Ainslie, was known in his lifetime among a circle of Jacobite acquaintances as plain 'Sir Harry,' and the writer had evidently been alluding to his apprehension in 1745.

Reginald pursued the method with as much deliberation as the excited state of his feelings at the moment would admit of; and by means of underlining such words as the key mentions, soon extracted the pith from Sir Carnaby's letter:

Sir Harry is taken. I have been forced to run, but have left one hundred thousand deep in the cellar under Waterhouse Hall. I dare not return, but shall trust you to get it out. Meet me after that, and help to use it for our good cause.

He had found the Missing Clue at last! Sir Carnaby's scheme was as clear as open daylight. The spell of this intricate labyrinth, which the plotting baronet had formed to protect his secret message, had been dissolved as if by the wave of an enchanter's wand.

Roused to action by his discovery, and burning to know the truth of it without delay, Ainslie at once descended to the room below, and communicated to Hobb Dipping his intention of starting early the next morning.

The whole story was plain to the young soldier. Sir Carnaby Vincent, whose adherent loyalty to the House of Stuart greatly resembled that of many of his Cavalier forefathers, had determined, like a true subject, to expend his wealth in prospering the beloved cause. For this purpose, the young baronet had combined the money he had raised with that of Sir Henry Ainslie, and secreted the whole amount in a small country-house known as 'Waterhouse Hall,' there to remain until a favourable opportunity should present itself for using it according to their wishes. The explosion of the Jacobite plot, however, occurred before any measures could be taken for the removal of the money, and Sir Carnaby in his flight was obliged to have recourse to Captain Hollis, an intimate friend, and an ardent participator in his schemes against the government. It was customary among these as among other plotters in state affairs, to communicate with each other in what is termed cipher; and here at last Reginald was in possession of the key to the letter he had carried about for so many years. Most fortunately, as it happened, Waterhouse Hall—the only piece of property which Sir Carnaby had not parted with or mortgaged, but which he had reserved mainly for the purpose mentioned—escaped any official sequestration after the baronet's death, so that his sister Lady Ainslie, to whom it reverted, was able to take possession of this solitary remnant of the family estates, which eventually became her home.

Next morning, Reginald left the *Saxonford Arms*, starting at dawn, and checking not his horse's stride until he beheld before him the towers and pinnacles of Fridswold Minster.

As the dissected parts of a puzzle are put together piece by piece, so has this mystery been worked out until one part only remains to be added before we bid adieu to the reader.

Sir Carnaby's 'hundred thousand' had not left the cellar in which it had been deposited fifteen long years before; but so deep down was it, that considerable perseverance had to be expended in bringing this precious sum to light. He was now able to fulfil the conditions which had hitherto prevented him from claiming Amy Thorpe as his own; and the stern old colonel, before many years had passed, was content to find his happiness in that of his daughter and her husband, and among the sturdy little grandchildren that clustered on his knees and clung about his neck. Lieutenant Ainslie left the army and took to politics; and ere long it was rumoured in the county that his loyalty and services to his party were to be rewarded by the removal of the old attainder, and the restoration of his family title. He was shortly thereafter spoken of as Sir Reginald, and no one grudged him the restoration of the ancient and honourable title of his family.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

A NOVEL PEAL OF BELLS.

In many parts of England, bell-ringing has of late years made great strides as an art, and has been taken up, studied, and practised by a class of persons who, from their intelligence, education, and position, are altogether very different from the 'bell-ringers' of the olden day. We now constantly hear of the 'Society of Diocesan Bell-ringers for the Diocese of So-and-so;' and on inquiry, we shall find that the members of these Societies are mostly professional men, men in business, respectable tradesmen, and such-like, and very often clergymen as well. A remarkable instance occurred recently where the ringers were clergymen. This interesting exhibition took place on Thursday the 2d of October, at the village of Drayton, near Abingdon, Berkshire, where there happens to be a peal of eight fine bells in the parish church, of which

the Rev. F. E. Robinson is vicar, and to whose energy and spirit this experiment is due. The clerical ringers were all members of the 'Ancient Society of College Youths of London,' and the 'Oxford University Society of Change-ringers,' both Societies being celebrated for their skill in this art. The peal rung is technically described as 'Thurstan's peal of 5,040 Stedman Triples true and complete;' and this took nearly three hours to accomplish, and was conducted by the vicar, who himself rang bell number seven.

A STEAM-FERRY ON THE THAMES.

The inhabitants of Woolwich and neighbourhood, with praiseworthy energy, have determined to take the question of a bridge or ferry across the Thames into their own hands and decide the matter for themselves, as they were, we presume, pretty well tired out by the endless talk and procrastination of the government authorities, who have spoken for years of a swing-bridge below the Pool, without anything ever coming of it. A steam-ferry is now proposed, by which vans and carts of any weight can be transported without delay or difficulty from one side of the river to the other, at a small cost. Where the traffic will be greatest there will be one tidal, and two travelling platforms, to be constructed on an improved principle; and the stagings will be so arranged as to avoid any inclines for horses and heavy loads. The tidal platform will be managed by machinery as the tide rises and falls so as to bring its deck to a level with the deck of the ferry-boat, and is to be worked automatically by means of electricity. The ferry-boats will be fitted with double engines and twin screws, and lighted with the electric light, and they will run every twenty minutes throughout the day. Return tickets and workmen's tickets will be granted, and every facility provided for the convenience of passengers. As the banks of the Thames near to both North and South Woolwich are the centres of an enormous industry, it is morally certain that the scheme of steam-ferries, where there is no bridge for many miles, will pay well; and as the capital required to start with is estimated at only fifteen thousand pounds, it will doubtless be soon forthcoming, and the scheme speedily be an established fact. This resolute energy, on the part of private individuals, forms a striking contrast to the time-losing and money-spending schemes of the Metropolitan Board of Works, who proposed to lay out the modest sum of seven hundred and fifty thousand pounds on one single swing-bridge!

UTILISATION OF SEWAGE.

To many large and growing towns, the disposal of the sewage is becoming a serious matter, and while several large towns are just now contemplating the expenditure of very large sums for the purpose of getting rid of it, a Company has been formed, and works have been erected at Shrewsbury with a view to utilising this valuable waste material. The process by which this Company profess to be able, without creating a nuisance, (1) to purify the sewage so that the effluent water is sufficiently pure to be admitted into any river, within the requirements of the Rivers' Pollutions Prevention Act, and (2) to produce 'native guano,' is very simple. As the sewage enters the works, clay, charcoal, and blood are added as deodorisers; and after thorough mixing, a solution of sulphate of alumina is added, by which the dissolved and suspended impurities are quickly precipitated in one or other of the settling tanks, from the fourth of which the water runs without further treatment into the river. Dr Wallace reports that the sewage as it enters the works contains 37·5 per cent. of suspended organic and inorganic matter, but that in the effluent water there were only the merest traces of either. By experiment it has been found that in this water fish will live for months. The deposit is then removed from the tank, and, by means of pressure and artificial heat, is deprived of its moisture, till it obtains the consistency and appearance of dry earth. It is then ready for market, and is in such demand, that as yet the Company are unable to overtake all orders, though seventy shillings per ton is charged.

ELECTRICITY AS A BRAKE.

A new electric brake, recently invented by an American, named Walcker, and which is already in use in America, was lately tried on a tramway between Turin and Piosassio, with remarkable results. It is reported that by means of this brake two cars, running at a speed of about twenty-two miles per hour, were stopped in the short space of six seconds, and within a distance of twenty yards. This, if reliable, is a great achievement certainly, and will doubtless lead to further and more extensive experiment, and possibly to its general adoption. The brake is at present being exhibited in the Turin Exhibition.

MAKING OF MUMMIES.

An extraordinary subject was brought forward at the recent meeting of the Social Science Congress, namely, the actual making of modern mummies. A paper was read on this question by Mr Thomas Bayley, of Birmingham, going fully into the objections raised to cremation, the most important, as far as legal points are concerned, being, that cremation does away with all evidence of foul-play, which must be lost the moment the body is destroyed. In the face of this grave difficulty, the paper proposes a plan by which the dead may be easily preserved for an indefinite time after death, so as to be at any moment recognisable and in a fit state for analysis, examination, or otherwise as may be necessary—the body, in fact, becoming a perfect mummy. This curious position is arrived at by enveloping the body in cotton-wool; it is then placed in an air-tight case, and exposed, in a subterranean gallery lined with cement, to the action of cold air, which is dried and purified from putrefactive bacteria. After this, air at a higher temperature is used in the same way; and the result of the process is the manufacture of a complete mummy, with the integument remaining white, and the body entire. And herein this new process differs from that adopted by the ancient Egyptians, who were specially careful to remove the interior portions of both

the trunk and the head, their place being supplied with peppers, spices, and other aromatic herbs. It is a somewhat delicate question to ask whether this curious suggestion will ever become popular with Englishmen, or Europeans in general; but there can be no doubt, in questions where suspicion of murder has arisen and yet cannot be proved, that the preservation of the body of the deceased in such an ingenious manner would be eminently satisfactory to the relatives of the supposed victim, because the body is always at hand, intact and ready for careful examination at any moment, on the discovery of fresh evidence, or otherwise.

TURNING WOOD INTO METAL.

Our readers may not be aware of a process whereby wood can be almost turned into metal; that is to say the surface becomes so hard and smooth that it is susceptible of a high polish, and may be treated with a burnisher of either glass or porcelain. The appearance of the wood is then in every respect that of polished metal, and has the semblance of a metallic mirror, only with this peculiar and important difference, that, unlike metal, it is unaffected by moisture. The process by which this curious fact is arrived at may be briefly described. The wood is steeped in a bath of caustic alkali for two or three days, according to its degree of permeability, at a temperature of between one hundred and sixty-four and one hundred and ninety-seven degrees of Fahrenheit. It is then placed in a second bath of hydrosulphate of calcium, to which a concentrated solution of sulphur is added after twenty-four or thirty-six hours. The third bath is one of acetate of lead at a temperature of from ninety-five to one hundred and twenty-two degrees of Fahrenheit, and in this the wood remains from thirty to fifty hours. After a complete drying, it is then ready for polishing with lead, tin, or zinc, finishing the process with a burnisher, as already mentioned, when the wood, apparently, becomes a piece of shining polished metal. This curious process we are told is the invention of a German named Rubennick.

RELICS FROM THE HOLY LAND.

An admirable proposal has just been made for the foundation of a Museum of Antiquities and Curiosities from the Holy Land, and of all museums such a one as this would surely prove of the deepest interest. Already there appears to be a room in the Louvre at Paris devoted to this purpose, and containing about a couple of hundred objects. The British Museum possesses various articles, such as lamps, vases, &c.; but a very much larger collection is known to belong to the Palestine Exploration Fund, and is partly in the keeping of that association both in London and Jerusalem, and partly at the South Kensington Museum; the whole collection probably may number about a thousand objects of all kinds. Coins would of course form an important part of the collection. Many very ancient and curious Jewish coins are still in existence; but perhaps the three of the greatest antiquity and consequent interest—two copper and one silver—bear the names of 'Eliashib the Priest,' four hundred and thirty-five years B.C., and 'Eleazar the Priest,' two hundred and eighty-one years B.C. To the coins might be added relics of the crusaders, and memorials of the Christian occupation of parts of Palestine, crests and arms of the Christian warriors, architectural relics, and fragments of sculpture. The aid of plaster-casts and photography, too, might be readily called in; and it may be reckoned that few travellers visiting this sacred soil would fail to bring back something with which to enrich the museum. Thus a good beginning might easily be made; and in the end, a large and curious collection of objects would be brought together, which would materially help to illustrate and throw light upon the history of Palestine and the study of the Holy Scriptures.

HOPE ON, HOPE EVER.

Hope on, hope ever. Though dead leaves are lying
In mournful clusters 'neath your wandering feet;
Though wintry winds through naked boughs are sighing
The flowers are dead; yet is the memory sweet
Of summer winds and countless roses glowing
'Neath the warm kisses of the generous sun.
Hope on, hope ever. Why should tears be flowing?
In every season is some victory won.

Hope on, hope ever, though you deck loved tresses
With trembling fingers for the silent grave;
Though cold the cheek beneath your fond caresses,
Look up, true Christian soul; be calm, be brave!
Hope on, hope ever. Though your hearts be breaking,
Let flowers of Resignation wreathe your cross,
Deep in your heart some heavenly wisdom waking,
For mortal life is full of change and loss.

Hope on, hope ever, for long-vanished faces
Watch for your coming on the golden shore,
E'en while you whisper in their vacant places
The blessed words, 'Not lost, but gone before!'
Hope on, hope ever, let your hearts keep singing,
When low you bend above the churchyard sod,
And fervent prayers your chastened thoughts are winging,
Through sighs and tears, to the bright throne of God!

Hope on, hope ever. Let not toil or sorrow
Still the sweet music of Hope's heavenly voice.
From every dawn some ray of comfort borrow,
That in the evening you may still rejoice.
Hope on, hope ever—words beyond comparing,
Dear to the hearts that nameless woes have riven;
To all that mourn, sweet consolation bearing.
Oh, may they prove the Christian's guide to heaven!

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POISONING.

An examination of the Registrar-general's annual Report for 1882 gives some interesting and suggestive statistics as to cases of poisoning, which we think it may not be out of place to call attention to. Probably few of our readers will be aware how frequently cases of poisoning occur in the ordinary course of events. In the year 1881, for example, there were five hundred and sixty-nine deaths recorded in England alone from poisoning; while the year 1882 shows a record considerably in excess of this, namely, five hundred and ninety-nine, or one in every eight hundred and sixty-three of the total deaths registered. Fully two-fifths of these cases are classified under the heading 'Accident and Negligence'—the remainder are suicides, of which we will have a word to say by-and-by—and as it is not too much to assume that in nearly every instance such cases are preventable, we purpose calling attention to some of the more common causes of these fatalities, in the hope that the suggestions and warnings thrown out may not be without their influence in producing more care in the handling and use of these dangerous substances.

Glancing over the various poisons, we find that the well-known preparations of opium, laudanum, and morphia—opium itself being included—head the list, having caused eighty-five deaths through accident or negligence. This might have been expected from preparations so largely used in domestic remedies; but the seventy-eight deaths from lead-poisoning which follow do surprise us, in view of the fact that the conditions which produce as well as the conditions which mitigate or counteract the effects of this subtle poison, are now so well known. Lead is followed by the four stronger acids—hydrochloric, nitric, sulphuric, and carbolic, which amongst them have caused thirty-four deaths under the same category. Arsenic, again, caused nine; phosphorus, eleven; chlorodyne, six; chloral, fourteen; chloroform, four; soothing syrup, four; with a host of casualties from substances of minor importance.

Reading between the lines of the Registrar-general's Report, which it is not difficult to do, with the help of the medical journals, we will find that there are two prolific causes of these accidents—first, the giving or taking of overdoses of certain remedies containing poisons; and second, the substitution of one bottle or substance for another, as, for example, where a number of substances are congregated together, as in the case of the domestic cupboard. In the first class may be instanced the giving of overdoses of opiates or soothing preparations to children; the taking of overdoses of narcotics or soothing compounds, such as chloral, by habitual drinkers; and the general familiarity which the handling or using of these powerful agents frequently begets in those habitually using them. In the second class may be instanced such mistakes as the substituting of one bottle containing, say, a poisonous liniment, for a mixture intended for internal administration; the hasty and foolish practice of quaffing off a draught from any jug, bottle, or dish without examining the contents; and lastly, mistakes caused from accumulating within easy access powerful medicines, in the hope that they may come of future use.

Now, every good housewife may not be a trained nurse, but she is almost certain to be called upon at one time or another to act as nurse, and she may save herself many a bitter reflection if she would only attend to the following simple and easy to be remembered rules:

(1) Never give an infant an opiate or other powerful soothing remedy without first obtaining the sanction of the doctor. No practice is more common when mothers meet than to talk over their children's complaints, suggest remedies, and magnify their several experiences, with the result that domestic recipes are lauded, approved, and tried too often in total ignorance either of their suitability or safety. Few mothers are aware of the important fact, that a medicine containing a narcotic or soothing ingredient may cure one

infant and kill another of equal strength, age, &c. This varied action of soothing remedies on infants cannot be too well known or too strongly impressed upon mothers.

(2) Where powerful remedies, particularly such as contain opiates or chloral, are being administered, the patients should not be allowed to measure them or repeat the dose for themselves. In the midst of racking pain or tossing about with sleeplessness, the chances are that the patient will take a larger dose than that prescribed, to obtain speedier relief; although it is not even in this that the principal risk of accident lies. The great risk is that the patient will repeat the dose before the influence of the previous dose has exhausted itself; repeating the dose in a state of semi-consciousness or of complete recklessness, to the total disregard of either quantity or consequence. It would be well if persons in the habit of taking laudanum, morphia, chloral, and chlorodyne would keep this danger in mind.

(3) Never place bottles or packets containing poison alongside of those intended for internal use. This is one of the most prolific causes of accidents; and experience has shown that neither the distinctive blue corrugated bottles, which are now frequently used to hold poisons, nor labels, are sufficient to insure immunity from accident, even among trained nurses, where medicines are allowed to be collected indiscriminately together. (In the act of writing this, a case in point has come under our observation which well illustrates the fearful risk that is run in failing to attend to this simple rule. A daughter was requested by her mother to give her a dose of her medicine. Only two bottles were on the dressing-room table, the one containing the medicine required, and the other containing a poisonous liniment. The daughter saw the liniment bottle, read the label poison, took up the other bottle containing the mixture correctly, but put it down again to pick something up, and the second time took up the bottle, but this time without reading the label, with the result that the liniment was given instead of the mixture, with fatal results. Similar cases might be multiplied indefinitely.)

(4) Never put any poison, such as carbolic acid, oxalic acid, or any other of the stronger acids into beer-bottles, jugs, cups, or other vessels which both children and adults are apt to associate in their minds with substances not in themselves dangerous. One can hardly take up a medical journal without finding some death recorded in this manner. A bottle or cup is standing on a table or in a cupboard, and under the impression that it contains beer or spirits, tea or coffee, or even pure water, some one quaffs the contents, and only finds when it is probably too late that he has drunk some virulent poison. One is very apt to say, 'How stupid!' on reading such cases, and yet one of the earliest experiences of the writer was in connection with a mistake in every respect resembling this, and it well illustrates how such mistakes may be made by intelligent if not even educated men—men trained to exercise eyes, nose, and mouth—without their being detected until too late. A student in the dispensary, one hot dusty day, feeling thirsty, thought he would slake his thirst not at the tap, but from the 'Aqua fontana' bottle on the shelf. Next this bottle stood another containing turpentine, both bottles being correctly and plainly labelled. Feeling confident in his bottle, he carelessly lifted it from the shelf, took a long draught, and never discovered that he was quaffing the turpentine until the bottle was withdrawn from his mouth. Fortunately, nature dealt kindly by the lad, in quickly rejecting the nauseous liquid.

Lastly, never accumulate powerful remedies, in the belief that they may be required on some future occasion. It is highly probable that many of our readers will have a family medicine chest in which there is a place for every bottle, and in which every bottle must be in its place, and the whole in beautiful order. This is the very idea for a medicine cupboard—not only a place for everything, and everything in its place, but all plainly and correctly marked. As a rule, however, nothing can be further from the reality than such a picture. The ordinary domestic medicine cupboard is too frequently a shelf of some press or dark closet, where all medicines and remedies not in use—poisonous liniments, poisonous mixtures, simples, and so on—are all literally huddled together, with nothing to mark their contents save the stereotyped directions: 'The liniment for external use,' or, 'A teaspoonful three times a day.' It is not difficult under such circumstances to picture a typical case of what is almost certain sooner or later to occur. Johnny, one of the children, is frequently troubled with a cough, but the east winds having for a time been propitious, Johnny's cough mixture is put away in the cupboard. By-and-by, however, Johnny overheats himself, is again caught by the east wind, and so his mamma goes to the cupboard for his mixture. Johnny escapes it may be all the poisonous liniments, for the bottle is distinctly marked, 'A teaspoonful three times a day;' but Johnny does not by any means escape all risk, for it is more than probable that his mamma has quite forgotten about his papa's tonic mixture containing strychnine, or her own fever mixture containing aconite, or his older brother's mixture containing arsenic, and probably many others, all labelled, 'A teaspoonful three times a day,' and all resembling Johnny's as much as two peas do each other. This is no fanciful picture, but one which we have experienced again and again—sometimes with serious consequences, but more frequently with more fright than hurt. Still, such a risk should never be run. The agony which a mother feels when she realises either that she has given, or that her child has taken an overdose of poison or of some powerful medicine by mistake, requires to be witnessed to be understood in all its terrible reality; but once witnessed, we think it might be sufficient to act as a warning as to getting too familiar or careless in the handling or storing of such potent agents.

Nevertheless, it is a remarkable fact that some persons never acquire this caution, even with such a bitter experience as that described. We remember being called up one midnight to a case of poisoning, where an ounce of saltpetre had been given for an ounce of Epsom salts. The mother recollected placing the salts in the cupboard, but she forgot one other very important fact, that she had also placed the packet

of saltpetre in the same place some time previously, and so she took the first packet that came to her hand and made it up without the slightest inspection. Notwithstanding this experience, a week or two later she made a similar mistake with another poison from the same cupboard. A phial of croton oil, used to produce an eruption on the chest, was lifted instead of a phial of olive oil, and poured into the ear to relieve earache.

Referring for a moment to suicides, of which there were two hundred and eighty-eight for the same period, we find some curious and even extraordinary statistics. For example, there is a very great difference, as a rule, in the agents employed by men and by women to effect suicide. A class of poisons under the generic name of vermin-killers, but which in the majority of instances are merely arsenic or strychnine disguised, have been the agents used by seventeen females and only seven males. The opium preparations, on the other hand, very nearly reverse these proportions, having been used by twenty males and only twelve females. Carbolic acid, again, has been used by thirteen females and only six males; and so on. Apparently, the agent used in the majority of cases is determined either by a facility in the obtaining of the poison, or by a certain familiarity in the every-day use of it, otherwise we cannot account for the general use of some slow, uncertain, and frightfully painful poisons such as carbolic acid and phosphorus. Of more importance, however, than this are the following facts, which we think require some explanation or investigation. We find one hundred and one deaths recorded—fifty-eight by accident and forty-three by suicide—from seven substances alone, not one of which the legislature at present requires to be labelled poison! Surely this requires some looking after. We find seventy-eight deaths (not suicides) from lead-poisoning. We would like to know how far these seventy-eight deaths are to be accounted for from absorption of the poison by those working amongst it, and how far they might have been avoided by ordinary precautions? Lastly, we find one hundred and two deaths—twenty-six by accident and seventy-six by suicide—from poisons which should not be sold unless under the strictest regulations. We would like to know how far these regulations have been observed in these cases, as we have reason to conclude that there is a laxity existing somewhere.

ONE WOMAN'S HISTORY.

A NOVELETTE.

BY T. W. SPEIGHT.

CHAPTER XI.

THE first thing that struck Colonel Woodruffe on entering the room of Madame De Vigne was the extreme pallor of her face. She looked like a woman newly restored to the world after a long and dangerous illness. Although the window was wide open, the venetians were lowered, while Mora herself was dressed in black, and in the semi-obscurity of the room, her white, set face, with its sorrow-laden eyes, had an effect that was almost ghostlike to one coming suddenly out of the glaring sunlight. At least so it seemed to Colonel Woodruffe. He felt that at such a time all commonplace questions would seem trivial and out of place, so he went forward without a word, and lifting her hand, pressed it gently to his lips.

'Read this, please,' she said as she handed him her husband's letter. Then they both sat down.

He read the note through slowly and carefully. As he handed it back to her, he said: 'What do you mean to do?'

'I shall see him at the hour he specifies, and shall tell him that I have already commissioned you to seek out Sir William Ridsdale and tell him everything.'

'Everything?' he asked.

'Everything,' she answered in the same hard, dry voice; a slight trembling of her long, thin fingers was the only sign that betrayed the emotion pent up within. 'Dear friend,' she went on, 'I want you at once to find Sir William and tell him everything as I told it to you on Wednesday. It will then be for him to decide whether he can accept the sister of an ex-convict's wife for his daughter-in-law. If he cannot, then God help my poor Clarice! But nothing must be kept back from him, whatever the result may be.' Then after a little pause, she said, looking earnestly into his face: 'Do you not agree with me?'

'I do,' he answered. 'The right thing is always the best thing to do, whatever consequences may follow. Depend upon it, you will lose nothing in the eyes of Sir William by throwing yourself on his generosity in the way you propose doing.—But I have had news. Sir William will be here—at the *Palatine*—in the course of a few hours.'

'Ah! So much the better. So will the climax come all the more quickly. But, my poor Clari! Oh, my poor, darling Clari!' Her lips quivered, a stifled sob broke from her heart, but her eyes were as dry and tearless as before.

The colonel waited a moment, and then he said: 'What you purpose telling a certain person at your interview this evening will enable you to set him at defiance—will it not?'

'It will—thoroughly and completely. I shall have taken the initiative out of his hands, and he will be powerless to harm me.'

'Your fortune?' he said.

'Is settled strictly on myself. He cannot touch a penny of it.' Then, after a pause, she added: 'Not that I want him to starve; not that I would refuse him a certain share of my money—if I could only feel sure it would keep him from evil courses. But it would never do that—never! In such as he, there is no possibility of change.'

'I will make a point of seeing Sir William as soon as he arrives,' said the colonel as he rose and pushed back his chair. 'I suppose that is what you would like me to do?'

'The sooner the better,' answered Mora, also rising. 'You will come to me the moment you have any news?'

'I will not fail to do so. For the present, I presume you will say nothing to your sister?'

'Why trouble her till the time comes? Let her linger in her love-dream while she may. The waking will be a cruel one when it comes.'

'With all my heart, I hope not!' answered the colonel fervently. Then, as he took her hand, he added: 'We shall meet again in a few hours.'

'How good you are!' she murmured, with a little break in her voice.

He shook his head, but would not trust himself to speak. He was more moved than he would have cared to own. Once more he lifted her fingers to his lips. Next moment she was alone.

Mr Dulcimer and Miss Wynter went gaily on their way to the lake. To hear them talking and laughing, no one would have thought that they had a care beyond the enjoyment of the passing hour, yet each was secretly conscious that for them that day might perchance prove one of the most momentous in their lives. They found a boat with fishing-tackle awaiting them. Bella shook a little as she bade farewell to *terra firma*. She felt as an ancient Greek might have felt—that the Fates were against her—that destiny was stronger than she, and urged her forward whether she wished it or not. She who had heretofore been so wilful seemed to have no power of will left in her.

Before long they found themselves at a point near the head of the lake where Dick had been told that he might possibly find some fish. For a quarter of an hour or so he plied his rod industriously, but not even a nibble rewarded his perseverance. 'Ah,' said he at last, 'the fish are evidently off their feed this morning.'

He did not seem in the least put about by his ill-luck, but laying his rod across the thwarts, he proceeded leisurely to light his pipe. Bella watched him nervously. As soon as his pipe was fairly under way, he looked straight into Bella's eyes and said: 'I did not so much come out here this morning to fish as to secure an opportunity for a little quiet talk with you.'

'I can quite believe it. There is something underhand about most things that you do,' she answered as she dipped one of her hands carelessly into the water.

Dick smiled amiably. He delighted in a skirmish.

'Am I to go back to London to-morrow morning, or am I not? That's the question.'

'Really, Mr Dulcimer, or Mr Golightly, or whatever your name may be, I am at a loss to know why you should put such a question to me.'

Dick burst into a guffaw.

'May I ask, sir, what you are laughing at?'

'At you, of course.'

'Oh!' It came out with a sort of snap.

'You look so comical when you put on that mock-dignified air, that it always sets me off. Of course I know you can't help it.'

'Wretch!' she retorted, half-starting to her feet. Next moment she sat down again in mortal terror. The boat was swaying ominously, or so it seemed to her.

'Please not to flop about so much,' he said drily, 'unless you wish to find yourself in the water. I'm a tolerable swimmer, and I might, perhaps, be able to lug you ashore, but I wouldn't like to guarantee it.'

Her temper vanished like a flash of summer lightning. 'Oh, do please take me back!' she said, looking at him with a pitiful appeal in her eyes. Like many town-bred girls, she had an unconquerable dread of water.

'You are just as safe here as on shore, so long as you sit still,' he answered re-assuringly. And with that he changed his seat and went and sat down close in front of her.

The colour began to return to her cheeks. He looked so strong and brave and handsome as he sat there, that she felt ashamed of her fears. What harm could happen to her while he was there to protect her!

'Look here, Bella,' he presently began; 'where's the use of you and I beating any longer about the bush? I must have a distinct answer from you to-day, Yes or No, whether you will promise to become my wife or whether you won't. You know that I love you, just as well as if I told you so a thousand times. You know that my love is the genuine article, that there's nothing sham or pinchbeck about it. Your own heart has told you that before to-day. There's something else, too, that it has told you.' He paused.

'Indeed!' she said, thrusting out her saucy chin a little way. 'And what may that be, if you please?' Her spirit was coming back. She was not inclined to strike her colours without a struggle.

'It has told you that you love me,' he answered slowly and deliberately, still looking straight into her eyes.

She was silent for a moment. A little spot of deepest red flashed into each of her cheeks. 'Indeed, sir, you are mistaken,' she answered with a sort of supercilious politeness. 'I am not aware that my heart has told me anything of the kind.'

'Then it's high time it did tell you,' was the cool rejoinder. 'You love me, Bella, whether you know it or not, and the best of it is that you can't help yourself.'

'Oh! this is too much,' she cried, and again she half-started to her feet. The boat rocked a little.

'You seem to have made up your mind for a ducking,' said Dick, although in reality there was not the slightest danger. Next moment she was as still as a mouse.

He knocked the ashes out of his pipe. 'Yes, *ma petite*, I've got your heart in my safe keeping; and what's more, I don't mean to let you have it back at any price. The pretty toy is not for sale.'

His audacity took her breath away, yet it may be that she did not like him less on that account. Certainly Dick's love-making was of a kind of which she had had no previous experience.

'You have got me here by a mean and shabby subterfuge,' she cried. 'You have made a prisoner of me, and now you think you can say what you like to me.'

'That's so,' he answered equably. 'Now that I've got you here, I mean to say my say. Idiot if I didn't!'

Bella had never felt so helpless in her life. This man seemed to turn all her weapons against herself. And she was afraid even to stamp her foot!

Richard proceeded to fill his pipe. 'Don't you

think, *carissima*, that we have had enough of fencing, you and I?' he asked as he struck a match. 'Don't you think we had better put the foils aside for the present and talk a little quiet common-sense?' His voice had softened strangely. All his flippancy seemed to have vanished in a moment.

She did not answer. Her eyes were gazing straight over his shoulder at the great solemn hills in the background—not that she saw them in reality. He let his match burn itself out, and laid down his unlighted pipe. Then he leaned forward and took one of her hands in his strong brown palms. His touch thrilled her. All power of resistance seemed taken from her. Her bosom rose and fell more quickly, a tender radiance suffused her eyes, the roses in her cheeks grew larger, and their tints deepened. Love's sorcery was upon her. She had drunk of the potion, and was lost. Never again could she be quite the same as she had been.

What was the 'quiet common-sense' he was going to talk? she wondered. She had her doubts already as to the accuracy of his definition.

'There comes a time in the lives of most of us,' he began with unwonted seriousness and still holding one of her hands, 'when we are confronted by two diverging paths, and are called upon to make our choice between them. At such a crisis you, my dearest, have now arrived. Before you lie two widely diverging paths, one only of which you can take, and from which there can be no return. With one of these paths you are already familiar; you have trodden it for two years; you know whither it leads, or fancy that you know. If you believe that you will find your happiness at the end of it, for heaven's sake, keep to it still! But if you don't so believe—why, then, the other path is open to you.'

He paused. She withdrew her hand. He at once began to feel for his match-box. She regretted that she had not allowed him to retain her fingers.

'And that other path leads—whither?' she asked softly, and with her eyes still fixed vaguely on the hills behind him.

'To love in a cottage—or, say, in a semi-detached villa at Camden Town or Peckham Rye, with one small servant, not overclean.' Evidently he had not forgotten what she had said to him on Wednesday. Their eyes met, and they both broke into a laugh. He put the match-box back in his pocket and took possession of her hand again.

'You know that all I can offer you is a warm heart and a slender purse,' he said. 'Not much, I grant, from a worldly point of view; still, I believe cases have been known where two people have been venturesome enough to start in life together on a capital as ridiculously insignificant as that just named, and have not been unhappy afterwards. On the other hand, you know the brilliant future which your aunt predicts for you, if you will only be an obedient girl and do as she wants you to do; that is to say, if you will only marry the first rich man who proposes to you, whether you care for him or whether you don't. Well, there are many young ladies nowadays who seem to find their happiness in that direction. Why shouldn't you? As you said yourself the other day, you are a piece of human bric-à-brac to be knocked down to the highest bidder.'

'Don't, don't!' she cried with quivering lips.

'Be mine, then!' exclaimed Dick passionately. 'Become the wife of the man who loves you, and save yourself from further degradation. At present you are a slave—a chattel. Break your fetters, cast them behind you for ever, and come to my arms: there is your proper home!'

'O Dick, what would my aunt say—what would she do?' she asked in an uncertain, tremulous voice.

'There! now you've done it!' he exclaimed with a laugh, that yet sounded as if there were a tear in it.

'Done—what?' she asked in amaze.

'Told me all that I want to know!' he cried in triumph. 'If your aunt is the only obstacle—I don't care for ten thousand aunts! You are mine—my own—and all the she-dragons in the world shall not tear you from me!'

Bella saw the uselessness of further resistance, and, like a sensible girl, she capitulated without another word.

When Friday morning broke clear and sunny, Lady Renshaw's good temper, which seemed somehow to have evaporated in the rain and fog of the previous day, came back to her in a lump as it were. She spent an extra half-hour over the mysteries of her toilet, donned one of her most becoming costumes, and descended to the breakfast-room, on conquest bent. But, alas, when she reached the room she found no one there to conquer; the enemy was nowhere to be seen. She had the *salle* almost to herself. Then it began to dawn upon her that there was just a possibility that both Dr Mac and the vicar might have 'made tracks' thus early in the day on purpose to escape her. And yet such an idea was almost too preposterous for belief. Had they not both been unmistakably infatuated on Wednesday, each in his own peculiar way? Had they not both been palpably jealous of each other? Why, then, should they try to shun her on Friday? Why should forty-eight hours make such a vast difference in their feelings? But, perhaps, there was something in the background of which she knew nothing. Perhaps some one had been prejudicing the two gentlemen against her. If such were the case, she could only set it down as the handiwork of that obnoxious Miss Gaisford. She had felt from the first that she could never like the vicar's sister; and besides, was it not just possible that Miss Gaisford herself might be setting her cap at the doctor? If so, poor thing, it evidently would be labour in vain.

This thought put her ladyship into a somewhat better humour. Matters should be altered on the morrow. She would make an heroic effort, and rise with the lark, or at least early enough to breakfast at the same time that the gentlemen partook of that meal. It would be her own fault, then, if she allowed them to slip through her fingers. The poor dear vicar might go as soon as he had served her purpose in keeping alive the doctor's jealousy; but the latter individual she meant to bring, metaphorically, to his knees before he was many days older, and she never

for a moment doubted her ability to do so. Miss Gaisford, indeed! Ah ha! let those laugh who win.

She found herself in the sitting-room by the time she arrived at this triumphant peroration. It was empty. Lady Renshaw, in accordance with her usual tactics when no one was about, began to pry and peer here and there, opening such drawers in the writing-table as did not happen to be locked, turning over the paper and envelopes, and even submitting the blotting-pad to a careful examination; she had heard that strange secrets had sometimes been revealed by the agency of a sheet of blotting-paper. Nothing, however, rewarded her perquisition. She next crossed to the chimney-piece. Careless people occasionally left envelopes, and even letters, on that convenient shelf. Here, too, her search was without success. She felt somewhat aggrieved.

Suddenly her eye was caught by a gleam of something white just inside the scroll-work of the fender. She had pounced upon it in an instant. It proved to be merely a scrap of half-charred paper; but when she had opened it, which she did very carefully, she found it to be covered with writing. It was, in fact, a fragment of the letter given by Madame De Vigne to Colonel Woodruffe. The colonel had watched the flames devour the letter, till it was all gone except the small portion held between his thumb and finger. This he had dropped without thought into the fender, where it had till now remained, untouched by the housemaid's brush. Lady Renshaw went to the window, and having first satisfied herself that no one was watching her, she put on her glasses, and tenderly straightening out the paper on the palm of one hand, she proceeded to decipher it. The fire had left nothing save a few brief sentences, which lacked both beginning and end. Such as they were, however, they seemed pregnant with a sinister significance. Her ladyship's colour changed as she read. She was nearly certain that the writing was that of Madame De Vigne; but in order to make herself certain on the point, she turned to an album belonging to Clarice which lay on the table, in which were some verses written by her sister and signed with her name. Yes—the writing was indisputably that of Madame De Vigne!

Once more she turned to the scrap of paper and read the words. She wanted to fix them in her memory. They ran as follows:

'My husband . . . . five years ago . . . . sentenced to penal servitude . . . . You now know all.'

'The key of the mystery, as I live!' cried Lady Renshaw triumphantly. 'The widow of a convict! Well might she not care to speak about her past life. Ah ha! my fine madam, your reign is nearly at an end. I wonder what Mr Etheridge will say to this. He may be back by now. I will go in search of him at once. But for whom can the letter have been intended? In any case, she seems to have repented writing it, and to have burnt it rather than send it.'

She took a book off the table and placed the fragment carefully between the leaves, so as to preserve it intact. She then went in search of Mr Etheridge. That gentleman and Clarice had just returned from their excursion. Their first care was to examine the letter-rack in the hall. There they each found a telegram. Clarice tore hers open with a fluttering heart. This is what it said:

'Nothing seen here of governor. Telegram from him to Blatchett. Am to return to Windermere by first train. Hurrah! Governor will meet me at *Palatine* to night. Queer, very. No matter. Shall see you as well.'

Clarice turned first red and then white. The terrible Sir William coming to the *Palatine*—and to-night! It was enough to flutter any girl's nerves. She turned to Mr Etheridge and put the message into his hands. 'Read it,' was all she could say.

He had just finished reading his own message, which seemed to be a very brief one.

'Well, what do you think?' she asked nervously, as he returned the paper to her with a smile.

'I think it's about the wisest thing Sir William could do. He ought to come and see with his own eyes, instead of sending other people. Of course, the fact of his summoning Mr Archie to London, and then declining to see him, can only be put down to the score of eccentricity—though I have no doubt the boy has enjoyed his little trip to town.'

Clarice looked at him a little reproachfully. As if Archie could enjoy being anywhere where she was not!

'I must go and tell Mora the news,' she said. 'But oh! Mr Etheridge, do you think Sir William will want to see me?'

'I think it very likely indeed.'

'I was never so frightened in my life. I wish I could hide myself somewhere till to-morrow.'

'Pooh, pooh, my dear young lady; Sir William is not an ogre. He is only a man, like the rest of us.'

'But he is Archie's papa.'

'Is that any reason why you should be frightened at him?'

She nodded her head with considerable emphasis. But at this juncture Lady Renshaw was seen approaching, and Clarice fled.

'Can you favour me with a few minutes' private conversation, Mr Etheridge?' said her ladyship.

'Willingly, madam. Shall we take a stroll on the lawn, as we did before? There seems to be no one about.'

'That will do very nicely. I will just fetch my sunshade and then join you.' Which she accordingly did. 'You may recollect, Mr Etheridge, that one portion of our conversation this morning had reference to Madame De Vigne?' began her ladyship in her most confidential manner.

'I have not forgotten, madam.'

'Since that time I have made a most surprising discovery—a discovery I feel bound to say which only tends to confirm the opinion I then ventured to express. Will you be good enough, my dear sir, to look at this, and then tell me what you think?'

She opened the book at the page where she had inserted the scrap of paper, and placed it in his hands.

He stopped in his walk while he read it; but his face was inscrutable, and Lady Renshaw could

gather nothing from it. Presently he lifted his eyes from the paper and stared at her for a moment or two, his bushy eyebrows meeting across the deep furrow in his forehead.

'Where did you obtain this from, may I ask? And what is the meaning of it?'

'As you will have observed, it is evidently a fragment of a burnt letter. I picked it up quite by accident on the floor of the sitting-room. The writing I know for a fact to be that of Madame De Vigne. As for the meaning of it—your penetration, my dear sir, is surely not at fault as regards that?'

'It is a curious document, certainly—a very curious document,' remarked the old man drily.

'It is more than that, Mr Etheridge,' remarked her ladyship in her most tragic tones—'it is a revelation! Who is this husband of whom mention is made? Who is this convict who is so openly alluded to? Are they, or are they not, one and the same man, and if so, is he alive or dead? Those are points, I should imagine, on which Sir William will require to be fully enlightened; for, of course, Mr Etheridge, you will see how imperative it is that the paper should at once be laid before him. What a very, very fortunate thing that I happened to find it in the way I did!'

'Yes, madam, Sir William shall see the paper, undoubtedly. A very fortunate thing, as you say, that your ladyship happened to find it, and not any one else, for you, madam, I am quite sure, are discretion itself.'

'Just so—just so,' responded her ladyship uneasily.—'What a strange old man!' she said to herself. 'I don't know what to make of him this morning.'

'Permit me to whisper a secret in your ladyship's ear,' resumed Mr Etheridge with his odd little smile. 'I have had a message. Sir William will be here—here at the *Palatine*—in the course of a few hours.'

Her ladyship could not repress a start. Here was news indeed!

'But not a word to any one at present, I beg,' continued the old gentleman. 'I want Sir William's arrival to be a surprise.'

'Ah, just so,' answered her ladyship with a complacent nod.—'It will be like a bombshell thrown into their midst,' she added to herself. Then aloud: 'Not a word shall pass my lips, Mr Etheridge. By-the-bye, do you think it at all likely that Sir William will require to see me—I mean with regard to the scrap of paper?'

'I think it very likely indeed, madam.'

'In that case, I will hold myself in readiness. I have long desired the pleasure of Sir William's acquaintance. We could scarcely meet under more agreeable auspices.' Then suddenly grasping Mr Etheridge by the sleeve, she said in her deepest tones: 'I felt sure from the first moment I set eyes on her that this Madame De Vigne was an impostor!'

'Dear me!' ejaculated the old gentleman with uplifted hands. 'What acumen—what acumen!'

Her ladyship smiled a superior smile. 'For the present I will say Ta-ta. You will not forget that I shall be in readiness to see Sir William at any moment?'

'I will be sure not to forget. *Au revoir*, madam—*au revoir*.'

Lady Renshaw walked back to the hotel with the serene consciousness of having performed a meritorious action. Through her instrumentality an impostor would be unmasked, and in so far, Society would owe her a debt of gratitude. The service, too, was such a one as Sir William would not be likely to forget. Suddenly, a great, an overwhelming thought flashed across her mind. Sir William was a widower, but by no means a very old man—at least, so she had been given to understand; and in any case, he was not too old to marry again, if the whim were to take him. What if he were to—— The mere idea of such a thing made her heart go pit-a-pat. There was a mirror in the corridor. She simpered at herself in it as she passed and gave a tug at one or two of her ribbons. Undeniably, she was still a fine-looking woman. Far more unlikely things had happened than that which her thoughts had barely hinted at. What was it that the parrot in its gilded cage at the top of the stairs said to her as she passed? Did her ears deceive her, or was it a fact that it screamed after her, 'Lady—Lady—La-dy Ridsdale?'

COOKING CLASSES FOR CHILDREN.

'I HAVE been reproaching myself,' was the piteous plaint of Mrs Butler (Fanny Kemble) in her *Records of Later Life*, 'and reproving others, and honestly regretting that, instead of Italian and music, I had not learned a little domestic economy, and how much bread, butter, flour, eggs, milk, sugar, and meat ought to be consumed per week by a family of eight persons.' This is the lesson that great part of the world of women has still to learn. We have allowed mere accomplishments, the fringe and lace of life, to draw our attention from those solid and necessary things which a woman must know if her home is to be comfortable, and which a man knows nothing about except that in their results they make him contentedly happy or utterly miserable. A woman can obtain a more sensible, more thorough, in every way a better education in book-knowledge now than at almost any previous period of our national life; but the gain has been made at a price. Reaction is required, and indeed has set in already. We may see its fruits in the schools of Cookery for Ladies established in all our great towns; in the classes for dress-making, clear-starching, and ironing; in the newly awakened interest in domestic economy as a science, in the countless books on that subject and on cookery published during the last few years.

The work is by no means done yet. That there are many to be taught and much to be learned, we may gather from a glance at the questions asked on such subjects in our principal ladies' papers; where but the other day we find a newly married lady wishing to know if, on an income of five hundred pounds a year, without house-rent, she can keep a butler, a cook-housekeeper, a housemaid, a carriage and pair of horses, and a pony and cart!

But we wish to turn now to the wants of another class, and see what has been done and what can be done for our poorer sisters, who sorely need our help in this matter.

If it be true that education is the work of

drawing out the mental powers of children so as to fit them thoroughly for their work in life, then we certainly for a time overshot our mark in elementary schools, so far as the girls were concerned. We taught them many things which they did not need to know, and could not learn thoroughly for want of time—much which almost unfitted them for their probable places in life as working-men's wives; and we left untaught altogether all the womanly and useful arts of life except sewing. Good management has become rarer and rarer in the homes of town working-men; the thrifty, careful housewives seem as units among scores of careless, bad—because ignorant—mismanagers. The early age at which girls go to work in factories increases the evil; and, till lately, nothing which was taught at school helped to remedy it. Here, too, however, the change has begun, and now, in the Board Schools of London, Liverpool, Birmingham, Glasgow, and other large towns, the practical teaching of cookery holds almost as important a place in the education of girls as the teaching of sewing. But the question remains for the managers of voluntary schools: Is cooking worth teaching? Can it be successfully taught in our schools? Will it pay?

These are important questions; but they may all—even the last, which comes very near to the hearts of all managers—be answered, we believe, with a simple 'Yes.' Within the writer's own knowledge, since the establishment of cookery classes in elementary schools, case after case has occurred where a girl of ten, eleven, or twelve has been able to cook food well for a whole family; or in sickness, has been the only person able to make beef-tea or gruel or to beat an egg. No one who has not seen could guess or would believe what the cooking in working-men's homes too often is, or what waste and extravagance arise out of utter ignorance; and even where the mother has not been laid aside, it has been found that the girl's knowledge, brought fresh from school, has worked a reformation in the family management. Nor is this all. The influence of the classes upon the girls attending them is very good, especially when the children are drawn from the very lowest ranks. The girls brighten up. Perhaps for the first time they are learning something that really interests them, and seems a link between home-life and school; they learn to weigh, to measure, to calculate quantities, and they see the use of these things. Let no one imagine that a cookery class is not educational. In the hands of a competent teacher, it is an object lesson, an arithmetic lesson, a general-knowledge lesson, and a lesson in common-sense. Even the personal appearance of the children often improves; cleanliness, neatness, orderliness are all encouraged; and in some schools, the effect upon the scholars has been most curiously marked.

If this be so, surely we may admit that cookery is worth teaching. Can it be taught successfully? We believe it can. But before attempting to prove this, we must give a quotation from the Code of March 1882: 'In schools in which the inspector reports that special and appropriate provision is made for the practical teaching of cookery, a grant of four shillings is made on account of any girl over twelve years of age who has attended not less than forty hours during the school-year at the cooking class, and is presented for examination in the elementary subjects in any standard.'

The forty hours allowed by government are divided into twenty lessons of two hours each, which, taken once a week, can be finished in half a year. The lessons given are found to succeed best if they are alternately demonstration and practice—that is, at one lesson the children watch the teacher, who shows them how to cook any given dishes, carefully explaining the processes and the nature of the food; and at the next lesson the children put what they have learned in practice, and cook the same dishes themselves under the superintendence of the teacher. Fifteen children are sufficient for a practice class, though of course more can attend a demonstration. A very moderate-sized classroom is large enough; and tables can be formed of boards on tressels or on the backs of desks. Many classrooms already contain a range large enough for all purposes; but if not, one can be fitted up at a cost of three pounds, or a portable stove can be had for thirty shillings. The utensils are few and simple; but of course the first cost of them is considerable—about five pounds.* A teacher is supplied by any of the principal training Schools of Cookery for a fee of five pounds for twenty lessons and her travelling expenses. If several schools in the same neighbourhood take lessons during the same period, this last item can be much reduced.

The children work in five sets of three each. They are taught all the simple processes of cooking, and the reason in any given case for using one in preference to another. They are furnished with printed recipes for each dish they cook; they are taught—and this is most important—to clean properly and to put away all the utensils they use. They are questioned as they proceed, to see that they understand what they are doing; and at the end of the course, they go through both a verbal and a practical examination; and certificates are awarded by the School of Cookery, independent of examinations by Her Majesty's inspector.

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* *List of Utensils for an Artisan Practice Class.*—Three tin saucepans, two quarts, 6s.; three do., three pints, 4s. 6d.; three do., one pint, 1s. 6d.; one fish-kettle, 3s.; three small frying-pans, 1s. 9d.; one colander, 1s.; three strainers, 1s. 6d.; one set measures, 1s. 6d.; one scale and weights, quarter-ounce to one pound, 8s. 6d.; three dripping-tins, 2s. 6d.; two small wire-sieves, 3s.; three graters, 1s. 6d.; six wooden spoons, 1s.; six iron tablespoons, 1s.; six do. teaspoons, 3d.; six round tin moulds, 3s.; twelve knives, 7s. 6d.; six vegetable knives, 2s.; three forks, 1s. 6d.; six chopping-boards, 9s.; three rolling-pins, 2s.; one spice-box, 6d.; one handbowl, 1s. 3d.; one knifeboard, 9d.; two galvanised tubs, 4s.; one galvanised bucket, 1s. 3d.; one water-can, 3s.; three scrubbing-brushes, 2s.; three sink-brushes, 1s.; one set blacklead brushes, 2s.

Crockery.—Three large bowls, 3s. 6d.; three smaller do., 2s. 6d.; six small basins, 1s.; twelve handless cups, 6d.; twelve plates, 1s. 6d.; three round baker's, 9d.; three larger do., 1s. 3d.; three jugs, 1s. 6d.; three pie-dishes, 9d.

Linen.—Six kitchen cloths, 3s.; one roller towel, 1s. 3d.; one hand do., 4d.; three dishcloths, 6d.

Sundries.—Kitchen paper, house flannel, soap, soda, blacklead, bath-brick, oil, 5s.—Total, £5, 2s. 7d.

Here are a few sample recipes; and it must be remembered that special pains are taken to suit the dishes taught to the requirements of the district, many ways of cooking fish being taught in seaports, for instance; while in country places, vegetables, bacon, and eggs are more used.

Brown Lentil Soup.—Half-pound brown lentils, 1½d.; one carrot, four cloves, an ounce and a half of dripping, 1½d.; two quarts of water; small bunch sweet herbs, three onions, pepper and salt, 1d. Wash the lentils well in several waters; leave to soak in two quarts of water for twenty-four hours. Slice and fry the onions in the dripping; let them take a nice brown, but not burn. Cut up the carrot into small pieces; fry it lightly also. Now put in the lentils and the two quarts of water in which they were steeped; add the herbs and the cloves, but not the pepper and salt. Boil all for three hours, adding more water, to make up the waste from boiling. Add pepper and salt to taste. If possible, put the soup through a coarse wire-sieve.

Savoury Rice.—Rice, half-pound, 2d.; dripping, half-ounce, ½d.; two onions, one carrot, pepper and salt, 1d.; cloves, parsley, and thyme, ½d. Wash the rice, throw it into a saucepan full of boiling water and a little salt. Add an onion stuck with four cloves and the carrot cut up. Let it boil fast for fifteen or twenty minutes. Take care there is plenty of water. To try the rice, take a grain and rub it between the thumb and finger. When it will rub quite away, drain off all the water, and let the rice dry before the fire. While the rice is boiling, put half an ounce of dripping in a saucepan on the fire, and when quite hot, fry in it a sliced onion. Take a tablespoonful of flour, sprinkle it over the fried onion in the pan, stirring it with a spoon. When the flour is brown, add half a pint of water, the parsley and thyme well chopped, with salt and pepper. Boil it up; stir in the rice, and serve.

Exeter Stew.—Meat, 9d.; flour, ½d.; suet, 1d.; dripping, 1d.; herbs and onion, ½d. Put into a pan two ounces of dripping; set it on the fire; and when it is quite hot and a faint blue smoke arises from it, put in an onion, cut small Let it brown well; then add a tablespoonful of flour, and when that is browned also, one pint of cold water, pepper, salt, four cloves, and a little mace. Cut one pound of beef into small pieces; put them in, and let it simmer, not boil, for two hours. Put in a bowl a quarter-pound of flour; a little salt, pepper, chopped parsley, thyme, and marjoram; two ounces of finely chopped suet, and half a teaspoonful of baking-powder. Make into a paste with cold water; form into small balls, and drop them into the stew half an hour before it is wanted.

Christmas Pudding.—Flour, one pound, 2d.; baking-powder, a teaspoonful and a half, ¼d.; ginger, half a teaspoonful, ¼d.; suet, quarter-pound, 2d.; treacle, half-pound, 1d.; raisins, two ounces, ½d.; currants, two ounces, ½d.; milk (skim), ½d. Chop the suet finely; stir all the dry ingredients well together; add the treacle, warmed, and about a teacupful of skim-milk. Stir well; put it into a greased tin or basin; cover with paper; steam it in a pan of boiling water for an hour and a half or two hours.

No one who has seen how well these and many other dishes are cooked by the children entirely without assistance at their practical examination—no one who has heard how well and intelligently they answer questions on the subject, can doubt that cooking can be taught successfully in our schools. The one question remains, Does it pay? The outlay is of two kinds—the primary outlay, which will not recur, for stove and utensils; and the recurring expenses of teacher's salary, food, and fuel. In many places, friends of education, learning the need, have fitted up classrooms with all that was required at a cost of about seven to eight pounds. In Liverpool, the Education Council offered to fit up six classrooms in voluntary schools as centres at which several neighbouring schools could attend; but as many poor schools are without such benevolent friends, the Northern Union of Schools of Cookery has petitioned the Science and Art Department to give grants for this purpose.

The teacher's salary, as already mentioned, is about five pounds, with a varying sum in addition for travelling expenses. The average cost of the food to be cooked is about thirty-seven shillings for the whole course. The additional amount of fuel used is very trifling; therefore, the expenses stand: Teacher's salary, £5; food, £1, 17s.; travelling expenses, say 10s.—Total, seven guineas. To meet these expenses, there are the following sources of income: The government grant of four shillings a head for fifteen girls, £3; extra pence paid by the children for their cooking lessons, twopence each for twenty lessons, £2, 10s. This payment cannot be enforced; but it is found that in most cases, even among the poorest, it is willingly paid, as the parents value the lessons. Sale of food cooked, at cost price, £1, 17s.—Total, seven guineas.

It may be mentioned that the food sells more readily among the very poor children than among those who are better off. There is little or no difficulty in disposing of it without loss.

It will be seen that this calculation allows of no margin whatever. If all goes well, there is neither profit nor loss. But it cannot be expected that everything will be perfectly successful; the children will miss a lesson now and then, or some dish will be spoiled. We would wish, therefore, to remind managers that there is another source of income open to them. It is both easier and better to teach cookery and domestic economy together than separately; and every girl who in the cooking class is earning a grant of four shillings, may also earn another four shillings if she passes in domestic economy, without any additional outlay or cost. Only, we would urge all managers to be careful always to secure a properly qualified teacher, holding a diploma from some good School of Cookery, and trained to teach children. Lastly, the experience of the manager of a large Roman Catholic school in a very poor district may be quoted. 'I would hardly hesitate to say'—we give his own words—'that not only will a class of cookery in elementary schools pay itself, but will even become a pecuniary advantage; and for this reason, parents look with much favour upon the teaching of cookery; and whereas it is too often the case that they withdraw their children from school the moment they are free

to do so, and so prevent a school from receiving a grant for them by their passing an examination, I can say from experience that my class of cookery has been the means of retaining at school several children who would otherwise have left, and for each of them I expect a substantial grant. I have also observed that since the introduction of this subject, the children who attend this class attend much more regularly.'

With this testimony we may conclude, hoping that some at least of those who glance at this paper may agree with the words of an old working-woman, a grandmother, and herself a model of thrift, care, and good management, who, when the cookery classes at the Board Schools were mentioned before her, exclaimed: 'Deed, and that 's the sensiblest thing I ever heard of them Boards doing!' and may therefore be willing to do a little, either by giving time, money, or influence, to help forward this good and greatly needed work.

AN AMATEUR 'CABBY.'

In 'my salad days' I was a striking example of that class of young men who are unfortunately weighted with an extra crop of wild-oats to dispose of ere they are transformed into conventional, steady-going, tax-paying members of the community. My personal allowance being considerable, I was able to indulge in all the follies of a man about town. Fortunately or unfortunately, I soon probed to the bottom of things, and speedily tasted the ashes in the cup of pleasure, so that one folly after another was discarded and relegated to the limbo of the past, until, like Heliogabalus, I sighed for a new delight, and would have paid liberally for a fresh sensation. The turf and its wretched gambling associations palled upon me; I was weary of the theatre, both before and behind the curtain. The senseless chatter of my young associates in the club smoking-room roused a feeling of boredom almost intolerable. At this period, the great Cab question was the topic of the hour. The character and remuneration of the London cabman were discussed at every dinner-table in the metropolis. There were two parties in this discussion, which advocated views totally opposed to each other. On the one hand, the earnings of Cabby were described as wealth; on the other, as poverty. He was portrayed as drunken, extravagant, uncivil, and in fact as only fit to be the associate of the most vile. The reverse side of the medal was that of a man sober, frugal, civil, and so courteous in his intercourse with his fares, that the late Lord Chesterfield might have taken lessons of him in politeness.

A sudden determination possessed me. I would be a cabman for the nonce. At all events, for twelve hours I would don the badge and learn for myself the truth of the matter. I frequently employed the same cabman on the rank in Piccadilly. He drove a thoroughbred mare, and his hansom was a model of neatness and elegance. So I took an early opportunity of interviewing the man, whose name was Smith; although in those days 'interview' was not classed as an active verb. I told him I wished to hire his cab for a night. At first, Mr Smith was hazy as to my meaning. I asked him how much he paid for the hire of his vehicle. He replied: 'Seventeen shillings per night.'

'Very well,' I said; 'I will give you that sum for the use of your cab for twelve hours, and hand you over besides, the amount in fares I may chance to receive during that period.'

I could see that my friend entertained doubts for a moment as to my sanity; but I speedily explained matters to him.

Mr Smith shook his head, and said he might lose his license if the fact became known to the police that he had lent his badge, and so on, and that an intimate knowledge of London streets was indispensable.

I pooh-poohed both these objections, especially the last, asserting that I was capable of making a map of Western London, if circumstances required it.

Eventually, Mr Smith agreed to my proposal, giving me several hints as to my conduct; I remember one of these being, that I must on no account ply for hire, as it is termed, while driving through the streets, but wait till I was hailed.

The eventful hour arrived in due course, and at nine o'clock I met Mr Smith by appointment in a quiet street in the parish of St James. It was October; and the night being chilly, I wore an overcoat, somewhat the worse for wear, and a wide-awake, which I could slouch over my eyes, if occasion required; for my chief fear was, that I might, by an unlucky chance, be recognised by some of my numerous acquaintances. I mounted the box, and nodding gaily to Mr Smith, left that individual transfixed with wonder that a gentleman of means and position should voluntarily undergo the pains and penalties of a cabman's life, even for so brief a period as twelve hours.

I have stated that the mare was a thoroughbred, and in doing so I am only recording a literal fact. In the famous days when Andrew Ducrow reigned supreme at Astley's Theatre, there was a very popular drama which depicted the life of a racehorse through all its vicissitudes, till it found itself in the shafts of a sand-cart. There is an undoubted instance of a horse (Black Tommy, 1857) which only lost the Derby by a short head, figuring subsequently in the shafts of a cab in Camden Town.

For a time I imagined that I was the centre of observation, especially by the cabmen on the ranks. Suddenly I was hailed by a short thick-set man with a very red face, who in an imperious tone shouted 'Orme Square,' and plunged into the recesses of my cab. I was floored completely! My boasted knowledge of the topography of the metropolis was at fault. I had never heard of Orme Square. I ventured to ask my fare if he could direct me to the place. His surprise and indignation were so excessive that I feared for a moment he would succumb to a fit of apoplexy. But he relieved himself by a burst of strong language such as I had rarely listened to in my life before. My first impulse was an angry reply, but I fortunately nipped that impulse in the bud. The line of Jerrold the dramatist occurred to me: 'A rich man feels through his glove, and thinks all

things are soft.' For the first time I realised what a cabman has occasionally to submit to, and what a Janus-headed thing Society was in its intercourse with the rich and the poor. But it is a remarkable fact that although Orme Square is situated in the Bayswater Road, immediately opposite Kensington Gardens, not one Londoner in ten can define its locality. It is a small unpretending square, with three sides only, the fourth side being the great thoroughfare I have mentioned. I excused my ignorance by saying that I was new to the neighbourhood. As I drove along, I placed my present experience to the credit of the much-abused cabby. I received my exact fare, for which I politely thanked my irritable friend, for I was resolved I would do nothing to increase the prejudice existing in so many quarters, against my brother-cabmen, but practise civility under all temptations to the contrary.

I suppose it was about one o'clock, and I was proceeding leisurely along Oxford Street, the 'stony-hearted step-mother,' as De Quincey styles it in his immortal work, admiring the effect of the long vista of gas lamps in the deserted street, when I heard a woman's voice: 'Are you going Pimlico-way?' I turned, and beheld two young girls, in gaudy finery and painted cheeks. I replied that my services were at their disposal. I suppose there was something in the words and manner of my answer which created surprise in their minds, for they stared curiously in my face before jumping into the cab.

In a few seconds I was careering along at the rate of ten miles an hour. What a situation for the son of the much-esteemed rector of Cawley-cum-Mortlock! My fares sang snatches of the popular melodies of the day, sometimes as a solo, sometimes as a duet. When we arrived at our destination, they sprang out of the cab and inquired my fare. I replied: 'Two shillings.' The countenance of the younger assumed a plaintive expression as she whispered: 'Give the poor cabby an extra tanner, Loo; I daresay he has a wife and children at home.'

As I did not wish to obtain money under false pretences, I modestly disclaimed the honour of paternity, at the same time pocketing my fare. As I did so, two gentlemen approached, and my feelings of dismay may be imagined when I recognised in one of them Mr Spalland, my father's curate! There was a gas-lamp close at hand, so that my features must have been plainly discernible. The girls had just bidden me good-night. Observing the look of wonder and horror on Mr Spalland's features, I boldly took the bull by the horns, and exclaimed: 'Cab, sir?'

'The very voice!' cried the curate. 'What a marvellous resemblance!' Then he whispered a few words to his companion, who was a stranger to me.

'Nonsense!' came from his lips. 'The thing is impossible.—What is your name, cabby?'

'Here is my ticket, sir,' I promptly replied. 'John Smith, Lisson Grove.'

The curate indulged in another prolonged stare, and then they both entered the cab, and I drove them to an address where I was as well known as in my own home. I managed to drive rapidly away as soon as I had deposited the worthy curate and his friend, as I did not wish to undergo the critical examination of the hall porter, who might not have been put off so easily.

At this moment I observed a crimson glow in the sky, which was clearly caused by some conflagration, but evidently at a very considerable distance. Notwithstanding, a man almost insisted on my driving him to the scene of the fire, no matter what might be the distance. This I declined to do, alleging that my horse was tired; and after a volley of objurgations, the fellow departed, making some strong remarks about the independence of cabmen and their large earnings. Up to this time, I had not earned the amount of the hire of the horse and cab. Whether my experience on this point was special or normal, I am unable to judge, but I could easily picture the despair of a cabman who in similar circumstances would have but a gloomy outlook for the morrow. True, there were several hours remaining, and it was impossible to tell what they might produce.

The aspect of a mighty slumbering city at early dawn is a remarkable spectacle. The line of Wordsworth involuntarily recurred to me:

> And all that mighty heart is lying still.

London at sunrise was by no means a novel sight to one who had kept 'early hours' for some years; but I do not think I was ever so impressed with the sight as I was when perched on that elevated seat at the back of a hansom cab. The first faint streaks of red in the distant east, succeeded by a pale primrose light, and then the gradual dispersal of the midnight gloom, was inexpressibly lovely. The scenes I had witnessed had aroused certain trains of thought, more or less painful, as I beheld the varied fortunes of my fellow-creatures, the struggle for a bare existence, the sins and follies created in a great measure by 'iron circumstance.'

With the history of my final fare I must conclude this veritable account of my experience as a cab-driver. It was exactly a quarter to six, and I was crawling along Holborn, when a man of gentlemanly appearance and address emerged rapidly from a side-street, and springing into my cab, said: 'Cabman—Victoria. If you can catch the six o'clock train for Newhaven, I will pay you double fare.'

I glanced at the church clock, and found I had exactly a quarter of an hour to accomplish a distance of nearly three miles. Fortunately, the streets were comparatively empty, and I sent the mare along at a pace of something like twelve miles an hour. Although I had only seen the face of my fare for a couple of seconds, the expression and features are indelibly impressed on my memory. It was a handsome face, but the eyes were more like those of a hunted stag than of a human being. The colour of the face was ashen gray, and I fancied the teeth chattered somewhat as he addressed me. But the last circumstance I attributed to the cold raw October morning. I felt so curious about my fare that I cautiously lifted the small wooden flap in the roof of the cab, and felt almost pleased to behold him imbibing brandy from a flask.

One or two policemen peered at the cab as it flew past, apparently undecided whether or not to take cognisance of the excessive speed; but I cared not; I felt as anxious to catch the train for Newhaven as if my life depended on it. At length I sighted Victoria Station. The minute-hand wanted two minutes to six. Passing a half-sovereign through the trap, my fare shouted: 'Never mind the change!' and sprang out of the cab.

Involuntarily, I paused to watch the end of the affair. I saw him leave the pay-box with the ticket, and then in half a minute I heard the shriek of the engine, and congratulated myself on having accomplished my task. Ere I could drive from the entrance of the booking-office, another hansom deposited two men, who simultaneously rushed to the booking-office. The horse of the cab was covered with lather, and seemed completely blown. The men appeared again on the pavement with vexation and disappointment plainly written on their features. Suddenly their eyes lighted on the cab which I drove. They advanced, and the shorter man of the two said: 'Cabman, we are police-officers. Have you just brought any one who was anxious to catch the six o'clock express?'

I had felt certain they were officers of justice. How is it that policemen out of uniform and servants out of livery are always distinguishable? There is a hall-mark, so to say, which stamps them.

I stated all I knew, which, as the reader knows, was not much. Then they left me.

Whether they utilised the telegraph for the arrest of the unhappy fugitive—a forger, as they told me—I never knew.

I examined my takings, and found they amounted to one pound five shillings, making a profit of eight shillings. But it is not the luck of every cabman to have as a fare a runaway forger who will pay so liberally as ten shillings for three miles.

Mr Smith was quite satisfied with the result, and expressed his willingness to lend his horse and cab again on similar terms. But this was my first and last cab-drive. I cannot explain it, but that night was a turning-point in my career. I married soon afterwards; and not even the wife of my bosom is aware that her husband once officiated in the character of a London cab-driver!

COLONEL REDGRAVE'S LEGACY.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER I.

Mr Septimus Redgrave had attained the mature age of fifty without losing either of his pet theories—that this world is anything but a vale of tears, and that the wicked people in it are decidedly in the minority. These comfortable doctrines were no doubt attributable to the fact that Mr Redgrave was in the enjoyment of a small independence, was master of his own time, possessed of good health, and had never ventured on the uncertain voyage of matrimony. He had occupied the same chambers in Bury Street, St James's, for nearly a quarter of a century, was a member of one of the oldest clubs in Pall Mall, a virtuoso on a small scale, and a regular attendant at the picture-sales at Christie's. His natty, well-costumed figure was always to the fore on the view-days, elbowing millionaires and picture-dealers in the inspection of works of art, although his modest income precluded him from becoming a purchaser, except in very exceptional cases.

His only near relatives were two maiden sisters, who were several years his senior, and resided at Shanklin, in the Isle of Wight. Their names were Penelope and Lavinia respectively, and they were generous in their advice on all occasions to their brother, whom they could never realise as anything but a child, and consequently requiring guidance and sisterly control. In truth, the intellect of their brother was none of the brightest, of which fact he himself had a dim suspicion; but as a slight compensation in lieu thereof, he availed himself of no small share of a quality which could only be described as cunning, in the ordinary acceptation of the word.

He had resided in Bury Street for some ten years, when his landlady, Mrs Jones, announced that in consequence of her failing strength and increasing years, her daughter Martha was about to resign her position as companion to an old lady at Bristol, and assist in the management of the house in Bury Street. Miss Jones duly arrived, and presented a very agreeable spectacle. A florid-complexioned, black-eyed girl of twenty, very vivacious and energetic, and by no means devoid of education or natural ability. The domestic comforts of Mr Redgrave were materially increased by the advent of Miss Jones, and he showed his gratitude at certain times and seasons in a very marked and material manner. Her birthday was always remembered by the precise bachelor on the first floor; nor were Christmas or the New Year forgotten. It will never be known whether the brain of Mrs Jones had originally conceived the ambitious scheme of a union between the family of Redgrave and that of Jones; but it is certain that as time went on, such a plan was entertained by both mother and daughter. There was but fifteen years' difference in their ages, and Martha was not only possessed of good looks, but educated and accomplished. But the lynx eyes of the landlady could never detect the smallest peg on which to hang a claim on behalf of the incomparable Martha. Although frank and free in his intercourse with the good-looking Hebe who ministered to his comforts, the actions of Mr Redgrave were always regulated by the rules of the strictest decorum; and if, during his occasional absences from town, the epistles of Martha were couched in a somewhat sentimental tone, they met with no response in the replies of the cautious and simple lodger of Bury Street. Probably neither Mrs Jones nor her daughter had ever heard of the celebrated French proverb, that 'all comes to him who waits,' but it is nevertheless certain that they mutually acted on this maxim.

Years rolled on, and no change occurred in the relations existing between lodger and landlady; Mr Redgrave was now fifty, and Miss Jones thirty-five. The roses had long since departed from her cheeks, and the sparkle from her black eyes, but, like Claude Melnotte in the play, she still 'hoped on.' She felt that she

was practically indispensable to the unsusceptible and phlegmatic bachelor, and trusted that he would eventually realise the fact, and reward his faithful housekeeper by making her his wife.

About this time, Colonel Redgrave, a cousin of Septimus, arrived from India, accompanied by two ladies named Fraser, of whom we shall presently have occasion to speak. Colonel Redgrave had for many years maintained a somewhat desultory correspondence with our bachelor. The officer was an elderly man, and not in the enjoyment of very good health. On his arrival at Southampton, he proceeded to the residence of his female cousins at Shanklin, and accepted their invitation to make Oswald Villa his temporary home until he could decide on his future arrangements. Naturally, Mr Redgrave paid a visit to his military cousin. They had not met since they were boys; and the astute colonel was evidently much perplexed at the singular combination of simplicity and shrewdness presented by his London kinsman. Whether the impression created was favourable or the reverse, it is the object of this narrative to show.

Six weeks after the arrival of Colonel Redgrave in England, his cousin was seated at breakfast in his apartments in Bury Street, seriously cogitating the advisability or the reverse of a lengthened tour on the continent for his autumn holiday, when the question was settled in a somewhat unexpected manner. Miss Jones appeared with a black-edged letter in her hand. The writing was that of Miss Redgrave, and the post-mark 'Shanklin.' With trembling fingers, Septimus opened the envelope. 'Colonel Redgrave had died suddenly of heart disease at Oswald Villa.' This was the gist of the epistle; and Mr Redgrave was required forthwith at Shanklin, to be present at the funeral and to hear the contents of the will of the deceased. Miss Jones was duly acquainted with the sad news; and in response to her inquiry as to the probable destination of the wealth of the late Colonel Redgrave, Septimus professed entire ignorance; and having given vent to some expressions of impatience and vexation at this marring of his Swiss and Italian tour, gave instructions to Miss Jones to see to the packing of his portmanteau without any delay; for the fair Martha was not only a quasi-valet, but secretary and librarian, the catalogue of Mr Redgrave's books being carefully kept up to date.

In less than a week, the funeral obsequies of the late Colonel Redgrave had been duly performed, the will read; and Septimus Redgrave, considerably to his astonishment, found himself sole legatee, and the fortunate possessor in round figures of twenty thousand pounds!

Two months have elapsed since the death of Colonel Redgrave, and Septimus is still in residence at Shanklin. His continental tour has been indefinitely postponed; but his soul now yearns for his accustomed London haunts, in spite of the attentions lavished upon him by his sisters. And if the truth must be told, he misses the constant watchfulness of Martha, that keen anticipation of his slightest wish, so uniformly displayed by the housekeeper of St James's. It is a lovely morning in September, and from the drawing-room windows of Oswald Villa, the blue waters of Sandown Bay can be seen in charming contrast to the white cliffs of Culver, while above, the sky rivals that of Naples in its cerulean tint. Miss Redgrave and her sister Lavinia are nominally engaged in crewel-work, but actually their attention is concentrated on the immediate future of their beloved brother under the altered condition of his affairs. Miss Redgrave is tall and thin, with a severe expression of countenance, which belies her excellent qualities of head and heart. Her sister Lavinia is short and stout, with a very submissive manner, and presents a striking contrast to her somewhat imperious sister. Her vocation in life appears to consist of approving and indorsing the views and plans of her elder sister. Like the French Senate during the Imperial *régime*, she never originated a course of action, but expressed entire approval of the acts submitted to her. Occasionally, when especially pressed by her sister for an opinion, she would give vent to an original notion, which excited the outward contempt of Miss Redgrave, but inwardly created considerable feelings of alarm, as these occasional lapses from her ordinary course by Lavinia were of the nature of second-sight, and the prophecies of the younger sister invariably came to pass.

'Septimus talks of returning to London,' exclaimed the elder sister with a keen glance at Lavinia, who smiled assent. 'You do not seem to realise what mighty issues hang on that event,' continued Miss Redgrave in a tone of considerable asperity.

Lavinia still remained mute, though her countenance expressed keen interest.

'You are very provoking, Lavinia, considering you are by no means deficient in penetration as to motive, and analysis of character.'

'Explain, dear Penelope.'

'Septimus must not return to London a free man. I mean, he must present himself in Bury Street an engaged man.'

'I am afraid that will be a somewhat difficult task to accomplish,' replied Lavinia with an irritating acid smile.

'Nevertheless, it must be done,' said Penelope with a tone of decision worthy of the Iron Duke.

'But how?' inquired Lavinia.

'Surely you remember the existence of that creature—Martha Jones. The fact of our brother having inherited a fortune will inspire her with fresh courage. New methods of attack will at once be resorted to, and the assault will never cease till she has reduced the fortress to submission. I never saw Miss Jones but once, but that was sufficient.'

'I fully agree with you, my dear sister,' said Lavinia; 'but where do you propose to find a suitable partner for Septimus?'

'We have no occasion to look far. Under this very roof is a lady adapted in every sense to make dear Septimus a suitable partner.'

'I suppose you mean Mrs Fraser?' mildly observed Lavinia.

'Precisely. Mrs Fraser is, I should say, forty, possessed of a comfortable income, clever, and just the kind of woman to shield our brother from all the evils and temptations of this mortal life.'

'I only see two difficulties,' responded Lavinia: 'Septimus may not like Mrs Fraser, and Mrs Fraser may not like Septimus.'

'Ridiculous!' said Penelope. 'Who ever heard of a widow scarcely out of her thirties who would not jump at a man of fifty with nearly two thousand a year!'

'I admit the chief difficulty will lie with Septimus,' placidly replied Lavinia. 'He is very self-willed at times.'

'Leave that part of the affair to *me*,' exclaimed Penelope with haughty confidence.

Further discussion was summarily put an end to by the entrance of the individual in question. We must confess that although he wore 'the livery of woe,' the countenance of Septimus was not expressive of any considerable grief for the loss of his 'well-beloved cousin.' Constantly before his mental vision floated the Bank Stock, India Bonds, and Three per Cents of which he had so recently become the possessor. Frequently during the day he checked himself in the middle of a lively air of Offenbach or Sullivan, which he found himself humming with considerable gusto. He would pause suddenly, and mould his features into a becoming expression accordingly. Mr Redgrave looked considerably older than his years, his hair and whiskers being quite gray, and his features somewhat wrinkled. But he was always dressed with scrupulous care, and in the days of the Regency would have been dubbed a 'buck' of the first water.

'Have you seen the Frasers this morning, Septimus?' inquired Penelope. 'I mean, since breakfast.'

'They have gone as far as Luccombe Chine with young Lockwood. I preferred a quiet read of the *Times*.'

'Septimus, will you give us a few minutes of your valuable time?'

Mr Redgrave, accustomed to defer to the wishes of his elder sister in most things, submissively seated himself in front of Penelope and prepared to listen accordingly.

'Lavinia and I have been discussing your improved fortune and prospects. Although your sisters have led a very retired and secluded life, they have some knowledge of human nature, and are quite prepared to learn that their only brother has been the target for every selfish and intriguing woman with whom he has been brought in contact. The only safeguard appears to us to be an engagement with some suitable person.'

The aquiline features of Septimus flushed somewhat as he replied: 'If you mean that I am to sacrifice my liberty when I am best prepared to enjoy it, you will excuse my saying that you are tilting at a windmill. If you think so highly of matrimony, why don't you swallow the prescription yourself?'

If it be objected that this retort can scarcely be considered such as should proceed from the lips of a gentleman, it must be borne in mind that Septimus was an irascible man, and that when he lost command of his temper he always lost at the same time command of his tongue.

'The relative positions of a woman and a man are vastly different, so far as matrimony is concerned,' replied Penelope. 'The woman must sit at home till she receives an offer; the man can seek a wife in every circle of society.'

This was a great admission on the part of Penelope, who would never have avowed to any man—except a brother—that her spinsterhood was aught but the result of her own free-will. It will be observed that both the sisters ignored all danger from such a quarter as the ambitious damsel of St James's; at anyrate they would have considered it derogatory to their own self-respect to own (to Septimus) such a fear.

'You are no longer a young man, Septimus. We are both your seniors. Our last days would be inexpressibly soothed if we could feel that your lot in life was fixed, and that the fortune you have inherited would not become the prey of intriguing adventuresses. There is a lady in this house who entertains strong feelings of regard for you. She is young, handsome, and accomplished. You do not require money in a wife; but the lady we allude to is not by any means a beggar. Let us both advise you to lose no time in making up your mind, or a certain good-looking lawyer may be before you. No more at present. The lady, who will, I devoutly trust, eventually become our sister, is even now approaching the house.'

Septimus turned his eyes in the direction of the garden. Two ladies and a gentleman were slowly walking along the path. Presently, the younger one suddenly left her companions and tripped into the drawing-room through the open French-window.

CHAPTER II.

Mrs Fraser was the widow of Major Fraser, and quite came under the description of being 'fat, fair, and forty.' Her late husband had been the lifelong associate of Colonel Redgrave; so, when the widow announced her intention of quitting India for England, there to take up her permanent abode, her sole companion being her only child, a girl of some nineteen years, the colonel decided to accompany her. The gossips in the cantonments had quite decided that after a decent interval Mrs Fraser would become the wife of Colonel Redgrave; but all such speculations were put an end to by his sudden death. The Frasers were now staying at Oswald Villa, the elder Miss Redgrave, as the reader has just seen, having formed a plan of uniting her brother in marriage to the handsome widow. Blanche Fraser was a miniature copy of her mother. The same dazzlingly fair complexion, the same laughing blue eyes, the same luxuriant light hair; and, if the truth must be told, the same love of admiration and flirting, distinguished alike both mother and daughter. There was only one alloy to the happiness of the widow—the dreadful conviction that youth was slowly but surely deserting her. The fact might perhaps have been concealed somewhat, but for the visible presence of a marriageable daughter. So, with many a sigh, the widow yielded to the inevitable, and determined to choose a partner in life while a certain portion of youth and good looks still remained to her. At the present moment, her choice had fallen on the handsome companion of her walk to Luccombe Chine. Mr Frank Lockwood had been the lawyer of the Redgrave

family ever since his father had vacated that position by death. He was now about three-and-thirty, was agreeable and good-looking. As it was now the vacation, the lawyer was staying at Oswald Villa, in response to the pressing invitation of Miss Redgrave. The widow had acted on the principle of making hay while the sun shines, and had exerted all her fascinations on the man of law; but in vain. Mr Lockwood was very gallant, but the heart of Mrs Fraser whispered that hitherto her efforts had been void of success. Still, perseverance, as we all know, achieves wonders, and so the widow resolved to adopt as her motto—*Perseverando vinces*, and hope for the best. Blanche, as we have said, tripped into the room, exclaiming as she did so, 'O Mr Redgrave, you have lost such a treat! I did so miss you; you were the one thing needful to complete our enjoyment during our delightful walk.'

Septimus gazed keenly at the fair speaker; she was certainly very pretty, and decidedly clever, and palpably partial to his society. He might do worse than pass the remainder of his days with such a delightful companion. To be sure, there was a certain disparity in years; but every one knows that women age faster than men, and there were innumerable instances in public life of similar disproportions as to age. He would certainly treasure up the advice of his sister as to the choice of a wife. So it was with more than his customary urbanity that Septimus replied: 'An old man such as I am would have been but a poor acquisition, Miss Fraser.'

Blanche peered with an expression of mock gravity into the gray eyes of Septimus. 'An old man! Have you never heard of the old saying?—A man is as old as he feels, a woman as old as she looks. How old do you feel, Mr Redgrave?'

'I feel almost a boy, Miss Fraser, when in your society; I feel a centenarian when I am ill in my solitary rooms in London.'

'Then the deduction from that observation,' replied Blanche, 'is, that to enjoy perpetual youth, you should be perpetually in my society.'

'A charming prescription, Miss Fraser; I wish it were a possible one.'

Mrs Fraser and Mr Lockwood here entered the room. 'Take care, Mr Redgrave,' said the widow; 'you will find Blanche a sad flirt. I have only just been warning Mr Lockwood against her.'

This was a double shot, intended equally for Blanche and Mr Lockwood, who had, in the widow's opinion, been somewhat too attentive to Blanche recently.

Penelope here intervened. 'My brother is hankering after the fleshpots of Egypt, Mrs Fraser; in other words, is longing for "the sweet shady side of Pall Mall." Can you not persuade him to remain?'

'Let me try *my* influence,' interposed Blanche coquettishly. 'You will remain, will you not, *dear* Mr Redgrave?'

Septimus felt a thrill pass through his frame as Miss Fraser took hold of one of his hands and looked up in his face with a beseeching look, while Mr Lockwood threw himself with an air of vexation into an armchair and made an attempt to read yesterday's *Times*.

'You *must* promise, Mr Redgrave,' said Blanche.

'I promise to obey you in all things,' said Septimus, as, with an air of old-world gallantry, he raised her fingers to his lips.

From that hour, one thought and one only occupied the mind of Mr Redgrave: Should he adopt the advice of Penelope, and make Miss Fraser an offer of his hand and heart? It was a tremendous step for one who had passed the greater part of his life in studying how best he could minister to his own selfish comfort and happiness. But on the morning of the second day after the scene we have just described, Septimus determined to put his fortune to the test. He chanced to find the fair Blanche alone sitting under the jessamine-covered veranda, engaged in reading a novel. Attired in white, with a blue sash round her slender waist, her light brown hair falling in careless profusion on her well-turned shoulders, Miss Fraser presented a bewitching spectacle. As Septimus approached, Blanche shot a captivating glance from beneath her long dark lashes, and with a graceful movement, invited Septimus to seat himself beside her on the bench.

'I hope you are not in the crisis of your tale, Miss Fraser?'

'No; I am in the second volume only, which is always flat and uninteresting and skippable.'

'I am glad to hear it, for I am anxious to have a little serious chat with you.'

Blanche placed her hands together in the form of supplication. 'Oh, please, don't, Mr Redgrave! I have just had a lecture of half an hour's duration from mamma, and that was serious enough, in all conscience. Why will our parents and guardians expect us to have the wisdom of Solomon and the virtues of Dorcas before we are out of our teens!'

'Perhaps I used a wrong word; I wished to speak to you about love.'

'Oh! how delightful! Have you fallen in love *at last*, Mr Redgrave?'

Septimus did not like the phrase 'at last,' but he continued: 'Also I wished to speak about matrimony.'

Blanche shook her head gravely. 'That is a very serious subject.'

'And yet matrimony is the natural sequence of love.'

'Alas! yes,' sighed Blanche.

So far the discussion was not encouraging; but Septimus resolved to persevere. 'I have fallen in love with a lady who is at present under this roof.'

Blanche clasped her hands in wondering surprise, and gasped forth one word—'Mamma!'

'No, Miss Fraser; my affections are settled on her lovely daughter.'

'Me!' exclaimed Blanche. 'Impossible! Oh, Mr Redgrave, you are joking!'

'I was never more serious in my life, Miss Fraser. Why should you think it impossible that I should have fallen in love with you? I am in the prime of life; I have sufficient means'——

'O pray, Mr Redgrave, forbear! What you ask is impossible; I am engaged, indeed I am, although mamma does not know it. You won't

tell her, will you, Mr Redgrave? Promise me you will not.'

'Certainly not; but I must inform my sisters, for it was owing to their encouragement that I have made this proposal. They led me to suppose that you were favourable to my suit.'

'What a singular delusion! no; I don't mean that—misapprehension.'

Septimus rose from the seat. 'Then we resume our former relations, Miss Fraser?'

Blanche rose, and as she made a low courtesy, said: 'If you please, Mr Redgrave.'

Septimus strode away in a towering rage with his sisters for having inflicted upon him such unnecessary humiliation, and entering the drawing-room, found Penelope and Lavinia calmly engaged in tambour-work. One glance was sufficient to inform the sisters that their brother was not in the best of tempers.

'Septimus, what has happened?'

'Everything that is disgusting and unpleasant. I have been fool enough to take your advice. I have proposed to the lady selected by you for my wife two days ago, and have been refused with ridicule and contempt.'

'Impossible, Septimus!'

'The lady is already engaged.'

'Impossible, Septimus!'

'But I have promised to keep her engagement a secret from her mother.'

'From her mother! Of whom are you speaking, Septimus?'

'Why, of Blanche Fraser, to be sure.'

'Blanche! It was her mother we alluded to as our future sister-in-law!'

Tableau!

By a singular coincidence, Mrs Fraser was closeted with Mr Lockwood in the library of Oswald Villa during the love-scene of Septimus with Blanche. The widow had gone to the library under the pretence of fetching a particular volume, well knowing that she would find the handsome solicitor in that apartment. Mr Lockwood was deeply immersed in Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*, but rose from his seat as Mrs Fraser entered.

'I did not mean to disturb you, Mr Lockwood; I merely wanted a volume of Tennyson.'

'Pray, don't apologise, Mrs Fraser. Your visit is very apropos, for I was very anxious to have a few minutes' private conversation with you on a matter affecting all my future life.'

The widow gracefully accepted the chair Mr Lockwood placed for her, her cheek flushing, and her pulse throbbing as a small voice whispered: 'The moment has at length arrived; and Frank is neither made of stone, nor so impervious to my fascinations as I supposed.'

'It is in your power, my dear Mrs Fraser, to make me the happiest of men.'

A film passed over the eyes of the widow at this sudden statement of the lawyer.

'With your keen penetration and knowledge of the human heart, you must have long since perceived that I am hopelessly in love, and that the object of my affections is at this moment a resident of Oswald Villa.'

'I suspected as much; I will not deny it, dear Frank.'

Mr Lockwood took the plump and trembling fingers of the widow in his own and gently pressed them. The widow cordially and instinctively returned the squeeze. 'May I hope, dear Mrs Fraser?'

'Dear youth, you may!' murmured the widow, as her head gently sank on his shoulders.

The countenance of Mr Lockwood expressed some considerable surprise at the phraseology adopted by Mrs Fraser, but he attributed it to the natural emotion of the situation.

'Then I may tell dear Blanche at once?' said Frank.

'Yes; she must know it sooner or later,' said Mrs Fraser.

'Blanche already knows of my attachment,' said Mr Lockwood.

'Was she not very much surprised, dear Frank?'

'Well, I cannot say that she was, exactly.'

'I feared she might think there was too much disparity of age,' said the widow.

'Only fourteen years,' replied Lockwood.

'No, Frank, you are joking,' said the widow, playfully tapping his cheek; 'not more than seven.'

'Pardon me, Mrs Fraser. I am thirty-three, and Blanche is nineteen.'

The room and its contents spun round before the horrified gaze of the unhappy widow. All was clear to her now. For a few brief happy moments she had been living in a fool's paradise. The dream was over. But, like a judicious woman of the world, Mrs Fraser collected her agitated thoughts and rapidly executed a change of front.

'You will make some allowance, Mr Lockwood, for my natural agitation at the idea of losing a beloved daughter. Blanche is a dear good child, and you gained a treasure when you won her young affections. But you must have patience. I cannot afford to lose her yet, she is still so young.'

'My dear Mrs Fraser, I am the happiest of men,' replied the enraptured Lockwood, overjoyed at the speedy success of his suit.

MISTLETOE.

A cold dark night,
Some falling snow;
A gleam of light,
A ruddy glow.

A quaint old hall,
Some warriors grim,
Whose shadows fall
Grotesque and dim.

A maiden fair,
A gleam of gold
Upon her hair—
The story old.

While the storm's breath
Sweeps o'er the snow,
One kiss beneath
The mistletoe.

Ten Christmas Eves
Have come and gone,
And each one leaves
Me still alone.

That fair sweet maid
Of years ago
Has long been laid
Beneath the snow.

While the wind drives
Against the pane,
In fancy lives
My love again.

The firelight fades,
The embers glow,
One kiss beneath
The mistletoe.

Nora C. Usher.

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A GLACIER GARDEN.

The glacier garden lies far away on a steep hill-side by the Lake of the Forest Cantons. Close to the picturesque town of Lucerne, a little path leads past the sandstone crag on which is hewn Thorwaldsen's famous monument, to the small inclosed space, overshadowed by trees, where have recently been discovered vestiges of the most remote days in the youth of our old mother-earth. Hidden away amongst tangled fern and bright green grass, we see huge surfaces of native rock, some furrowed with parallel lines, others, with curious petrifactions of the sea; and giant boulders smoothed and polished that do not in the least resemble the surrounding rocks, but which are travellers from the Alps, left stranded here by the glaciers in the last great Ice Age. It is indeed a wonderful garden, with a wonderful history, and although, as unscientific observers, we cannot trace the different phases of its development in the dim geological past, still, standing by these gray old stones on which have been laid the softening and romantic influences of countless ages, it is as if we had pages of the world's history unrolled before our eyes.

The proofs of past glaciers are all around us in the grindings and scratchings on the rocks—in the ice-worn stones—and still more in the deep smooth circular hollows, which are perhaps the most perfect known specimens of the singular phenomena called glacier-mills. These erosions have been found also in Scandinavia and in the Jura Mountains, and are caused by the rapid whirling of a stone by a stream from the melting ice, which in the course of ages scoops out ever deeper and wider these cavities in the rock. But in this little garden we can trace the origin of the glacier-mills, from the tiny erosion just commenced, to the grand basin, twenty feet in diameter, and more than thirty feet deep, on whose smooth walls are clearly marked the spiral windings caused by the whirling of the stone perpetually from east to west. If you take up the glacier-stone that lies at the bottom of this mill, you will see not only how strangely round and polished it has become, but also that it is composed of totally different rock, and must have been transported hither by the great Reuss glacier from the granite slopes of the St Gothard.

To look at these polished cavities, nobody would dream that they were the mere evidences of the eddying action of an ice-stream upon a small fragment of rock, and yet this is exactly what geology teaches us they really are; indeed, there is no rock or mineral, even the flint and agate, but what is permeable in some degree by the action of water; and like granite and marble, most stones are softer and more easily wrought before they are dried and hardened by air-seasoning. Are not similar effects of the action of torrents in the erosion of rock seen in almost every gorge through which rushes a mountain torrent? It seems all but incredible that to a little rippling rivulet is due the tremendous erosion of many alpine ravines, with their great height and precipitous walls. But science tells us very strange tales, even that the mountain streams in the present day are depressing the ridges of the Alps and the Apennines, raising the plains of Lombardy and Provence, and extending the coasts far into the waters of the Adriatic and the Mediterranean. Thus it is easy to understand how, at that remote period when a vast ice-sheet covered not only our garden but all Switzerland from the Alps to the Jura, the loose stones which had become detached from the moraine, and were met by some barrier in the ice whirled about by rushing water, ground down first the ice, then the rock, and in the wear and tear of unnumbered centuries grew round and smooth like the basins in which they revolved.

It is very seldom that loose fragments of rock exercise a protective power upon the ice; but instances have been met with on the higher glaciers of large stones warding off the rain and the radiation of the sun from the ice immediately beneath them; so that as the glacier wastes and lowers in the course of time, these glacier-

tables remain fixed upon elevated pillars of ice, which sometimes reach to a height of ten or twelve feet above the general level.

At Lucerne, it is impossible to forget, as we wander about the paths in this archaic garden, that countless years before the great glaciers planed away the old flora from off the face of the land, there was a period of tropical heat and tropical vegetation which succeeded the earliest epoch in the existence of our globe. Petrifactions of the first stages of life are distinctly visible upon the rocks—relics of a primeval ocean.

But with the story of the rocks there is mingled no trace of human interest. For them Time has stood still and the seasons brought no change, until a few years ago, when the ground being excavated for the foundations of a new house, these unsuspected relics were brought to light from amongst the sand and pebbles and ice-worn boulders. These relics are unconnected even with the first traditions of the people of the Alps, and had remained in quiet slumber beneath the glacial débris for long ages before the earliest settlers raised their pile-dwellings above the blue waters of the lake. Evidence, indeed, has been afforded that the lacustrine dwelling-places were inhabited by generations of men two thousand, or, as some authorities affirm, six thousand years before the Christian era. Amongst the piles of oak, or beech, or fir wood, rising occasionally in three or four tiers, one above another, in the accumulated waste of animal and vegetable life found at the bottom of the lake, were stone celts and other implements of bone or flint, memorials of a people who perished at a period beyond the reach of the most distant annals; very old, in an historical point of view, although in a geological estimate they are but of yesterday. For what is the antiquity of the earliest of these relics compared with that of the latest records plainly written upon the smooth surface of the rocks?

In the glacier garden we find not only the indefinable charm of a vast antiquity, but a suggestiveness of the strange contrast between the present and the past. On the one hand there is busy life, noise, warmth upon the winding shores of the placid lake, magnificent mountains girdled by forest trees, and woven in and out with verdant pastures and far-off snow—all things lovely of the earth present before our eyes; on the other hand, we have a glimpse into the remote and mysterious past, when the sun shone down upon an illimitable white world of snow and ice.

ONE WOMAN'S HISTORY.

CHAPTER XII.

Miss Gaisford had found a quiet nook in the lower grounds of the hotel, well out of view from the windows, where there was little likelihood of being disturbed by the ordinary run of visitors. Now and then, a newly married couple, or a pair of turtle-doves who were not yet married, but hoped to be before long, would invade her solitude; but such momentary interruptions served rather to amuse her than otherwise. 'Here comes another peripatetic romance,' she would remark to herself. 'Now, if those two young people would only come and sit down beside me, and tell me all about it, first one telling me a bit and then the other, till I knew their story by heart, they would do me a real kindness, and save me a lot of invention. All newly married couples ought to be compelled to write their Love Memoirs, which should afterwards be bound in volumes (calf), and kept in a sort of Record Office, where we poor story-tellers could have access to them whenever we happened to be hard up for a plot.'

To this sheltered nook a table and chair had been brought from the hotel, and here, on this Friday forenoon, Miss Gaisford was busy writing. But she laid down her pen more frequently than was usual with her when so employed, and had little fits of musing between times.

'I'm not i' the mood this morning, that's certain,' she said at last. 'My thoughts seem all in a muddle. I can't get Mora out of my head. She puzzles me and makes me uneasy. It's mental illness, not bodily, that keeps her to her room. Colonel Woodruffe had a long talk with her on Wednesday, and then drove her back to the hotel, which he would scarcely have done, I think, if he had been decisively and finally rejected. There's a mystery somewhere; but Mora is a woman whom one cannot question. I have no doubt she will tell me all about it when she feels herself at liberty to do so. Meanwhile, it's a good lesson in curbing that curiosity which certain cynical moralists of the inferior sex have had the unblushing effrontery to affirm to be the bane of ours.—But this is frivolity.' She dipped her pen in the inkstand, and running her eyes over the few lines last written, read them half aloud:

'"Next moment, Montblazon's equipage, which was drawn by six coal-black steeds, and preceded by two outriders in livery, drew up at the palace gates. As the Duc alighted from his chariot, a woman, young and beautiful, though in rags, pressed through the crowd till she was almost near enough to have touched him. 'For the love of heaven, monseigneur!' she cried in piteous accents. A gorgeously attired lackey would have thrust her back, but an imperious gesture of Montblazon's jewelled hand arrested him. There was something in the expression of the woman's face which struck him as though it were a face seen in a dream long ago. Montblazon, who knew not what it was to carry money about his person, extracted from the pocket of his embroidered vest a diamond—one of a handful which he was in the habit of carrying loose about him to give away as whim or charity dictated—and dropped it into the woman's extended palm. Then without waiting for her thanks, he strode forward up the palace stairs, and a few moments later found himself in a saloon which was lighted by myriads of perfumed wax tapers set in sconces of burnished silver. Montblazon, who towered a head taller than

any one there, gazed round him with a lurid smile."'

'Yes, I think that will do,' said Miss Pen as she took another dip of ink. '"Lurid smile" is not amiss.'

She was interrupted by the sound of footsteps. She looked up, and as she did so, a shade of annoyance flitted across her face. 'I thought that I was safe from her here. I wonder how she has found me out,' she said to herself.

The object of these remarks was none other than Lady Renshaw. It was quite by accident that she had discovered Miss Gaisford. The news told her by Mr Etheridge had excited her in no common degree; there was no one in the hotel that she cared to talk to; so, finding it impossible to stay indoors, she had sought relief in the open air. She was expecting Bella and Mr Golightly back every minute; meanwhile, she was wandering aimlessly about the grounds, and brightened up at the sight of Miss Penelope. Here at least was some one she knew—some one to talk to. She advanced smilingly. 'What a number of correspondents you must have, dear Miss Gaisford,' said her ladyship after a few words of greeting. 'You seem to spend half your time in writing.' She was glancing sharply at Miss Pen's closely covered sheets of manuscript.

'Yes, I do write a good deal,' answered the latter as she began to put her sheets in order. 'I rather like it. Between you and me, when Septimus is busy other ways, or is enjoying his holiday, I sometimes try my hand at writing a sermon for him.'

'Really now! And do the congregation never detect the difference between your discourses and his?'

'I don't think they trouble their heads a bit about it. So long as we don't make use of too many hard words, and get the sermon well over in twenty minutes, they are perfectly satisfied.'

Lady Renshaw was in possession of a certain secret, and although she had given her word that she would not reveal it for the present, it was too much to expect of poor human nature that she should not make some allusion to it, if the opportunity were given her, especially in conversation with another of her own sex.

'I understand that we are likely to have one or two important arrivals at the hotel this evening,' she remarked with studied indifference, as she shook a little dust off the flounces of her dress.

'Indeed. A Russian Prince, an Ambassador, an Emperor travelling incog., or whom?'

'Dear me, no!—nobody of that kind. But my lips are sealed. I must not say more.'

'Then why did you say anything?' remarked Miss Pen to herself.

'Still, when you come to know, I feel sure that you will be surprised—very greatly surprised. Strange events may happen here before to-morrow. But I dare not say more, so you must not press me.'

'I won't,' responded Miss Pen emphatically.

'Why, I declare, yonder come my darling Bella and Mr Golightly! I've been looking out for them this hour or more.—You will excuse me, my dear Miss Gaisford, I'm sure.'

'Certainly,' was the uncompromising reply.

Her ladyship smiled and nodded, and then tripped away as lightly and gracefully as a youthful elephant might have done.

'Now, what *can* the old nincompoop mean?' asked Miss Pen of herself. 'That there is some meaning in her words, I do not doubt. She is no friend of Mora, I feel sure. Can what she said have any reference to her? But I'm altogether in the dark, and it's no use worrying. If there's trouble in the wind, we shall know about it soon enough.'

'He has proposed—I know it from his manner,' exclaimed Lady Renshaw to her niece as soon as they were alone in the hotel; 'so it's no use your telling me that he hasn't.'

'I had no intention of telling you anything of the kind,' answered the girl demurely.

'What did you say to him in reply?'

'Very little. You told me not to say much. Besides,' added Bella slily, 'he seemed to like to do most of the talking himself.'

'Men generally do at such times.—But didn't the young man say anything about speaking to me?'

'O yes, aunt.'

'And very properly so, too. But you need not refer him to me just at present; I will give you a hint when the proper time arrives. Meanwhile, I hope you will not allow yourself to get entangled to such an extent that you won't be able to extricate yourself, should it become necessary to do so.'

Bella was taken with a sudden fit of sneezing.

'Mr Archie Ridsdale's affair is by no means a *fait accompli*,' continued her ladyship; 'and we shall see what we shall see in the course of the next few hours.' She nodded her head with an air of mystery and tried to look oracular.

Presently Bella pleaded a headache and escaped to her own room.

Clarice was at the station at least twenty minutes before the train by which Archie was to travel could by any possibility arrive. It showed great remissness on the part of the railway people, considering how anxious she was for her sweetheart's arrival, that this very train should be five minutes and fourteen seconds late. Such gross disregard of the feelings of young ladies in love ought to be severely dealt with.

At length the train steamed slowly in, with Archie's head and half his long body protruding from the window, to the annoyance of every other passenger in the compartment. He was out of the train before any one else, and as it glided slowly forward before coming to a stand, those inside were favoured with a sort of panoramic glimpse of a very pretty girl being seized, hugged, and unblushingly kissed by a young fellow, to whom, at that moment, the code of small social proprieties was evidently a dead letter.

'What about your father?' asked Clarice as soon as she had recovered her breath in some measure and had given a tug or two to her disarranged attire.

'What about him?' queried Archie, who was looking after his portmanteau.

'Of course he has not come down by this train, or you would have travelled together.

But I suppose you know he's expected at the *Palatine* to-night—at least so Mr Etheridge told me.'

'Etheridge! is he here?'

'Yes; didn't you know? He reached here a few hours after you left for London. He brought a letter for you from your father all the way from Spa.'

Archie scratched his head: even heroes go through that undignified process occasionally. 'Upon my word, I don't know what to make of the governor,' he said. 'He seems to get more crotchety every day. Here, according to what you say, he sends poor Etheridge all the way from Spa as the bearer of a letter which any other man would have intrusted to the post; then he apparently changes his mind and telegraphs for me to meet him in London. To London I go, and there wait, dangling my heels; but no Mr Governor turns up. Then Blatchett receives a telegram from somewhere—by-the-bye, he never told me where he did receive it from—in which I am instructed to return to Windermere immediately, and am told that my long-lost papa will meet his boy there. It's jolly aggravating, to say the least of it.'

'Mr Etheridge says that Sir William may perhaps want to see me. O Archie, I was never so frightened in my life!'

He soothed and petted her after the fashion which young men are supposed to find effectual in such cases, and presently they drew up at the hotel.

They went at once to the sitting-room, the only inmates of which they found to be Lady Renshaw, Bella, and Mr Golightly. The last had come to inquire whether Miss Wynter would go for a row on the lake after dinner. If she would, there was a particular boat which he would like to engage beforehand.

Lady Renshaw was doubtful. She was inclined to think that Bella had caught cold on the lake in the morning. She had sneezed more than once. It would scarcely be advisable, her ladyship thought, for Miss Wynter to venture on the water again in the chill of the evening. Besides, the clouds looked threatening, and to be caught in a storm on the lake, she had been told, was dangerous.

In short, without exactly wishing to discourage Mr Golightly, she was desirous of damping his ardour in some measure for the time being. Till she should be able to judge how events were likely to shape themselves, he must not be allowed too many opportunities of being alone with Bella; perhaps even, at the end, it might become necessary to give him the cold shoulder altogether.

Lady Renshaw was in the midst of her platitudes when Archie and Clarice entered the room. On their way from the station Clarice had spoken of her sister's indisposition, so that Archie was prepared not to find Madame De Vigne downstairs; but probably he had hardly counted upon coming so unexpectedly on her ladyship. As, however, she was there, the only possibility left him was to look as pleasant as possible.

He greeted her with as much cordiality as he could summon up at a moment's notice, and then he turned to Miss Wynter, whose pretty face he was really pleased to see again. There was a hidden meaning laughing out of his eyes as he shook hands with her. It was as though he had said: 'You naughty girl, I should like to spoil your little game, just for the fun of the thing, but I won't.'

He did spoil it, however, a moment later, all unwittingly. Turning to Dick, who appeared to be gazing abstractedly out of one of the windows, he gave him a hearty slap on the shoulder. 'Dulcimer, old chappie, how are you? Delighted to see you again.'

Next moment he could have bitten his tongue out.

'Dulcimer!' shrieked her ladyship, whose ears had caught the name.

The young people turned and stared at each other in blank dismay. Dick shrugged his shoulders, and was the first to recover his *sang-froid*. The moment had come for him to take the bull by the horns.

'Dulcimer!' again exclaimed her ladyship in a tone of hopeless bewilderment, that was at once both ludicrous and pathetic, as she glanced at the dismayed faces around her.

'Even so, Lady Renshaw. I am Richard Dulcimer, at your service.' He spoke as quietly as though he were mentioning some fact of everyday occurrence.

'You, that Richard Dulcimer—that impudent pretender—that—that cockatrice, who used to follow my niece about in London wherever she went! No, no'—peering into his face—'I cannot believe it. You are amusing yourself at my expense.'

'Nevertheless, unless I was changed at nurse, I am that cockatrice, Richard Dulcimer. As any further attempt at concealment would be useless, if your ladyship will permit me, I will enlighten you in a few words.'

She only stared at him, breathing very hard, but otherwise showing by no sign that she heard what he was saying.

'I had the pleasure of meeting Miss Wynter on several occasions in London,' resumed Dick. 'Whether your ladyship believes it or not, I fell in love with her, hopelessly and irremediably. I am a poor man, and you scouted my pretensions, and forbade your niece ever to speak to me again. It is not in my province to blame your ladyship for doing that which you deemed to be for Miss Wynter's advantage; but it by no means followed that I should fall in with your views. I heard that you and Miss Wynter were coming to this place, and I determined to follow you. Had I not made some change in my appearance, you would at once have recognised me, and my plans would have been frustrated. I took off my beard and moustache, dyed my hair and eyebrows, donned a clerical costume which I happened to have by me for another purpose, and trusted to my good fortune to escape detection. The rest is known to your ladyship.'

'The rest—yes. You said that your name was Golightly, and you introduced yourself to me as the son of the Bishop of Melminster, which shows plainly what a wicked wretch you must be.'

'Your ladyship must excuse me if I set you right as regards the facts of the case. I said that my name was Golightly. So it is—Richard Golightly Dulcimer; but I never said, nor even

hinted, that I was the son of Bishop Golightly. It was your ladyship who arrived at that conclusion by some process of reasoning best known to yourself.'

'Oh!' was all that her ladyship could find to say at the moment.

Archie and Clarice stole quietly out of the room.

Lady Renshaw turned to her niece. 'Am I to presume, Miss Wynter, that you have been a party to this vile fraud?' she asked in her iciest tones. 'Am I to understand that you have known all along that this person was Mr Dulcimer, and that you have been cognisant of this wicked conspiracy?'

Bella hung her head.

'Your silence convicts you. It is even so, then. I have nourished a viper, and knew it not. But, understand me, from this time I discard you; I cast you off; I have done with you for ever!'

Tears sprang to the girl's eyes. 'O aunt, forgive me!' she exclaimed as she sprang forward and tried to clasp her ladyship's hand.

The latter drew back a step or two and waved her away. 'Touch me not!' she said. 'Henceforth, you and I are strangers. You have chosen to sacrifice me for the sake of this impostor. Marry him—you can do no less now—and become a pauper's wife for the rest of your days. That is your fate.'

Lady Renshaw turned without another word, drew her skirts closer around her, and stalked slowly out of the room.

The weeping girl would have hurried after her, had not Dick put his arm round her and held her fast.

'No,' he said; 'you shall not go just yet. She wants to make you believe that she is an ill-used victim, whereas it is you who have been the victim all along. Yes, the victim of her greed, her selfishness, and her willingness to sacrifice you for the sake of her own social advancement. What would she have cared whom you married, or whether you were happy or miserable, if only, by your means, she could have climbed one rung higher on the ladder of her ambition! Here is the proof: Now that she finds you are no longer of use to her for the furtherance of her schemes, she casts you off with as little compunction as she would an old glove. Dearest, she is not worth your tears!'

But Bella's tears were not so readily stanched, and for a time she refused to be comforted.

CHAPTER XIII.

Half an hour later, as Lady Renshaw was sitting alone in her room, musing in bitterness of spirit on the mutability of human affairs, a message was brought her. Sir William Ridsdale's compliments to Lady Renshaw, and would her ladyship favour him with her company for a few minutes in his apartments?

She rose with a sigh. Her anticipated triumph was shorn of half its glory. Archie Ridsdale might be a free man to-morrow, and it would matter nothing now, as far as she was concerned. Bella had made a fool of herself, and doubtless Archie had all along been a party to the deception. This thought coming suddenly, revived her like a stimulant. What would her disappointment be in comparison with his humiliation when he should learn that which his father had to tell him! Then there was that haughty Madame De Vigne. For her, too, the hour of humiliation was at hand. As she thought of these things, while on her way to Sir William's room, Lady Renshaw's spirits rose again. She felt that life had still some compensations for her.

A staid-looking man-servant ushered her into the room. She gazed round; but there was no one to be seen save Colonel Woodruffe, who was a stranger to her, and Mr Etheridge. The latter rose and advanced with his thin, faint smile.

'I was given to understand that I should find Sir William Ridsdale here,' said her ladyship in a somewhat aggrieved tone.

'I am Sir William Ridsdale, very much at your service,' was the quiet reply of the smiling, white-haired gentleman before her.

Probably in the whole course of her life Lady Renshaw had never been so much taken aback as she was at that moment. She literally gasped for words, but none came.

'Will you not be seated?' said the baronet; and with that he led her to a chair, and then he drew up another for himself a little distance away.

'I will give your ladyship credit for at once appreciating the motives by which I was influenced in acting as I have acted. I came here incognito in order that I might be able to see and judge for myself respecting certain matters which might possibly very materially affect both my son's future and my own. Archie was got out of the way for a day or two; and the only person who knew me not to be Mr Etheridge was my old friend here, Colonel Woodruffe, to whom, by-the-bye, I must introduce your ladyship.'

'It was really too bad of you, Sir William, to hoax us all in the way you have done,' simpered her ladyship when the process of introduction to the colonel was over. She did not forget that elderly baronets have occasionally fallen victims to the wiles of good-looking widows. 'But for my part, I must confess that from the first I had my suspicions that you were not the person you gave yourself out to be. There was about you a sort of *je ne sais quoi*, an impalpable something, which caused me more than once to say to myself: "Any one can see that that dear Mr Etheridge is a gentleman born and bred—one who has been in the habit of moving in superior circles. He must have known reverses. Evidently, at one period of his life, he has occupied a position very different from that of an amanuensis."'

'Madam, you flatter me,' replied the baronet with a grave inclination of the head. 'As I have had occasion to remark before, your ladyship's acumen is something phenomenal.'

The widow was rather doubtful as to the meaning of 'acumen;' but she accepted it as a compliment. 'And now, dear Sir William, that you have come and seen and judged for yourself, you will have no difficulty in making up your mind how to act.'

'My mind is already made up, Lady Renshaw.'

'Ah—just so. Under the painful circumstances of the case, you could have no hesitation as to the conclusion at which you ought to arrive. What a fortunate thing that I happened to find that scrap of paper in the way I did!'

'Very fortunate indeed, because, as I remarked this morning, it might have fallen into the hands of some one much less discreet than your ladyship. As it happened, however, although I did not say so to you at the time, it told me nothing that I did not know already.'

'Nothing that you did not know already!' gasped her ladyship.

'Nothing. Madame De Vigne, of her own free will, had already commissioned her friend, Colonel Woodruffe, to tell me without reservation the whole history of her most unhappy married life.'

'What an idiot the woman must be!' was her ladyship's unspoken comment; but she only stared into the baronet's face in blank amazement. Recovering herself with an effort, she said with a cunning smile: 'People sometimes make a merit of confessing that which they can no longer conceal. You will know how to appraise such a statement at its proper worth. You say that your mind is already made up, Sir William. I think that from the first there could be no doubt as to what the result would be.'

'Very little doubt, indeed,' he answered drily. 'For instance, here is a proof of it.'

He rose as he spoke, and crossed to the opposite side of the room, where was a window set in an alcove, which just at present was partially shrouded by a heavy curtain. With a quick movement of the hand, Sir William drew back the curtain, and revealed, to Lady Renshaw's astonished gaze, Mr Archie Ridsdale sitting with a skein of silk on his uplifted hands in close proximity to Miss Loraine, who was in the act of winding the silk into a ball. The young people started to their feet in dismay as the curtain was drawn back. It was a pretty picture. 'There's no need to disturb yourselves,' said Sir William smilingly; 'I only wanted to give her ladyship a pleasant surprise.' With that he let fall the curtain and went back to his chair.

'A pleasant surprise, indeed! You don't mean to say, Sir William'—— Her ladyship choked and stopped.

'I mean to say, Lady Renshaw, that in Miss Loraine you behold my son's future wife. He has chosen wisely and well; and that his married life will be a happy one, I do not doubt. In the assumed character of Mr Etheridge, I made the acquaintance of Miss Loraine, so that I am no stranger to her sweet temper and fine disposition. If anything, she is just a leetle too good for Master Archie.'

Lady Renshaw felt as if the ground were heaving under her feet. In fact, at that moment an earthquake would hardly have astonished her. Most truly had Sir William been termed an eccentric man: he was more than eccentric—he was mad! She had only one shaft more left in her quiver, but that was tipped with venom.

'Then poor Archie, when he marries, will be brother-in-law to a person whose husband was or is a convict,' she murmured presently, more as if communing sorrowfully with herself, than addressing Sir William. Her eyes were fixed on the cornice pole of one of the windows; and when she shook her head, which she did with an air of profound melancholy, she seemed to be shaking it at that useful piece of furniture. Sir William and Colonel Woodruffe exchanged glances. Then the baronet said: 'Will you oblige me, Lady Renshaw?'

He led the way to the opposite end of the room, where anything they might say would be less likely to be overheard by the young people behind the curtain. 'Yes, as your ladyship very justly observes,' said the baronet, 'when my son marries Miss Loraine, he will be brother-in-law to an ex-convict—for the fellow is alive—to a man whom I verily believe to be one of the biggest scoundrels on the face of the earth. It will be a great misfortune, I grant you, but one which, under the circumstances, can in nowise be helped.'

'It will be one that the world will never tire of talking about.'

'Poor Madame De Vigne! I pity her from the bottom of my heart; and you yourself, as a woman, Lady Renshaw, can hardly fail to do the same.'

Lady Renshaw shrugged her shoulders, but was silent.

'What a misfortune for her, to be entrapped through a father's selfishness, when a girl just fresh from school, into marriage with such a villain!' resumed the baronet. 'But in what way could she possibly have helped herself? Alas! in such a case there is no help for a woman. When—years after he had robbed and deserted her, and had fallen into the clutches of the law—she received the news of his death, it was impossible that she should feel anything but thankfulness for her release. Time went on, and she had no reason to doubt the fact of her widowhood, when suddenly, only three days ago, her husband turned up—here! I have told you all this, Lady Renshaw, in order that you may know the truth of the case as it now stands, and not be led away by any distorted version of it. Ah, poor Madame De Vigne! How was she to help herself?

'That is not a question I am called upon to answer—it is not one that the world will even condescend to ask. The fact still remains that she is a convict's wife, and as such the world will judge her.'

'Yes, yes; I know that what we term the world deals very hardly in such matters—that the innocent are too often confounded with the guilty. But in this case at least, the world need never be any wiser than it is now. The secret of Madame De Vigne's life is known to three people only—to you, whom a singular accident put in possession of part of it; to Colonel Woodruffe; and to myself. Not even her sister is acquainted with the story of her married life. Such being the case, we three have only to keep our own counsel; we have only to determine that not one word of what we know respecting this most unhappy history shall ever pass our lips, and loyally and faithfully carry out that determination, and the world need never know more of the past life of Madame De Vigne than it knows at the present moment. As for the fellow himself, I shall know how to keep his tongue quiet.

I am sure that you agree with me, dear Lady Renshaw.'

A vindictive gleam came into her ladyship's eyes. The time had come for her to show her claws. Such a moment compensated for much that had preceded it.

She laughed a little discordant laugh. 'Really, Sir William, who would have thought there was so much latent romance in your composition? Who would have dreamt of your setting up as the champion of Beauty in distress? To be sure, if you persevere in your present arrangements, this Madame De Vigne will become a connection of your own, and regarded from that point of view, I can quite understand your anxiety to hush up the particulars of her very ugly story. Family scandals are things always to be avoided, are they not, Sir William?'

'Always, Lady Renshaw—when practicable.'

'Just so. But as Madame De Vigne, thank heaven! will be no connection of mine either near or distant, you will pardon me if I hardly see the necessity for such extreme reticence on my part. The world will get to know that I have been mixed up to a certain extent in this affair—somehow, it always does get to know such things—and I shall be questioned on every side. What am I to say? What reply am I to make to such questions? Am I to tell an untruth, and say that I know nothing—that I am in absolute ignorance? Or am I to prevaricate, and insinuate, for instance, that Madame De Vigne is a lady of the highest respectability and of unblemished antecedents—a person, in short, whom any family might be proud to count as one of themselves? You will admit, Sir William, that the position in which I shall be placed will be a most embarrassing one?'

'Most embarrassing indeed, Lady Renshaw—almost as much so, in fact, as if some one were to say to you: "I was past your grandfather's shop in Drury Lane the other day. The place looks precisely as it did forty years ago. Nothing is changed except the name over the door." That might be rather embarrassing to you, might it not?'

All at once Lady Renshaw looked as if she were about to faint. The rouge on her cheeks showed up in ghastly mockery of the death-like pallor which had overspread the rest of her face. Her lips twitched convulsively. She sat staring at Sir William, unable to utter a word.

'In most families, Lady Renshaw, nay, in most individual lives, there are certain secrets, certain private matters, which concern ourselves alone, and about which we would infinitely prefer that the world, and perhaps even our most intimate friends, should remain in happy ignorance. It could be no gratification to your ladyship, for instance, if the circle of your acquaintance were made aware that your grandfather started in life as a rag and bone merchant in the fashionable locality just named—"Solomon Izzard" was the name painted over his door—and that your ladyship first saw the light under the roof of that unsavoury emporium. No; certainly that could be no gratification to you. Your father at that time was just beginning to lay the foundation of the fortune which he subsequently accumulated as a speculative builder. My father owned certain house property in the neighbourhood, and he employed your father to look after the repairs. Hence it was that, on two occasions when little more than a youth, I was sent with business messages to the Lane, and it was on one of those occasions that I first had the distinguished pleasure of meeting your ladyship. You were a mere child at the time, and your father used to call you "Peggy," if I mistake not. He was holding you in his arms, and you struggled to get down; but he would not let you go. "She wants to be off with the other children," he said to me; "and then she gets playing in the gutter, and makes a nice mess of herself." Those were his exact words. Your ladyship will pardon me for saying that you struck me at the time as being a remarkably pretty child, although it is possible that your face might with advantage have been a little cleaner than it was.'

Never before in the whole course of her life had Lady Renshaw had the tables turned on her in such fashion. Scalding tears of rage and mortification sprang to her eyes, but she bit her lip hard and kept them back. At the moment, she felt as if she could willingly have stabbed Sir William to the heart.

She sat without uttering a word. What, indeed, could she find to say?

'Come, come, Lady Renshaw,' resumed Sir William smilingly; 'there is no occasion for you to be downhearted. The best thing that you and I can do will be to draw up and sign—metaphorically—a treaty of peace, to which Woodruffe here shall act as witness. The terms of the treaty shall be these: you on your part shall promise to keep locked up in your bosom as a sacred secret, not even to be hinted at to your dearest friend, that knowledge respecting the married life of Madame De Vigne which has come so strangely into your possession; while I on my part will promise faithfully to keep undivulged those particulars concerning your ladyship's early career of which I have just made mention—which, and others too that I could mention, although you could in nowise help them, I feel sure that you would not care to have published on the housetops. Come, what say you, shall it be a compact between us?'

'As you please,' she answered sullenly as she rose from her chair, adding with a contemptuous shrug, 'I have no wish to injure Madame De Vigne.'

'Nor I the slightest desire to humiliate Lady Renshaw.'

Was it possible that this man, whose tongue knew how to stab so keenly, could really be the same individual as mild-mannered, soft-spoken Mr Etheridge, who had seemed as if he could hardly say Bo to a goose!

Her ladyship seemed to hesitate for a moment or two; then she said: 'I will see you again to-morrow—when you are alone,' with a little vindictive glance at the impassive Colonel Woodruffe.

'I shall be at your ladyship's command whenever and wherever may suit you best.'

He crossed to the door, opened it, and made her one of his most stately bows as she walked slowly out, with head erect and eyes that stared straight before her, but with rage and bitter mortification gnawing at her heartstrings.

'We have still that scoundrel of a Laroche to reckon with,' said Sir William quietly to the colonel as he shut the door upon her ladyship.

RECOLLECTIONS OF AN ANGLO-INDIAN CHAPLAIN.

BANGALORE—THE ENGLISH CANTONMENT.

About a mile distant from the old fort and city of Bangalore are the English cantonment and modern native town. Conceive a field or parade-ground a mile and a half in length and a quarter of a mile in breadth, lined on each side by avenues of large beautiful trees, overshadowing the encircling footpath and carriage-drive. Along the southern boundary of this parade-ground are the houses and shops of the Europeans and Eurasians; whilst to the north are lines of barracks for both European and native troops, from the midst of which rises prominently the tower of St Andrew's Church, which is, or was, the finest and highest building in Bangalore. Many are the beautiful roads stretching away from this parade-ground into the country, where are the picturesque dwelling-houses of civilians and officers, whose encircling gardens all the year round are in perpetual bloom—for Bangalore, though in a tropical region, has an Italian climate. The fortunate Europeans who are stationed there are not scorched up by the terrible heat under which their unlucky countrymen must swelter at Madras and in the southern plains; and Christmas comes to them at Bangalore, not wreathed with snowflakes and pendent with icicles, as it does to us, but beautiful with roses and variegated garlands of flowers.

It was rather a novel thing for my friends Dr Norman Macleod and Dr Watson to be taken on a New-year's day, as I took them in 1868, to a magnificent show of flowers and fruits in the 'Lall-baugh' Gardens of Bangalore. In his usual happy style, the celebrated Norman thus relates his visit: 'The European quarter is as different from the Pettah as Belgravia is from the east end of London. Here the houses are in their own compounds with shrubs and flower-gardens quite fresh and blooming. Open park-like spaces meet the eye everywhere, with broad roads as smooth and beautiful as the most finished in England. Equipages whirl along, and ladies and gentlemen ride by on horseback. One catches a glimpse of a church tower or steeple; and these things, together with the genial air, make one feel once more at home; at all events, in a bit of territory which seems cut out of home and settled in India. There are delightful drives, one to the Lall-baugh laid out in the last century by Hyder Ali. Our home feeling was greatly intensified by attending a flower-show. There was the usual military band; and crowds of carriages conveyed fashionable parties to the entrance. Military officers and civil servants of every grade were there, up to Mr Bowring, Chief Commissioner of Mysore. The most remarkable and interesting spectacles to me were the splendid vegetables of every kind, including potatoes which would have delighted an Irishman; leeks and onions to be remembered, like those of Egypt; cabbages, turnips, cauliflowers, peas, beans, such as England could hardly equal; splendid fruit, apples, peaches, oranges, figs, and pomegranates; the display culminating in a magnificent array of flowers, none of which pleased me more than the beautiful roses, so redolent of home. Such were the sights of a winter's day at Bangalore.'

Around the English cantonment, more especially on the north side of it, is the modern town of Bangalore, containing about sixty or seventy thousand inhabitants, who are chiefly Tamulians, the descendants of those native camp-followers and adherents who accompanied the British forces from Madras and the plains of the Carnatic when they conquered and took possession of the land. There are likewise at Bangalore a goodly number of English and Irish pensioners, who have chosen rather to abide in India than come back to this country; and certainly, with scanty means, they are better off there in a warm and genial clime than they would be here, with our long and dreary cold and icy winters. And when those pensioners are sober and industrious, they have abundant opportunities in India to enable them to support themselves and their families in great comfort, and even to become what we Scotch people call 'bein folk.' I could give many pleasing instances from amongst them of 'success in life.' I knew three Scotch gentlemen who were highly respected bank agents, and who had gone to India as artillerymen in the Honourable East India Company's service. But although it be thus a pleasant fact that many of our pensioned soldiers have done well and prospered in India, yet it is melancholy to relate that a goodly portion of them are sadly wanting in sobriety and industry, and consequently their continued stay in that country is not for good, but for evil. So impressed was I with this that, when asked by a high military official for my opinion as to whether the government ought to give greater encouragement to the time-served soldiers to settle permanently in India, I at once and decidedly said No; because, when freed from military discipline, their lives too frequently were such that they lowered the prestige of the English name, and helped to injure the salutary respect which the natives have hitherto had for their white-faced rulers.

In a pretty little village near Madras, called Poonamalee, as well as in Bangalore, there dwell very many of those pensioners with their families. I was wont to pay periodical visits to this place on professional duty; and certainly I found it at first not only strange but grotesque to see young men and maidens and numerous children, with faces as black as a minister's coat, but yet bearing some good old Scottish name, and speaking the English with an accent as if they had been born and bred in the wilds of Lochaber. My beadle, as sable a youth as could be, was a M'Cormick, and proudly claimed to be an Inverness-shire man. I remember, towards the close of the Mutiny, of driving with my wife, on a moonlight evening through a beautiful 'tope' of palm-trees, when suddenly our ears caught the distant strain of the bagpipes. There was no mistaking it; faint though it was, we could distinguish it floating and wailing through the silent night as *M'Clymont's Lament*. Gradually the music became

louder, until we were able to discover whence it emanated. I got out of the carriage before an opening in the trees, and winding my way by a narrow path, I came at last to a small bungalow where a man was strutting up and down the veranda playing on a genuine pair of Scottish bagpipes. His garments were white, but his face was perfectly black. He was astonished at my appearance, and so was I at his; and my astonishment was not diminished when in answer to a question as to his name, he replied to me in a pleasant Argyllshire accent: 'My name is Coll M'Gregor, sir; and my father was a piper in the forty-second Highlanders, and I believe he came from a place they called Inveraray.' Poor M'Gregor! from that night I knew him well. Black though he was, he was a most worthy man; and one of the last sad duties I performed ere leaving India was to visit him when dying in the hospital, and to bury him when dead amongst the sleeping Scotchmen in St Andrew's churchyard.

In the *Illustrated London News* there is a picture entitled 'Recruits' which gives a very faithful representation of the composition of the British army. A smart recruiting sergeant is leading away captive a batch of young men—the thoughtless, reckless shopboy, the clownish rustic, the discontented artisan, and the downcast 'young gentleman' who has wasted his substance in riotous living. The picture rekindles in my memory several instances of the last-mentioned type. In the following stories, it will be seen, from obvious reasons, that where names are mentioned, these are fictitious.

There is a clump of trees in the immediate vicinity of Bangalore which is known as 'the Dead-man's Tope.' In it there is a solitary grave, that of a young Scotchman. For many years the natives alleged that his 'ghost' was to be seen walking mournfully amongst the trees, for they said he could not rest until his appointed years had been fulfilled. He had been a corporal in a Scotch regiment stationed in Bangalore, beloved by all his comrades, but unfortunately hated by the sergeant of his company. At last, goaded by the unjust treatment he received from this sergeant, he struck him down in a moment of passion. In those days, discipline was stern; the young corporal was tried, and condemned to be hanged in the presence of the whole garrison. The execution took place; but so great was the feeling against the sergeant, that he had to be sent away from the regiment down to Madras, protected by a military escort. The general officer who told me this story was a witness of this sad scene, and was the interpreter to the native soldiers of the reason of the execution. That young corporal belonged to Glasgow, and was connected with many respectable families in the city.

Here is a happier tale. John Home, after many years' service in the Honourable Company's artillery, retired on a pension, and settled at Bangalore. He became editor of a small local paper, and so for a few years was a prominent member of the community. He married, and had an only son. This boy was but an infant when the father died, his death being hastened by intemperate living. On Home's private writing-desk being opened, his relations found, to their amazement, a sheet of paper with the handwriting of the deceased telling his real name—for Home was a fictitious one he had assumed on his enlistment—and whence he came, and where his relatives were to be found. These disclosures were made, so the paper said, for the only reason that perhaps on some future day they might benefit his boy; and were it not for this hope, the secret would have gone down with him to the grave. Strange to say, not many months elapsed when an advertisement appeared in an Edinburgh paper signed by a legal firm, asking for information about this very man, giving his real name. Of course the Edinburgh gentlemen were at once communicated with; and after all the evidences were submitted, and no doubt well scrutinised, the claim of the widow and her child was acknowledged. The boy was brought home and educated; and I trust still is, what he was a few years ago, the proprietor of a 'snug little estate.' Such is some of the romance of the 'rank and file' of our army.

COLONEL REDGRAVE'S LEGACY.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER III.

The spinster sisters held a council of war on the day following the events we have described. They were not disappointed at the failure of the marriage proposals to Miss Fraser; for that young lady was by no means the kind of guardian they would select for their brother as a bulwark against the troubles and vexations of this mortal life. The way was now more clear than ever for the success of their original plan. Septimus had learned their ideas and wishes, and had gradually become more amenable to reason. The beauty and talent of the handsome widow had been fully descanted upon. Nor were her monetary qualifications lost sight of by the practical Penelope. The question of suitability as to age had been delicately but firmly touched upon by both the sisters.

'Mrs Fraser is only ten years your junior, Septimus, and that is the difference which should always exist between husband and wife. Indeed, I see no objection to even a greater disproportion, but that is the minimum necessary to conjugal happiness. I am certain that Mrs Fraser has a *tendresse* for you, and that any proposal from you would meet with every encouragement.'

Septimus left the room considerably mollified, and immediately after he had done so, Penelope turned to her sister, and said: 'I trust, Lavinia, you approve of all I have been saying to dear Septimus?'

'Entirely, my dear sister; but'—— Lavinia paused.

'You have always a "but," Lavinia. Pray, speak out.'

'Well, I have a suspicion that Mrs Fraser has a lurking sentiment for Mr Lockwood.'

'Good gracious, Lavinia! you certainly conceive the most extraordinary notions.'

'I do not say for a single moment that the sentiment is reciprocated,' replied Lavinia.

'Why, Frank Lockwood is young enough to be her son!' indignantly exclaimed Penelope.

'Hardly, Penelope, unless Mrs Fraser was marriageable at the age of six,' Lavinia continued.

'Then I cannot help thinking that Frank is in love with Blanche.'

Penelope made a gesture of assent. 'That is highly probable, and would account for her rejection of Septimus.'

Finally, the sisters mutually agreed that it would be politic to prepare Mrs Fraser for the possible proposal of their brother.

We trust the reader will not contemptuously label the spinster sisters as 'matchmakers;' for surely matchmaking is a fitting task for the angels, if it be true, as we are often told, that marriages are made in heaven.

At this moment the widow chanced to enter the drawing-room where the sisters were sitting. Her features still showed traces of the disappointment she had recently experienced.

'We have not seen you all the morning, Mrs Fraser.'

'I awoke with a slight headache, and sought the solitude of the Chine, my sole companion a book,' replied the widow.

'I trust you are better?' said Lavinia.

'Yes, thanks. I never enjoy Tennyson so much as when surrounded by murmuring foliage, and my ears filled with the sound of falling waters.'

'How charming to have preserved your sentiment till *now*,' said Penelope in marked tones.

This remark may seem ill calculated to put the widow in a good-tempered frame of mind. But Miss Redgrave had uttered it advisedly. The more fully Mrs Fraser was impressed with her own increasing years and fading charms, the more likely she was to listen to the suit of the elderly-looking Septimus.

For a moment the widow coloured, as if in anger. 'That is not exactly a complimentary remark, my dear Miss Redgrave.—Now, don't apologise, for I am not in the least offended. How can I be, when I have a daughter, not only marriageable, but actually engaged to be married!'

The sisters simultaneously left off their needlework, and gazing in astonishment at the speaker, sat as mute as the twin sisters carved in stone in the sandy Egyptian desert.

'Yes; Mr Lockwood has asked my consent to his marriage with Blanche, and I have graciously accorded the same. Heigh-ho! it will be a great trial for me, when the hour of parting comes.'

'I congratulate you most sincerely, my dear Mrs Fraser,' exclaimed Penelope. We have known Frank from a child. He is everything that a man should be, clever, accomplished, with good prospects, and of high moral principles.'

The widow sighed. 'I shall be very lonely. I have not an affectionate sister as you have; and when a woman has once known the happiness of married life, and the comfort and protection of an affectionate husband, life is indeed a blank when she is left utterly alone.'

Like a second Wellington, Penelope saw her chances of a successful attack. In love and war, the occasion is everything. She gently laid her spare fingers on the plump hand of the widow, and softly whispered: 'Why should you be utterly alone, dear friend?'

Mrs Fraser directed an inquiring glance in response at the speaker.

'We know of one who would be only too happy to be your companion for life,' pursued Penelope. 'Of a suitable age, amiable, and rich.'

The countenance of the widow was suffused with a soft blush as she said: 'Where shall I find this earthly treasure?'

'In this house, Mrs Fraser. Our beloved brother, Septimus.'

Mrs Fraser had much ado to avoid making a wry face, as she mentally contrasted the white-haired 'brother' with his vacuous expression of countenance, and the black-haired Frank Lockwood, with his bright intelligent glance and fascinating smile. But it was now quite as probable that she would marry the Emperor of China as the solicitor of the Redgrave family; so she softly murmured: 'I had no suspicion of anything of the kind.'

Rapidly the widow reviewed all the attendant circumstances of the case. Von Moltke himself would have envied her comprehensive glance at the pros and cons of an important conjuncture of events. Septimus was of good family, of suitable age, possessed of ample means, and last, but not least in the eyes of the widow, was not too clever; and therefore, in all probability easily manageable, that indispensable desideratum in a husband. We are not sure that Mrs Fraser was correct in her deduction on this point, for foolish people are frequently obstinate, under the false idea that they are thereby displaying firmness.

'If I were to accept Mr Redgrave on the instant, in consequence of your recommendation, my dear Penelope, neither he nor his sisters would respect me. I have always found great pleasure in the society of your brother, and have a great respect for his character. More, I am sure, my dear Penelope, you would neither expect, nor wish me to say.'

Both the sisters cordially kissed the blushing widow, and expressed themselves as quite satisfied with the avowal, Penelope adding: 'I have more than a presentiment that in a few weeks we shall be enabled to give you the kiss of a sister.'

No more was said on the present occasion.

The widow retired to her chamber, and as she contemplated her features in the glass, soliloquised: 'No—at forty, one must not be too particular; and there are twenty thousand excellent reasons why I should change my name from Fraser to that of Redgrave.'

It is needless to say that the sisters did not allow the grass to grow under their feet with respect to the proposed alliance between the families of Redgrave and Fraser. Much stress was laid by them in their conversations with the widow as to the shyness of their brother, and the necessity of some encouragement being extended to him. At length Septimus screwed his courage to the sticking-place and resolved to learn his fate. By a singular coincidence, he found the widow seated on the identical bench occupied on a similar occasion by her youthful daughter. An involuntary sigh escaped him as he mentally instituted a comparison between the sylph-like figure of Blanche and the more portly form of her mother. As he sat down by her side in response to her invitation, he felt his courage oozing away. On the former occasion,

he had been bold as a lion; but in the presence of the keen-witted woman of the world, he fully realised his mental inferiority. Some commonplaces ensued, and then Mrs Fraser, laying down the newspaper which she held in her hand, suddenly observed: 'What is your opinion of thought-reading, Mr Redgrave? Do you believe in it?'

'I scarcely know whether I do or not,' responded Septimus. 'Do you?'

'Implicitly,' replied the widow. 'Shall I give you a specimen of my powers?'

'I should be delighted. Can you read my thoughts?' said Septimus.

'I can. But you must promise two things: That you won't be offended at my guess; and that you candidly admit whether I am correct in my guess.'

'I promise.'

'Give me your hand.'

Septimus placed his trembling fingers in the strong grasp of the widow. 'You are at this moment contemplating matrimony.'

'That is correct,' said Septimus.

'The lady is a widow.'

'Wonderful!' cried Septimus. 'Can you tell me her name?'

'My powers do not extend so far,' returned Mrs Fraser.

'Your successful guess, my dear Mrs Fraser, has helped me out of a great difficulty.'

'How so?'

'You have half-performed my task for me. Do you think a lady, handsome, rich, and well-bred, and still comparatively young, would consent to unite her fortunes with mine? I am some ten or a dozen years her senior. I have been a bachelor all my life, and may have thus acquired peculiar ways. But I would settle the whole of my cousin's legacy upon her, if she would take pity on my solitary state. Dear Fanny, can you not guess, without thought-reading, the name of my enslaver?'

The widow looked down and managed to blush becomingly, and impart a slight tremor to the hand which still held that of Septimus.

'I will not affect to misunderstand you, Mr Redgrave; you are making my unworthy self an offer of marriage.'

'And you accept it?'

'I do.'

Septimus sealed the contract by a chaste kiss on the cheek of the widow, and felt a sensation of inexpressible relief that the Rubicon, for good or evil, was passed.

'I may now tell you, dear Septimus, that Blanche is also engaged.'

'I know it.'

'Impossible! I only knew it myself forty-eight hours ago!'

'Do not ask me at present, dear Fanny. I learned the fact by an accident.'

The widow presently retired to her chamber, under the plea of nervous agitation, but in reality to inform her daughter of her engagement. But it was reserved for Septimus to perform that pleasant duty. Scarcely had Mrs Fraser retired, when Blanche appeared on the terrace. 'Have you seen mamma, Mr Redgrave?'

'Mrs Fraser has this moment left me.—Blanche, I have a favour to ask of you.'

'Of me!'

'That you will not breathe a syllable to your mamma that I proposed to you three days ago; at least, not for the present.'

'Certainly, Mr Redgrave.'

'You will at once see the necessity for my request, when I tell you that I have this day proposed to another lady and been accepted.'

Blanche indulged in a merry peal of laughter, which she found it impossible to repress. 'Pray, forgive me, Mr Redgrave. I congratulate you that you have so speedily recovered from your late rejection.'

'Yes, Blanche, as I could not be your husband, I have resolved on being your father.'

Blanche remained petrified with astonishment for a few seconds, then exclaiming: 'I must go at once to dear mamma and congratulate her,' prepared to enter the house.

But Septimus seized her hand and said: 'Now, tell me the name of *your* future partner. Though I shrewdly suspect, yet I think in my new position as your father I am entitled to know for certain?'

'Mr Frank Lockwood,' replied the blushing girl, as she broke away and ran into the house.

There was not a happier circle round a dinner-table in the island than that assembled in Oswald Villa that evening. The engaged couples were mutually satisfied with their matrimonial prospects, while the spinster sisters saw the wish of their hearts gratified in the engagement of their beloved brother with so suitable a person as Mrs Fraser. But at that moment a cloud was forming on the horizon which was destined to effect a great change in the fortunes of the betrothed couples.

A SAMPLE OF MARSALA.

Time was, long ago, when certain of us thought that Spain was the place where the then despised Marsala wine was made. Struggling to obtain the favour and recognition of the public, and held as a kind of humble cousin of sherry, cheaper to buy and meaner in all its conditions, Marsala had no honour in England some thirty years or so ago. Those who gave it gave it for need; and for the most part tried to pawn it off as its more aristocratic relation, thinking that no one would suspect the truth when that silver label, shaped like a vine-leaf with 'Sherry' cut out in Roman capitals in the centre, was hung round the neck of the heavy cut-glass bottle. And as sherry was certainly a Spanish wine, the false reasoning born of association of ideas made one think that Marsala also was a Spanish wine.

The way to Marsala from Palermo is exceedingly interesting. The country is beautiful with all the grand Sicilian beauty—broken foregrounds, noble mountain forms, the dark-blue sea, of which the splendour is enhanced by the gray green of the olives and the contrast of the golden hue given by the lemon-trees hanging thick with fruit. All the waysides along the railroad are rich in flowers, making the land look as if enamelled. Rugged capes and fertile plains, small smooth exquisite bays and inland mountains, orange-gardens and vineyards, fields of

pale lilac flax, woods of beech and ilex, and rivers running down in song to the sea—there is not a feature of Southern scenery wanting on this lovely way. And the sea, where the white sails of passing ships gleam in the sunlight like the wings of birds, is as beautiful as the land, where here a ruined temple crowns a height, and there a modern mansion stands sheltered on the slopes. Among the beautiful things of the sea is the uninhabited rocky island called 'The Island of Women' (*L'isola delle femmine*). The legend is that in old times, when pirates abounded, the 'Barbari' used to seize such hapless Sicilian women as they found wandering by the shore, and lodge them on this island till they had finished their fighting on shore; when they would return and carry off their prey.

In time the beauty of the lovely road fades away, and the country becomes utterly uninteresting. Still, even when there is no more flowery charm and no more golden colour, there is always association, and the way up to Segesta and Solinunto, with the ruined temple visible on the crest of the mountain, brings before the mind the long train of glorious images by which the ancient history of Sicily is thronged. For we are skirting the base of Mount Eryx, now Monte Giuliano, whence Acestes the king came down to meet Æneas when he landed on his return from Carthage; and where Æneas—so they say—founded the town of Acesta, which afterwards became Egesta, and is now Segesta. And all the well-known story repeats itself. 'Selinus rich in palms,' and 'the shallow waters of Lilybæum' which were 'left behind;' the race, and the beauty of the contending youths; poor Dido's sad story; the death and burial of Anchises, the father whom Æneas saved from burning Troy by carrying on his shoulders—it is all living and palpitating as in those youthful days when imagination touched the pages with light, and made the dead words breathe with love and sorrow and passion. It is worth coming here, if only to realise Virgil and his matchless poem! But we draw up at a station, and the present puts the past to flight—the real blots out the ideal born of imagination and poetry.

Armed *carabinieri* are at every station. This is not usual either in Sicily or elsewhere in Italy, where soldiers keep order at the stations, but are not so numerous nor so heavily armed as these. The district about Trapani, however, in which we are, has not a good name; and the government knows what it is about when it takes extra measures of precaution for the safety of travellers. That it does take these extra measures insures the safety of the wayfarers. At Marsala itself, the whole train is taken possession of before it has well come to a stand, and long before the passengers have got out. The crowd swarms into all three classes indiscriminately; and there is much rough pushing and hustling, but no actual brutality. Still, it is sufficiently like the return of 'Arry from a Crystal Palace fête to be unpleasant; though for all that, the Italian 'Arry is a good-natured soul, with no malice in him. What he wants in malice, however, he makes up in garlic. There has been an Easter-week procession here—it is 'Holy Thursday'—and all the neighbourhood has sent its young men, each township and village its quota, till they have come in their hundreds, and have to be taken back again the best way they can.

Near Marsala is one of the three promontories which give Sicily its name of Trinacria—Cape Lilybeo, the very Lilybæum whose 'shallows blind,' 'dangerous through their hidden rocks,' caused Æneas to land on the 'unlucky shore' of Drepanum. Here in calm weather you can see the remains of houses beneath the sea, as at Pozzuoli, near Naples. But the point of the whole visit is the wine-stores of Ingham—the largest and most important of all the Marsala wine-factories. These stores seem to be interminable; and the perspective of arches, from each side of which branch out these huge above-ground cellars, is a sight at once strange and picturesque. The *balio* or inclosure wherein the whole concern stands—storehouses, workshops, dwelling-house, garden, fields, &c.—is really like a fair-sized estate. To 'walk in the grounds' is quite enough exercise for any moderate-minded pedestrian. The oldest two stores date from 1812, and are the parents of all that have come after. They are picturesque little places now, covered with glossy dark-green ivy and flame-coloured bougainvillia; but, like the fathers and mothers of prosperous families, they are set aside as comparatively useless in the presence of their stalwart children.

In going through the stores, one is struck not only with the number, but also with the enormous size of the wine-vats. Some are of huge proportions, not quite equalling the famous Tun of Heidelberg perhaps, but coming pretty close to it, and holding wine to the worth of an astounding figure. The value of one store alone comes up to a moderate fortune; and there are thirty in all. Once a boy went to sleep in one of those weird receptacles, and was not found till the next morning. The fumes had overpowered him, but he came out none the worse. Some of the wine given us to taste is fifty years old, and is delicious in proportion to its age and preciousness; and some of the finer sorts of younger date are unsurpassed in any wine-store extant. Then there is the huge vat of *vino cotto* or *vino madre;* and there is the distilling apparatus, which is very beautiful and dainty. The Custom House is jealous and exact. It seals up all with a letter-lock, waxen seals and silken threads; so that no tampering is possible with the retorts or the receivers. The cool obscurity of the cellars, where these immense vats are ranged like so many transformed giants, gives one a sense of restfulness and shelter; while out of doors, the sun, lying keen and bright on wall and pavement, casting shadows as sharply defined as if purple paper had been cut with a pair of scissors and thrown on the ground, has the sentiment of passionate vitality peculiar to Sicily. Men in coloured shirts, with blue or red sashes round their waists, add to the general picturesqueness of the scene; and the white wings of the pigeons shining like silver against the blue sky, complete a chord of colour to be seen only in the South—that fervid South where to live is sufficient enjoyment, and where artificial wants as *we* have them are neither known nor appreciated, being of the nature of encumbrances and superfluities. For what else is wanted than the sun and the sky, the fruits and the flowers, the charm and

the glory of nature? Nevertheless, the material luxury of the North and West is invading the hitherto frugal and, in one way, ascetic South; and France and England both, are being imitated even so far as Marsala, where once the house was held as merely a place of refuge where tired Christians might sleep at noon and at night, but in nowise as a place of enjoyment worth the spending of thought or money to make beautiful.

From the vats full of their golden treasure to the casks in process of making, the transition is natural. Here, again, light and colour give a certain charm, making a novelty of that which is so well known at home. For cask-making in Marsala is very much the same as cask-making in England; and only the men, with very minor details in the method of manipulation, are different. It is the same drying of the wood, the same setting of the staves, the same hammering on of the hoops in regular succession of blows, and we fancy the same kind of white oak, of which the staves are made, shipped from America for England as well as for Marsala. Hans Christian Andersen might have written a sprightly sketch of the oak as it stood in its virgin forest, with grizzlies and panthers, pretty wood-chunks and sweet wild birds all about, till it was cut down by the forester; packed into a raft and started down the Big River by the lumberman; brought over to Europe by the huge steamship; made into casks, and filled with the golden juice of grapes beneath the glorious sky of Sicily—the wine to be drunk at the marriage of the bride, the birth of the heir, the death of the master. The place where they clean the barrels, some in the old-fashioned way of hand-rocking, with chains inside; the sheds where they cut the hoops and make the bolts—the drill and the circular saw going through iron and wood like so much butter or cheese; those where they steam the barrels and those where they mark them—these, too, come into the day's work of visiting and inspection; as well as the cooking-place and the dining-shed for the three hundred men employed.

These men are noticeably clean and smart in appearance; they are, too, as industrious as they look; for no loafers are allowed, and he who does not know how to work with a will soon receives his dismissal. The touch of English energy and English precision is plainly visible throughout—with one result, that, unlike Southern workmen, as generally found, these do not care to keep all the holidays which are so frequent in Roman Catholic countries. They work about ten and a half hours in the day; and each man is searched and numbered on coming in and going out.

The word Marsala recalls the time when the Saracens ruled the land, just as Mongibello for Etna, Gibbel Rossa at Palermo, and all Sicilian agricultural and irrigatory terms recall them. It is really *Marsh-Allah*, 'the port of God.' Round about our *balio* are many interesting things, principally the caves where, not so long ago, a murderer hid in perfect safety, and where in lawless times brigands and outcasts took refuge and found security. They are interminable, and it is impossible to visit them all; but our guide takes us through some of the most practicable, where we have occasion for a little gymnastic exercise here and there among the broken rocks and steep sharp pitches. An army of brigands might hide away here undetected and unseen. Fortunately, at this time there are none to hide. No organised band of brigands exists anywhere in Sicily, and the stranger is absolutely safe.

Besides these caves, there is a strange folly in the shape of a ballroom and banqueting-room cut out of the living rock. There are tables and the place for the musicians, benches and divisions, all made in the rock underground. These odd rooms have been used, and it is to be supposed enjoyed. When we see them, the only guests are black beetles, a couple of dirty little lads as unkempt as wild Highland cattle, and a half-maniacal shock-headed Dugald kind of creature, with an atmosphere of garlic, which makes us rejoice when we turn out once more into the fresh air blowing over the breezy flower-clad upland, with the blue sea in front and the bright sun overhead.

CONCERNING FLORIDA.

A CONTRIBUTOR, who is conversant with his subject, sends us the following important items, which we commend to young men who contemplate emigration.

'Heads of families,' says our correspondent, 'with "little to earn and many to keep," with several sons growing up and having a desire to go abroad and see the world, will be glad to know that there are ways for providing for the olive branches other than sending them to Australia or Manitoba to earn merely nominal wages as farm-labourers. Until recently, the United States depended almost wholly upon the enterprise of foreigners for their supply of oranges; but, as if by an inspiration, the discovery has been made that they can, amongst the numerous other industries for which they are remarkable, grow their own oranges, and that, too, of better quality, both in size and flavour, than those which are imported. The great and unequalled facilities for cheap and rapid transportation have opened up nearly the whole of the peninsula of Florida to settlement; and what was only recently very correctly described as a vast expanse of swamps, lakes, and sluggish rivers, is now a vast system of drainage-canals and railways.

In Florida, four hundred pounds will buy forty acres of land, ten of which may be cleared, fenced, and planted with orange-trees. A house may be inexpensively erected at an average cost of ten pounds per room. The orange-tree will bear five years from the bud, or ten years from seed; but a man left in charge—say the son of the owner—would have no difficulty in supporting himself by the sale of small fruit, which, coming to perfection in the middle of winter, commands the best prices in the New York and other Northern markets. In ten years, oranges are handsomely remunerative, and the crop steadily increases in value with every succeeding year. For those who cannot wait so long, the lemon and lime may prove more attractive, as they bear much sooner. They are almost as profitable, though not quite so hardy.

The list of things which can be grown profitably in Florida is so long and various as

to include such dissimilar articles as potatoes, cocoa-nuts, plantains, guavas, mangoes, tomatoes, pine-apples, pumpkins, water-melons — which frequently weigh a hundredweight—grape-fruit, citron, cotton, sugar, strawberries, coffee, tea, tobacco, mulberries, pears, quinces, apples, Scuppernong grapes, &c. The woods and forests which have been slumbering all these years are now alive with settlers, who are actively employed felling timber, clearing land, erecting fences, planting groves, building houses, and in numerous ways expending their energy on the improvement of the land. The old cry, "Go west," has been changed to, "Go south;" and now thousands of families from the Northern States are there, having orange and lemon groves, with pretty cottages simply but comfortably furnished, situated on the banks of rivers and lakes.

For the man who is fond of outdoor exercise and has a taste for gardening, the life in Florida has a charm all its own, for fruit-growing is nothing but gardening on an extensive scale. The soil in Florida has the most unpromising appearance, looking like nothing so much as silver sand. Yet what a charm it possesses! Seeds put in this apparently hopeless material spring up almost immediately; and cabbages, lettuces, radishes, and turnips may be eaten three weeks from sowing in the middle of January. Fish of large size, from ten pounds upwards, abound in the rivers and lakes, and being easily caught, make a very welcome addition to the larder. Deer, wild turkeys, quail, and numerous other kinds of game have not yet learned to shun the haunts of men.

Extensive drainage-works have made available for settlement vast tracts of land which have probably been submerged for centuries, but which now, thanks to the remarkable system of drainage-canals, is as dry and firm and as healthy to live upon as the best land in the State. A pretty site judiciously chosen on the banks of a lake will eventually enormously enhance the value of the property when the surrounding country is settled up. The plan suggested for persons of small means is to take up forty acres. Having ten acres cleared and planted at once, the whole might be fenced in, and a comfortable house built in the middle of the allotment. The remaining thirty acres can be brought into cultivation by degrees, and in the meantime will serve to graze cattle and sheep, which, being turned into the grove at night, fertilise it in the most effectual and inexpensive manner.'

Another correspondent has favoured us with the following notes:

'Upon landing at New York City in the beginning of April of the present year, the weather was particularly disagreeable—cold, rainy, and sleety, and I was only too glad to leave the inclement North for the bright sunny South.

On the morning after landing at New York, I took my ticket for Jacksonville, Florida, and on the journey, stopped a few hours at Washington, and also spent a night at Savannah, Georgia; reaching Florida, the land of flowers, romance, and orange groves, in three days from the time of leaving New York.

Florida was first discovered by Sebastian Cabot in 1497, and after various vicissitudes in its history, became one of the United States in 1845. It is gratifying to know that the undoubted advantages and attractions of this country are becoming better known, and more and more appreciated, by all classes both in the United States and England. A great amount of English capital and English energy is now being attracted to Florida, which is a country offering inducements to the capitalist, sport to the sportsman, novel and romantic scenery to the tourist, health to the invalid, and very considerable advantages to the intelligent emigrant. The area of Florida comprises sixty thousand square miles; and the soil is adapted to an infinite variety of products, such, for instance, as corn, oats, rice, beans, peas, potatoes, turnips, cabbages, strawberries, tomatoes, melons, cucumbers, oranges, lemons, limes, peaches, figs, &c.; and in South Florida, cocoa-nuts, pine-apples, bananas, and other fruits and vegetables too numerous to mention. The climate is charming. In winter, the thermometer seldom goes below thirty degrees, or in summer above ninety; and although the State is the most southern of the United States, hot nights or oppressive days are comparatively rare. This is accounted for by its peculiar position, shape, and surroundings. The constant breezes, either from the Atlantic Ocean or the Gulf of Mexico, purify the atmosphere, and render the Floridian climate enjoyable the whole year; and I may add, that after a four years' residence in the State, I know of no disease that is indigenous or prevalent.

Jacksonville is situated on the grand St John's River, and is the largest and most important city in Florida. It has a population of over twenty thousand, and will ere long take rank with Savannah or Charleston in commercial importance. This is the point at which all Northern visitors enter the State, and from which they radiate in search of health, work, or sport. Here there are fine buildings, shops, churches, schools, and about one hundred and fifty boarding-houses and hotels, the latter being filled during the winter months with invalids, principally consumptives.

The most absorbing question of interest to the greatest number now, however, is the great money-making business of orange-growing, which is peculiarly adapted to the Florida soil and climate. Since I first visited the State (in 1873), this industry has gone far beyond the commercially experimental stage, and I have been an eye-witness to its undoubted success. It is particularly interesting and instructive to travel over districts now, and observe *bearing* orange groves, the owners of which are securing handsome incomes, where ten years ago not a tree was planted. In Orange County, many emigrants who first went to Florida for their health, have improved sufficiently to earn their living and raise an orange grove in addition. Many of them took up one hundred and sixty acres of land under the Homestead Law, and selling off portions of it to later comers, have realised enough money to cultivate the balance retained. Others, who knew a trade, worked part of their time for their neighbours, and spent their unemployed hours in planting an orange-tree here or there for themselves, until they finally had a five or ten acre grove, of sixty trees to the acre, which when bearing would give them an annual income

of from three hundred to one thousand pounds. Owing to recent railway and shipping facilities, a man nowadays may—if his land is well selected—grow early vegetables, &c., without interfering with his orange-trees, and ship them north to Baltimore, Philadelphia, or New York, and realise profit sufficient to enable him to pay his expenses whilst his grove is coming into bearing; for it must be borne in mind that the Floridians can grow any vegetable in winter which the Northerners grow in summer; and the Northern people are quite willing to pay a high price for such luxuries as peas, tomatoes, or strawberries at Christmas.

These are some of the attractions Florida holds out to the man who has industry, perseverance, and ordinary intelligence.'

ARSENIC IN DOMESTIC FABRICS.

CHRONIC poisoning by arsenic in domestic fabrics is without doubt an important subject, affecting the public to such an extent as to render attention to the question essential. Serious illness frequently arises from this cause, in some cases even attended by fatal results. A very general effect is a lowered condition of the system, such as to render the individual more susceptible to the attacks of other diseases. Action has been taken by the Medical Society of London, the Society of Arts, and the National Health Society, on the question of the prohibition of arsenic in articles manufactured for domestic use, such as wall-papers, dyed furniture materials, paint, distemper, &c. The fact is remarkable, that although this question has been thus brought prominently before the public, those supposed to be interested in the sale and use of arsenic have hitherto maintained a judicious silence, manufacturers abandoning the use of arsenical colours to a very large extent, instead of defending it. This silence has, however, now been broken by Mr Galloway, M.R.I.A., who deals with the question from a chemical point of view, describing his own special mode of manufacturing emerald green in an article in the *Journal of Science*. Mr Galloway asks: 'Has it ever been conclusively proved that persons who inhabit rooms stained with emerald green suffer from arsenical poisoning?' Notwithstanding the fact that Mr Galloway leaves the question unanswered, as though it were unanswerable, the reply shall now be given—though in certain quarters it is still doubted—that it *has* been proved, and that by the careful observation of medical men of eminence in all parts of the country.

Proof of the injurious effect of arsenic in domestic fabrics is found in the development of certain symptoms in the patient exposed to an arsenical fabric, followed by recovery on removal of the fabric in question. The occurrence of these circumstances in a sufficient number of cases leads to the conviction that the arsenical fabric was the cause of the malady. We act on similar proof with regard to sewer-gas; no one has ever absolutely seen the injurious action, but the fact of various diseases of a particular character frequently following a discharge of sewer-gas into a residence, has convinced medical men that the gas, or some germ contained in the gas, is the cause of illness, and that it is therefore desirable to exclude it from our homes.

As above stated, the same conclusion is arrived at, from the same line of argument, with regard to arsenic; and this proof alone would be sufficient. But with regard to arsenic, there are opportunities of observing what may be classed as experimental proofs, such as could not possibly occur in illness arising from sewer-gas. This further proof consists in the frequent alternate recurrence of illness and recovery—illness on exposure to, and recovery on removal from, arsenical surroundings, followed by final recovery on substitution of a non-arsenical fabric in place of that containing the poison.

Change of air is in all probability often credited with the benefits arising from removal from some unsanitary condition of residence, office, or workshop.

The effect on men employed in hanging or removing arsenical wall-papers is another proof of their injurious quality: men have frequently to leave their work unfinished, being too ill to continue under the poisonous influence.

Arsenic in domestic fabrics is so easily dispensed with, that there is no valid reason for the continued use of these poisonous colours. Several paper-stainers have for years conscientiously excluded all arsenical colours from their works, yet have still maintained their position in the open market, thus deciding the question both as to cost and quality of non-arsenical wall-papers. It is an interesting question to medical men and chemists, how it is that these minute quantities of arsenic, or of some combination of arsenic with other ingredients, when breathed, should be so injurious, when larger quantities can be taken into the stomach as a medicine with advantage. This question, however, is of no consequence to the patient. His course is simple enough: having found out the cause of illness, get rid of it, and be thankful it can be got rid of at so small a cost.

Arsenic also is found in the dust of rooms papered with arsenical papers, thus proving the presence of arsenic in the atmosphere.

Mr Galloway alludes to a curious and interesting fact, namely, that men can be employed on arsenical works, some without being affected at all, others suffering much less than might be expected. The same singular fact of the immunity of those constantly exposed to evil influences is illustrated in the case of men employed in cleansing sewers; they work continually in the very atmosphere of the sewers, but do not suffer from those diseases which arise from the escape of sewer-gas into houses. No one, however, in consequence of this fact, doubts the importance of good sanitary arrangements, notwithstanding that these involve a considerable outlay. The exclusion of arsenic, on the contrary, costs nothing, and, moreover, there is nothing to be gained by the admission of these poisonous colours into our houses. The simple antidote for arsenic in domestic fabrics is therefore—exclusion.

Those desiring to see further details, illustrative cases, and modes of testing for arsensic, will find them in the pamphlet *Our Domestic Poisons* (Ridgway), or in the lecture under the

same title, delivered at the International Health Exhibition, and published by the Executive Council. For more numerous cases of illness, especially in the families of medical men, see the Report of the Committee of the Medical Society of London.

WASHING BY STEAM.

It may interest many housewives to know that dirty clothes can be thoroughly and effectively washed by means of steam, with a much less expenditure of time and trouble than by the old way of boiling and rubbing. Anything that lessens the labour and discomfort of washing-day will be welcomed as a boon by every housewife. Numerous washing-machines have been before the public for many years, and have been used with more or less success, and we venture to describe one constructed on this principle which has given satisfaction to ourselves. The chief merits of the Steam-washers made by Fletcher of Warrington, and Fingland, Leeds, &c. are—rubbing and boiling of clothes are done away with, and with their method, no servant or housewife need spend more than three hours over a fair fortnight's washing. Fingland's Washer (Morton's patent) consists of a fluted copper cylinder, made to revolve in a strong polished copper case or box. Into the cistern-shaped box, water is put to a depth of three inches, then caused to boil by means of a gas-fire below. The construction of the Washer is based upon the fact of the expansion of the water into steam. The water is continually throwing off a large quantity of steam, which forces its way through all parts of the clothes in the cylinder, and in so doing slackens and carries away the dirt. The articles, duly soaked in water overnight, are put into the cylinder; a few finely cut pieces of soap are laid between each layer; then the lids of cylinder and box are closed, and the handle is turned once or twice. It now stands until the water is boiling, when the handle may be slowly turned for ten or fifteen minutes, reversing the motion occasionally. The steam having permeated the clothes in the cylinder, they may be taken out and rinsed first in cold, and afterwards in blued cold water. The water in the cistern needs to be changed every fourth or fifth boiling. Prints, flannels, and woollens require slightly different treatment. The clothes come out pure and clean after rinsing, and an ordinary washing can be accomplished in one-third of the usual time, and at less expense. Attachment with an india-rubber tube to an ordinary gas-pipe will usually give sufficient gas; but sometimes it is better to have a thicker pipe than usual with a special connection.

PARTING WORDS.

Although my early dream is o'er,
  I ask no parting token;
Nor would I clasp thy hand before
  My last farewell is spoken.
How coldly fair, thy thrice-false face
  Dawns on my sad awaking;
No anguish there mine eyes can trace,
  Though this fond heart is breaking.
Be as thou wert before we met;
  Heave not one sigh, but leave me;
Those studied looks, that feigned regret,
  Can nevermore deceive me.
The faltering tones that mock me so,
  Betray the fears that move thee;
Cease to degrade thy manhood.—Go!
  I scorn thee while I love thee.

Shall I forget the rapturous hours
  Of my too radiant morning—
The hand that culled the dewy flowers
  My girlish brow adorning?
Ah, no! for she who scorns thee now,
  Will miss its dear caresses;
And sorrow to remember how
  It decks another's tresses.

Alas! this tortured soul of mine,
  Though by thy treason riven,
Can never cast thee from its shrine
  Unwept, or unforgiven.
Nay, I, when youth and hope depart,
  The mournful willow wearing,
Must still deplore that shallow heart
  That was not worth the sharing.

And have I sold my peace for this?
  Or am I only dreaming?
To wake beneath thy thrilling kiss
  From this most cruel seeming.
Oh, bid my fainting heart rejoice;
  One word would make it stronger;
Then wherefore mute, thou magic voice?
  Say, am I loved no longer?

The world thou hast deceived so long
  May smile on thee to-morrow;
While I alone must bear the wrong,
  The bitterness and sorrow!
O cruel world! O world unjust!
  That passes by unheeding,
Where love betrayed and blasted trust
  Low in the dust lies bleeding!

Go thou thy way; deceive it still!
  (Its praise is false and hollow);
Ascend to fortune's loftiest hill,
  No ban of mine shall follow.
The memory of these days will be
  To me a life's regretting.
Most faithless lover! what to thee?—
  Only an hour's coquetting.

Shame, shame! to look, to breathe, to live,
  To mock my loving madness!
The thought alone that I forgive,
  Should fill thy soul with sadness.
No wonder heaven should strike thee blind,
  To see me bowed before thee;
Most shameless wretch of all mankind
  How, how could I adore thee?

In haste to go! Oh, cruel one!
  Stay, stay, a moment only!
How shall I face, when thou art gone,
  The world, so vast, so lonely?
Thy words are like my passing knell:
  Ah me, and must we sever?
Forget that I have loved thee well—
  Adieu! adieu for ever!

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CYPRUS LOCUSTS.

BY A DWELLER IN THE EAST.

Everybody who has read anything about the East must be acquainted with the plague of locusts. I distinctly remember that when a small boy I was more impressed by the accounts of the enormous extent of their flocks than with anything else my books could tell me. There was to me something appalling, and at the same time attractive, in the swarms stretching for miles, which obscured the sun, and devoured everything green wherever they settled. It is difficult, if not impossible, for any one brought up in our temperate regions to realise such a state of things. We hear, to be sure, of damage done to crops at home; just now, it is sparrows; not very long since it was game; next year it may be something else; but in all these cases it is simply damage—perhaps one per cent., or five per cent., or ten per cent. But with locusts it means not damage, but destruction, or, better still, annihilation of the crop. Fancy an English farmer turning out after breakfast and admiring his six-acre field of wheat, deliciously green, about two feet high. Fancy him, too, coming home to dinner at noon and seeing this same field as bare as his hand. This is no exaggeration, but a plain matter-of-fact illustration of what may be seen any spring where these abominable insects abound. Once seen, it can never be forgotten.

I have had my recollection of these creatures and their ways revived by a parliamentary paper entitled, 'Report of the Locust Campaign of 1884, by Mr S. Brown, Government Engineer, Cyprus.' It gives the results of the measures employed to stay the plague to which the island has for ages been subject; and so far it is satisfactory enough. The locusts have been put down, and for most people that is the chief point. I notice that the *Times* has devoted about half a column to the paper, but has contented itself with simply copying the salient points, the writer evidently knowing nothing of the subject. The paper itself presupposes a knowledge of a certain nature, which no one except those who are acquainted with the district can be expected to possess. I venture, therefore, to supply the information necessary to a thorough understanding of the subject.

Speaking as a dweller in the East, I may say that we have had the locusts with us always. In the old old days, they were sent by the gods; in less remote times, they were a dispensation of Providence. They came and went, leaving lamentable traces of their progress. But it was in the nature of things that it should be so, and nobody ever thought of trying if something could not be done to stop their ravages. Under Turkish rule, of course this feeling was intensified by the fatalism peculiar to their faith. The locusts came of their own accord, and went off in the same way; it was *kismet*, and there was nothing to be done. But even Mohammedans in time cannot escape altogether the influence of Western ideas, and some thirty years ago it occurred to Osman Pasha, then governor of Cyprus, to try and make head against the scourge which devastated the island. He was earnest in the cause, but unfortunately died before measures could possibly have had any effect. His successors, as a rule, talked a great deal, but, after the manner of their race, did nothing. A tax was imposed on the peasants, which was to be devoted to the purchase and destruction of locusts' eggs. This was all very well; but as the officials helped themselves to from fifty to ninety per cent. of the money collected, very little impression was made on the swarms. And then, again, as three parts sand and one part eggs did duty as eggs, it is not to be wondered at that the insects were as plentiful as ever.

So things went on till about fifteen years ago, when Said Pasha became governor. He kept on the system of buying eggs, but with this important difference, that when he paid for eggs he saw that he got them. He put some Europeans on the Commission of superintendence, had the eggs stored, and authorised their

destruction only after his personal inspection. The proceedings were open to the light of day, and everything was done to prevent imposition. The result was admirable; in three years, locusts' eggs were as valuable as those of the silkworm; and in 1870, it was officially reported that the insect had ceased to exist in Cyprus. This, however, proved to be an exaggeration. No doubt, a great impression had been made; swarms were no longer to be met with by the ordinary traveller; but it is plain that a good many did remain in out-of-the-way and difficult districts.

In 1872 it was reported that locusts were reappearing. This was pronounced to be a calumny, and the observers were referred to the official Report, showing that the locust had ceased to exist in Cyprus—which, of course, was conclusive! In 1875, however, denial was no longer possible; no one with eyes in his head could doubt the existence of countless myriads of plundering insects. Said Pasha by this time had left the island, and his successor was of a different character, and did nothing to stop their increase, which accordingly went on unchecked till the British occupation in 1878. As may be imagined, the question very soon engaged the attention of the authorities, and a determined set was made against the creatures. In the autumn of 1879, thirty-seven and a half tons of eggs were collected and destroyed, and in the spring of that year an enormous number of insects were trapped. In 1880 larger swarms than ever appeared, a great many of which were trapped, and two hundred and thirty-six tons of their eggs collected. In 1881 the locusts came in still greater numbers, and in the autumn and winter, thirteen hundred and thirty tons of eggs were destroyed. It was evident that what had been done was a trifle; exceptional measures were declared to be necessary, and preparations were accordingly made on a very large scale for the campaign of 1882. It was shown that egg-collecting alone was not to be depended upon. One may think that this affords the easiest means of destruction, and so it does, if you can be sure of getting at all the eggs. But the breeding-grounds are situated in remote and rugged districts, to patrol which properly means a very large supply of labour, and even then it becomes a mere question of eyesight, which often fails. Up to a certain stage in its existence the insect creeps but cannot fly, and it is then that it must be taken. Trapping the non-flying insects is therefore the feature which forms the salient matter of Mr Brown's Report, but which will not be understood by the public without explanation.

The Report opens with a statement of the material employed. This consisted of two thousand canvas screens, each fifty yards long; one hundred thousand five hundred square yards of canvas for screens; twelve thousand six hundred and eleven square yards oilcloth; twenty tons zinc for traps; and seventy-six thousand one hundred and eighty-three stakes for the screens, besides cordage and other minor articles. As the reports from the breeding districts came in, it was thought this supply would prove insufficient, and Mr Brown therefore caused one thousand additional screens to be made up, and three thousand seven hundred and eighty traps of a new type to be cut out of the zinc received from England. The total apparatus, therefore, when operations began, amounted to eleven thousand and eighty-three screens, each fifty yards long; and thirteen thousand and eight traps; with the necessary complement of stakes, tools, and tents for labourers. To give an idea of the total length of the screens, it may be mentioned, that if stretched continuously they would form a line three hundred and fifteen miles long, almost enough to encircle the whole island. In order to work all this material, labour was necessary, and accordingly contracts were made to a maximum of thirteen hundred and ninety-eight labourers.

This is all very interesting; but what is the meaning of it? What are screens? What is canvas wanted for? What do they do with oil-cloth? And what sort of traps do they make out of zinc? This is what Mr Brown does not tell us, and this is exactly the information which I propose to supply. The first step in the process is to begin with a little natural history.

The female locust is provided with a sort of sword-like appendage, with which she makes a hole in the ground, in which she deposits her eggs. Over these she exudes a glutinous matter, which hardens by exposure, in time forming a case impervious to wet, cold, or even fire, the whole resembling a small silk cocoon. The number of eggs in each of these is variously estimated; some say a hundred, others eighty; but Mr Brown by actual experiment finds that the average may be taken at thirty-two, and that the sexes are produced in about equal proportion. It is not difficult, therefore, to calculate the rate of increase, allowing fifty per cent. to be lost through the operation of natural causes, birds, caterpillars, &c. A couple of locusts will thus produce sixteen individuals or eight couples the first year; next year, the product will be a hundred and twenty-eight, or sixty-four couples; the third year, eight times that; and so on—a calculation which may be carried on to any length you like, and which will explain the countless myriads which everybody has heard of.

The female having performed her duty in reproducing her species, is of no further use, and both she and her partner disappear—that is to say, they both die. It is a popular belief in Cyprus that the male eats the female and dies of the consequent indigestion. But a more scientific explanation of the fact is, that as by the end of July—beyond which locusts are never seen—everything green is burnt up by the sun, their food fails, and they die of starvation. There is no mistake about their death; every open pool of water is full of them, and the stench is abominable, and one may walk along the coast for miles amongst their dead bodies, washed up by the sea. The eggs remain in the ground till hatched by the warmth of the spring sun, which brings them out early in March. If the season should be cold or wet, the only effect is to delay the hatching; the eggs never appear to get addled. At the beginning of April this year the swarms were on the march, and operations began, and were continued till the 13th of May, when all that were left were on the wing. It is by taking advantage of the habits of the creature that the greatest success in its destruction is achieved. The young locusts as soon as they can crawl go in search of green food. Impelled by this

instinct, they go straight on, turning neither to the right nor to the left. They are remarkably short of sense; they can do nothing but follow their nose, and have not an idea of turning a corner. If a locust on the march were to meet with a lamp-post, he would never think of going round it, but would climb up to the top and come down on the other side. It is by taking advantage of this steady plodding perseverance that the arch-inventor Man makes the creature work its own destruction. Some twenty years ago, Mr Richard Mattei, an Italian gentleman, and large landed proprietor in Cyprus, made various experiments, which have resulted in the employment of the screens and traps which are mentioned in Mr Brown's Report. The manner of operation is as follows.

In early spring, it was reported to headquarters that one hundred and thirty-three breeding-grounds had been discovered. Each of these was therefore screened off by a ring-fence. The screens are formed of canvas about two feet high, on the top of which are sewn about four inches of oil-cloth. These are arranged so as to form a zigzag with angles of about one hundred and thirty-five degrees. At intervals, pits are dug of a regulation size—a cubic yard—so as to facilitate computation. The locusts on the march come up to the screen, climb up the canvas, get on to the oilcloth, and straightway slip down. Nothing daunted, they try again, again, and again, each time edging a little nearer to the angle. Arriving here at last, they find a pit, into which they fall or jump. Naturally, they climb up again; but find at the top a framework of wood, lined on the inside with sheet-zinc, on which they cannot walk, and consequently they fall back into the pit. Imagine thousands of the creatures all doing this at the same time, and the result will be, of course, that one-half smothers the other half, and in its turn gets smothered by a few spadefuls of earth, which the labourer, always on the watch, takes care to apply at the proper moment. The pit is then full, and is counted as such in the daily report. Mr Brown gives full details. The 'full' pits contained a depth of eighteen inches of locusts; pits three-quarters, one-half, one-quarter, and one-eighth full were returned as such, and when reduced to 'full' pits, the total number amounted to fifteen thousand nine hundred and nineteen. The whole number, however, of pits in which locusts were trapped was twenty-six thousand and sixteen, and the total number of pits dug far exceeded this.

Every pains was taken to arrive at a correct account of the number of locusts thus destroyed, and the number for this year is set down at the enormous total of fifty-six thousand one hundred and sixteen millions. Last year the number was computed approximately at one hundred and ninety-five thousand millions. With such a destruction, it was believed that this year the swarms would be less; and this anticipation was fully realised, less than one-third appearing of what was visible in 1883. This is extremely satisfactory, when we find that the swarms of 1883 were as numerous as those of 1882, which in their turn greatly exceeded those of 1881. In fact, up to 1883 the locusts had been gaining ground; now they are losing it; and it only needs care and watchfulness on our part to thoroughly exterminate them, or at anyrate to render them practically harmless. For if the locust can only find food, it will not travel; they march simply in order to get wherewith to support existence; and if they can find enough near their birthplace, they will stop there. But of course this cannot be allowed, when we think of their multiplication next year and the years after. No; it is a question of war to the 'pit.' Efforts must not be relaxed; the system of reports from the breeding districts will still be continued; and the supply of screens and traps must always be ready for use.

This year, the large supply of material was used in a much more careful and methodical way than in any previous year. Some idea of the extent of the operations may be gathered from the fact that in one district—that of Tchingerli—there was a continuous line of screens without a break for twenty-seven miles in length, arranged in three great loops connected by a common centre. Another breeding-ground was surrounded by screens sixteen miles long; and there were many other similar cases. With screens thus fixed, with plenty of pits, and with careful supervision, the destruction should be complete. Accidents, however, will occur, some of which are preventable, whilst others are not. Heavy rains and floods, for instance, swept away some of the screens; and there were also cloudy and windy days, when the locusts will not march, and of course will not fill the pits. No doubt, occasion was taken on such days to help in the destruction by manual labour; every little helps; and it is not difficult to slay one's thousands and tens of thousands when the victims are all close together. It is not unusual to meet the creatures in a body a mile wide and a mile deep. They are about an inch and a quarter long, and a quarter of an inch wide, and march with an interval of about an inch, progressing some half-mile a day.

One would think that the importance of information to headquarters would be patent to everybody in the island; yet such is the apathy, not to say stupidity, of some of the islanders, that Mr Brown was surprised and disgusted to hear that whilst operations were at the height, locusts had been discovered at the extreme east point of the island, which had been reported free. Not only so, but no locusts had existed within thirty-five miles, nor had any been seen flying in that direction. Material was at once forwarded, but unfortunately too late, as the insects had almost arrived at the flying stage, when nothing can be done. One might as well try to reduce midges by squashing them between the hands. The district was found to be only a small one—less than half a mile in diameter. It may safely be left next year to Mr Brown's tender care.

What is the result of all this time, trouble, and expense? You could traverse the locust area and see very few; whereas in May and June of previous years you might ride through flights some of which would cover an area of several square miles. The small number that are left are thinly scattered over a comparatively small area, and as they find sufficient food in the natural grasses, they do not migrate. This year, up to August not a single flight has been seen, and best of all, nothing has been heard of damage to the crops. It is calculated that the

survivors of this year do not amount to more than one per cent. of those of last year. The problem, therefore, appears to be solved; all that is necessary is a small annual expenditure to keep the material and labour in working order.

ONE WOMAN'S HISTORY.

CHAPTER XIV.

It was but a few minutes past seven o'clock when Jules tapped at the door of Madame De Vigne's boudoir. The summons was responded to by Nanette. 'Monsieur De Miravel's compliments to Madame De Vigne, and would she grant monsieur the honour of an interview for a few minutes?'

The answer came at once: 'Madame De Vigne was ready to receive Monsieur De Miravel.'

Daylight was waning, and although the venetians were drawn half-way up the windows, the room was in twilight. To De Miravel it seemed almost in darkness as he went in; but in a few moments his eyes became more accustomed to the semi-obscurity, and he then perceived his wife standing in the middle of the floor—a tall, black-robed figure, crowned by a face whose extreme pallor, seen by that half-light, would have seemed like that of a dead woman, but for the two large, intensely glowing eyes which lighted it up.

After his first momentary hesitation, De Miravel advanced a few steps and made one of his elaborate bows. Madame De Vigne responded by a grave inclination of her head, and motioning her visitor to a chair, sat down herself on an ottoman some distance away. In the silence, not yet broken by either of them, they heard the low, far-away muttering of thunder among the hills.

De Miravel was the first to speak. 'I am desolated, madame, to have been under the necessity of seeking this interview,' he said. 'But I have been waiting, waiting, waiting till I have grown tired. I am tired of being here alone in this great hotel, where I know no one. It is now two days since I spoke to you. You know my proposition. *Eh bien!* I choose to wait no longer; I am here for your answer.' He spoke the last words with a kind of snarl, which for the moment brought his long, white, wolfish-looking teeth prominently into view.

'As you say, I am fully acquainted with your proposition,' answered Mora in cold, quiet, unfaltering tones. 'But you know well how hateful to me are the conditions which you wish to impose. I think I made that point clear to you on Wednesday.'

'You were in a passion on Wednesday. I heeded not what you said.'

'But I meant every word that I said. In view of that fact, and knowing what you know—may I ask whether in the interim you have not seen some way by which those conditions may be modified—some way by which, without injury to what you conceive to be your interests, they may be made less objectionable to me?'

He shook his head impatiently. 'You are only wasting my time and yours,' he said. 'When I have said a thing, I mean it. As the conditions were on Wednesday, even so they are now—altered in nothing. If you cannot comply with them, tell me so at once, and at once I will seek out Sir William. Ah ha! Mademoiselle Clarice had better wait awhile before she orders the robe for her wedding!'

She heard him apparently unmoved. There was not a flash, not as much as a flicker to be seen of the passion which had so possessed her on Wednesday. Her quietude surprised him, and rendered him vaguely uneasy.

'Consider, Laroche—before it is too late.'

'Too late?' he muttered under his breath. '*Peste!* What can she mean?'

'You know how utterly impossible it is that I should live with you for one day, or even one hour, as your wife,' continued Mora. 'You know that I would sooner seek a refuge in the dark waters of yonder lake. Why, then, strive to make a desperate woman more desperate? And my sister!—she has never harmed you, she does not even know of your existence. Why try to wreck the happiness of her life, as you wrecked mine? Why try to shatter the fair future that lies before her? To do so can in nowise benefit you. Consider—think again before you finally decide. Have pity on this child, even though you have none on me. Ah, Laroche, you never had a sister, or you would know something of that which I feel!'

'This is child's play,' he exclaimed with a sneer. 'We are wasting time. A strong man makes use of others to effect his ends. I make use of you and your sister. I have said.' He was convinced by this time that her quietude was merely that of despair—the quietude of a criminal who submits to the hands of the executioner.

'Listen, Laroche!' she continued in the same icy, impassive tones. 'Although I am not what the world calls rich, I am not without means, as you are aware. Give me your promise to leave England, and never to seek out or in any way annoy either my sister or me, and half of all I am possessed of shall be settled upon you. It will be an income for life which nothing can rob you of.'

An eager, greedy light leaped into his eyes. 'What do you call an income, dear madame?' he said. 'How many thousand francs a year would you be prepared to settle on your brave Hector?'

'Six thousand francs a year would be about half my income.'

'Six thousand francs! And my wife's sister married to the son of one of the richest *milords* in England! *Chut!* Do you take your Hector for an imbecile?' He rose, crossed to the pier-glass over the chimneypiece, adjusted his scarf in front of it, and then went back to his chair. 'Do you know what is now the great ambition of your Hector's life?' he asked, gazing fixedly at her out of his half-shut eyes. 'But no—how should you? Listen, then, and I will tell you. It is to be introduced to two, three, or more of the great London clubs where they occupy themselves with what you English call "high play." Sir William or his son shall introduce me—when I am of their family. Six thousand francs a year! *Parbleu!* when once I have the *entrée* to two or three of the *cercles* I speak of, my

income will be nearer sixty than six thousand francs a year.'

'If such are your views, if this is the course you are determined to pursue, I am afraid that any further appeal by me would be utterly thrown away.'

'Utterly thrown away, *ma belle*, an absolute waste of time, as I said before.'

'I felt convinced from the first that it would be so.'

'Ah! Then why amuse yourself at my expense in the way you have?'

'It was not by way of amusing myself that I appealed to you, but for the ease of my conscience in the days yet to come.'

He stared at her suspiciously for a moment or two, then he said with a shrug: 'I do not comprehend you.'

She rose and pushed back her chair. 'There is nothing more to be said. I need not detain you further.'

He too rose, but for once he was evidently nonplussed. 'Nothing more to be said?' he remarked after a pause. 'It seems to me that there is much more to be said. I have not yet had your answer to the proposition I laid before you on Wednesday last.'

'I thought you understood. But if you want my answer in a few plain words, you shall have it.'

In the twilight he could see her clear shining eyes gazing steadily and fearlessly into his. Craven fears began to flutter round his heart.

'Hector Laroche, you have lost much time and put yourself to much trouble and expense in hunting down a woman whose life, years ago, you made a burden almost too bitter for her to bear—and all to no purpose. You have found me; what then? You have made a proposition to me so utterly vile as altogether to defeat your own ends. From this hour I know you not. I will never see or speak to you again. It will be at your peril to attempt to molest me. I have friends who will see that I suffer no harm at your hands. There is the door. Begone!'

'Ho, ho!' he cried with an hyena-like snarl. 'You bid me begone, do you? *Eh bien!* I must not disobey a lady's commands. I will go—but it shall be in search of Sir William.'

'Your search need not take you far; Sir William Ridsdale is here, under this roof.'

Laroche could not repress a start of surprise. He was still staring at Mora like a man at an utter loss what to say next, when a tap was heard at the door, which was followed a moment later by the entrance of Nanette: 'Sir William Ridsdale has sent word to say that he should like to see Monsieur De Miravel as soon as that gentleman is at liberty to wait upon him.'

'Monsieur De Miravel is at liberty to wait upon Sir William at once,' said Madame De Vigne in clear, staccato tones.—'Nanette, conduct monsieur to Sir William's apartment.'

Laroche scowled at her for a moment. Then he said in a low voice: 'Do you set me at defiance? Is it really that I am to tell Sir William everything?'

'Yes; I set you at defiance. Tell Sir William all that you know. *Scélerat!* do your worst.'

The scowl on his face deepened; his lips twitched, but no sound came from them. Madame De Vigne's finger pointed to the open door at which Nanette was standing. Laroche turned on his heel and walked out of the room with the air of a whipped cur.

By this time it was nearly dark; the evening was close and sultry; distant thunder reverberated among the hills; there was the menace of a storm in the air. The grounds of the hotel were deserted, and just at present the house was as quiet as though it were some lonely country mansion, instead of a huge hostelry overflowing with guests. It was the hour consecrated to one of the most solemn duties of existence, and, with few exceptions, the flock of more or less hungry birds of passage were engaged in the pleasing process of striving to recuperate exhausted nature by means of five courses and a dessert.

Nanette, after conducting Laroche to Sir William's room, was on her way back to light the lamp in her mistress's boudoir, when, as she turned a corner of the corridor, she was suddenly confronted by Jules, between whom and herself, as being of the same nationality, a pleasant little flirtation was already in full swing. The meeting was so sudden and the corridor so dusky, that the girl started, and a low cry broke from her lips.

'Hist! do not make a noise, I beg of you, ma'amselle,' whispered Jules; 'but tell me, is madame in her room and alone?' His face looked very pale in the twilight, and Nanette could see that he was strangely moved.

'Madame is in her room, but she is indisposed, and cannot see any one this evening—unless,' she added archly, a moment after, 'the business of monsieur with her is of very, very great importance.'

'Ah, believe me, dear ma'amselle, it is of the very greatest importance. Do not delay, I beg of you! Any moment I may be missed from the *salle* and asked for. Tell madame that the affair I want to see her upon is one of life and death.'

The girl stared at him for a moment, and then went.

He stole noiselessly after her and waited outside the door. Presently the door opened, and Nanette beckoned to him to enter. He went in, and found himself alone with Madame De Vigne.

'Pardon the question, madame,' said Jules; 'but may I ask whether the gentleman—Monsieur De Miravel he calls himself—who left this room a few minutes ago is a friend of madame?'

Madame became suddenly interested. 'I have been acquainted with the person you name for a great number of years,' she replied after a moment's hesitation.

'Madame would not like any harm to happen to Monsieur De Miravel?'

'Harm? No; certainly not. I should not like harm to happen to any one. But your question is a strange one. Tell me why you ask it.'

'I ask it, because Monsieur De Miravel is in danger of his life.'

'Ah!' Her heart gave a great leap; she turned suddenly dizzy, and had to support herself against the table.

'I have told this to madame in order that she may warn Monsieur De Miravel, should she think well to do so. If he wishes to save his

life, he must leave here at once—to-night; to-morrow may be too late.'

Mora was thoroughly bewildered. What she had just been told had the effect of a stunning blow upon her; it had come so suddenly that for a little while her mind failed to realise the full meaning of the words.

'What you have just told me is so strange and terrible,' she said at last, 'that you cannot wonder if I ask you for further particulars. You assert that M. De Miravel's life is in danger. What is it that he has done? What crime has he committed, that nothing less than his death can expiate?'

Jules slowly drew in his breath with an inspiration that sounded like a sigh. What he was about to tell must be told in a whisper. 'Throughout Europe, as madame may be aware, there are certain secret Societies and propaganda, which, although known by various designations, have nearly all one great end in view. Of one such Society Monsieur De Miravel is, and has been for the last dozen years, an affiliated member. Nearly a year ago, several brothers of the Society were arrested, tried, and sentenced to long terms of imprisonment. Certain features of the trial proved conclusively that the arrests were the result of information given by a spy. There was a traitor in the camp; but who was he? That question has at length been answered. It has been proved beyond a doubt that the traitor is the man who calls himself Monsieur De Miravel. The sentence on all traitors is death. De Miravel has been condemned to die.'

'This is horrible,' murmured Mora.

'It is simple justice, madame.'

'Has Monsieur De Miravel any knowledge or suspicion of the terrible fate to which he has been condemned?'

'None. How should he have, madame?'

Mora remained lost in thought for a few moments; then she said: 'It seems strange that you, in the position you occupy, should know all that you have told me, and yet Monsieur De Miravel himself should know nothing.'

Jules lifted his shoulders almost imperceptibly. 'It may seem strange to madame; but it is not so in reality. I, Jules Decroze, the poor *garçon*, am a humble brother of that Society which has condemned the traitor De Miravel to die. I, too, am affiliated to the sacred cause.'

'You! Oh!' Involuntarily she moved a step or two farther away.

Jules spread out his hands with a little gesture of deprecation.

'I hope you don't run any risk yourself in telling me what you have told me this evening?' said Mora after a few seconds of silence.

'If it were known that I had broken my oath, as I have broken it, but now, I should be sentenced to the same fate as De Miravel. But that matters not. I have long owed madame a debt of gratitude; to-night I have endeavoured to pay it.'

'You have more, far more than paid it. You may have broken your oath, as you say, but you have done all that lay in your power to save a fellow-creature's life.'

'For your sake, madame—not for his, the traitor!' muttered Jules.

If Mora heard, she took no notice. 'You must not remain here another moment,' she said. 'You have run too much risk already. Perhaps I may be able to have a few words with you in private to-morrow. You say that Monsieur De Miravel must go away at once—to-night?'

'At once. If he lingers here over to-morrow'—— He ended with one of his expressive shrugs.

Mora shuddered. 'Suppose he refuses to believe what I tell him, and puts it down as an invention for the purpose of frightening him away?'

'If madame will say these words to him, "*The right hand of the Czar is frozen*," Monsieur De Miravel will know that she speaks the truth.'

A moment later the door opened and closed noiselessly, and Mora was alone.

CHAPTER XV.

When Hector Laroche was ushered into Sir William Ridsdale's room, his eyes blinked involuntarily. The change from the dusky twilight outside to the brilliantly lighted apartment in which he now found himself fairly dazzled him for the first few seconds.

There were but two people in the room. At a large square table, covered with papers and documents written and printed, sat the baronet. At a smaller table, a little distance away, and busily writing, sat Colonel Woodruffe—'the man of the portrait,' as Laroche muttered to himself the moment his eyes lighted on him. Was it possible that this other man, this white-haired gentleman, whose gaze was bent so keenly on him from under his bushy brows, was the great Sir William himself? He remembered to have seen this person on more than one occasion walking about the grounds in the company of Miss Loraine, but he had never troubled himself to inquire whom he might be. If he were really Sir William, then had he been at the hotel for two or three days, and he, Laroche, had never discovered that fact. What a blunder!

The Frenchman placed his right hand over his heart and bowed obsequiously; then he advanced with slow, cat-like movements towards the table, but came to a stand while he was yet some three or four paces away. The keen eyes of the white-haired gentleman, fixed so persistently on him, made him feel dreadfully uncomfortable. He had a great dislike to being stared at in that way.

'You are Hector Laroche, *ex-déporté* No. 897; and I am Sir William Ridsdale.'

For once his start of surprise was thoroughly genuine. 'How! Monsieur knows'——

'Everything. Madame De Vigne has disclosed to me the whole dreadful story of her married life. Her I pity from the bottom of my heart; but for you, scoundrel, I have no feeling save one of utter loathing and contempt!'

'Monsieur'—— whined Laroche with an indescribable writhing of his long lean body.

'Silence, fellow!' said Sir William sternly. 'It is for you to listen, and not to speak.' He rose and crossed to Colonel Woodruffe and spoke to him in a low voice.

The baronet returned to his seat. 'It is not

my intention to say a great deal to you, Monsieur Laroche,' resumed Sir William; 'I wish to rid myself of your presence as soon as may be; and what I have to say will be very much to the purpose.'

Laroche writhed again, but did not speak. Events had taken a turn so utterly unexpected by him, the ground had been so completely cut from under his feet, that he seemed to have nothing left to say.

'Madame De Vigne is an Englishwoman, and as such is entitled to the protection of the laws of her country. The first point I wish you clearly to understand is, that her income is settled strictly upon herself, and that you are not entitled to claim so much as a single franc of her money. This time, at least, you will not be allowed to rob her, as you did once before. The second point I wish you clearly to understand is, that if you in any way harm, molest, or annoy Madame De Vigne or her sister, you will very quickly find yourself within the walls of an English prison, where you will be able to meditate on your folly at your leisure. This is a matter which Madame De Vigne's friends will look to particularly, consequently I warn you in time. And now, having proved all this to you, I am induced, by certain considerations which in nowise affect you, to make you an offer which you will probably see the wisdom of accepting. The conditions of my offer are these: You shall at once quit England and never set foot in it again; you shall neither write to Madame De Vigne nor seek to hold any communication of any kind whatever with her or any one connected with her. In return for your faithful obedience to these instructions, you shall be paid an annuity of three thousand francs a year. The sum shall be paid you in quarterly instalments by my Paris agent, to whom you will present yourself in person once every three months. When you cease to present yourself, it shall be considered either that you no longer care to claim the annuity or that you are dead. Such is the offer I have to make you, Monsieur Laroche; you can either accept it or decline it at your own good pleasure; for my own part I care not which you do.'

Three thousand francs a year! was Laroche's first thought. Why, scarcely half an hour ago, his wife had offered him just double the amount on precisely the same terms, and he had laughed in her face. Imbecile that he had been!

Coward though he was at heart, as nearly all braggarts are, if Laroche just then had happened to possess a revolver, he would have felt strongly tempted to make use of it and risk the consequences. How he hated those two men!—one white-haired, smiling, benevolent-looking, as he had seen him walking about the grounds, but with such a hand of iron hidden in his velvet glove; the other stern, impassive, coldly contemptuous, who had taken no more notice of him during the interview than if he were a dog. Yes, he hated them both with the ferocious hatred of a tiger balked of the prey in which its claws are already fixed.

This other man he felt nearly sure was in love with his wife; and he was just as certain that Mora De Vigne was in love with him. Even at a time like that, it thrilled him with a malicious joy to think that so long as he, Laroche, was alive they could never be more to each other than they were now. Perhaps if he had not appeared on the scene till a month or two later, they might have been married by that time. If he had only known—if he had only had the slightest suspicion that such was the state of affairs, he would have kept carefully in the background till the newly wedded couple should have returned from their honeymoon, and then have made himself known. That would have been a revenge worthy of the name. But now——

Sir William's voice recalled him to realities. 'Perhaps you wish for a little time before you make up your mind?' he said.

Laroche shook his head. His nimble brain had already taken in the altered state of affairs; he saw that the day had gone hopelessly against him, that the battle was lost, and that the only thing left him to do was to accept from the conquerors the best terms that he could induce them to offer. If only he had not refused that six thousand francs! But to a man in his position even three thousand francs a year was better, infinitely better, than nothing. It would at least suffice to find him in absinth and cigarettes, and would serve to blunt the keen edge of chronic impecuniosity.

'Three thousand francs a year, Sir William! It is a bagatelle—a mere bagatelle.'

'Take it or leave it.'

The Frenchman spread out his hands and drew his shoulders up nearly to his ears. '*Ma foi!* I have no choice. I must accept.'

'In that case, nothing more need be said, except that you will leave here by the first train to-morrow morning. Here is a bank-note with which to defray the expenses of your journey; and here is the address of my agent, on whom you will please call on Wednesday morning next, by which time he will be in receipt of my instructions.' Sir William pushed the note and the address across the table in the direction of Laroche as though the latter were some plague-stricken creature with whom he was fearful of coming into closer contact.

The Frenchman advanced a step or two, picked up the papers, and put them away slowly and carefully inside his pocket-book, looking the baronet full in the eyes as he did so. His teeth were hard set, and his breath came and went with a fuller rise and fall than usual, but otherwise there was nothing to betray the tempest of passion at work within him. When he had put his pocket-book away again, and still with his eyes bent full on the baronet, he said in a low, deep voice: 'It is possible, Sir William, that we may some day meet again.' Then with a nod, that might mean much or that might have no meaning at all, he turned and walked slowly out of the room.

The Frenchman found Nanette waiting for him in the corridor. 'If you please, monsieur, my mistress desires to see you in her room immediately on a matter of much importance.'

'Can it be that she is going to renew the offer of the six thousand francs?' was the first question that Laroche asked himself. Checkmated at every turn though he had been, and though all his fine castles in the air had come tumbling about his ears, he began to hope

that more might be saved from the wreck than had seemed probable only a few minutes ago, and it was not without a certain revival of spirits and a certain return to his old braggadocio manner that he followed Nanette to Madame De Vigne's room. Just as he was passing the staircase window, the lightning's lurid scroll unrolled itself for an instant against the walls of blackness outside. Laroche shuddered, he knew not why. A moment or two later he found himself once more in the presence of his wife. In the interim, the lamp had been lighted and the curtains drawn.

A FEW NOTES ON PERSIAN ART.

The limner's art in Persia has few patrons, and the professional draughtsman of the present day in that country must needs be an enthusiast, and an art-lover for art's sake, as his remuneration is so small as to be a mere pittance; and the man who can live by his brush must be clever indeed. The Persians are an eminently practical people, and buy nothing unless it be of actual utility; hence the artist has generally to sink to the mere decorator; and as all, even the very rich, expect a great deal for a little money, the work must be scamped in order to produce a great effect for a paltry reward. The artists, moreover, are all self-taught, or nearly so, pupilage merely consisting of the drudgery of preparing the canvas, panel, or other material for the master, mixing the colours, filling in backgrounds, varnishing, &c. There are no schools of art, no lectures, no museums of old or contemporary masters, no canons of taste, no drawing from nature or the model, no graduated studies, or system of any kind. There is, however, a certain custom of adhering to tradition and the conventional; and most of the art-workmen of Iran, save the select few, are mere reproducers of the ideas of their predecessors.

The system of perspective is erroneous; but neither example nor argument can alter the views of a Persian artist on this subject. Leaving aside the wonderful blending of colours in native carpets, tapestries, and embroideries, all of which improve by the toning influence of age, the modern Persian colourist is remarkable for his skill in the constant use of numerous gaudy and incongruous colours, yet making one harmonious and effective whole, which surprises us by its daring, but compels our reluctant admiration.

Persian pictorial art is original, and it is cheap; the wages of a clever artist are about one shilling and sixpence a day. In fact, he is a mere day-labourer, and his terms are, so many days' pay for a certain picture. In this pernicious system of time-work lies the cause of the scamping of many really ingenious pieces of work.

As a copyist the Persian is unrivalled; he has a more than Chinese accuracy of reproduction; every copy is a fac-simile of its original, the detail being scamped, or the reverse, according to the scale of payment. In unoriginal work, such as the multiplication of some popular design, a man will pass a lifetime, because he finds it pay better to do this than to originate. This kind of unoriginal decoration is most frequent in the painted mirror cases and book-covers, the designs of which are ancient; and the painter merely reproduces the successful and popular work of some old and forgotten master.

But where the Persian artist shines is in his readiness to undertake any style or subject; geometrical patterns—and they are very clever in originating these; scroll-work scenes from the poets; likenesses, miniatures, paintings of flowers or birds; in any media, on any substance, oils, water, or enamel, and painting on porcelain; all are produced with rapidity, wonderful spirit, and striking originality. In landscape, the Persian is very weak; and his attempts at presenting the nude, of which he is particularly fond, are mostly beneath contempt. A street scene will be painted in oils and varnished to order 'in a week' on a canvas a yard square, the details of the painting desired being furnished in conversation. While the patron is speaking, the artist rapidly makes an outline sketch in white paint; and any suggested alterations are made in a few seconds by the facile hand of the *ustad nakosh* (master-painter), a term used to distinguish the artist from the mere portrait-painter or *akkas*, a branch of the profession much despised by the artists, a body of men who consider their art a mechanical one, and their guild no more distinguished than those of other handicraftsmen.

A Persian artist will always prefer to reproduce rather than originate, because, as a copy will sell for the same price as an original, by multiplication more money can be earned in a certain time, than by the exercise of originality. Rarely, among the better class of artists, is anything actually out of drawing; the perspective is of course faulty, and resembles that of early specimens of Byzantine art. Such monstrosities as the making the principal personages giants, and the subsidiaries dwarfs, are common; while the beauties are represented as much bejewelled; but this is done to please the buyer's taste, and the artist knows its absurdity. There is often considerable weakness as to the rendering of the extremities; but as the Persian artist never draws, save in portraiture, from the life, this is not to be wondered at.

The writer has before him a fair instance of the native artist's rendering of the scene at the administration of the bastinado. This picture is an original painting in oils, twenty-four inches by sixteen, on *papier-mâché*. The details were given to the artist by the writer in conversation, sketched by him in white paint on the *papier-mâché* during the giving of the order, in the course of half an hour; and the finished picture was completed, varnished, and delivered in a week. The price paid for this original work in oils in 1880 was seven shillings and sixpence. The costumes are quite accurate in the minutest detail; the many and staring colours employed

are such as are in actual use; while the general *mise en scène* is very correct.

Many similar oil-paintings were executed for the writer by Persian artists, giving graphic renderings of the manners and customs of this little-known country. They were always equally spirited, and minutely correct as to costume and detail, at the same low price; a small present for an extraordinarily successful performance gladdening the heart of the artist beyond his expectations.

As to original work by Persian artists in water-colour, remuneration is the same—so much per diem. A series of water-colours giving minute details of Persian life were wished; and a clever artist was found as anxious to proceed as the writer was eager to obtain the sketches. The commission was given, and the subjects desired carefully indicated to the artist, who, by a rapid outline sketch in pencil, showed his intelligence and grasp of the subject. The writer, delighted at the thought of securing a correct and permanent record of the manners and customs of a little-known people, congratulated himself. But, alas! he counted his chickens before hatching; for the artist, on coming with his next water-colour, demanded, and received, a double wage. A similar result followed the finishing of each drawing; and though the first only cost three shillings, and the second six, the writer was reluctantly compelled to stop his commissions, after paying four times the price of the first for his third water-colour, on the artist demanding twenty-four shillings for a fourth—not that the work was more, but as he found himself appreciated, the wily painter kept to arithmetical progression as his scale of charge; a very simple principle, which all artists must devoutly wish they could insist on.

For a reduced copy of a rather celebrated painting, of which the figures were life-size, of what might be called, comparatively speaking, a Persian old master—for this reduction, in oils, fourteen inches by eight, and fairly well done, the charge was a sovereign. The piece was painted on a panel. The subject is a royal banqueting scene in Ispahan—the date a century and a half ago. The dresses are those of the time—the ancient court costume of Persia. The king in a brocaded robe is represented seated on a carpet at the head of a room, his drinking-cup in his hand; while his courtiers are squatted in two rows at the sides of the room, and are also carousing. Minstrels and singers occupy the foreground of the picture; and a row of handsome dancing-girls form the central group. All the figures are portraits of historical personages; and in the copy, the likenesses are faithfully retained.

The palaces of Ispahan are decorated with large oil-paintings by the most eminent Persian artists of their day. All are life-size, and none are devoid of merit. Some are very clever, particularly the likenesses of Futteh Ali Shah and his sons, several of whom were strikingly like their father. As Futteh Ali Shah had an acknowledged family of seventy-two, this latter fact is curious. These paintings are without frames, spaces having been made in the walls to receive them. The Virgin Mary is frequently represented in these mural paintings; also a Mr Strachey, a young diplomate who accompanied the English mission to Persia in the reign of our Queen Elizabeth, is still admired as a type of adolescent beauty. He is represented with auburn hair in the correct costume of the period; and copies of his portrait are still often painted on the pen-cases of amateurs. These pen-cases, or *kalamdans*, are the principal occupation of the miniature-painter. As one-fourth of the male population of Persia can write, and as each man has one or more pen-cases, the artist finds a constant market for his wares in their adornment. The pen-case is a box of *papier-mâché* eight inches long, an inch and a half broad, and the same deep. Some of them, painted by artists of renown, are of great value, forty pounds being a common price to pay for such a work of art by a rich amateur. Several fine specimens may be seen in the Persian Collection at the South Kensington Museum. It is possible to spend a year's hard work on the miniatures painted on a pen-case. These are very minute and beautiful. The writer possesses a pen-case painted during the lifetime of Futteh Ali Shah, a king of Persia who reigned long and well. All the faces—none more than a quarter of an inch in diameter—are likenesses; and the long black beard of the king reaching to his waist, is not exaggerated, for such beards are common in Persia.

Bookbinding in Persia is an art, and not a trade; and here the flower and bird painter finds his employment. Bright bindings of boards with a leather back are decorated by the artist, principally with presentments of birds and flowers, both being a strange mixture of nature and imagination; for if a Persian artist in this branch thinks that he can improve on nature in the matter of colour, he attempts it. The most startling productions are the result; his nightingales being birds of gorgeous plumage, and the colours of some of his flowers saying much for his imagination. This method of 'painting the lily' is common in Persia; for the narcissus—bouquets of which form the constant ornament in spring of even the poorest homes—is usually 'improved' by rings of coloured paper, silk, or velvet being introduced over the inner ring of petals. Startling floral novelties are the result; and the European seeing them for the first time, is invariably deceived, and cheated into admiration of what turns out afterwards to be a transparent trick. Of course, this system of binding each book in an original cover of its own, among a nation so literary as the Persians, gives a continuous and healthy impetus to the art of the flower-painter.

Enamelling in Persia is a dying art. The best enamels are done on gold, and often surrounded by a ring or frame of transparent enamel, grass-green in colour. This green enamel, or rather transparent paste, is supposed to be peculiar to the Persian artist. At times, the gold is hammered into depressions, which are filled with designs in enamel on a white paste, the spaces between the depressions being burnished gold. Large *plaques* are frequently enamelled on gold for the rich; and often the golden water-pipes are decorated with enamels, either alone, or in combination with incrusted gems.

Yet another field remains to the Persian artist—that of engraving on gold, silver, brass, copper,

and iron. Here the work is usually artistically good, and always original, no two pieces being alike.

Something must be said about the artist and his studio. Abject poverty is the almost universal lot of the Persian artist. He is, however, an educated man, and generally well read. His marvellous memory helps him to retain the traditional attributes of certain well-known figures: the black-bearded Rūstum (the Persian Hercules), and his opponent the Deev Suffid or White Demon; Leila and Mujnūn, the latter of whom retired to the wilderness for love of the beautiful Leila; and in a painfully attenuated state, all his ribs being very apparent, is always represented as conversing with the wild beasts, who sit around him in various attitudes of respectful attention. Dr Tanner could never hope to reach the stage of interesting emaciation to which the Persian artists represent Mujnūn to have attained. Another popular subject is that of Solomon in all his glory.

These legends are portrayed with varying art but unquestionable spirit, and often much humour; while the poetical legends of the mythical history of ancient Persia, full of strange imagery, find apt illustrators in the Persian artist. The palmy days of book-illustration have departed; the cheap reprints of Bombay have taken away the *raison d'être* of the caligraphist and book-illustrators, and the few really great artists who remain are employed by the present Shah in illustrating his great copy of the *Arabian Nights* by miniatures which emulate the beauty and detail of the best specimens of ancient monkish art, or in making bad copies of European lithographs to 'adorn' the walls of the royal palaces.

As for the painter's studio, it is usually a bare but light apartment, open to the winds, in a corner of which, on a scrap of matting, the artist kneels, sitting on his heels. (It tires an oriental to sit in a chair.) A tiny table a foot high holds all his materials; his paints are mixed on a tile; and his palette is usually a bit of broken crockery. His brushes he makes himself. Water-pipe in mouth—a luxury that even an artist can afford, in a country where tobacco is fourpence a pound—his work held on his knee in his left hand, without a mahl-stick or the assistance of a colour-man, the artist squats contentedly at his work. He is ambitious, proud of his powers, and loves his art for art's sake. Generally, he does two classes of work—the one the traditional copies of the popular scenes before described, or the painting on pen-cases—by this he lives; the other purely ideal, in which he deals with art from a higher point of view, and practises the particular branch which he affects.

As a painter of likenesses, the Persian seldom succeeds in flattering. The likeness is assuredly obtained; but the sitter is usually 'guyed,' and a caricature is generally the result. This is not the case in the portraits of females, and in the ideal heads of women and children. The large dreamy eye and long lashes, the full red lips, and naturally high colour, the jetty or dark auburn locks (a colour caused by the use of henna, a dye) of the Persian women in their natural luxuriance, lend themselves to the successful production of the peculiarly felicitous representation of female beauty in which the Persian artist delights. Accuracy in costume is highly prized, and the minutiæ of dress are indicated with much aptness, the varied pattern of a shawl or scarf being rendered with almost Chinese detail. Beauty of the brunette type is the special choice of the artist and amateur, and 'salt'—as a high-coloured complexion is termed—is much admired.

Like the ancient Byzantine artist, the Persian makes a free use of gold and silver in his work. When wishing to represent the precious metals, he first gilds or silvers the desired portion of the canvas or panel, and then with a fine brush puts in shadows, &c. In this way a strangely magnificent effect is produced. The presentments of mailed warriors are done in this way; and the jewelled chairs, thrones, and goblets in which the oriental mind delights. Gilt backgrounds, too, are not uncommon, and their effect is far from displeasing.

The painting of portraits of Mohammed, Ali, Houssein, and Hassan—the last three, relatives of the Prophet, and the principal martyred saints in the Persian calendar, is almost a trade in itself, though the representation of the human form is contrary to the Mohammedan religion, and the saints are generally represented as veiled and faceless figures. Yet in these particular cases, custom has over-ridden religious law, and the *Schamayūl* (or portrait of Ali) is common. He is represented as a portly personage of swarthy hue; his dark and scanty beard, which is typical of the family of Mohammed, crisply curled; his hand is grasping his sword; and he is usually depicted as wearing a green robe and turban (the holy colour of the *Seyyuds* or descendants of the Prophet). A nimbus surrounds his head; and he is seated on an antelope's skin, for the Persians say that skins were used in Arabia before the luxury of carpets was known there.

Humble as is the lot of the Persian artist, he expects to be treated by the educated with consideration, and would be terribly hurt at any want of civility. One well-known man, Agha Abdullah of Shiraz, generally insisted on regaling the writer with coffee, which he prepared himself when his studio was visited. To have declined this would have been to give mortal offence. On one of these visits, his little brasier of charcoal was nearly extinguished, and the host had recourse to a curious kind of fire-igniter, reviver, or rather steam-blast, that as yet is probably undescribed in books. It was of hammered copper, and had a date on it that made it three hundred years old. It was fairly well modelled; and this curious domestic implement was in the similitude of a small duck preening its breast; consequently, the open beak, having a spout similar to that of a tea-kettle, was directed downwards. The Persian poured an ounce or so of water into the copper bird, and placed it on the expiring embers. Certainly the result was surprising. In a few minutes the small quantity of water boiled fiercely; a jet of steam was emitted from the open bill, and very shortly the charcoal was burning brightly. The water having all boiled away, the Persian triumphantly removed this scientific bellows with his tongs, and prepared coffee.

No mention has been made of the curious bazaar pictures, sold for a few pence. These cost

little, but are very clever, and give free scope for originality, which is the great characteristic of the Persian artist. They consist of studies of town-life, ideal pictures of dancing-girls, and such-like. All are bold, ingenious, and original. But bazaar pictures would take a chapter to themselves, and occupy more space than can be spared.

COLONEL REDGRAVE'S LEGACY.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.—CONCLUSION.

We must ask the reader to accompany us to Bury Street, St James's, and learn how Miss Jones has borne the calamity of her lodger's good fortune; for calamity Martha considered the munificent legacy of Colonel Redgrave, so far as her own matrimonial prospects were concerned. If these prospects were dubious prior to his death, they were now nearly hopeless. This was a fact the housekeeper was unable to conceal from herself, in spite of her efforts to take a sanguine view of affairs. The letters of Septimus were more business-like than ever; and Miss Jones agreed with her mother that if Septimus chose to contract a matrimonial alliance, they would be powerless to interpose the smallest obstacle to prevent it. About this time, Mr Bradbury, the second occupant of apartments in Bury Street, returned from Monaco, where he had been spending his annual vacation. Mr Bradbury was a lawyer and a bachelor, and about sixty-five years of age. He was in no respect a favourite with Miss Jones, who in the course of a long residence had learned some of the faults and failings of her legal tenant. The most important of these was a love of gambling. At times, the mental depression of the lawyer was so excessive, that Martha entertained fears that he would be guilty of some rash act which would render notorious the hitherto quiet house in Bury Street. But a sudden turn in Fortune's wheel would disperse the mental clouds of the gambler, and he would resume his usual cheerful manner and speech. On the evening of his arrival from Monaco, he dined in a more than usual *recherché* manner, and when the dessert had been placed on the table, he requested the presence of Miss Jones for a brief space, to discuss a very important matter of business. Mr Bradbury was a thin, spare man, with keen restless gray eyes, which took in the surroundings at a glance. He sat in his luxurious armchair, with his feet crossed on a footstool, and as he held up a glass of '47 port to the light of the chandelier, he looked the picture of comfort and happy enjoyment. Yet was the mind of that man racked with consuming cares, for he had had a bad time of it at Monaco, and he had not only lost his own cash, but a considerable sum belonging to other people, in the shape of trust moneys, &c. He requested Miss Jones to be seated, also to take a glass of wine. Miss Jones complied with the first request, but declined the second.

'I have only learned the death of Colonel Redgrave at Shanklin since my return to London. I must have accidentally omitted at Monaco reading that portion of the *Times* which contained the announcement. On a memorable occasion I transacted some legal business for him. My fellow-lodger Mr Redgrave appears to have tumbled into a good thing in the shape of a very handsome legacy.' Mr Bradbury paused a moment; but Miss Jones made no response, but sat with her large black eyes fixed on the twitching features of the lawyer, who was now evidently under the influence of strong excitement. 'I have not lived all these years under your comfortable roof, Miss Jones, without becoming acquainted with the special relations which exist between Mr Redgrave and yourself.' Again the lawyer paused, in expectation of Miss Jones making some reply. 'I mean that I have ever considered Miss Jones as the certain and future Mrs Redgrave.'

'You can hardly expect me, Mr Bradbury, to answer such a statement,' replied Martha in a somewhat severe tone.

'I cannot. But it is necessary that I should assume such to be the case. You do not deny it? Now, I can put twenty thousand pounds into the scale which contains your right to become Mrs Redgrave, and I can deprive him of that amount, if he declines to make you his wife. I do not wish to speak against your future husband, but he is selfish and avaricious, and I think he will succumb to the temptation I have it in my power to lay before him. A short time before I started for Monaco, Colonel Redgrave called on me at my office. I had known him many years ago in India. He desired me to draw up a will, in which he revoked the bequest to Mr Septimus Redgrave *in toto*. He had not been prepossessed with his cousin latterly; in fact, he had conceived the most intense dislike for him. He preferred that I should execute the will, instead of employing Mr Lockwood, the son of the late family lawyer, for what reason I know not.' Mr Bradbury rose from his chair, and unlocking a small cabinet, produced a folded parchment suitably indorsed. 'Here is the veritable last will and testament of the late Colonel Redgrave, in which the date and purport of the previous will are specially mentioned, duly signed and properly witnessed, I need scarcely say. If I were to put it in yonder fire, nothing could disturb Mr Redgrave in the enjoyment of his legacy. Now, I am going to place implicit confidence in your honour, Miss Jones. I shall require ten per cent., or two thousand pounds. You shall require the hand in marriage of Mr Septimus Redgrave. Should he refuse these terms, this will shall be enforced, and Mr Redgrave loses twenty thousand pounds, and a lady who, I am convinced, would make him an excellent wife. You will naturally say: "Why should Mr Bradbury run the risk of penal servitude for such a sum as two thousand pounds?" In reply, I deny that I run any risk, and that sum of money will stave off heavier consequences than I care to name.'

It would be difficult to describe the whirlwind of mental emotion which agitated the bosom of

Martha as she listened to the harangue of the lawyer. On the one hand she saw the possibility of realising her life-long ambition, of becoming the wife of a man with an income of nearly two thousand a year, not to speak of the social position attending it. Martha remembered reading a novel by one of the most popular authors of our time, wherein the heroine committed a far more heinous offence with respect to a will than its mere suppression, and yet the delinquent preserved not only the love and esteem of all the characters of the tale, but even the good opinion of the readers thereof.

The lawyer watched the flushed cheek of his listener with feelings of hope, and plied poor Martha with such specious arguments as to the nullity of risk and the immense gain to be derived from the prosecution of his plan, that she at length consented to proceed to Shanklin by an early train on the following morning and seek a private interview with Mr Redgrave. As she rose to depart, Martha inquired of the lawyer the name of the fortunate recipient of the legacy. 'Miss Blanche Fraser,' was the reply.

Mr Redgrave was considerably astonished on the morning following the interview we have described when Miss Jones was announced. He pulled out his watch, and finding it wanted an hour to luncheon, decided to see her at once. He found Martha in the library. She was pale and excited. 'Well, Martha, I hope nothing is the matter? All well in Bury Street?'

'Yes, Mr Redgrave. I wish to speak to you in private.'

'Well, speak away, Martha,' retorted Septimus, somewhat testily.

'Pardon me; walls have ears. Can we not go into the grounds?'

Septimus paused a moment, surprised at the request, but presently assented. He led the way through the hall, and finally stopped in a small orchard adjoining the garden. 'Now, Martha, you can speak with as much security as if you were in the middle of Salisbury Plain.'

'I am the bearer of ill news.'

Septimus turned pale as he beheld the unaccustomed expression of the features of the speaker.

'But it is in my power to ward off the blow, or, I should say, in *your* power. I will come to the point at once. The late Colonel Redgrave employed Mr Bradbury to make a subsequent will, in which he annulled the will by which you inherit your legacy.'

Septimus felt his knees tremble beneath him, his teeth chattered, and he staggered towards a garden-seat which was close at hand.

Martha beheld with satisfaction the effect of the communication upon her auditor.

He gasped forth: 'And who is the legatee?'

'Miss Blanche Fraser.'

'Gracious powers! The lady to whom I proposed!' These words were not lost on Martha. They gave her increased determination to proceed with her dangerous mission.

'You can still retain the fortune, if you will perform an act of tardy justice.'

'What do you mean?' exclaimed Septimus, with a lurking suspicion of the nature of the act required.

'Listen patiently for a few moments. For twenty-five years you have been a resident under my mother's roof; during fifteen years of that time you have treated me as something more than a housekeeper; you have treated me as a friend. In return, I have been to you as a sister. I have watched over your comforts in health, have nursed you in sickness, and wasted all my young days in waiting for the moment when you would reward my life-long devotion by making me your wife.'

'My wife!' retorted Septimus angrily. 'Ridiculous!'

'Unless you do so,' pursued Martha, 'the second will will be put in force.'

'And how do you propose to set aside that will, if you become my wife?' exclaimed Septimus.

'By simply putting it into the fire,' replied Martha in a calm decided tone.

Now, it was almost instantaneously apparent to Martha that both she and Mr Bradbury had displayed a deplorable lack of judgment, when they unanimously came to the conclusion that Septimus Redgrave would eagerly seize the bait held out to him by the destruction of the second will. Selfish and avaricious he might be, but not sufficiently so to induce him to stain his conscience with the commission of so great a crime as that suggested to him by a man in dire extremity, and a woman who hoped to realise her life-long ambition by one grand *coup*.

'You cannot mean what you say, Miss Jones, at least I hope not,' exclaimed Septimus in a severe tone. 'You have been led into this by that man Bradbury, whom I have always considered a great scoundrel.'

'You refuse my offer then?' said Martha in a voice pregnant with despair.

'I will not condescend to answer you,' said Septimus. 'You had better return at once to London. I cannot offer you any hospitality. In the first place, my sisters have a strong prejudice against you, which I must say is not without warrant; and in the second place, I am engaged to be married to the mother of the fortunate legatee. So, if I do not become the possessor of the wealth of the late Colonel Redgrave, my wife's daughter will inherit; so the money will still be in the family.—Good-morning.'

Septimus bowed, and would have left the unhappy Martha without further speech; but the housekeeper caught him by the arm, as she cried in hoarse accents: 'At least you will promise never to mention to any human being the scheme I proposed for your benefit?'

'I promise,' curtly replied Septimus, and left the orchard without more ado, the wretched Martha gazing after his retreating figure with features on which despair in its acutest phase was deeply written.

We have but little to add respecting the personages who have figured in our tale. Mrs Fraser was, as the reader will readily imagine, inexpressibly mortified at so suddenly losing the legacy bequeathed by the late Colonel Redgrave. But if anything could soften the blow, it was the fact that the fortunate recipient was her only child, her dear Blanche, who was shortly afterwards married to Mr Frank Lockwood. On the same day Mrs Fraser changed her name for that of Redgrave.

Septimus never entered the house in Bury Street again, employing an agent for the removal of his household gods and the numerous curios he had accumulated during his long residence as the tenant of Mrs Jones.

Immediately after the failure of his nefarious plot, Mr Bradbury posted the second will to Miss Blanche Fraser, and immediately thereafter disappeared from Bury Street and Lincoln's Inn. Several unfortunate individuals suffered severely in consequence, as it was found that large sums intrusted to him by confiding clients had disappeared, 'leaving not a wrack behind.'

Mr Lockwood is now one of the most rising solicitors in London; his undeniable abilities, by a singular coincidence, being universally recognised immediately after the inheritance by his wife of Colonel Redgrave's legacy.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

When we are told that 'a rose by any other name would smell as sweet,' the fact appears to be self-evident. Yet there was a time when there was something in a name. We have abundant evidence from the history of the ancients, and from observations of savage tribes, to show that they believed in some inseparable and mysterious connection between a name and the object bearing it, which has given rise to a remarkable series of superstitions, some of which have left traces even amongst ourselves.

The Jews believed that the name of a child would have a great influence in shaping its career; and we have a remarkable instance of this sort of superstition in quite a different quarter of the world. Catlin, the historian of the Canadian Indians, tells us that when he was among the Mohawks, an old chief, by way of paying him a great compliment, insisted on conferring upon him his own name, *Cayendorongue*. 'He had been,' Catlin explains, 'a noted warrior; and told me that now I had a right to assume to myself all the acts of valour he had performed, and that now my name would echo from hill to hill over all the Five Nations.'

The generosity of the Mohawk chief will doubtless be more appreciated when we observe that it is seldom the superstition takes the form of giving one's name away as in his case; on the contrary, most savages are very much opposed to mentioning their names. A well-known writer points out that the Indians of British Columbia have a strange prejudice against telling their own names, and his observation is confirmed by travellers all over the world. In many tribes, if the indiscreet question is asked them, they will nudge their neighbour and get him to answer for them. The mention of a name by the unwary has sometimes been followed by unpleasant results. We are told, for instance, by Mr Blackhouse, of a native lady of Van Diemen's Land who stoned an English gentleman for having, in his ignorance of Tasmanian etiquette, casually mentioned the name of one of her sons. Nothing will induce a Hindu woman to mention the name of her husband; in alluding to him she uses a variety of descriptive epithets, such as 'the master,' &c., but avoids his proper name with as scrupulous care as members of the House of Commons when speaking of each other in the course of debate. Traces of this may be seen even in Scotland; one may often come across women in rural districts who are in the habit of speaking of their husbands by no other name than 'he.' To such an extent is this superstition carried among some savage tribes, that the real names of children are concealed from their birth upwards, and they are known by fictitious names until their death.

The fear of witchcraft probably is the explanation of all those superstitions. If a name gets known to a sorcerer, he can use it as a handle wherewith to work his spells upon the bearer. When the Romans laid siege to a town, they set about at once to discover the name of its tutelary deity, so that they might coax the god into surrendering his charge. In order to prevent their receiving the same treatment at the hands of their enemies, they carefully concealed the name of the tutelary deity of Rome, and are said to have killed Valerius Soranus for divulging it. We have several examples in our nursery tales of the concealment of a name being connected with a spell. It is made use of by Wagner in the plot of his opera of *Lohengrin*, where the hero, yielding to the curiosity of his lady-love, divulges the secret of his name, and has in consequence to leave her and return to a state of enchantment. In Grimm's tale of *The Gold Spinner*, again, we have an instance of a spell being broken by the discovery of the sorcerer's name.

Reluctance to mention names reaches its height in the case of dangerous or mysterious agencies. In Borneo, the natives avoid naming the small-pox. In Germany, the hare must not be named, or the rye-crop will be destroyed; and to mention the name of this innocent animal at sea, is, or was, reckoned by the Aberdeenshire fishermen an act of impiety, the punishment of which to be averted only by some mysterious charm. The Laplanders never mention the name of the bear, but prefer to speak of him as 'the old man with the fur-coat.' The motive here appears to be a fear that by naming the dreaded object his actual presence will be evoked; and this idea is preserved in one of our commonest sayings. Even if the object of terror does not actually appear, he will at least listen when he hears his name; and if anything unpleasant is said of him he is likely to resent it. Hence, in order to avoid even the semblance of reproach, his very name is made flattering. This phenomenon, generally termed euphemism, is of very common occurrence. The Greeks, for example, called the Furies the 'Well-disposed ones;' and the wicked fairy Puck was christened 'Robin Goodfellow' by the English peasantry. The modern Greeks euphemise the name of vinegar into 'the sweet one.' Were its real name to be mentioned, all the wine in the house would turn sour. We have an example of the converse of the principle of euphemism

at work in the case of mothers among the savage tribes of Tonquin giving their children hideous names in order to frighten away evil spirits from molesting them.

It is, however, in the case of the most dreaded and most mysterious of all our enemies—Death—that the superstition becomes most apparent. 'The very name of Death,' says Montaigne, 'strikes terror into people, and makes them cross themselves.' Even the unsuperstitious have a vague reluctance to mentioning this dreaded name. Rather than say, 'If Mr So-and-so should *die*,' we say, 'If anything should happen to Mr So-and-so.' The Romans preferred the expression 'He has lived' to 'He is dead.' 'M. Thiers *a vécu*' was the form in which that statesman's death was announced; not 'M. Thiers *est mort*.'

The same reluctance is noticeable in mentioning the names of persons who are dead. A writer on the Shetland Isles tells us that no persuasion will induce a widow to mention her dead husband's name. When we do happen to allude to a deceased friend by name, we often add some such expression as 'Rest his soul!' by way of antidote to our rashness; and this expression seems to have been used by the Romans in the same way. As might be expected, we find this carried to a great extreme among savages. In some tribes, when a man dies who bore the name of some common object—'fire,' for instance—the name for fire must be altered in consequence; and as proper names among savages are almost invariably the names of common objects, the rapid change that takes place in the language and the inconvenience resulting therefrom may be imagined. Civilisation has indeed made enormous progress from this cumbersome superstition to our own philosophy, which can ask with haughty indifference, 'What's in a name?'

THE HAUNTED BRIDGE.

A TALE OF THE HIGHLANDS.

THERE are probably few readers who are not familiar, to a greater or lesser extent, with the well-ventilated subject of superstition in the Highlands of Scotland. There are few mountain countries throughout the world that are not rich in lore and legend relating to the supernatural: their very configuration suggests that agencies more than ordinary have been employed in shaping out their features. It is curious to notice how very largely the demoniac theory enters into the calculations of the peasantry. For one Fairy glen or knowe there are a dozen Devil's mills, bridges, caldrons, or punchbowls; in fact, it is almost always the beings that are supposed to be baleful and inimical to the human race that have had their personality perpetuated in these legends. This certainly seems a little incongruous; but as this is not a treatise on demonology, we are content to leave it so.

Superstition is part of the being of the mountaineer. Brave even to rashness, he will face the natural dangers that beset his life—in the torrent, on the peak, or in the forest; he fears no odds when he meets his foes. And yet this man, who can tread the dizzy ledge on the face of a precipice, who can hurl himself on levelled steel, is more timid and frightened than a child, when he conceives that forces other than earthly are being brought to bear on him. It is partly to the style and manner of his life that he owes this. He is brought more into the presence of nature than his neighbour of the plains; he becomes imbued with the spirit of his surroundings; the deep dark gloom of the woods, the lonesomeness of the mountain solitudes, the voices of the storm and of the torrent, and of their reproductions in the echoes, appeal to him; and a poetical imagination begotten of such an existence finishes the process. Thus the roar of a waterfall in its dark chasm becomes to him the howlings of some demon prisoned among the rocks; the sighing of the wind through the forest trees is caused by the passage of spirits; the mists that furl around the mountain peaks and are wafted so silently across crest and corrie are disembodied ghosts; and the sounds that break the stillness of the night are the shrieks and yells of fiends and their victims.

This brings me to my story. I fancy that most of my readers are acquainted more or less with the scenery of the Highlands; but in the case of by far the larger number of them, I venture to say that such acquaintance extends only to the Highlands in their summer or their autumn dress. If so, they only half know them. Brave is the tourist who ventures amid the bens and glens when rude King Boreas lords it over them; when winter's wind roars adown the gorges of the hill, staggering the stalwart pines, mingling the withered leaves and the snowflakes in the desolate woods. When icicles hang from the hoary rocks, and the deep drift chokes up the ravines, mantles the slopes of the corries, and bends in cornices over the threatening cliffs; when the river roars through the plain—brown and swollen—and its parent torrents are leaping and raving among the boulders; when the mountain hare and the ptarmigan are white as the snow that harbours them; and the deer, driven from the hills by stress of weather, roam in herds through the low-lying woods; and the mountain fox leaves his cairn and prowls around the farm and the sheepfold—*then*, if you would enter into the spirit of loneliness and solitude, take your way to the Highlands. Do not imagine, however, that such is their condition during the whole of winter; on the contrary, I have painted a particularly black picture, and it was in very much better weather that, two or three years ago, I went north, in December, on a visit to some friends in Inverness-shire. The particular part of the county I stayed in does not materially affect my adventure, so I shall not disclose it.

My time sped by very pleasantly, although the district did not afford many neighbours at short distances; but this was a circumstance that always procured me an extra hearty welcome when I ventured far enough from home to call upon any people. On one of these expeditions I had ridden to a house about eight miles away, and the late hour of my arrival brought about an invitation to stay for dinner and spend the evening. My friends pushed their hospitality to such an extent, that they had almost prevailed upon me to stay the night as well, when a good-natured challenge changed my wavering plans

into a firm determination to be off. Our conversation after dinner had not unnaturally turned upon ghost-stories, as the district was an out-of-the-way one, and the country-folk were fully persuaded of the existence of kelpies and warlocks of various kinds. What now happened was that some of the young people fancied they had found the reason why I was willing to stay all night, and boldly told me that I was frightened to cross a certain bridge on my way home that had the reputation of being haunted. I knew the spot well, though I had never found out its exact story; and when I had assured the country-people that I had no fears of the experiment, they solemnly shook their heads, and averred that not for sums untold would they cross the bridge after nightfall. On the present occasion, as I had been foremost among the sceptics during the story-telling, I felt my reputation at stake; and declaring I would on no account remain, I gave orders to have my pony brought round. The whole party came to the door to see me start—the elders inveighing against my foolishness in setting off at that time of night; the young people plying me with horrors, and telling me to be sure to come round next morning—if alive—and give an account of my adventures. To all I gave a merry reply, and lighting my pipe, swinging myself into the saddle, and shouting 'Good-night,' I cantered off down the avenue.

For a couple of miles the road led me down a deep wooded glen. On both sides the mountains towered aloft to a height of more than two thousand feet, their lower slopes thickly clad with pine and birch, their shoulders and summits white from a recent heavy snowfall. The river poured along tumultuously, close beneath the road, swirling past frowning cliffs of rock, brawling and battling with heaps of boulders, shooting in sheets of glancing foam over cascade and rapid. By daylight the scene was sufficiently grand and impressive; illumined as it now was by a faint moonlight, it was much more so. The night was calm and slightly frosty; but overhead, a strong breeze was blowing, and from time to time the moon was obscured by the flying clouds. The play of light and shade brought about by this was very beautiful; at one moment the shaggy hillsides and deep pools of the river were plunged in deepest shadow; in the next a flood of pale glory poured over them, painting the rushing stream with silver, shooting shafts of light among the tall trees, tracing mosaics on the dark surface of the road. Each clump of ferns, each bush and stump, took uncommon shape, and it required no great stretch of imagination to convert the boulders and reefs of rock out in the stream into waterbulls and kelpies. The rush and roar of the river drowned all other sounds; but with the exception of the echoing tread of my pony and the occasional bark of a fox from the hill, there was nothing else to be heard. On my way down the glen I passed a few scattered cottages, but their occupants were long ago in bed, although it was not much past ten o'clock.

The wilder part of the glen ended in a fine pass, where the hills towered almost straight up from the river, and the pines threw so deep a shadow, that for a few yards it was impossible to see the road. Just beyond, the mountains retreated to right and left, and through a short and level tract of meadow-land, road and stream made their way down to the shores of the loch. Ahead of me I could see its broad bosom glancing in the moonlight, and the great snow-clad mountains beyond it. As the improved condition of the road now made rapid progression easier, I gave the pony his head, and he went along in a style that promised soon to land me at my destination.

There was only one thing that troubled me—the haunted bridge. Once past it, and I should thoroughly enjoy my moonlight ride. I do not know whether it was the thought of the ghost-stories with which we had beguiled the hours after dinner, and which now kept recurring to my mind in spite of all effort to the contrary, or whether it was the solemn and impressive scenery I had passed through in the glen, that had unstrung me; but the nearer I drew to the bridge the more uncomfortable I felt regarding it. It was not exactly fear, but a vague presentiment of evil—the Highland blood asserting itself. I could not get rid of the sensation. I tried to hum and to whistle, but the forced merriment soon died a natural death. I was now on the loneliest part of the road. From the bottom of the glen as far as the bridge—about three miles—there was not a single cottage; and more than a mile on the other side of it lay a scattered hamlet. The moon, too, which had hitherto befriended me, now threatened to withdraw its light; and where clumps of trees overhung the road the darkness was deep. The pony carried me along bravely—he knew he was going home; and in a short time a turn in the road showed me, some distance ahead, a ribbon of white high upon the dark hillside. It was the stream that ran beneath the fatal bridge.

Better get out of this as soon as possible, I thought; and with voice and stick I encouraged the pony to increased speed. On we went! The roar of the haunted stream was loud and near now; the gloom increased as we plunged deeper into the wood that filled its basin; in another minute the bridge would be far behind, when, without the least warning, the pony shied to one side and then stood stock still, quivering all over. The shock all but sent me flying over its head; but by an effort I kept my seat. I had not far to look for the cause of the beast's fright. Not a dozen yards away were the dimly seen parapets of the bridge; and on one of them crouched an object that froze me with terror. There are some moments in which the events of a lifetime pass in review; there are some glances in which an infinity of detail can be taken in quicker than eye can close. This was one of them. I do not suppose that my eye rested on the object of my terror for more than a second; but in that brief space I saw what seemed like the upper part of a distorted human body, hunchbacked and without legs, with a face that glowed with the red light of fire! I can laugh now, when I think of my fright; but at the moment, I remember getting the pony into motion somehow with stick, bridle, and voice, and speeding across the bridge like a thunderbolt, crouching down, Tam o' Shanter-

like, and momentarily expecting to feel the grip of a clammy hand on my neck! Hard, hard we galloped through the hamlet I have mentioned; nor did I slacken the pace until the lights of my abode had gleamed through the plantation, and we were safe and sound in the stable-yard.

To make a really good ghost-story, my narrative should go no further; but the sequel has still to be told. I invented an excuse to appease the curiosity of my friends, who naturally were anxious to know what had sent us home in such a fashion—the pony in a lather, and myself with a scared, unintelligible expression. I did not want to tell the real story until I had made some effort to unravel it. With this end in view, I started on foot soon after breakfast for the house I had dined at, intending to make a thorough examination of the bridge and the course of the stream on my way, and to question some of the cottagers in the hamlet. I was saved the trouble, however. I had not gone much more than a mile, when I perceived coming along the road towards me a sturdy pedlar, with a fur cap on his head, and a pack of very large dimensions fastened on his broad shoulders. Such fellows are very commonly met with in the outlying districts of the Highlands, where they do a roaring trade in ribbons, sham jewellery, and smallwares, besides carrying a fund of gossip from place to place. In the specimen of the class now before me I was not long in recognising the ghost of the haunted bridge, and in hailing him I was soon in possession of the whole story. 'Yes; he was the man that was sitting on the brig about eleven o'clock; and was I the gentleman that rode past as if all the witches in the country-side were at his heels? Faith, it was a proper fright I had given him.'

'But tell me,' I asked, 'what on earth were you doing there at such a time of night?'

'Weel, sir, I was very late of gettin' across the ferry; and it was a langer step than I had thocht doon to the village; and I had had a guid walk the day already, and was tired-like. The brig was kind o' handy for a rest; so I just sat doon on the dike and had a bit smoke o' the pipe. Losh, sir, when ye cam scourin' past, I thocht it was the deil himsel'; but then I just thocht that it was mysel' sitting in the shadow that had frighted your beastie, and it had run awa' wi' you like. And when I cam the length o' the village, I just had to creep into a bit shed; and wi' my pack and some straw I soon made a bed.'

So here was the whole story. The deep shadow on the bridge had prevented me from seeing the sitter's legs; the heavy knapsack had given him a humpback; the fur cap and the glow of the pipe accounted for the fiery countenance. With mutual explanations we parted—he to push his sales in the villages beyond; I, to hurry on to the house in the glen, whose inmates at first evinced the liveliest interest in the over-night episode—an interest, however, which waned to disappointment as I proceeded to explain how the ghost was laid. I may mention that I omitted the 'scourin' past' portion of the adventure. How they will chaff me when they read this!

FAIRYLAND IN MIDSUMMER.

Shall I tell you how one day
  Into Fairyland we went?
Fairy folk were all about,
  Filling us with glad content;
For we came as worshippers
  Into Nature's temple grand,
And the fairies welcome such
  With the freedom of the land.

Through the green-roofed aisles we went,
  Passing with a careful tread,
For beside our happy feet
  Purple orchis raised its head;
And behind, the blue-bells hung,
  Fading now like ghosts at morn,
Here and there a white one bent,
  Like a 'maiden all forlorn.'

From the bank across our way
  Ragged Robin flaunted red,
And athwart a narrow trench
  Feathery ferns their shadows spread.
Fair white campion from the hedge
  Raised its starry petals chaste,
And the fragile speedwell blue
  Bade us on our journey haste.

Haste? For why? We sought the pool
  Where the water-lilies bloom,
And we found it ere the night,
  Hidden in a leafy gloom;
All around like sentinels
  Yellow iris stood on guard,
Keeping o'er the virgin queens
  Ever faithful watch and ward.

Like pale queens the lilies white
  On their leafy couches lay,
Where no wanton hand could reach,
  No disloyal foot could stray.
Lovingly we bade adieu
  To each golden-hearted queen,
And stepped out to where the heath
  Laughed to heaven in robe of green.

Here we gathered treasure-trove—
  Eyebright, milkwort, cuckoo-shoes—
Till our baskets, overfull,
  Many a precious bud must lose;
Till the sunset glory fell
  On the blossoms in our hand,
And, with lingering glances, we
  Bade farewell to Fairyland.

Florence Tylee.

The Conductor of Chambers's Journal begs to direct the attention of Contributors to the following notice:

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THE STORY OF ABE.

Those who profess to know all about slavery will tell you that the negro was a thousand times happier as a slave than he is as a freeman. This may be true of some of the race; we do not enter into the question. The field-hand was in general an entirely irresponsible creature. He belonged to his master as thoroughly as the dogs and horses did, and he was of infinitely less importance. He had his daily task and his daily rations; he had also, if owned by a kind master, his little amusements, chief of which were the dance and the camp-meeting. Such a life would naturally not inspire one with any very high ambition. Give the plantation negro his hoe-cake and his bit of fat pork, his banjo, and the privilege of telling his experience to an unlimited chorus of 'Halleluiahs!' and 'Bress de Lords!' and you gave him perfect bliss. If the white man was his oppressor, he seldom knew it. 'De family' were, except in rare cases, admired and revered. And these poor creatures who did not own themselves, assumed and felt an air of proud proprietorship when speaking of the glories of their master's state, and specially of each 'young mas'r' and 'lily miss.' 'Young mas'r' was at once their tyrant and their darling. I have heard a wedding ceremony wound up with, 'Hark, from de tombs a doleful sound!' with all its concomitant tears and groans, because 'Marse Harry' had so ordered.

This state of things by no means came to an end with the civil war. Long after the slaves were freemen, and the broad acres had changed owners, and 'old mas'r' had fallen in battle or died broken-hearted, all that were left of the proud old name were still 'de family' to those loving hearts. While the writer lived in one of the border towns of Virginia, the mother of one of her maids appeared one day to ask for largess. 'We 'se done goin' to hab a party, Miss Anne,' said she; 'an' some ob de ladies dey gibs me flour; an' some, eggs; an' some, sugar; an' ole missis she would a' gib me a whole great big cake, but I up an' tole her I had one.—It was a lie,' she explained earnestly, fearing I would think further gifts unnecessary; 'but some o' dem pore white trash say de missis hain't got nuff to eat.' And Chloe fairly sobbed.

I ventured to ask the occasion of the festivity.

'Well, ye see, Miss Anne,' said Chloe, brightening, 'us cullud pussons is gettin' married now just like white folks; an' as my ole mammy 'll be eighty the day after to-morrow, Marse George said I had oughter gib her an' father a weddin'.'

Better late than never, thought I, as I added something to Chloe's basket.

In addition to the plantation negroes and the often petted and spoiled household servants, there was among the coloured population of the South a certain proportion of skilled mechanics. These were not only, from their superior intelligence, more alive than the rest of their race to the hardship of slavery, but, from their greater value, more apt to suffer from it. Why, for instance, should Jim, a good blacksmith, trifle his time away on the plantation, where there was little or nothing for him to do, when Smith in the adjacent town will give Jim's master, always in need of money, handsome payment for the slave's services? The master is perhaps a kind man, and Smith known to be just the reverse, but hiring is not like selling. And so Jim goes, and toils in the sweat of his brow till Smith's payment to the master is wrung out from him a thousandfold.

It is of one of these mechanics I am going to tell you, and, excepting that the names of the persons connected with the story have been changed, every word of Abe's story is true.

In the heart of West Virginia, on the picturesque banks of the Great Kanawha River, there is a large tract of land once owned by Washington. Besides the niece who afterwards became Mrs Parke Custis, Washington had another in whom he was greatly interested, the daughter of his brother Lawrence. This lady, much against the wishes of her distinguished

uncle, became the wife of Major Parks of Baltimore; and when this gallant officer, fulfilling Washington's predictions, had spent all he could lay his hands upon and a great deal more, the couple, for his sins, were banished to what was then the wilderness of Western Virginia. Their daughter in course of time married Mr Prescott, a rich young planter from the east, whose money, laid out on the Washington acres, produced a flourishing plantation; while on one of the most romantic sites on the Kanawha arose a noble mansion known as Prescott Place. Here Mrs Prescott exercised for years a lavish hospitality; and here were preserved, until fire consumed them and the mansion together, sundry relics of Washington, chief of which was a characteristic letter to his niece, written before her marriage, warning her that as she made her bed, so she should lie upon it.

When young Laura Prescott married gay Dick Randolph, Abe, the son of Mr Prescott's body-servant, was one of numerous presents of like kind. Abe was an excellent carpenter; and when dark days came to the Prescotts and Randolphs, it was Abe himself who persuaded 'Marse Dick' to sell him to a man from the north named Hartley, who from being a slave-driver had risen to be a slave-owner, and who had the reputation of being a very demon. Again and again Hartley offered a tempting price, and again and again Dick Randolph refused it; nor would he have yielded at last, hard pressed as he was, had he not felt that Abe, being about to be hired to a builder in the neighbourhood, would be really out of Hartley's power. And when, some months after the sale, Abe walked over to Prescott Place to tell that his new master was going to allow him to purchase his freedom by working over-hours, Mr Randolph felt quite at ease about the faithful fellow. A price being set by Hartley, Abe set himself cheerfully to earn it—for years commencing his day's work with the dawn, and carrying it far into the night.

But the general opinion of Hartley had not, it was soon seen, done him injustice. Twice, thrice, was the price of Abe's freedom raised just as he seemed on the eve of gaining it; and after the third disappointment, the slave became utterly hopeless, and, abandoning all extra labour, spent his spare hours in the darkest corner of his wretched cabin, brooding over his wrongs. This was by no means what Hartley intended; so, to encourage Abe, he was led to promise, in the presence of Mr Randolph, that he would abide by the sum last named. In law, of course, the promise was good for nothing; but the *ci-devant* slave-driver was supposed to have some regard for public opinion. In vain Mr Randolph offered a higher price than was demanded for the slave himself. Abe should buy himself, Hartley said, or he should not be bought at all.

Three years had passed, when Abe, getting a half-holiday from the builder who hired him, set off for Hartley's with the stipulated sum. On his way there he stopped at Prescott Place to tell the good news. This was just at the beginning of the war; and Mr Randolph, being about to join the army, had promised to take Abe with him as his servant.

Next morning, while breakfast was being served at Prescott Place, a loud scuffle was heard at the dining-room door, and Hartley, using his whip freely on the servant who tried to stop him, strode into the room livid with passion, and flourishing his whip in Mr Randolph's face, yelled, with an oath: 'Where is that nigger?'

Dick Randolph's blood was up in a moment, but he was first of all a gentleman. 'Do you see my wife?' he asked sternly.

A coarse response from Hartley was all the reply, and in a moment the ruffian had measured his length on the floor; nor did he remember more till he found himself struggling in a pool of not very clean water by the highway. The negroes had received orders to take him off the plantation, and the precise spot where they were to deposit him not having been mentioned, they had selected one in accordance with his deserts.

Hartley thought it prudent to disappear for a time. Whether he was simply a coward, or feared that some ugly facts connected with the case might leak out, was never known. Abe himself was not seen or heard of; and his story, except by a few, was soon, in these eventful times, forgotten.

But the facts of the case were these: on the evening referred to, Abe had found his master pleasant, and even jocular, wishing he had not given the promise, offering to buy Abe back again, and so on. At last he turned to business. The money was produced and counted.

'Well?' said Hartley, inquiringly.

Abe did not understand. Hartley seemed waiting for something. At last he spoke plainly. 'Where is the rest of the money?'

The scoundrel had made up his mind to deny having received the previous payments, to deny all knowledge even of sums he had meanly borrowed from his slave, and to hand him back to helpless, hopeless slavery.

That night Abe appeared at the cabin of his wife, a slave on a distant plantation. There he briefly told the story of his wrongs, adding: 'I am going to-night. It may be long before you see me; but if it is fifty years, I will come back for you, if you are faithful.'

Phyllis promised to be true; and kept her promise as slaves do; that is, she married—they called it marrying—the first man who asked her.

The five years of the war had come and gone, and ten years more. Major Randolph, past middle age, and utterly ruined, was trying, in a small Virginian town, to take up the profession of law, which, in happier days, he had studied, but had not cared to practise; and the widow of Hartley, who had meantime died bankrupt, was keeping a boarding-house in the same place; when, on a certain forenoon, there was shown into the Randolphs' parlour a tall, portly, middle-aged man, gentlemanly in appearance, and thoroughly well dressed, but perfectly black. The Irish maid-of-all-work had forgiven his colour for the sake of his clothes.

Mr Randolph happened to be at home, and it was to him the stranger eagerly turned. 'Marse Dick!' he cried.

'Abe!'

And Abe it was. And there were tears in at least three pairs of eyes as the master and slave of former days shook hands.

Well, Abe might have been a long-lost brother, Major Randolph was so glad to see him. He made him tell his adventures from the time he left Hartley until he appeared in the Randolphs' parlour; he showed him his sons and his daughters, and rattled on about old days. But never a word did he say about wounds and losses and disappointments; though it could hardly have escaped Abe's affectionate eyes that, while his own outer man bore such marks of prosperity, his old master's had grown actually shabby.

By ways and means generally forthcoming to border negroes who had the courage and prudence to avail themselves of them, Abe had gone northward first, returning to Virginia, however, the moment the emancipation proclamation was issued. Hearing of Major Randolph's absence and his own wife's unfaithfulness, he had wandered farther and farther from his old home, and had settled at last in a far south-western state. There he had worked steadily; at first on shares, then for himself; till at the time of his visit to Virginia, he was the manager and largest shareholder of the celebrated Hot Springs of A——.

Need I say how earnestly 'Marse Dick' was besought to try the springs for his rheumatism, to bring 'Miss Laura' and the family, to enjoy horses and carriages, to fish and hunt, and generally to enter into possession?

Old Mrs Prescott, who still lived, shared with her son and daughter the pleasure of Abe's return, and the young Randolphs listened with delight to such an interesting romance. And yet—truth compels me to confess that the eldest daughter gave more than one uneasy glance into the street, and was literally sitting on thorns. What if a morning caller should find a negro in the Randolph parlour? Even kind Mrs Randolph had a feeling of uneasiness as the early dinner-hour approached. But the master guessed at no such embarrassments. The hour came; the bell rang, and as easily and cordially Major Randolph said: 'You will come to dinner with us, Abe.'

'After you and the family, Marse Dick.'

'*With* me and the family,' replied Major Randolph.

And though Abe earnestly begged to be allowed to wait, into the dining-room he went. And I may add, that had the most curious or mischievous eyes been on the watch for solecisms of any kind, they would have been disappointed.

'What would you have had me do?' said Major Randolph afterwards. 'There was Abe, dying to lavish on his old master all he possessed. Was I to be outdone in hospitality by my own old slave?'

'And Abe had just as much delicacy as papa,' owned Miss Randolph, who felt she could afford to praise when the critical period was safely over—a merciful providence having kept away visitors. 'He spoke just as good English as we do. But did you notice that, though he spoke of Mr Hartley and Mr everybody else, he always called papa "Marse Dick?"'

Before Abe left town, he had put a little bit of business in Mr Randolph's hands—no other than the settlement of a mortgage that threatened to ruin Mrs Hartley and her children. 'O Marse Dick!' he said, 'I have been keeping away till I was rich enough to buy that man up; and then I meant to meet him face to face and ask him what he thought of himself. I doubt if I could have kept my hands off him; and now he is gone. I hope the good Lord will forgive me!'

Were I writing a romance, I might tell how Abe made his old master's fortune. But I have given you a poor idea of Major Randolph if I have led you to imagine he would allow himself to profit by his old servant's prosperity in the smallest degree. If Abe told him of a good investment, he had no money. If a loan was modestly and hesitatingly offered, on the plea that Abe wished to place money at interest, and that there were so few whom he could trust, it was kindly but decidedly refused. And so Abe grows richer, and Major Randolph poorer than ever. The old-time slaves, with many misty ideas on the subject of religion, had one article of belief which they understood clearly, and for which they would have suffered martyrdom—namely, that in the next world it would be their turn to sit at table and eat the good things, while the proud white folks should 'grease de griddle and turn de cakes.' The doctrine is founded on the principle of compensation, but the compensation in some cases begins here.

ONE WOMAN'S HISTORY.

CHAPTER XVI.

'I HAVE something of serious import to say to you,' were Mora's first words as he went forward a few steps and then halted. 'Hector Laroche, do you know that you are in imminent danger of your life?'

He gave a little start and looked at her fixedly for a moment or two. 'No; I am not aware of anything of the kind,' he answered with a sneer. 'Madame, you are oracular!'

'Oh, hush! This is no time for levity. Will you not believe me when I tell you that your life is in danger? The assassins have tracked you—they have followed you here—they have sworn to take your life!'

'The assassins! What assassins?' he shrieked as he bounded to his feet.

'Can you not guess? Think, Laroche, think! Oh, how like you it was to turn traitor to the cause to which you had bound yourself by oath, and to betray your comrades! But your treachery has been discovered. The penalty you cannot be ignorant of.'

He had turned livid with terror while Mora was speaking. A glassy film had overspread his eyes, which looked dilated to twice their ordinary size. His gaze wandered from corner to corner of the room with a sort of stealthy fright, as if dreading that an assassin might spring upon him at any moment. A cold perspiration bathed him from head to foot; he trembled in every limb, and would have fallen had he not supported himself with his back and hands against the bureau.

'How am I to know that what you have just told me has any truth in it?' he asked at length, with a strange hoarseness in his voice. 'What should you, Mora De Vigne, know of secret

societies, plots, and conspiracies? Who should speak to you of these things, the secrets of which are known to the initiated alone? No; it is a lie—a lie! Some wretched fool has imposed upon you, or else you have concocted this story yourself in order to frighten me away.'

Looking straight at him, Mora said slowly: '*The right hand of the Czar is frozen.*'

A low cry burst from the wretched man's lips; he buried his face in his hands and fell on his knees; he knew that his doom was sealed.

A pang of compassion shot through Mora's heart. She made a step or two forward and then drew back with a shudder. All her womanly instincts revolted against the man. Not even at that supreme moment could she bring herself to go near him. 'You must go away at once—to-night,' she said. 'To-morrow may be too late.' She found herself repeating the very words of Jules.

'Go away—where?' he asked with a groan, turning his haggard face full upon her. 'All places are alike. There is no escape—none!' He rose to his feet and staggered across the room to the ottoman, on which he sank, and buried his face in the cushions.

'Will you allow me to send for Colonel Woodruffe? He will be able to counsel you far better than I as to what had best be done for your safety.'

As Laroche neither assented nor dissented, Nanette was at once despatched in quest of the colonel, who was still with Sir William. He followed close on Nanette's heels. A few words aside from Mora put him in possession of the facts of the case.

'Laroche, this is a bad business—a very bad business,' he said as he crossed to the ottoman and laid a hand on the Frenchman's shoulder. 'But sit up, and let us look the situation in the face. Whining is of no use—never is. We have to act. While there's life there's hope, and I for one don't despair of dragging you out of this dilemma, however awkward it may look just now.'

'No, monsieur; there is no hope—none,' cried Laroche. 'They have tracked me here—they will track me everywhere, till one day their opportunity will arrive. I know—I know!' His nervous agitation was still so extreme that the words seemed as if they could scarcely form themselves on his lips.

'Here—drink this,' said the colonel, handing him a glass containing brandy, which Mora had brought at his request.

Laroche swallowed the spirit greedily. It helped to steady his nerves for the time being, if it did him no other good.

'What Madame De Vigne says is quite true,' resumed the colonel. 'You must get away from this place without an hour's delay. I have thought of a plan which will at least insure your safety for a little while to come; after that, you will have to shift for yourself. I knew this part of the country well when a boy. There is a farmhouse kept by an old acquaintance of mine in a lonely valley about two miles from the opposite shore of the lake. I will take you there to-night, and you can stay there till you have decided what your future plans shall be.'

'O monsieur, you are too good! I have not deserved this,' cried the abject wretch.

'You speak the truth, Laroche; you have not deserved it,' answered the other gravely. 'How soon can you be ready to start?'

'In ten minutes, monsieur.'

'Good.'

'But I shall need money, monsieur.'

'It shall be found you. Have you any idea as to what your plans will be after you leave the farmhouse?'

'I shall endeavour to make my way to London—it is the best hiding-place in the world for those who know it. There I shall lie quiet for a little while. After that'—— He ended with an expressive lifting of his shoulders.

'If you will get ready, then,' said the colonel. 'I too have a few arrangements to make.'

Laroche nodded; then he went to the door, opened it, and gazed furtively up and down the corridor. Not a creature was in sight. He darted away and sped up the thickly carpeted staircase as noiselessly as a shadow.

The colonel sent Nanette in search of Archie Ridsdale. He came at once, and as soon as the situation of affairs had been partially explained to him, he was despatched with a message to the boathouse. Then the colonel in his turn left the room. He was only absent three or four minutes, and when he came back he was carrying a small roll of notes in his hand.

Mora had subsided into an easy-chair from the moment Colonel Woodruffe had taken charge of the situation, and there she was still sitting. Who could have analysed her thoughts during the last painful quarter of an hour, or have adequately described the varied phases of emotion which ebbed and flowed through her heart!

Immediately following on the return of the colonel, came Archie Ridsdale. Each of them was muffled in his ulster, for although the storm had not yet broken over the valley, it might do so at any moment.

A minute later the door opened and Laroche stole in. For a moment or two none of them recognised him. His black beard and moustache had vanished; a grizzled wig with long lanky tufts of hair, which fell on his coat-collar behind, covered his head; his eyebrows had been manipulated to match the wig; while a pair of heavy horn-rimmed spectacles served to disguise him still further. There was no longer the slightest trace of a Parisian dandy in his appearance; his clothes were homely, and of the fashion of some years previously. He looked like a small provincial shopkeeper who might have come over to England for a holiday. But no disguise could hide the pallor of his face, the nervous twitching of his thin lips, or the abject terror that lurked in his eyes.

Archie and the colonel stood up. The moment of departure had come. Laroche turned to his wife, who had also risen. Placing both his hands over his heart and bending low in front of her, he said in a husky whisper: 'Mora, pardon, pardon! We shall never meet again.'

For a moment or two she hesitated; all the woman within her was profoundly moved; then

she went up to him. 'Hector, with my whole heart I forgive you!' she said.

That was their farewell. A moment later Mora heard the door close behind the three men.

She turned down the lamp and drew back one of the curtains. It was pitch-dark outside; not a star was visible. She opened the window a little way, in order that she might watch as well as listen. Presently she heard a faint noise of footsteps on the gravel below. The three men had left the hotel by way of the French-window in the sitting-room on the ground floor.

Mora stood with straining eyes and ears. Suddenly the darkness was shivered by a quivering flash of lightning, and in that instant she saw the figures of the three men crossing the slope of the hill on their way to the lake. At the same time, she imagined she saw the stealthy form of Santelle disappear behind a clump of laurel, as if he were watching the retreating figures.—Will he have known Laroche in spite of his disguise?

The thought sent a cold tremor through her heart—half of horror, half of regret. But darkness had come again in the twinkling of an eye, and she saw nothing more. With a heavy sigh, she let the curtain drop into its place just as the door opened and Clarice entered the room.

CHAPTER XVII.—CONCLUSION.

Three weeks had passed since the flight of Hector Laroche, when one wet forenoon Colonel Woodruffe, in company with a constable in plain clothes, found himself at the door of a low lodging-house in a frowsy-looking street in close proximity to one of the docks. The landlord of the house admitted the visitors, and ushering them up-stairs, unlocked the door of a small bedroom. There, on a ragged straw mattress, lay the dead body of Hector Laroche. A paragraph in the morning's paper had aroused the suspicions of Colonel Woodruffe, who happened to be in London at the time, and he at once ordered a cab and set his face eastward.

The statement of the landlord of the lodging-house was to the effect that Laroche had lodged with him for little more than a week at the time of his death; that he was exceedingly quiet and well behaved; that he lay in bed nearly the whole day, reading the newspapers and French novels, and having a bottle of brandy at his elbow; and that he rarely went out of doors till after nightfall, and then only for a short time. On the Tuesday, contrary to his custom, he had gone out about noon, and on returning a little before dusk, had remarked to the landlord that he should only require his bed for one night more, as he had just secured a berth on board a steamer which was to sail the following day. At that time, he appeared to be somewhat the worse for drink. He went up-stairs soon afterwards, and nothing more was seen or heard of him. As he was in the habit of not rising till late, no comment was made on his non-appearance next morning; and it was not till two o'clock in the afternoon that the landlord knocked at his door. There being no reply to his summons, he opened the door and went in. There he found Laroche, lying on his bed as if asleep, and dressed, except for his coat and waistcoat. But over his face was spread a fine cambric handkerchief, which medical evidence afterwards proved to have been saturated with chloroform. On the table by his side were a novel, a half-emptied bottle of cognac, a phial, uncorked, containing chloroform, and the dead man's watch and chain. In one of his pockets was found a purse containing a considerable sum in notes and gold.

At the inquest, the tendency of the evidence pointed strongly to the probability of the deceased having committed suicide while under the temporary influence of strong drink. There was only one piece of evidence forthcoming which served in some measure to invalidate that assumption. The landlord of the house deposed to the fact of the lock of the bedroom door having been secretly tampered with, so that while the door was to all appearance fastened on the inside, it could be opened without difficulty from without. As, however, there was no evidence forthcoming to implicate any one in particular with the act in question, and as the property of the dead man had apparently not been touched, the jury had no option but to bring in an open verdict. The evidence tendered by Colonel Woodruffe was confined entirely to the question of identity.

Two days later he attended Laroche's funeral—the solitary 'mourner' there. This he did out of respect for Mora.

Whether Laroche's death was the result of his own rash act, or whether it was due to certain other agencies of which mention has previously been made, is one of those mysteries respecting which the world will probably never be any wiser than it is now.

Lady Renshaw was as good as her word when she stated that she had discarded her niece for ever. But it is possible that she might not have proved quite so obdurate had she not at the same time found herself so thoroughly checkmated in other directions. Her surprise at finding Mr Etheridge transformed into Sir William Ridsdale, and the knowledge that all her scheming to secure the rich baronet's son for Miss Wynter had not only proved futile, but had evidently been seen through from the first by the keen-eyed Sir William, combined with her chagrin that Madame De Vigne, instead of being regarded in the light of an adventuress, was looked upon as a person whose friendship any one might feel proud to claim, following so close upon Bella's 'heartless duplicity,' proved more than she had the courage to face. And when, in addition, a horrid suspicion began to shape itself in her mind that Dr M'Murdo—no doubt instigated thereto by that odious Miss Gaisford—instead of having fallen in love with her, as she so fondly dreamed, had been merely trying to make her look ridiculous, and amuse himself at the same time—it was no wonder she made up her mind that the sooner she left the *Palatine* and its inmates behind her the better.

Thus it fell out next morning that when Bella, intent on forgiveness and reconciliation, knocked at her aunt's door, there came no response; after which a very brief inquiry sufficed to establish the fact that Lady Renshaw had risen at some abnormally early hour, and, accompanied by her maid, had started southward by the first train.

She had left behind her no word or message of any kind for the dismayed girl, who found herself thus cruelly deserted in the huge hotel.

But Miss Pen came to the rescue almost before Bella in her bewilderment had time fully to realise the fact of her aunt's desertion. The little circle of which Miss Pen formed a component part welcomed her as one of themselves, now that the incubus of Lady Renshaw's presence was removed; and Bella quickly found that what she had lost in one direction was far more than made up to her in others. When, two days later, the party at the *Palatine* broke up, Miss Wynter accompanied the Rev. Septimus and his sister to their home in the Midlands, there to remain till Mr Dulcimer was prepared to claim her as his wife. And there, some three months later, a quiet wedding took place, our good vicar tying the knot, Sir William himself giving away the bride, who had not failed to become a great favourite with him, Archie acting as best-man, and Miss Loraine as bridesmaid-in-chief. Miss Pen played a voluntary on the organ, and there was a mist of tears in her eyes as she did so. Some vague dream of the past, never to be realised in this world, may perchance have been busy in her mind at the time.

When spring came round again, the worthy vicar was called upon to tie two more nuptial knots. Mora and her sister were married on the same day. Archie and his wife went abroad for a year's travel; and now that they are back, Clarice, who has far greater faith in her husband's abilities than he has himself, has made up her mind that Archie must go into parliament. She firmly believes that if he will only do so, there is a brilliant future before him. Time will prove.

Sir William has ventured to spend the last two winters in England, and, somewhat to his surprise, has found himself none the worse in health for doing so. He divides his time pretty equally between his son's house and that of Colonel Woodruffe. He did not forget our friend Mr Dulcimer when an opportunity presented itself. Through his influence, Dick was appointed to the secretaryship of a large public Company, the salary of which just doubled his previous income. Meanwhile, his wife had not found existence even in a small suburban villa by any means so unendurable as she at one time professed to fear it would be. In truth, her high spirits and good temper are enough to brighten any home. She has all the appearance of being one of the happiest women in England.

Lastly, what is there left to record of her who has been the central figure of our little history? Happily, not much. Are not the happiest lives those of which there is nothing to relate? With Mora the days of storm and stress are over; the past with all its wretchedness and misery seems little more than a hideous dream. She is happy in the present, and, so far as human fallibility can judge, there seems every prospect of her continuing so in time to come. Dr Mac came all the way from Aberdeen to attend her marriage. As he shook hands with her after the ceremony, he said: 'What a pity, my dear madame, what a great pity it is that Providence did not bless you with a twin-sister!'

'Why so, doctor?'

'Because, in that case, there is just a possibility that another poor mortal in addition to my friend the colonel might have been made a happy man to-day.'

Note.—All dramatic rights in the foregoing story are reserved by the author.

STUDIES IN ANIMAL LIFE.

HONESTY.

It is to be hoped that the animal scale of morality is not so low that when a brute acts honestly it does so only because honesty is the best policy. There are many instances known of animals acting honestly, when the slightest promptings of instinct would have shown that it was more politic to act otherwise. Self-denial and self-sacrifice have been frequently needed of animals, and in the hour of temptation they have not succumbed. Neither fear, nor pain, nor the cravings of hunger have sufficed to deter many noble members of the brute world from their sense of duty. Quite recently the Canadian papers reported an anecdote of canine fidelity which, had it been told of a Roman soldier or a Hindu nurse, would have been bruited throughout the civilised world as an instance of humanity's supremest devotion to duty. The story as told to us is, that when nearing Montreal, the engine-driver of a train saw a great dog standing on the track and barking furiously. The driver blew his whistle; yet the hound did not budge, but crouching low, was struck by the locomotive and killed. Some pieces of white muslin on the engine attracted the driver's notice; he stopped the train and went back. Beside the dead dog was a dead child which, it is supposed, had wandered on to the track and had gone to sleep. The poor watchful guardian had given its signal for the train to stop; but unheeded, had died at its post, a victim to duty.

This is no solitary specimen of canine integrity. The author of *Salad for the Social* tells of a dog whose master deposited a bag in one of the narrow streets of Southampton, and left his dog to guard it, with strict injunctions not to leave it. The faithful creature was so staunch in the fulfilment of duty, that rather than forsake its trust, it actually allowed a heavy cart to drive over it and crush it to death.

It is not merely momentary impulse, nor ignorance of the effects of this steadfastness—as some may imagine—that prompts animals to act thus faithfully; there are numerous cases on record to prove that they will sustain hunger, endure pain and fatigue, and withstand temptation, at the dictates of duty, as gallantly as any human being. Youatt is the authority for the following remarkable instance of canine integrity. An officer returning from a day's shooting deposited his spoil in a certain room, in the custody of his dogs. Mechanically he locked the door, put the key in his pocket, and departed. Soon afterwards, he was called away upon urgent business, and during his absence of several days, forgot all about his game and the dogs. When he returned home, he hastened to the

room, and there found both dogs dead of hunger. Not only had they refrained from touching the game, but they had also kept quiet, having neither barked nor cried, evidently fearing to betray the trust they deemed their master had confided to them.

It is related by Professor Bell that when a friend of his was travelling abroad, he one morning took out his purse to see if it contained sufficient change for a day's jaunt he proposed making. He departed from his lodgings, leaving a trusted dog behind. When he dined, he took out his purse to pay, and found that he had lost a gold coin from it. On returning home in the evening, his servant informed him that the dog seemed to be very ill, as they could not induce it to eat anything. He went at once to look at his favourite; and as soon as he entered the room, the faithful creature ran to him, deposited the missing gold coin at his feet, and then devoured the food placed for it with great eagerness. The truth was that this gentleman had dropped the coin in the morning; the dog had picked it up, and kept it in its mouth, fearing even to eat, lest it should lose its master's property before an opportunity offered to restore it.

Professor Bell also tells of a Newfoundland dog kept at an inn in Dorset, which was accustomed, every morning as the clock struck eight, to take in its mouth a basket placed for the purpose and containing some pence, and go with it to the baker's. The man took out the money, replacing it by a certain number of rolls, which Neptune returned home with. He never touched the eatables; but on one occasion when another dog attempted to despoil the basket, master Nep put down his burden and gave the intruder a thrashing; that accomplished, he regained his charge, and carried it home in triumph.

In his interesting African Travels, Le Vaillant details how he missed his favourite setter. After a fruitless search, and the repeated firing of his gun to guide the animal, he sent an attendant back by the way they had travelled to try and discover the lost favourite. About two leagues back on the route the dog was found keeping guard over a chair and basket which had been dropped unperceived from the wagon. But for this fortunate discovery of the honest dog, it must speedily have perished by hunger or from the beasts of prey.

In Taylor's *General Character of the Dog* is given an account of one of these faithful animals which daily carried to a labourer in Portsmouth dockyard his dinner. Trusty, as the dog was rightly named, had to take the basket containing his master's mid-day meal upwards of a mile, so that he had frequently to rest on the journey. He was very careful as to where he deposited his load, and would not allow any one to come near it. When he reached the dock-gates, he often had to wait until they were opened for the admission or egress of any one; but the instant he could effect an entrance, he ran in with his charge and carried it to his master, who, after he had partaken of his dinner, re-delivered the empty basket to his faithful servitor to carry home again.

In his *Essay on Instinct*, Hancock tells of a dog belonging to a Glasgow taproom keeper that was accustomed to carry its master's breakfast to him in a tin can between its teeth. When the family removed, the dog changed his route, and never went wrong. It could not be induced to accept a favour when on its master's errands, and carefully avoided any of its own species. This incorruptible servant, which by the way understood Gaelic as well as English, often carried home meat to the weight of half a stone, but never attempted to touch it. Dogs, indeed, rarely attempt to touch food belonging to their owners. One very remarkable instance is recorded by Jesse of a dog that accompanied its mistress when returning from market with a basket of provisions. They were overwhelmed by a snowstorm, and not discovered for three days; the woman was found to be dead; but the dog, which was lying by her side, was alive. The honest creature, however, had not touched the eatables in his mistress's basket, but, as neighbouring villagers remembered when too late, had been endeavouring, on the evening of the storm, by whinings and sighs they could not comprehend, to induce them to follow it to where its mistress was.

In his *Anecdotes of Dogs*, Captain Brown speaks of a mastiff that was locked up by mistake an entire day in a pantry where milk, butter, and meat were within reach. The hungry dog did not touch any of these things, although it ate voraciously as soon as food was given to it.

Colonel Hamilton Smith is our authority for the anecdote of a dog that followed its owner, who was on horseback, and who contrived to drop some cakes from his basket as he cantered home. On his arrival, he found that his trusty follower had gathered up some of the lost cakes and carried them home and had gone for the remainder, which it duly returned with untasted.

'Dogs,' says Colonel Smith, 'have an instinctive comprehension of the nature of property;' and it is really most remarkable, considering that they have not human speech, how frequently, and how well, they make us understand their views on this point. The colonel alludes to the case of a lady at Bath who was somewhat alarmed by the behaviour of a strange mastiff that seemed anxious to prevent her going on. Finding she had lost her veil, she turned back, the dog going before her until she came to the missing article and picked it up. As soon as the dog saw she had regained her property, it scampered off to its master.

Anecdotes of this character are innumerable, as are also those of dogs reclaiming property belonging, or which has belonged, to their owners. Sir Patrick Walker furnishes a most valuable instance of this propensity in our canine cousins. A farmer having sold a flock of sheep to a dealer, lent him his dog to drive them home, a distance of thirty miles, desiring him to give the dog a meal at the journey's end and tell it to go home. The drover found the dog so useful, that he resolved to steal it, and instead of sending it back, locked it up. The collie grew sulky, and at last effected its escape. Evidently deeming the drover had no more right to detain the sheep than he had to detain itself, the honest creature went into the field, collected all the sheep that had belonged to its master, and, to that person's intense astonishment, drove the whole flock home again!

Dogs are not only honest in themselves, but will not permit others to be dishonest. The late Grantley Berkeley was wont to tell of his two deerhounds 'Smoker' and Smoker's son 'Shark,' a curiously suggestive instance of parental discipline. The two dogs were left alone in a room where luncheon was laid out. Smoker's integrity was invincible; but his son had not yet learned to resist temptation. Through the window, Mr Berkeley noticed Shark, anxiously watched by its father, steal a cold tongue and drag it to the floor. 'No sooner had he done so,' says his master, 'than the offended sire rushed upon him, rolled over him, beat him, and took away the tongue;' after which Smoker retired gravely to the fireside.

Mr Blaine, among many similar records, tells of a spaniel he had which protected the dinner-table, during its master's absence, from the attempts of a cat which sought to make too intimate an acquaintance with the leg of mutton. Both the animals belonged to Mr Blaine, and were on friendly terms with each other; but one was honest, and the other was not.

Hitherto, specimens of canine integrity have alone been cited; but it must not be supposed that dogs are the only animals which exhibit honest traits. Captain Gordon Stables, in his book on *Cats*, proves by several tales of real life that pussy is often as trustworthy as any dog. His own cat 'Muffie' is allowed her place on the table at meals, and never attempts to touch the viands, even when left alone, nor, what is more suggestive, never allows any one else to touch them. The present writer's family had a white cat which for nearly twenty years was trusted with anything, until one luckless day, in its old age, its appetite overcame its reason; it broke the eighth commandment, and stole a piece of steak. The distress and shamefacedness of the poor animal after the crime were quite pathetic; she hid herself in dark corners; turned her back on observers, and for several days was so ashamed of herself, that she could not look any one in the face, although, poor old favourite, not a person reproached her for her first known offence against the laws of property.

BOOK GOSSIP.

More than two years ago we had the pleasure of noticing, with favourable comment, a new book, *Bits from Blinkbonny*, by 'John Strathesk.' It was a clever and entertaining book, presenting successive pictures of Scottish village life drawn with so much truth and character as at once to stamp them genuine portraitures.

The author, encouraged no doubt by the well-merited success of the above volume, has issued a second, entitled *More Bits from Blinkbonny* (Edinburgh: Oliphant, Anderson, and Ferrier). 'Continuations' are proverbially risky, and we fear we cannot congratulate the author on having escaped the risk unscathed. The title will perhaps help the book temporarily—from a publisher's point of view; but it would have fared better in the long-run had it been issued as an independent work on village life in Scotland, leaving the former volume to stand by itself. As it is, however, it is only when compared with its predecessor that this volume may be said to indicate any falling-off on the part of the author. It is full of bright and truthful sketches of the habits of life and modes of thought prevalent in the Scottish Lowlands, and can scarcely fail to be read with interest by those to whom such sketches appeal. Here is a story told by a barber regarding one of his customers. The customer referred to was a man who got his hair cut only twice a year, and when he came for this purpose it was always completely matted. The barber recommended him to 'redd' (that is, comb) his hair every day. 'No very likely,' was the reply; 'it's only redd every six months, and then it's like to rive a' the hair out o' my head; if I was reddin't every day, I wadna hae a hair left at the month's end.'

The volume, we may add, is tastefully printed and bound, while the pictorial illustrations give force to its local characterisations.

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In *Photography for Amateurs* (London: Cassell & Co.), Mr T. C. Hepworth, lecturer to the late Polytechnic Institution, gives excellent hints and instructions for beginners in this art. For those who have taken up photography as a pleasant occupation of their leisure hours, this book can be especially recommended. Most travellers in Central Africa, or in any little known part of our world, now find the photographic camera a necessary adjunct of their equipment, as, by its aid, rapid and correct pictures can be made of striking and picturesque scenes. This is equally true of a pedestrian at home, and Mr Hepworth looks back with delight to a walking tour in the Highlands, when he found so many lovely little nooks in the Trosachs and elsewhere admirably suited to his art. The effective delineation of objects by photography demands both care and experience; but there are now many amateurs of both sexes who can turn out very satisfactory pictures. Landscape photography is one thing, and portraiture is another and more difficult undertaking, for the inexperienced; but with the help of such a manual as this, which describes the necessary apparatus, negative-printing, fixing and washing the prints, &c., the way must be greatly smoothed for beginners in the art. The Introduction presents a concise history of the art up to the time when the use of gelatine dry plates made the practice of photography more convenient and possible for amateurs.

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Lately we noticed in these pages the publication of a volume of music entitled *The Athole Collection of Dance Music of Scotland*, edited by Mr James Stewart Robertson (Edradynate). To this we have now to add by the same publishers, *The Killin Collection of Gaelic Songs*, with music and translations, by Mr Charles Stewart (Edinburgh, Maclachlan and Stewart). In selecting and arranging the melodies in this collection, the editor has borne in mind (1) Those that have already established themselves as favourites; (2) Those that have not been published until now, but which, in his opinion, are deserving of publication; (3) Some ancient chants to which the Fingalic poetry was sung; and (4) A few hymn tunes—one of them old, and the others on the lines of old Gaelic melody, in the hope of showing how admirably that melody is fitted for sacred

song. Mr Stewart has been assisted by Mr Merryleas in arranging the harmonies and accompaniments; and in the supplying of English words for the Gaelic originals he has had the efficient help of such well-known pens as those of Principal Shairp, Professor Blackie, Dr Norman Macleod, and others. This collection of Gaelic music ought to have a hearty reception, not only from those who are familiar with Celtic surroundings, but also from students of music generally, as an important contribution to the history and archæology of the art.

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The International Forestry Exhibition of 1884 gave a new impetus to the study of forestry. The importance of that science is now coming to be generally recognised, and private individuals, as well as those mysterious beings 'the authorities,' are bestowing some attention upon the practical application of its principles. Dr J. C. Brown has, more than any other living writer, identified himself with this important subject, and it is worthy of notice that all the works which have been produced by his prolific pen during the last few years are remarkable for their wide learning, profound and practical acquaintance with the science as practised all over the world, and happy style of expression. His *Introduction to the Study of Modern Forest Economy* (Edinburgh: Oliver & Boyd) is no exception to this rule. Within very moderate limits, he has contrived to convey much information relative to the present state of forest-science.

The facts relating to the time when the greater part of Europe was covered with forests are of great interest, and also the account here given of the consequences of their disappearance. And it may be observed that in addition to such generally admitted evils as the scarcity of timber and droughts—as to the latter of which Dr Brown gives us many graphic illustrations, collected during his residence at the Cape of Good Hope—it is alleged that many of those devastating inundations which occur with such alarming frequency in some countries are due to this cause. It is certainly worthy of notice that floods seldom originate in densely wooded lands, and have been largely prevented in France by artificial *reboisement;* while in Northern Germany, the same process has been very successfully followed in fixing down and utilising drift-sand.

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To judge by the examples of stuffed pets which are to be seen in many private houses, there certainly seems to be room for a handbook on the art of stuffing fish, flesh, and fowl. This has at anyrate been supplied in *Practical Taxidermy*, by Montague Brown, F.Z.S. (London: L. Upcott Gill). As a 'manual of instruction to the amateur in collecting, preserving, and setting up natural history specimens of all kinds,' the volume leaves little to be desired. Not only has Mr Brown betrayed many of the secrets with which professional taxidermists have sought to surround their art, but he has particularised with minuteness and patience the whole *technique* of skinning and preserving birds, mammals, fishes, and reptiles. Moreover, his book justifies its title, for it is above all things practical. Besides being a guide to the taxidermist's art, the book gives a chapter on 'dressing and softening skins and furs as leather.'

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The study of the diseases of plants offers a very wide field to the inquirer, and it is only of recent years that investigations in this direction have come to be regarded as of economic importance. In spite of the strong prejudices of agriculturists of the old school, it is believed that vegetable pathology will prove to be of the greatest practical value, and that the time is approaching when the best means of preventing the attacks of disease will be a recognised branch of practical agriculture. This eventuality is certainly indicated by the appearance of *Diseases of Field and Garden Crops, chiefly such as are caused by Fungi*, by Worthington G. Smith (London: Macmillan & Co.). Originally delivered as addresses at the request of the officers of the Institute of Agriculture at the British Museum, South Kensington, these notes are very full and elaborate, while the admirable illustrations with which they are accompanied give them an additional value. Although necessarily technical, the definition of all the phenomena of the diseases has been given in familiar words, and all botanical terms have been explained. To illustrate the thoroughness with which the work has been done, having regard to the limits of the volume, we find under 'Potatoes' the new disease (*Peziza postuma*) which has made its appearance within the last few years, the dreaded disease produced by the parasitic fungus of the murrain, the smut, scab, and the old potato disease in its active and passive state. Then mildew and blight are treated of as affecting respectively onions, straw, turnips, cabbages, grass, corn, borage, barberries, parsnips, peas, and lettuces. There are also valuable notes upon the new diseases which are making such havoc with grass, wheat, barley, ryegrass, and onions; and their fungoid character is conclusively established. The book, like those on cognate subjects by Miss Ormerod, which have been already noticed in these pages, will amply repay careful study.

THE MONTH:

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

The Society of Arts, London, has just commenced the one hundred and thirty-first session of its useful career. Professor Abel, the chairman of its Council, presided at the opening meeting, and his speech was a resumé of the progress of scientific research in various directions, in which a large number of persons are just now much interested. Being an electrician, he naturally devoted some time to the progress of electrical illumination, and pointed to the wonderful display at the recent International Health Exhibition as an illustration of the grand results now possible. He also expressed himself satisfied with the recent advances made in the direction of electric railways and other means of locomotion to which the comparatively new power has been experimentally applied, not omitting a very favourable reference to the telpherage system of Professor Fleeming Jenkin.

The present position of the science of aërial navigation does not commend itself to Professor Abel as holding out much hope of future success. The recent experiments in France, during which an electrically propelled balloon was made to take more than one short excursion in a predetermined direction, merely prove that electricity can, under exceptionally favourable circumstances, be employed in this new service. But much has been done in making balloons serviceable for purposes of reconnaissance in warfare, the various details, such as making and transporting hydrogen gas in a compressed state to the field of action, having been successfully provided for.

Attention was also called in Professor Abel's address to compressed carbonic acid gas as a convenient source of power. Messrs Krupp, the great cannon-founders, at their extensive works at Essen are using this power for maintaining steel castings under pressure during the solidification of the metal. The earthen mould is closed directly it is filled with metal, after which the compressed gas is admitted to it from a reservoir of liquid carbonic acid, and in this way the space above the molten metal is filled with gas under very high pressure. A tendency to the formation of flaws and cavities, which nearly all metals are subject to—meaning, in the case of railway plant, broken bridges and fractured crank axles—is in this way completely avoided. It is believed that the employment of this gas under pressure—compressed, that is, to the liquid state and stored in iron bottles—has a very wide future before it in many other useful applications.

Lastly, the important question of a pure water-supply engaged the professor's attention, and his opinion on this point will be best given in his own words. 'I venture,' he says, 'to think that our hope for a radical improvement in the water-supply of this great metropolis lies rather in the application of a simple, expeditious, cheap, and effective mode of chemical treatment to supplies from sources now in use, previous to their filtration, than in a complete change of our source of supply.' It now, therefore, remains for future experimenters to devise some means by which water can be freed from those germs which, under various names, are now said to be responsible for the ills of mankind, and at the same time be left uncontaminated by any foreign matter. The problem seems to be a hard one to solve, but not harder than many which have been successfully conquered by modern science.

Whilst our never-ending difficulties in the Soudan and South Africa are giving us costly information regarding those parts of the huge continent, Mr Joseph Thomson comes back from his hazardous journey in Eastern Africa to tell us about a tract of country with regard to which hardly anything before was known. If we refer to a map of Africa, we shall be readily able to note the position of Lake Victoria Nyanza, with which Mr H. M. Stanley's name is identified. Between this lake and the coast lies the theatre of Mr Thomson's wanderings. With an inadequate number of followers, the great majority of whom he describes as the very offscourings of Zanzibar villainy, this intrepid explorer prosecuted his work in the face of almost inconceivable perils. His contributions to geographical knowledge are of great importance, and his sole reward is the hearty reception accorded to him the other evening, when he gave a graphic account of his adventures to the Royal Geographical Society.

At the recent Exhibition at Philadelphia, attention was directed in a rather comical but effective manner to the Edison electric lamp. A powerful lamp of this description was fastened to the head of a black man, concealed wires being carried down his body from it and connected with copper discs on the heels of his boots. This coloured gentleman—the term 'darkie' is here obviously inadmissible—could become luminous at will by simply placing his heels upon certain copper conductors laid along the floor, which were in circuit with the general system for lighting the building.

A still more startling novelty in electric illumination was organised in New York a few weeks ago, an illustration of which is given in the *Scientific American*, published in that city. This consisted of an electric torchlight procession, which traversed several of the streets; and its object was, we presume, to advertise the Edison system of electric illumination. The procession may be best described as a hollow square formed by about three hundred men, each wearing a helmet, surmounted by a powerful electric lamp, and each holding the protected rope which carried the current from one to the other. In the centre of the square travelled a steam-engine and dynamo-machine—on trucks drawn by horses—followed by coal and water carts to supply the engine with its necessary food. Both horses and trucks were decorated with lamps, and the leader of the brilliant throng carried a staff tipped with radiance of two hundred candle-power.

Our readers will learn with interest that Mr Clement Wragge, the pioneer of the meteorological station on the summit of Ben Nevis, is initiating a work of similar character in Australia. He has placed self-registering instruments on the top of Mount Lofty in connection with the Observatory at Sydney, and has appealed to the public to help in promoting scientific research by leaving them untouched.

An explosion last July at a gunpowder factory in Lancashire, by which four men lost their lives, was caused by lightning. This disaster once more calls attention to the grave necessity which exists for buildings, and such buildings especially, to be protected by efficient lightning-conductors. From Colonel Ford's Report upon the matter, which as Inspector of Explosives he has just presented to the Secretary of State, it appears that a conductor was fitted to the doomed building, but that it was a defective one. He states that there is no authentic case on record where a properly constructed lightning-conductor failed to do its duty; and recommends that these safeguards should be periodically examined and tested.

From time to time, we have given in these pages the results of different experiments with

the new method of preserving fodder, known as ensilage, and have expressed the hope that our farmers may find in it some compensation for recent bad times. We now learn from the agricultural returns for 1884 how widespread have been the experiments in this direction. These returns state that no fewer than six hundred and ten silos have been built in this country, of which five hundred and fourteen are to be found in England, sixty in Scotland, and thirty-six in Wales. Of the English counties, Norfolk heads the list with fifty-nine silos. In Scotland, Argyll has twelve, and is followed by Lanark and Renfrew, which counties have each half that number. The largest silo noted in the returns is in the county of Argyll. We may gather from these figures that the principle of ensilage as adapted to British farming has now entirely passed the experimental stage. (This important subject is further noticed in one of our Occasional Notes. See p. 829.)

The novel proposal has lately been made by Mr W. O. Chambers, the Secretary of the National Fish-culture Association, that fishponds should be established on lands which are unavailable for ordinary crops, and that unprofitable agri-culture should give place to profitable aqua-culture. The fish which it is said can be made to accomplish this desirable result is the carp, and the German carp in particular. According to Mr Chambers, this fish attains in three years a weight of four pounds, and its fecundity is so great that it will yield an average of half a million eggs. He states that one acre of water will produce, with little or no expense for food or maintenance, five thousand fish per annum. In a word, we are recommended to do as did the monks of old when monastic buildings were dotted over the land. The remains of fish stews or ponds left to us by the monks can be pointed to in plenty, and the question arises, if fresh-water fish-culture is really so profitable, why were these ponds suffered to fall into disuse? Another consideration arises as to whether, supposing the scheme to be possible, modern taste, not compelled to eat fish on certain days, would find the fresh-water variety palatable?

The British Rainfall Association is one of those unobtrusive societies which is doing quietly a work of great good. Begun some years back by Mr Symons, who set up a rain-gauge in his garden in London, and put himself in communication with a few friends in other parts of the country who did the same, the Association now numbers two thousand observers, spread over the United Kingdom. Mr Symons has lately published a curious diagram showing approximately the amount of rain which has fallen each year in Britain for two centuries. Of course such a record cannot pretend to be infallible, especially in the case of the earlier period which it covers, but it opens out more than one extremely interesting subject for inquiry.

The year 1884, with its genial spring, its splendid summer, and its gorgeous autumn, has been one in which the rainfall has been somewhat below the average; and in some districts there have been positive symptoms of a water-famine. But if we look back to the last century, we find a period of drought between the years 1738 and 1750, which, if it recurred in the present day would, in Mr Symons's opinion, dry up the water-supply of nearly every town in the kingdom. Another curious observation is this: an unusually wet year seems to occur at intervals of ten years, the years ending with the figure four being the favoured ones. Thus, 1854, '64, '74, and so on, were wet years. But at the same time another twelve-year cycle of dry years also occurs—the years 1824, '36, '48, and so on, having been particularly limited in their rainfall. In this year of grace 1884, the two cycles terminate together, as they must do every now and then. So we have a year of doubt, and know not until its close which influence has proved the stronger.

Notwithstanding the rapid advance that has been made during the past few years in the beautiful art of photography, and the various new applications of it in different arts and sciences, in one particular it has stood still. A negative picture upon glass can, as every one knows, be produced in a fraction of a second. But the after-process of producing so-called positive prints on paper from that negative is a tedious business, depending in great measure upon the brilliancy of the weather. Messrs Marion of London have endeavoured to obviate these inconveniences by the manufacture of a special kind of paper, the nature of which they at present keep secret, and which they now offer to the photographic world. By this paper a negative can be made to yield a positive image in a few seconds, quite independently of daylight, for a gas jet or paraffin lamp is sufficient to affect its extreme sensitiveness. This invention will enable a photographer to send his patron a dozen or more copies of a portrait that has been taken the same day.

The Bread Reform League is a useful society which has been formed to counteract the modern tendency to make what is properly called 'the staff of life' in such a way that many of its most useful ingredients are discarded. This society has, under the organisation of its energetic honorary secretary, Miss Yates, opened an Exhibition in London, where different samples of bread stuffs, treated in various ways, are shown. The profits of this Exhibition are to go to a 'Penny Dinner and Breakfast Fund' for the benefit of needy children attending the Board Schools. Hitherto, only food for the mind has been provided at these establishments, and the fact has recently leaked out that forty per cent. of the children arrive at some of them without any breakfast, and that at other schools twenty-eight per cent. often are dinnerless. It is a terribly sad story, and one very difficult to reconcile with the oft repeated boast that London is the richest city in the world.

The *Graphic* makes a very sensible suggestion with reference to those gloomy places called railway waiting-rooms. In similar places in France, the walls are often adorned with well-executed maps in relief, showing the country through which the line passes. Why should not this system be adopted in Britain? Constant travellers know to their cost that there are many railway stations in the kingdom where waiting-rooms are only too necessary. The cry of 'All change here!' often means that all will be compelled to wait here for an indefinite period. Now, if waiting-rooms were furnished with maps

and framed notices giving some account of the history of the surrounding neighbourhood, its antiquities, natural beauties, &c., the dreary time might in many cases be turned into a pleasant visit, and would most infallibly do good as an advertisement to the railway itself.

At a recent sale of art treasures at Cologne, there were put up to auction two curiosities which had been bought by their late possessor at some obscure town in Switzerland twenty-four years ago for the sum of twenty-three francs. One was a fifteenth-century cup of Venetian glass, and the other was a bundle of tapestry. At the last sale, these articles formed two distinct lots, and they realised more than thirty-six thousand francs—that is, fifteen hundred pounds sterling.

The question of 'musical pitch' has for many years troubled musicians, each country adopting a note giving a different number of vibrations per second as its standard. In Britain, we have the Philharmonic pitch, and when any one talks of having his piano tuned up to concert pitch, the Philharmonic standard is the one indicated. For some reason, the modern pitch is made higher than that recognised in past days, and consequently the compositions of some of the best composers are now heard in a key higher than that intended by their authors. We understand that a conference upon the subject is shortly to be organised. In the meantime, the Italian War Minister has sought the opinions of living composers with reference to the best pitch for military bands. We need only refer to the reply of one of these, Verdi, whose name is as familiar in Britain as in the country of his birth. He writes in reference to the modern high pitch: 'The lowering of the diapason will by no means impair the sonorousness and brilliancy of execution; it will, on the contrary, give something noble, full, majestic to the tone, which the strident effects of the higher pitch do not possess.' He goes on to say that one pitch should be common to all nations. 'The musical language is universal; why, therefore, should the note which is called A in Paris or Milan become B♭ in Rome?'

A German paper gives some interesting statistics relative to ear disease, which have been collected from different aural surgeons. From these, we gather that males are more subject to ear disease than females. Out of every three middle-aged persons, there is found one who does not hear so well with one ear as with the other. The liability to disease increases from birth to the age of forty, after which it decreases as old age is reached. Of six thousand children examined, twenty-three per cent. show symptoms of ear disease, and thirty-two per cent. a deficiency of hearing power. With regard to the results of surgical treatment, we learn that of the total number of cases of all kinds, fifty-three per cent. are cured, and thirty per cent. are benefited. We fancy that these figures are rather more favourable than surgeons in this country can show, it being well known that aural cases are among the most uncertain and unsatisfactory to deal with.

The steamship *Ionic*, which lately left this country for New Zealand, took out with her a large number of passengers of a description not usually met with on shipboard. They consisted of one hundred and fifty-eight stoats and weasels, whose mission in New Zealand will be to prey upon the rabbits which are fast overrunning that country. This is the third consignment which has left our shores. The little animals are accommodated in zinc-lined boxes, and during the forty days' journey are calculated to require for their food more than two thousand live pigeons, which accompany them. The poor pigeons also require food, and therefore sixteen quarters of Indian corn were taken out for their consumption. Altogether, the expense to the colonial government must be something considerable, but will not be grudged if the required result is achieved.

STOCK EXCHANGE MORALITY.

PERHAPS there are few institutions possessing attributes more diametrically opposed to one another than the Stock Exchange. Undoubtedly useful in its way, it nevertheless abounds in gross abuse. It is a necessity to the *bonâ fide* investor, as indicating the locality where he can on the instant purchase or find a market for almost any stock in the world; yet it becomes a very hotbed of vice in the hands of the professional speculator. We apply this term to the man who fraudulently buys without the intention of paying, and worse still, sells what he does not possess. The method of so doing was fully explained in an article on 'Corners' in No. 19 of this *Journal*. Take a quite recent illustration of the two evils. Only a short time ago, a letter purporting to come from Mr Gladstone's private secretary, addressed to the Secretary of the Exchange, was received by him, and posted up in the House. It stated that certain unexpected interests would be paid to the Peruvian bondholders. The price went up over thirty per cent. in a few moments, so that any one having bought ten thousand pounds-worth the day before, could have then sold them for nearly fourteen thousand pounds. It is more than probable that the writer of the forged letter had previously purchased without any intention of paying or 'taking them off,' and on the imposition taking effect, at once sold out not only those he possessed, but also more that he did not possess. Within half an hour, the forgery was discovered, when the price immediately fell the thirty per cent. it had just risen. Thus this impudent adventurer would not only secure an enormous profit by the rise, but by buying back on the fall the extra quantity he had sold on the rise, reap an additional profit.

Now, it is this class of gambling, particularly the selling of what one does not possess, for the purpose of depressing the value of a certain stock to the prejudice of real holders, that constitutes the most unwholesome element of our Stock Exchange. Every conceivable artifice, the most consummate cunning, the most unblushing lies, are employed to depreciate a security which has either risen to a high figure on its merits, or else been puffed up artificially beforehand. Syndicates, as they are called—combinations of unprincipled men usually—are formed for the purpose, and there are indeed very few stocks existing at the present day that are not honoured by their especial syndicate. On any unfavourable rumour, more often concocted than otherwise, these eagle-eyed monsters swoop down upon their unsuspecting and inoffensive prey,

attacking with the ferociousness of a bear, until, in sheer desperation, one victim after another succumbs, and sells out to the 'bear' at an enormous sacrifice, in order to save the remnant of his dwindled inheritance. If, as they were uttered in it, the falsehoods of a single day could but glue themselves to and stick on the walls of that building, it would be a feat impossible of achievement for a fly to crawl unscathed between them! Monte Carlo is bad; but an institution where more fortunes are dishonestly lost and won in a day than at that notorious gambling-place in a week, must be at least no better, if not infinitely worse.

That there are men of integrity on 'Change, men of known principle, gentlemen in every sense of the word, admits of no doubt; and it is they who would first appreciate any effort, legislative or otherwise, for the suppression of the practices alluded to here. An act called 'Leeman's Act' was passed some years ago for the special protection of shareholders in banking establishments, which made it illegal to sell shares of any bank without first proving yourself to be a *bonâ fide* holder of its shares, giving their respective numbers, &c. The same protection should be afforded to every shareholder, no matter of what stock; and the time has now arrived for the legislature to take the matter seriously in hand. The blessings conferred thereby would be inestimable.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

MECHANICAL CHARACTERISTICS OF LIGHTNING STROKES.

At the first monthly meeting for the session of the Royal Meteorological Society, a paper was read by Colonel the Honourable Arthur Parnell on 'The Mechanical Characteristics of Lightning Strokes.' The main objects of this paper were—first, to attempt to show that lightning is not a sort of electric fluid that descends from the clouds, injures buildings and persons in its course, and dissipates itself in the earth; but that it is a luminous manifestation of the explosion, caused by two equal forces springing towards each other simultaneously from the earth and the under surface of the inducing cloud, and coalescing or flying out nearly midway between the two plates of the electrical condenser formed by the earth and the cloud; secondly, to demonstrate that of these two forces, it is the earth-spring or upward force alone that injures buildings, persons, or other objects on the earth's surface, and that constitutes tangibly what is rightly known as a lightning stroke. The author gave the details of two hundred and seventy-eight instances, the records of which were intended to demonstrate with more or less precision the existence of an upward direction in the force of the stroke. The theory of the descent of the electric fluid was suggested a few years ago by M. Colladon, a French Professor, and a notice of it will be found in *Chambers's Journal* for October 16, 1880.

PERSONS KILLED BY WILD ANIMALS IN INDIA.

A return published in the governmental *Gazette* shows that the number of persons killed by wild animals and snakes in 1883 was 22,905, as against 22,125 in the previous year. Of these, 20,067 deaths were due to snake-bites, 985 to tigers, and 504 to other carnivora. The loss of cattle from the same cause amounted to 47,478 animals, being an increase of 771 on the figures for the previous year. It is somewhat remarkable that while the great majority of human deaths is set down to snakes, only 1644 cattle are said to have perished from that cause. Nearly three-fourths of the deaths occurred in Bengal and the North-west Provinces. The number of dangerous animals killed during the year was 19,890, and more than fifteen thousand pounds was paid in rewards. In regard to the fearful mortality from snake-bites, it might be suggested that the government should increase the rewards paid for bringing in the dead bodies of these reptiles, or otherwise take more active measures for their destruction.

ENSILAGE.

Mr Edward S. Blunt, Blaby Hill, Leicester, writing to the newspapers on the subject of Ensilage, says that he has recently opened two of his silos, and both have proved very satisfactory. He adds:

'Two years since I tried pits sunk in the ground without any building; last year I tried bricks cemented on the inside; this year I have tried wood, and am so pleased with the result that I certainly shall stick to it for the future. Notwithstanding its perishable nature, I believe it will compare most favourably as regards expense with anything else. I have used one-inch red deal boards, grooved and tongued, and these I find quite sufficient to resist what little lateral pressure there is. I have built my silos, four in number, partly in the ground and partly out. This may be considered merely as a matter of convenience, as I find the ensilage just as good in one part as in the other. I construct them in such a manner that they are easily put up and taken down again; thus at a very trifling cost they can be removed from one place to another. My first silo, a round one, only six feet in diameter, was filled in May with rough grass cut from the hedge-sides and from under some trees; neither cattle nor horses would eat this before it went into the silo, but both will eat it readily enough now that it is made into ensilage. My second silo, only eight feet in diameter, was first filled with pea-straw after the main crop had been gathered for market, and then refilled with the second cutting of clover; this is all very good quite up to the boards at the sides.

'I am weighting my silos this year with a press I have invented and patented. I obtain my weight by means of levers: two levers, each twenty feet long, with four hundredweight at the end, will give eight tons weight upon the silo, and being thoroughly continuous in its action, I am able to dispense with the labour and cost of moving so large a quantity of dead-weight.' There is to be a model of the silo and press exhibited at the Smithfield Show, Islington.

Mr Blunt further explains his method of filling the silo. He says: 'In nearly every instance I placed the grass or clover in the silo the day after it was cut, and as it was put in, it was well trampled. In three or four days the silage sank from twelve feet to eight, and as it sank I put

in more. In about ten days from the time when the silo was first filled I put on the weight. The silage at this time had attained a temperature of from one hundred and forty to one hundred and fifty degrees. After the weight was applied, the temperature never rose any higher; but, at the end of a fortnight, had fallen to one hundred and thirty degrees, and then continued to fall. When the silage had sunk sufficiently low in the silo, I took off the weights and boards and filled up to the top again; this I repeated three or four times.'

A HANDY GAS COOKING-STOVE.

To his already extensive list of gas cooking apparatus, Mr Fletcher, Warrington, has just added what he calls his 'Large Cottage Cooker,' which is simply a Gas cooking-stove in the cheapest and simplest form to be effective. For two pounds may be had a good roasting, and a fairly good pastry and bread oven, with a reversible boiler and grillers on the top. The body of the stove is made of galvanised iron, and the shelves are wrought iron. The height of the whole is thirty inches; space inside the oven twelve by twelve by sixteen inches.

When we consider their convenience to housekeepers and the time which they save, we do not wonder that the use of such stoves is rapidly extending. The equable nature of the heat insures good cookery; a pot or kettle may be boiled on the burner in a few minutes, and the housewife may be kept quite easy as to the state of her kitchen fire for cooking purposes. In fact, in summer the kitchen fire may be dispensed with altogether. There is no smoke or ashes; pans and kettles are easier kept clean, and all this is done at but a trifling expense for gas—say one penny per hour for a medium stove. A potato steamer will be found a useful adjunct to the stove. By its aid, the potatoes, after being boiled, are finished off with steam in the upper part of the same vessel; and will be found drier and mealier than if cooked in an ordinary pot in the old way.

RAILWAY PASSENGERS.

A curious return has just been issued, showing the number of railway passengers who have travelled on all the railways in the United Kingdom during the half-year ending 30th June last, by which it will be seen that railway shareholders continue to be mainly indebted for their dividends to third-class traffic. During the above period the number of passengers who travelled were as follows, omitting fractions: First class, sixteen million one hundred thousand; second class, twenty-five million eight hundred thousand; third class, two hundred and forty-one million seven hundred thousand—the number of third-class passengers being more than five hundred per cent. in excess of first and second class combined; and the relative amount of receipts is in equal proportion. This remarkable difference applies to all the lines in common, the third-class passengers being in excess all throughout the kingdom. But the North London line is especially striking in regard to receipts, inasmuch as the receipts from the third-class passengers amounted to about eight hundred per cent. more than from the first and second combined! Within the same period, the Metropolitan and District Railways, and the North London Railway, carried over fifty million passengers; to which enormous return must be added, as showing the prodigious traffic within the area of the metropolis, that of the Great Eastern; London, Chatham, and Dover; London and Brighton; South-western; and South-eastern—a large portion of whose traffic is purely metropolitan.

THE NEW ALBO-CARBON LIGHT.

An experiment has been tried on a grand scale with this new and beautiful light, which as an illuminating medium will most certainly take a front place, whether the question is gas or electricity. The immense church belonging to the Oratory of St Philip Neri at Brompton has lately been illuminated by the employment of eight twelve-light, two six-light, and two four-light clusters constructed on this principle; and these have been found so effective, that the interior of this vast and very lofty building is filled with a brilliant, yet soft and subdued, light, which covers the area of the great church. The authorities of the Oratory have expressed their satisfaction at the favourable results of the experiment; and the capability of the Albo-carbon Light has been demonstrated as to bringing out clearly the architectural features of our churches, which, as a general rule, are not celebrated for the excellence of their various systems of gas-lighting. Therefore, any clear and brilliant light which will do this, and at the same time not add too much to the heat of the interior, should be hailed as an inestimable boon, and be one of the chief recommendations of this new and beautiful system.

THE LAST OF OLD SION COLLEGE.

One by one the old City landmarks are disappearing before the ruthless hand of the modern speculative builder. Many of the City churches have already been taken down and their sites covered with shops or warehouses; Charter House and St Paul's School are both going; and Sion College is gone—to be opened in a new building on the Thames Embankment, into which the ancient stone front is to be transferred from London Wall. The College, of which all the City vicars and rectors are Fellows, was originally incorporated in 1630, but burnt down in the great fire of London, to be rebuilt shortly afterwards. The site is let for building, but the ancient wooden fittings of the Hall and Library have been sold. The fine library of books will be removed to the new building when complete.

IRISH FEMALE EMIGRATION.

Mr Vere Foster, of Belfast, has issued another appeal on behalf of his Irish Female Emigration Fund, which has already been the means of granting assisted passages to twenty thousand two hundred and fifty girls from the west of Ireland to the United States and colonies, at an expenditure of about thirty thousand pounds. This scheme has the support—as it should have—of the clergy of all denominations, and there is little doubt that if carefully gone about, it will prove

a benefit both to Ireland and the colonies. Mr Foster, who has exhausted what he can spare of his own means and the funds placed at his disposal, has also given assistance by loan to four hundred girls, who have promised to repay him. We trust they may do so, as the good fortune of four hundred more hangs on this contingency.

The purpose of the fund is the relief of present poverty in the densely peopled districts of the west of Ireland, by assisting the emigration of young women of good character of the farm and domestic-servant class. To such it gives a chance of well-doing impossible at home, where, if they marry and rear families, there is but a prospect of poverty for themselves and all concerned. The scheme is a resumption of that adopted with gratifying results immediately after the great famine of 1846–7.

The plan which Mr Foster has had in operation for helping these young women for the past five years is a very simple one. Blank forms of application are issued to inquirers, when, if returned and approved of, vouchers to a certain value are issued in their favour. These vouchers are available within three months of issue for embarkation from Liverpool or from any port in Ireland where the necessary arrangements have been made. The promoter of this scheme does not approve of shipping young girls in large companies, but leaves them the utmost freedom in their choice of ship and port and time of embarkation. This enables them to take a passage when perhaps they can have the company of friends and neighbours. The young women thus assisted were between eighteen and thirty years of age; and it is satisfactory to know that most of them are going on well, and that many of them have sent home money to their friends more than once.

One of the most satisfactory forms of good doing is to help people to help themselves. This is the object of the Irish Female Emigration Fund.

EXPLORATION IN THE CHILIAN ARGENTINE ANDES.

It would appear, from the proceedings of the Berlin Academy of Sciences, that Dr Güssfeldt's explorations in the central Chilian Argentine Andes extended from November 1882 to March 1883, in the wild and lofty mountain region containing Aconcagua, the most elevated known point of the American continent, which lies between thirty-two and thirty-five degrees south latitude, and is bounded on the east by the Argentine Pampas, and on the west by the Pacific. Much of this journey being through new country, Dr Güssfeldt daily observed the great orographical and landscape features, the glacial conditions above the snow, the character of the vegetation, and the phenomena of rock-weathering. He also undertook the special duty of fixing positions astronomically and taking altitudes; for which purpose he was provided with nineteen instruments. The central Chilian Argentine Andes are sketched by the traveller as two parallel chains, having on the Pacific an outlying coast-range. The western chain is the true water-parting of the Atlantic and Pacific; and the eastern is in many places broken through by the waters rising in the great trough between the two chains, which has no well-defined valley formation, indications of a longitudinal depression being only found at intervals, constantly interrupted by cross ridges. This trough or basin, one hundred and eighty-five miles in length, is very difficult of exploration, and only three months of the year are available for the purpose. The doctor crossed the divide at four points, and obtained altitudes from nine thousand four hundred and ninety-four feet to twenty-two thousand eight hundred and sixty-seven feet, which was reached near the great volcano Aconcagua, not far from the commencement of Valle Hermoso. A most interesting question of the effect of rarefied air at great elevations upon the human frame is dwelt upon by the doctor. He states that he and his assistant attained twenty-one thousand and thirty feet on Aconcagua, and were able to work their scientific instruments at that height, though not in good condition, through anxiety and want of sleep. Their lungs were physically exhausted by the effort of speaking; but there was no flow of blood from nose or ears. He says that the so-called *puna* can be resisted by mental effort and confidence, the only effect upon a properly trained individual being increased lung-action, and that any one who could work as he did at twenty-one thousand and thirty feet, could reach the top of Aconcagua, where the proportion of oxygen is only 6·2-3 per cent. less than at the former elevation.

NATIVE TREATMENT OF DISEASES IN INDIA.

A correspondent thus writes: Regarding the native treatment of diseases, one of the most curious things I ever witnessed was a half-clad native shouting through the streets of a country town: 'Does any one want back his sight?—one rupee only!' as if he were hawking fruits or sweetmeats; and, to my astonishment, a patient soon presented himself to be operated on for cataract. There and then standing in the bazaar, the itinerant oculist took out his penknife and performed the operation in a few minutes, bound up the man's eyes, and telling him to keep in the dark for a fortnight, received his fee of one rupee, and shouted his war-cry for more patients. The operation was almost unvaryingly successful; one instance among my servants being a woman of eighty, who had charge of my fowl-house, and had for many a day been sightless, except to distinguish light from darkness, and who in this way was successfully operated upon. Besides this operator are bone-setters, and medical rubbers male and female, especially represented by the hereditary low-caste *accoucheuse* of each village, whose skill in shampooing is such an aid in her lowly calling—as the natives regard it—as to supplant much of the useless medicine and enforced rest of more civilised countries, and save endless mischief and suffering to her sex. What skill they have is of course almost purely traditional. None of the science of the world or British usage has yet altered in the slightest degree either the customs of the native or his horror at the idea of male physicians for women—especially in certain ailments—and their wonder at our obtuseness and disregard of propriety on so delicate a point. To supply a vacancy so long unfilled, lady-doctors have now appeared

on the scene, who, it is hoped by reaching the zenanas, may reach the real source through which a higher enlightenment in India is possible. An immense field is open to them along with every encouragement; and were but some of the many young ladies at home who are straining health for a future pittance in one or other of the spheres of teaching, to turn their attention in this direction, they would find an opening of wider and greater utility before them, and a prospect of large and rapid emolument.

LONG AGO.

We wandered in a garden fair,
When summer sun was shining,
And laden was the balmy air
With scent of roses rich and rare
Around us intertwining.
There trilled the thrush his glorious song;
There thrilled the echoes all night long
The warbling nightingale.
You taught me all each songster said,
And in each floweret's heart you read
Some hidden tale;
You said their message I should know:
'Twas simple as an easy rhyme—
But that was once upon a time
Long ago!

We parted in a woodland glade
When autumn winds were sighing,
In gold and russet bright arrayed
A glowing canopy displayed
The summer leaves a-dying;
And but the wind, no other sound
Than a leaf that fluttered to the ground,
And a far-off robin singing,
We heard. You guessed my thoughts, and said:
'In spring, the swallows who have fled
Will back be winging;
The trees a brighter emerald show,
The rose a richer crimson glow,
Than any gleamed in this year's prime'—
All this was once upon a time
Long ago!

'What though a while we part,' you cried;
'What though the wind is sighing;
The spring will autumn's frost deride,
The summer laugh at winter-tide,
Long power to grief denying.
We part, but never say farewell;
Nor let the dead leaves to us tell
A tale of changeless sorrow;
Fair Spring comes sparkling down the dell,
And in that morrow,
If still upon this world below,
We'll meet 'neath yonder spreading lime'—
You said so once upon a time
Long ago!

Perchance you have forgot all this;
'Twas long ago;
Perchance you sneer at words like bliss
And lovers' woe.
Or else you are amused—as I—
To think we once swore we should die,
If fate us parted;
To think we vowed so soon to meet,
And said in spring-time we would greet,
Or else be broken-hearted.
Strange—is it not?—to have fancied so.
You smile, no doubt, such things to know;
Or do you count it as a crime
To think of once upon a time
Long ago?

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